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Collier's

JANUARY 3, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

AFRICAN SAFARI

Robert Ruark
Shoots a Lion

HOW TO SPOT A BANK ROBBER

Von Rundstedt Tells
The German Story of

THE BATTLE
OF THE BULGE

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1st Lieutenant Lloyd L. Burke U.S. Army Medal of Honor

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BLAZING WITH MORTAR and automatic weapons fire, the Red Korean strongpoint had stalled our 5th Cavalry's attack. Lieutenant Burke saw that to save the assault from disaster, a breakthrough must be made. Rallying 35 men, he crept close to the enemy bunkers. He laid down a grenade barrage. Then, leaving the men under cover, he ran forward to an exposed



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January 3, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

The little girls on ice skates are a sequel to artist Cydney's first experiment in putting children on canvas for Collier's (Boom in Ballet, April 21, 1951), to record what he calls the wonderful appeal of their innocence and uncalculated motion. Even in awkwardness, Cydney says, the very young have unchallenged charm. We are happy to report, by the way, that the aforementioned ballet pictures are now best sellers in the United States and Canada.

Week's Mail

Obsolete Ammo

EDITOR: You are to be complimented upon your article, "We Are Hit and Sinking!" (Nov. 22d), except for one thing. The one thing is the utterly erroneous use of the word "shrapnel."

The captain under the illustration states that the vessel is shipping water through "shrapnel holes." In the second paragraph of the text, one finds the statement that "shrapnel" tore through the machine shop.

In the first place "shrapnel" was never capable of holing a ship's hull, and anyone who did not serve in the armed forces back at least as far as the First World War probably never saw shrapnel. In the second place shrapnel was a special type of ammunition used against personnel—not against material. Most especially not against ships.

I speak from more than 44 years' experience with the armed forces and the weapons used by them. Shrapnel has not been used since World War I. The term has been loosely applied by uninformed persons to shell, bomb and grenade fragments.

JOHN H. SCHAEFER, Col. AUS (Ret.).
Los Angeles, Cal.

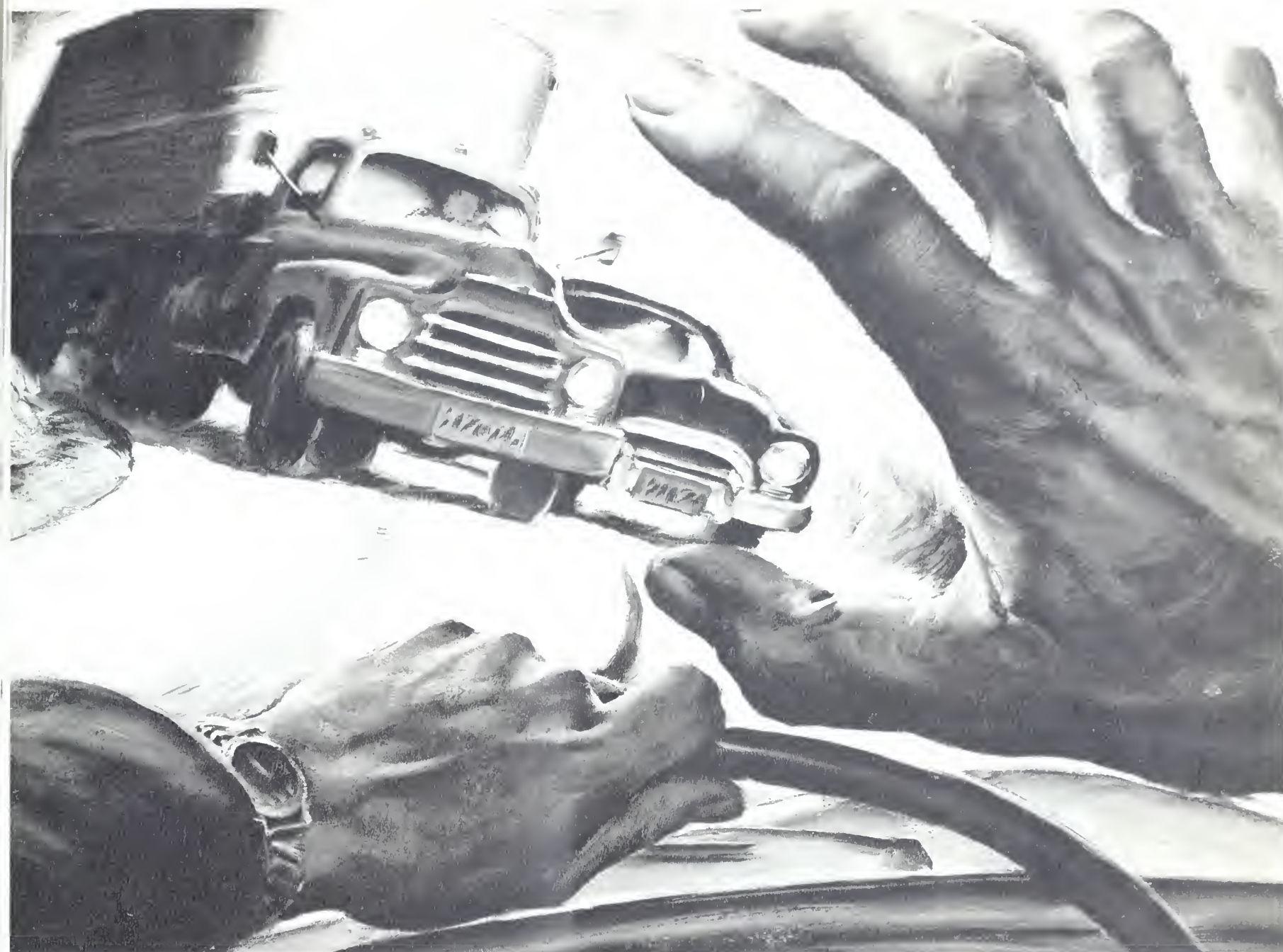
Glamor or Efficiency?

EDITOR: What do you mean, shortage of secretaries? In your Nov. 8th issue you publish an article (Home on the Typewriter) setting forth the trials and tribulations of employers because of the fact that there is an alleged shortage of efficient secretaries.

I beg to take issue with you on this. Are you aware that the great majority of employers stipulate, when applying to employment bureaus or like agencies for secretarial help, "Not over thirty-five"? In fact, employers will not even grant an interview in most cases to an individual, regardless of how highly recommended, whose qualifications more than meet the requirements of the position available and who is more than capable of filling the vacancy, if she is over thirty-five, and particularly if she has reached the ripe age of fifty years.

There is no dearth of representative secretaries around the age of forty-five and fifty who are capable of working circles around the younger gals; in fact these more mature women do not have their minds on evening dates, young husbands or prospective husbands, possible pregnancies and many other distracting items, and absenteeism among the more mature office employees is practically nil. All these, it would seem to me, would be an advantage in favor of the employer.

Is it volume of work, correctly and



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efficiently done, less absenteeism, more loyalty and greater interest in the work they desire and are looking for in a secretary, or is it an ornament to the office, one who is a drawing card because of her youth and physical attractiveness? Just what do they want? EDNA C. PATTERSON, Sacramento, Cal.

Other Coronations

EDITOR: I have read *There's a Great Day Coming!* (Nov. 15) and think it is a splendid article. However, there are one or two statements I can't reconcile with historical dates as I understand them.

One is that Richard II's crown tumbled from his head and rolled into a thornbush at the battle of Bosworth Field. He must have been a pretty spry old fellow at well over one hundred years old. How about its being Richard III who was killed in that battle?

The other question I raise is about the plague. Of course England was devastated at different times over a good many years with this disease but usually a reference to the plague means the Great Plague of London, which I believe was around 1663 to 1665. That would make it in the reign of Charles II, not that of James I.

MARY I. RUSTEDT, Rutland, Vt.

Miss Rustedt has her Richards correct, and we were in error. And it is true that the Great Plague of London began in 1664. But there was also a plague in 1603-1604, when James I was crowned, which took the lives of 30,578 persons in London alone.

Trade & Tariffs

EDITOR: Regarding your editorial, *Break Down Those Barriers* (Nov. 22d): Suppose American business agreed. Just what do you suppose American labor leaders would be doing? Twiddling their thumbs, with cuts in wages in prospect as a result of imported goods produced by cheaper labor and priced accordingly?

Understand, I am not against trade with the rest of the world, and was in favor of a reasonable program long ago. Nevertheless, at the first prospect of such a thing, the flood of propaganda will begin—dire predictions of American children being deprived of their milk and all the rest.

I know, and you must know, that lowering trade barriers is the real way to peace. Try and convince the millions whose brains have atrophied from disuse since they shifted their responsibilities onto government in return for promises—the millions who dust their brains off only once each four years.

MRS. G. W. EKLUND,
Cambridge, Minn.

... Your editorial is a packaged kind of statement, hard to pin down. Almost every statement is hedged with words subject to interpretation. For example you state: "We have enough faith in the resourcefulness of American industry to believe nobody is going to be ruined by a reasonable trade policy." What is "reasonable," and please define "ruined."

"Trade, Not Aid" appears to make good sense. I have to agree that the people of this country have not put the slogan into practice because it is a po-

litical issue, namely, whether we should assist other countries, particularly Europe, in their recovery.

I believe our country is united in thinking that such aid should diminish, and most foreign countries are eager to be on their own feet.

F. G. REUSS, Vineland, N.J.

... I was most interested in your editorial concerning "Trade, Not Aid." It happened to be the subject of discussion in my home quite recently. A young man from Norway, here to observe the "American know-how" in his particular field, brought up the point that, in many of the countries he had visited, feeling was very high over this matter. He specifically mentioned England, France, and his own Norway.

He stated that they were all proud peoples, and that they did, as you say, resent charity. They need help, yes, but they sincerely wish to help themselves, by production and trade with other nations. How can they do this, if they have not the dollars to buy our materials, and cannot sell us their goods, due to prohibitive tariffs?

MRS. A. J. UPTON,
Webster Groves, Mo.

... I am a farmer's wife with a farmer's viewpoint and your editorial on tariff barriers disturbs me.

Why pick on agricultural products as examples for tariff reductions? All edi-

tors do! Already an undue proportion of our imports are products of the land. A modern farm is a highly mechanized factory; equipment, repairs, labor are all costly. We cannot compete with the low wages of Europe. Farmers are entitled to the same returns on their investment for their labor and "know-how," as other Americans. And we do not want subsidy handouts.

Maybe we should buy more from Europe; but how can we do it and maintain our high standard of living?

MRS. EIMER L. MORRIS, Fortuna, Cal.

... Your *Break Down Those Barriers* editorial is just another exposition of the Adam Smith economic philosophy written in 1776 to explain and justify the British national economy and the policies needed to make it work.

The foreign and domestic economic policies of all nations are realistically dictated by the ratio of domestic raw materials production to the needs of populations. Each nation ought to import needed supplies duty free and tax competitive imports to protect home interests, even as the British.

PAUL T. BEARDSLEY, Lawson, Mo.

... I question the sense of your editorial on admitting European goods without tariff barriers. Just plain reasoning will tell you that if you are to compete with foreign goods you have to pay foreign wages and if you pay

foreign wages you have to live on the foreign standard.

If you want to do that you are welcome. I do not.

B. W. BRINTNALL, Tacoma, Wash.

She Is So A Lady



EDITOR: Love the photographs of your red tabby illustrating the precise and subtle contortions of a cat washing (The Cat's Whiskers, Nov. 15th). There's just one thing on which I take issue with you. Never, to my knowledge, have lady tabbies been red (or red and white). All that I have known were red, white and black.

This laddie you show is obviously a charming young dandy—but he's no lady. J. O'BRIEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

A canvass of the office has disclosed that one of our editors owns a red and white tabby—not a spot of black on her—who has produced several litters of kittens as proof of her femininity.

Bewitched & Bewildered

EDITOR: It is impossible for me to believe that the Russians were so completely bewildered by the two American teen-agers as the article *The Soviets and the Bobby-Soxers* (Nov. 22d) would have us believe. The story has the flavor of two imaginative young minds.

Having recently lived in Berlin with my husband, who was part of the army of occupation, I was personally acquainted with persons taken into custody by the *Vopos* and later turned over to the Russians for a short period of time. They too had accidentally strayed into the East sector.

Although the article contains a few items of logic, I am very much in doubt that a Russian general, or any general, would be bewitched by fifteen-year-olds in blue jeans.

Truth or fiction—either way the article would be hard to swallow.

INGEBORG GRAMIAK, Rochester, N.Y.

Just Like Being There

EDITOR: After reading Richard Witkin's article, *How Flight 932 Got to Paris* (Nov. 1st), I can honestly say it was as though I were sitting in his place viewing all that took place. It was marvelously written. I have flown very little, but now feel as though I can include in my flights this one to Paris.

Articles such as this one are what America needs. Everyone, I believe, is interested in what's behind the scenes.

JEAN E. NAI, Indianapolis, Ind.

Collier's for January 3, 1953



True to Frontier Life

EDITOR: My congratulations to Collier's and to Mr. Paul Horgan and artist Edwin Dawes, for the story and the masterful two-page painting, *Duty* (Nov. 22d).

I was born in 1881 in the Nez Perce Indian country of Idaho. My father was a veteran of the Nez Perce campaign in 1877, in which he was twice wounded, three years after his graduation from West Point, and my memory, as a child of four years and on, is crystal-clear of those early Army days when I lived in Fort Sidney, Nevada, during the last of the Indian-fighting days.

Hence, I believe that I am one of only a few living sons of the Army men whose memory is still clear as to details depicted in Mr. Dawes's masterful picture of mounted cavalry troopers of those days and of the faithful mounts, likewise of the atmosphere of the landscape. True, I lived in Nebraska, not Arizona. But from other sources I have absorbed a very clear picture of the Indian country, and this story and the picture are classics of their kind.

MAJOR CHARLES L. WILLIAMS (USA, RET.),
Glens Falls, N.Y.

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We are surprised to learn from several apprehensive contributors that on New Year's morning quite a number of residents in these 48 will not be feeling well. During the preceding night they will have been celebrating the arrival of 1953 with a vigor suggesting they had doubted the world would survive 1952. We are asked to prescribe for such suffering celebrants who may be feeling like the Atomic Energy Commission had been fooling around in their heads with a successful H-bomb. With our usual alacrity we gallop to the aid of the party survivors.

Pay no attention to the patient's request that he be carried out and quietly buried without benefit of clergy. Give him a cometic tail—an easily thrown-



together elixir: a bottle of Worcestershire sauce and a well-beaten egg. The patient should swallow this hastily while standing as nearly erect as possible—with help if necessary. If that doesn't work, try a mule ear. This is a large glass of gin with enough (but no more) milk to render it slightly opaque. Mule ear may have to be administered intravenously. In extreme cases a Roman candle has been known to help. It's really nothing but sauerkraut juice, beer and tabasco in even parts. One pint should suffice. Any more may leave the patient with a slight cast in one eye. There are people who swear by frog blood. You take a tall glass of clam juice, dilute with cream, red wine and tabasco. Frog blood, if taken early on New Year's Eve, will have you bright, brisk and beautiful next morning because you will not have been able to celebrate. Tomato Zombie is said to be pretty good—ice cream and ketchup, about fifty-fifty. Or, finally, you might try workhouse Eddie. You enter the nearest diner, order a heavily buttered pickle and a cup of cold coffee—with egg. Then, while the man is calling the cops, you fall asleep on the counter. The cops will do the rest. We hope you'll be feeling better.

And now to business. We hear that a citizen named Zeph Yoakum was showing a wintering Yankee the mysteries of Sharkey County, Mississippi. "What's that?" demanded this Yankee, pointing to a man sound asleep in the branches of a large oak tree. "Oh, that's nothing," replied Mr. Yoakum. "That's only Crosby Eakings. Crosby laid

himself down to sleep on the ground a few years ago. Didn't notice he was laying on an acorn."

One of the permanently profitable things you can learn at Pennsylvania State College is how to conduct yourself at a tea. This includes instructions in how to hold your cup in one hand, a plate of cakes or sandwich wedges in the other and, at the same time, stroll about the room with the proper *savoir-faire* swapping crisp bon mots with the rest of the crowd. Same course tells you how and how much to tip a waiter and return another evening to the same table with reasonable assurance you won't get the soup in your lap. Two thirds of the thousand students taking the course are men.

And North Carolina State College offers a course in Advanced Sewerage.

She was about nine years old. She was having lunch with her mother in a St. Louis restaurant. After her fourth glass of water she confided to Mother that she'd had all the water she could manage. Why, then, her mother wanted to know, didn't she stop drinking it? She explained that she didn't want to hurt the waiter's feelings. It was so nice of him to fill up her glass the moment she emptied it.

All this talk about our new and obliterating H-bomb has caused Mr. M. Mortimer Pate, of Terre Haute, Indiana, to recall what Sir G. G. Justinian Marplotte of the King's Own Light Foot Archers said when firearms were first introduced into warfare in 1446. Sir Justinian made bold to say that this probably would mean the end of wars forever because the world could not survive the resulting carnage.

Lady in Louisville, signing her note Miss Lou, would like us to note the increasing number of girls who are wearing Mamie bangs. Noted. But as we



IRWIN CAPLAN

peer out from our dark cubicle we also must take note of the increasing number of men who are going bangless, like Mamie's husband.

Happy New Year.



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Author Ruark (l.) who did the firing, and hunter Harry Selby who did the advising, pose with "the biggest and deadliest lion" Selby ever saw

AFRICAN SAFARI

Ruark Shoots a Lion

By ROBERT C. RUARK

"A lion has always been the symbol of challenge," says the adventurous columnist as he starts the story of a great trip. "You get the lion, or the lion gets you"

THE hunter's horn sounds early for some, late for others. For some unfortunates, prisoned by city sidewalks and sentenced to a cement jungle more horrifying than anything to be found in Tanganyika, the horn of the hunter never winds at all.

But deep in the guts of most men is buried the involuntary response to the hunter's horn, a prickle of the nape hairs, an acceleration of the pulse, an atavistic memory of his fathers, who killed first with stone, and then with club, and then with spear, and then with bow, and then with gun, and finally with formulas.

How meek the man is of no importance; somewhere in the pigeon chest of the ribbon clerk is still the vestigial remnant of the hunter's heart; somewhere in his nostrils the half-forgotten smell of blood. There is no man with such impoverishment of imagination that, at some time, he has not

wondered how he would handle himself if a lion broke loose from a zoo and he were forced to face him without the protection of bars or handy, climbable trees.

This is a simple manifestation of ancient ego, almost as simple as the breeding instinct, simpler than the urge for shelter, because man the hunter lives basically in his belly. It is only when progress puts him in the business of killing other men that the blood lust surges upward to his brain.

Hunting is simple. Animals are simple. Man himself is simple inside himself. In this must lie some explanation for the fact that zoos are crowded on Sundays, and museums which display mounted animals are thronged on weekdays as well as holidays. This fact must explain the popularity of movies which deal with animals, and the lasting popularity of the exploits of Tarzan of the Apes, the half-animal figure created by Edgar Rice Bur-

roughs. Man is still a hunter, still a simple searcher after meat for his growling belly, still a provider for his helpless mate and cubs. From the moment he wakes until the moment he closes his eyes, man's prime concern is the business of making a living for himself and his family: *bringing home the bacon* is the modern equivalent of hanging a curly mammoth over the head with a big sharp rock.

Man has found it exceedingly difficult lately to decipher the weird incantations and ceremonies which surround the provision of meat and shelter for his spawn. He is mystified by the cabalistic signs of the economist. He does not understand billions of dollars in relationship to him and his. Parity baffles him; the administration of ceilings and floors and controls and exercises and supports does not satisfy his meat-urge or his aesthetic response to the chase, when the hunter's horn of



Author's sketch of a lion. Tracking *simba* recalled gun battle Ruark once had in Italy

necessity rouses him. But he can understand a lion, because a lion is life, in its simplest form—beautiful, menacing, dangerous and attractive to his ego. A lion has always been the symbol of challenge, the prototype of personal hazard. You get the lion or the lion gets you.

Personnel of the Hunting Party

I was in Tanganyika, East Africa, getting ready to hunt a lion. Our party consisted of myself, my city-slicker wife Virginia, 15 strange black boys and a professional hunter named Harry Selhy, who was not yet twenty-seven, but he has been an able pro since twenty.

Our camp was on a grassy knoll overlooking the Grummetti River. We had pitched the tents the day before beneath big thorn acacias. Up the river a leopard sawed. Over the hill a lion spoke. The baboons came to call to see that we were doing everything right. Halfway between the camp and Harry's favorite leopard trees was a big anthill, 12 feet high. Somewhere along the marsh there would be a couple of juvenile twin rhinos, especial friends of Harry's.

We slept late that morning, bone-sore from the three-day drive that had brought us to our campsite, and along about eleven o'clock Harry said we'd best go and sight the guns in. We left Mama in the camp to repair the ravages to her beauty.

Virginia missed a lot of hunting trips because to her the lure of the beautician is more compelling than that of the horn of the hunter.

It is no secret that Virginia is considerably blonder than she was born. Virginia got her hair bleached many years ago and she was still platinum, even in the Tanganyikan bush. And to stay blonde when you are basically brunette takes work. It means a weekly anointing with some mysterious ju-ju from a hottle.

Friday was hair day, and Juma, one of the natives, using white man's magic, turned the *memsaab's* hair from black to white. Usually a crowd of locals from the nearest village gathered to watch the miracle.

We had had a hard time explaining to Juma the nature of the trick. Harry consulted long with Virginia, and then mapped his lecture in Swahili.

He finally got Juma to understand what he was to do. "*Ndio*," Juma said, wondering at the madness of white people, who keep the heads and horns of animals and throw the meat away, who continually court death and disaster for fun, and whose women wish to look old and therefore change their hair from black to white. Nothing a white man ever does is surprising to the African, unless he does something that the African expects him to do.

Our camp was cuddled in the crook of a low mountain's arm, but behind was plain, a brilliant yellow plain dotted with a blue-and-white primrosy sort of flowers. Wherever you looked there was life. Five thousand wildebeest, there. Five thousand zebra, yonder. Two hundred impala, here. Five hundred Grant's gazelle, there. A thousand Tommies, a smaller type gazelle, there. A herd of buffalo on the river. Harry's twin baby rhinos. A shaggy-necked, elky-looking waterbuck with his harem in the green reeds.

The animals looked at us casually and with little curiosity. We stopped the jeep beneath a thorn-bush for Harry to sight our guns.

He sighted them all: the .375, a highly effective lion gun; the .30-06, an American caliber popular for deer and leopards; the .220, a high-velocity varmint gun designed by Winchester; and the big ugly .470 double, a staple for one who would face a charging elephant or rhino. I shot them all afterward. They all seemed to kick. The big .470 had a push, but it pushed you back two feet. I was beginning to feel nervous, having rarely shot anything more serious than a shooting-gallery duck with a rifle. These guns seemed to make an awful amount of noise.

We climbed back into our jeep and aimed for the camp and lunch. A herd of Grant's gazelles looked at us and ambled slowly away, walking gingerly on seemingly sore feet.

"See the old boy, the last one, just over there," Harry said. "He's an old ram and about ready for the hyenas. He'd be tougher than leather and his liver is full of worms and his meat is measly, but the leopards won't care. Get out and wallop him. *Toa* .30-06," he snapped over his shoulder to Kidogo. The Nandi gunbearer slid the bolt of the little Remington and handed it to me. I slid out of the car and crawled to an anthill. The jeep went away. One does not shoot from cars in Africa, nor until the vehicle is a good 500 yards away. The game department puts car shooters in jail.

I have shot at submarines and I have shot at airplanes and I didn't shake, but now I shook. The sight of the rifle was revolving like a Catherine wheel. I was panting like a sprint horse extended out of class in a distance race. My eyes blurred. I aimed at the gazelle's shoulder, waited until the rifle stopped leaping, snatched at the trigger and heard the bullet whunk. I aimed at the shoulder, and I hit him in the hind left ankle. Great beginning, boy, I said. Steady rest on 135 pounds of standing animal and you hit him in the foot. I shot five more times, carefully. The last time I shot he jumped into the hullet which broke his neck. He went over on his horns and the jeep drove up to get me.

"Nice shooting," Harry said.

"Nuts," I said. "It looks like I am a shotgun man."

"You broke his neck," Harry said.

"I was aiming at his rear," I said.

"It's like that for everybody at first," Harry said. "The light, you know. Everybody misses at first."

We drove on, and after a while we saw a hyena watching us, his big dog's face mean and sullen, his lion's ears pricked, scabby hide ugly in the sun. As we approached he galloped slowly away, his crippled hindquarters sloping down from his bear's body—a dog's head with a lion's ears on a bear's body with the hindlegs of a crippled beggar. Spotted and stinking and no friend to anyone. I shot him. I shot him nine times with the .220 Swift. I hit him every time, and every time the hullet splattered on his outside. One time I hit him in the face and took away his lower jaw and still he didn't die. He just bled and began to snap fruitlessly with half a face at his own dragging guts.

I spoke my first command in Swahili.

"*Toa bandouki ni kubwa*," I said. "The big one. Gimme the .470." The gunbearer snapped the barrels onto the elephant gun and slipped a couple of

cigar-sized shells into it. I held it on the gory hyena and took his head off.

"They say it's a good woodchuck gun, the .220," Harry said. "I'm inclined to believe they may be right. But for pigs and hyenas and such it ain't much gun, is it?"

"I just fired it for the last time," I said. "I wouldn't even use it on a woodchuck. Or a skunk. Or anything else I had any respect for. Give it to the deserving poor."

Just before we got back to camp we remembered that I was supposed to shoot a Tommy, a small gazelle, for our table. There was a likely-looking one standing and switching his tail. I got out of the jeep with the Remington and shot at him. I shot at him 14 times, and missed every time. My wife killed him three days later.

I did not speak much during lunch.

I don't think I ate any, as a matter of fact. All I could think of was the fact that the guy who couldn't hit a Tommy was supposed to shoot a lion.

After lunch, leaving Virginia in camp, we drove slowly along the wet edge of the high green reeds and we flushed a herd of waterbuck, but the bull wasn't much and they're not good eating, anyhow, so we pushed on, and then Kibiriti, one of our boys, said something rapidly in Swahili.

"The old boy's come down with one of his hunches," Harry said. "He's feeling lion-y. He says that the way the moon is and what with the rains and all and the state of grass and economics among lions in general, he feels as if a lion ought to be about three miles from here."

"Heaven preserve us!" I said. "Let's hope this lion-fancier is wrong. Today I would hate to go up against a bull butterfly."

"You'll change your tune when you see your first shootable *simba*," Harry said. "You'll be awfully brave. You'll probably be so scared you'll mistake fear for bravery and do everything right."

King of Beasts Takes Afternoon Nap

Finding the lion was simple. We traveled about three miles. There was a rocky hill alongside a marsh. And there in a clump of thorn was a lion, catching a nap in the afternoon sun which slanted under the umbrella tops of the trees and struck some golden sparks from his blackish-yellow hide.

Harry unbuttoned the left door from the jeep. He tossed it onto the grass. He said something to Kidogo, the bowlegged gunbearer. It sounded like *wapi hapa iko simba lio pandi hi m'kubwa bandouki bwana pig a bloody mugu*. I didn't really listen. I was sending my soul away again. I hoped it was at Toots Shor's having a drink with friends.



"We saw a hyena—his big dog's face mean and sullen and his scabby hide ugly in the sun"

"We will collect this *simba* like this," Harry said sternly, like an overyoung professor lecturing the class. "Kidogo drives the jeep. I sit in the middle. You sit on the outside. We will drive as close as we can without annoying this creature overmuch, and taking care to observe the government's rule about 500 yards away. When I nudge you, fall out of the jeep. Fall flat and lie still and then we will crawl as close to this *simba* as we can and when I tell you to shoot him you shoot him. The idea is to get close as you can—less danger of wounding him that way. You wound this chap, old boy, and he gets into those reeds, and we will all have a very nasty time. I'd *not* wound him, if I were you. When you've shot him once, shoot him again, and then shoot him once more for insurance. Very sound rule. All set?"

Reflections of a Nervous Nimrod

I couldn't say anything but yes. Kidogo had taken the telescopic sights off the .375. I slid back the bolt and caught the comforting glint of the bullets in the magazine. There was one in the chamber. Good-by, Mother, I said to myself. Et up by a lion in the bloom of youth.

"Well, let's go shoot him," I said. "What are we waiting for?"

"That's the spirit," Harry said.

The jeep began to roll, Kidogo obeying motions of Harry's hands. We approached the lion deviously. We seemed always to be going away from him, but actually we were growing closer. Kidogo took his foot off the gas. Harry hit me in the ribs with his elbow. I fell out of the jeep. I remembered to fall with the gun protected and pointing away. Harry tumbled out behind me. He had a dirty, rusty-looking .416 Rigby bolt-action rifle in his hand. He had told me once that it could not hit anything but lions.

I was on my belly in the stiff, coarse yellow grass, and the lion was looking enormous now. A lion's hide is not tawny. It is yellowish-black. This one flexed the muscles of his forelegs, hooking his claws, and flicked his back hide to express annoyance at the camel flies that buzzed around him. I was humping along on my elbows with the gun pushing out ahead of me. I seemed to have done it before.

I had done it before—in an Italian town, a long time ago, when a shot spurted at me from out of an alley along the Corso in Bari, and I had fallen to the cobbles clutching and cocking a Walther P-38 which I had bought for a carton of cigarettes from a Scottish paratrooper who had killed a German paratroop *Leutnant* at Termoli and who had liberated his sidearm. Some more shots spurted from the alley and I shot back at the shots, moving the P-38 gently from left to right and shooting out the full magazine. No more shots came from the alley. There was nothing in the alley but a dead cobelligerent. We used to lose a lot of allies in those days, before we disarmed the cobelligerents.

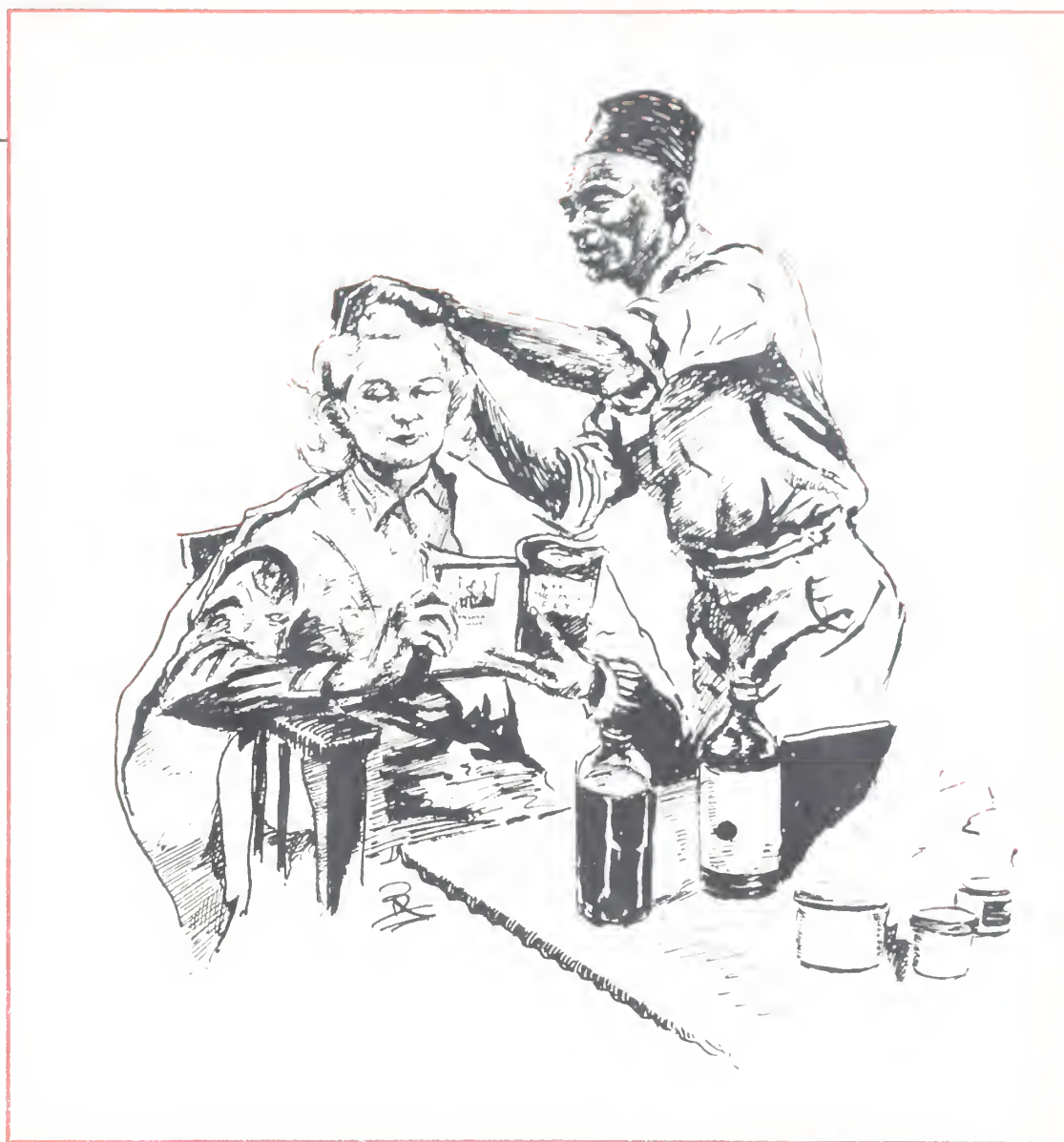
I was feeling now like the lion was a cobelligerent in an alley, and the feeling flooded over me as it is when you come in from a long day in the snow, and the fire and the whisky both start working on you at once. The Winchester was as light as the Walther P-38.

We were close to the lion now. I could count flies on him. Harry reached back and touched me, pressing me down behind a hummock. The lion turned his head and looked straight at us. He was a little scruffy on top, but he had a fine dark mane below. His feet were as big as Satchel Paige's feet. His head was as big as a bale of hay. He yawned and I saw he had his right canine teeth broken off. He was huge.

"Wallop him," Selby whispered.

I got up on one knee and went for just behind his ear. He flopped over like a big dog, kicked once, roared once and stretched out. I never did hear my gun go off. I felt no concussion.

Collier's for January 3, 1953



Even in the jungle, Mrs. Ruark had her hair done once a week. Native served as beautician

"This is the biggest lion I ever saw in my life," Harry said. "Also the deadliest. But I should slip another one into him just behind that shoulder blade, if I were you. I keep telling you, these dead animals are the ones that get up and kill you. Bust him again."

I busted him again. You could tell he was dead from the sound of the bullet hitting him and his bodily reaction to the bullet hitting him.

The boys know the script well. They all gave me the special handshake, grasping the thumb, roaring asthmatically, and telling me that I was the one-shot *bwana*, the mighty *simba* player, the protector of the poor.

I agreed readily and then went over behind a bush and vomited just a little bit.

Later I told friends the vomiting was because of something I had eaten disagreeing with me. Then I went to look at my lion. He looked awfully rumpled. A dead lion has no dignity. All the majesty leaks out of him with the blood. He looks like a moth-eaten rug.

The top of my lion's brainpan was off. We walked off his measurements and he was ten feet six. That is a lot of lion. His paws were as big as pumpkins. It suddenly occurred to me that I had crawled up on this thing as close as I had to get and when I had to shoot him I shot him and didn't wound him and of a sudden the boys were admiring me and Harry was kidding me and I felt real good. I hadn't spooked. I hadn't butchered it. I hadn't looked bad in front of the boys.

"I am a hell of a fellow," I said to myself. "I am a slayer of *Simba*, Lord of the Jungle. And anyhow I didn't run or fire into the air. Whisky is indicated."

We wrestled the corpse into the back of the jeep, on a matting of rushes so he wouldn't bleed up the car. I talked a great deal on the drive back to camp, and accepted congratulations freely. One

of the camel flies bit me painfully, and I didn't care. I was suddenly free of a great many inhibitions. Every man has to brace a lion at least once in his life, and whether the lion is a woman or a boss or the prospect of death by disease makes no difference. I had met mine and killed him fairly and saved him from the hyenas which would have had him in a year or so if one of his sons didn't assassinate him first.

Celebrating (with Tips) at the Camp

When we hit the camp the boys knew. They surged over the jeep and me and mauled us all and waited for the money tip to the whole camp. They did a sedate lion dance and ran me for alderman of metropolitan Ikoma.

I went down to the tent to collect the hero's bride. She was taking a nap.

"Get up, you lazy gal," I said. "While you are sleeping your life away I have been out slaying lions and protecting the honest poor. Come and see what Father done done with his gun. And bring your camera."

Virginia came with the camera. We posed the defunct *simba* suitably, his chin arrogantly on a rock. The blacks told me again that I was one hell of a *bwana*. Then the lion's eyes opened. Then his ears twitched. Then he uttered a grunt. Then I found myself alone with a lion and Mr. Selby. The admirers had achieved trees. I am not ashamed to say I shot my *simba* once more in the back of the neck. Like Harry says, it's the dead ones get up and kill you. ▲▲▲

Be sure to get next week's Collier's so that you won't miss the second exciting chapter of Robert Ruark's African safari. The articles are part of a book to be published in the spring by Doubleday



Lois was at Smith. She and Sonia talked about school, and Lois asked questions about what it was like to work for an advertising agency. Lois

The Beginning of

Crawford had postponed his own happiness for years, for Tom

AS FRANK CRAWFORD had expected, Sonia was dressed and waiting when he arrived at her apartment. She looked very lovely. She was small, and she had a thin face, with high cheekbones and very large, gray eyes. It was an unusual, exotic sort of face, and Crawford was in love with it; but now he wished for the first time that it was a little more ordinary, a little less different.

"Do I look all right?" she asked.

"You look beautiful." He sat down in the easy chair in one corner of the room. "The cab's waiting," he said, "but we have time for a drink."

"You want a drink?"

Crawford nodded. He was a big man, with a square, heavy, intelligent face which impressed clients of the advertising agency for which he worked. "A drink is just what I do want," he said. He sighed and lighted a cigarette.

Sonia stood staring at him. "Do you think he'll like me?" she asked. She was wearing a new dress, cut low in front.

"Of course he'll like you."

She laughed apprehensively. "I'm scared," she said. "I didn't think I'd be scared."

"You look beautiful," Crawford said. "And stop being scared."

When she went into the kitchen to mix the drinks, Crawford closed his eyes. It was ten o'clock, and already it had been an eventful evening. He felt tired and a little confused.

"Where are we going to meet them?" Sonia called from the kitchen.

"A place on Fifty-third Street," Crawford said.

He did not open his eyes. "A bar Tom suggested."

Sonia came back into the room. "What is he like, Frank?" she said.

Crawford stood up and took a glass from her. "He's a nice kid," he said. "He's very nice. I told you all about him."

"I know. But it doesn't help much."

"No," Crawford said. He smiled wryly. "I guess not."

"I thought you didn't want me to meet him yet?" she asked, as she sat down across from Crawford. There was something appealing about her posture and the stare she directed at him. She seemed fragile, as though she might be easily hurt. "I thought you were going to wait until sometime this summer?" she said.

"I was," Crawford said. He frowned. "It was Tom's idea. He surprised me."

He might have explained further. He considered doing so, but it would have been far too difficult in the time that they had, and, besides, he was not certain that it was one of those things you can explain. He finished his drink quickly. "Come on," he said. "Let's not keep the cab waiting."

As he settled against the cushions in the back seat of the taxi, he looked across at Sonia and wondered what she must be thinking. She knew only the barest outline of what had happened, after all. It was not much for her to go on.

IT HAD all started with Tom's call earlier that same evening, at a little before six. Crawford had been working late, and he was just about to leave the office when the telephone rang. The familiar voice, and the information that his son was in New York, had been something of a shock. Tom was nineteen and in his second year at Yale. Crawford had had no reason to expect that he would be in town that week end.

They had not said very much over the telephone. Crawford had arranged to meet the boy for dinner at Christ Cella's; and then, realizing that he would have to break his engagement with Sonia, he had called and explained the situation to her.

"Will he be here for the whole week end?" she had asked, her voice sounding faraway and faintly apprehensive.

"I don't know," he had said. "I didn't really



...ired Sonia's dress. Suddenly, with a feeling of surprise, Crawford realized that they were all relaxed—that they were having a good time

Something New

By
JOHN CAMPBELL SMITH

...ce. And now he was afraid to face Tom with his decision

have much of a chance to talk to him just now."

"You don't think there's anything wrong?"

"No," he had said. "I don't think so."

There was a momentary silence at the other end of the line. "All right. I'll be here all evening. You can call me if you do get away."

"Look, I don't think I will," he had said. "Don't stay in, if you don't want to. There's that cocktail party at the Harveys' you told me about."

"I'll be here," she had said.

"I'll call you sometime during the evening."

"All right."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't say that. Just have a good time."

He had hung up, feeling guilty. It was not, he reflected, an unusual situation, and the fact that he felt guilty surprised him. Tom knew about Sonia. He knew that Crawford was going to marry her sometime the following fall, in September or October, after the divorce was final. Crawford had told the boy all about it six months earlier, and Tom had understood as well as could be expected.

Crawford had been in love with Helen when he married her; but that seemed very long ago, and

that girl was hard to remember. For her part, it seemed, Helen had never been in love with him. After the first couple of years, the complete failure of the marriage had been apparent to both of them. It had only been a matter of time.

If it had not been for Tom and the necessity of protecting him, it would have been simple. They would probably have separated years before. From the first, Crawford had been devoted to his son, a little too much so, perhaps; and Helen—who was, herself, the product of a broken marriage—shrank neurotically from the idea of letting the boy experience the sort of thing she had known in her own childhood. It was an attitude that Crawford might have admired in her, if he had not realized that it had little to do with the boy himself, for whom, he suspected, she had never cared a great deal.

They had decided that divorce could wait until Tom was grown-up enough so that it couldn't hurt him too badly. It had been the right decision, Crawford felt, and they had held to it.

Crawford had known Sonia for some time, but he had been in love with her for less than a year.

The divorce had been agreed on by then, although Tom had not known about it.

CRAWFORD was jolted from his recollection of the early part of the evening, as the cab he and Sonia were riding in turned a corner sharply, throwing her against him for a moment. He smelled her perfume, a faint, subtle odor that seemed to exhale from her hair. In a little while she would be meeting Tom for the first time, a meeting Crawford had not expected when the boy had called earlier that evening.

Crawford cleared his throat. "Remember, he's only nineteen," he said. He blushed. "He's remarkably grown-up in some respects, but . . ."

Sonia smiled, reached out and took his hand. "You say it was his idea, my meeting him tonight?" she said.

He nodded. "It's funny," he said. "I guess I still sort of think of him as a sixteen-year-old. The whole thing was kind of a shock." He stared thoughtfully at the back of their driver's head. "It shouldn't have been, I suppose."

"You were the one who told me not to worry," she said gently. "Remember?"

He looked at her familiar, lovely face, and he knew what she must be thinking. He loved those thin, alert features, and—reading the half-formu-

lated question in her eyes—he felt sorry. “Yeah,” he said, “I know.”

“We’re meeting them at a place on Fifty-third Street?”

“Uh-huh.” Automatically, nervously, he glanced at his wrist watch. It was only a little after ten. They would be there by ten thirty.

AFTER his telephone conversation with Sonia, Crawford had left his office and gone straight to the restaurant. Tom had been waiting for him.

Now, thinking back to it, Crawford could see that dinner had been a somewhat strained affair from the beginning. Sitting across from the boy, he had felt awkward and, for some reason, at a subtle disadvantage. Tom’s thin face had been relaxed and expressionless as he studied the menu.

“Have the steak,” Crawford said. “If you’re really hungry.”

The boy lowered the menu. “Sounds all right,” he said. “I think I’ll have a drink first, though.”

Crawford glanced up at him. He hesitated and then said quickly, in a voice that he hoped did not reflect his surprise, “A drink might not be a bad idea. What are you going to have?”

“A Martini,” Tom said.

“We’ll make it two Martinis.”

The boy lighted a cigarette, and Crawford said slowly, “Have you heard anything from your mother?”

“A letter. She said she was enjoying herself.”

Crawford was uncomfortably aware that he did not really have anything to say on the subject. He nodded. “She always liked Florida,” he said.

“When will the divorce be final?” the boy asked casually.

“May. The end of May.”

“It takes a long time, doesn’t it?”

“Not so long,” Crawford said, “when you think about it.” Again he felt awkward, big compared to the boy sitting across from him. Tom was like his mother, thin, fine-boned. “Divorce is a pretty serious business,” Crawford said, sounding hopelessly parental and platitudinous to himself, hopelessly inadequate.

“I guess so,” Tom said.

The waiter arrived with the Martinis. Crawford sipped his. “What brings you to New York right now?” he asked, trying to make it seem casual. “I’m surprised you could break away. Any special reason for the trip?” He waited, unable to dispel a slight anxiety.

Tom’s answer, when it came, was unexpected. “I came up with a girl,” the boy said. “Her name is Lois Hunter. She’s from Michigan, and she’s never been to New York before. I met her at a dance.”

“A girl?”

Tom smiled. “She has an aunt who lives here,” he said. “Lois is at her house now. I’m picking her up later. You might say I’m showing her the town.”

“I see,” Crawford said. He digested the information.

“Maybe you’d like to meet her?”

Crawford thought about it. “It might be nice,” he said and frowned. “Yes,” he said, “I think I would, Tom.”

“She goes to Smith. I’ve known her for almost a year. She’s a very interesting girl.”

“Uh-huh,” Crawford said.

“I’m picking her up at about eight,” Tom said, “and then we’re thinking of going to a bar that a friend of mine at school recommended, a place on Fifty-third Street.” He smiled. “Lois is a year older than I am. She’s twenty, but she looks even older than that. And I’ve never had much trouble getting served. The guy said this was a pretty nice bar.”

Crawford had the feeling, suddenly, that he really did not know very much about his son. It was disturbing. “You look old enough,” he said.

There was a pause. Tom sipped his Martini. “Look,” he said, “maybe you might like to bring someone along? How about it?”

“Bring someone?” Crawford asked.

“Yeah.”

“You mean Sonia?” It seemed to Crawford that he was becoming inured to surprise.

“Is that her name?” Tom said. “Sounds romantic.”

Crawford lighted a cigarette. He realized that when he had told his son about Sonia he had never, for some reason, referred to her by name. He had spoken of the woman he was in love with and wanted to marry. “Sonia Roman,” he said. “Her parents were Russian. Roman’s the Anglicization of the family name.”

“It seems like a good chance for me to meet her,” Tom said. “Better than one of these formal occasions.” There was another pause.

“I suppose I could call her,” Crawford said, considering the idea.

“She works at the agency, doesn’t she?”

“She works in the art department,” Crawford said. “She’s a very intelligent, very charming woman. I hope you’ll like her, Tom.”

“How old is she?”

“She’s thirty-two.”

“You want to call her up? We could meet at that place on Fifty-third?”

“I could,” Crawford said. There seemed to be no good reason he could think of why he shouldn’t. He drained his glass. “I’ll call her after we finish dinner.” For a moment, he had wondered whether Sonia would be in. She might have gone to the



She had been very lovely. But, for a moment, he had wished that she looked a little more ordinary

cocktail party at the Harveys’, after all. For just a moment, he had hoped that she would not be there to answer the telephone.

But she had been there, as she had told him she would be. He had explained to her briefly what had happened, too briefly for it to mean much. He told her that he would get a cab and pick her up at her apartment.

NOW the cab was nearly at Fifty-third Street, and Crawford found it hard to believe that less than two hours had passed since his conversation with the boy. It had seemed more than that.

“We used to go fishing a lot,” he told Sonia, trying to make her understand how it had always been between him and his son. “Up to Canada sometimes. Tom was crazy about it. Helen never cared much for that sort of life, and there were a couple

of times when just Tom and I went. We had a great time. Tom’s quite a boy.”

“He would seem to be, from your description,” she said. She smiled. “You must have been quite a father.”

Crawford laughed. “A stereotype,” he said. They were at Forty-second Street, almost there. “Hell,” he said, “he’s grown-up. I guess I’m just getting used to the fact.”

“Is it hard?”

He did not answer. After a moment, though, he reached out and put his arm around her shoulder. He wondered what the girl with Tom was like.

She was pretty. She had dark hair and a nice smile and a soft, low voice. She looked, Crawford thought, like the sort of girl you might see playing tennis on a college campus—or the way you imagine such a girl should be. She looked nice.

Tom introduced her, and Crawford introduced Sonia. It was awkward and formal for a few minutes. Then they all sat down. Both Tom and the girl already had drinks in front of them. Crawford ordered a Scotch and soda for himself and a Tom Collins for Sonia, and they all discussed what they liked to drink for a few minutes. Crawford wondered whether the girl’s parents knew she drank. She did not drink very much, she told them, only occasionally; but she liked whisky sours.

Crawford was glad when his drink arrived. They discussed New York, and then they talked about a play that Tom and Lois were going to the following night. Crawford and Sonia had already seen it. The bar was dim and pleasant. Crawford kept trying to judge everyone’s reactions: Tom’s, Lois’s, Sonia’s. It was hard.

LOIS was in her last year at Smith. She and Sonia talked of school, and Lois asked questions about what it was like working for an advertising agency. They had another round of drinks. Lois admired Sonia’s dress. Suddenly, with a feeling of surprise, Crawford realized that they were all relaxed, having a good time.

He lighted a cigarette and leaned back in his chair. Both Tom and Lois were laughing at something amusing that Sonia had said. Crawford looked at Sonia. He felt a warm surge of affection for her. He enjoyed, he discovered, sitting across from his son drinking Scotch; and the fact that he had not known earlier in the evening that the boy drank seemed incredible. He was quite a boy, he thought. And the girl was pretty. That pleased him. Tom should have a pretty girl.

He had been shocked earlier by the discovery that there were things about his son of which he was not aware. He had been afraid of this meeting and of what might happen; but now he saw that he had been mistaken, that nothing was changed. It was just that Tom was older than he had given him credit for being.

On an impulse Crawford leaned forward. “Just a suggestion,” he said, “but when we finish these, how would everyone feel about finding some place where we could dance?” He waited.

“It doesn’t sound like a bad idea,” Tom said. He looked at the girl. She nodded.

“Sonia?” Crawford asked, turning to her.

“If everyone else would like to. I think it would be nice.” She was, Crawford thought, very lovely. He smiled at her.

There was a moment, when they were waiting on the pavement outside for a cab, when Tom and Crawford were alone, lost in their own conversation. Lois and Sonia had moved a few feet away.

“I like her, Dad,” Tom said softly. “Sonia. I can see why you want to marry her.”

Crawford looked at him. His son’s face was serious, mature, strangely unlike that of a boy. “Thanks,” Crawford said.

It seemed to him, in the cab, that the city was

beautiful and fascinating. He had not felt that way about New York in years, not since, as a young man, he had thought of the city as a challenge, a testing ground, something against which to pit his strength. It was an illusion, but it was an illusion worth the having. He glanced at Tom and wondered how he felt about it. Crawford had come to New York from a small town in Pennsylvania. Tom's background was different. He had been born here, and the city might not mean the same thing to him. It probably did, though, Crawford thought. He hoped that it did.

He had suggested a place that he knew to be quiet, a place he thought Tom and Sonia would like. Although he had not been there in some time, it was still pretty much as he had remembered it.

THEY danced. Crawford danced with Sonia, and once or twice he danced with Tom's girl. He was sitting at the table with Lois, admiring the way Tom and Sonia danced, when the girl said, "You know, I'm glad to have had this chance to meet you, Mr. Crawford. Both of you. I think you're very nice."

Crawford smiled at her. "Well, thank you," he said.

"Tom's told me a lot about you, about the whole situation. He's on your side in all this. He really is."

For a moment Crawford was confused, and then he wondered whether she might be a little drunk. "We talked it over," he said. "I think Tom understands it all."

"He's sort of mixed up," she said, "but that's to be expected. It's hard growing up with confused feelings toward your parents, knowing that they hate each other. Tom told me about how he used to think it was your fault, and how he felt about you."

Crawford stared at the girl.

"The psychiatrist he's going to at school has really cleared up a lot," she said.

"Psychiatrist?" Crawford repeated. He felt dazed, as though suddenly he had had too much to drink.

She blushed. "You knew, didn't you?" she asked.

He might have lied, but he had the feeling that she would have known. "No," he said, shaking his head. "No, I didn't know about it."

She looked bewildered and contrite. "I thought you knew," she said. "He's been going for over a year, now." She stared at him. "He used to have crying spells."

Crawford was watching Tom and Sonia. Tom was smiling, and Sonia was laughing at something he had just said. "It's sort of a surprise," Crawford said. He spoke slowly.

"He's over most of that now," Lois said. "He's really pretty well adjusted."

The number had ended. Tom and Sonia started back to the table.

Crawford summoned a smile. "Let's not say anything about it, shall we?" he said. "Since Tom hasn't mentioned it." He felt a little bit sorry for the girl's embarrassment.

Sonia sat down, and Tom asked Lois to dance. Crawford ordered another drink.

"They seem so young," Sonia said. "They're very nice, really."

"Yes."

Crawford watched the way Tom held the girl in his arms. It was a slow number, and they danced well. "They do seem young," he said. "Very young."

"Is anything wrong?"

"I'm a little tired." He turned to her and smiled. "Maybe they'd like to be alone," he said.

"Maybe," she said. "You're certain nothing's wrong?"

"Certain," he said.

"Do you think he likes me?"

"I'm pretty sure he does," Crawford said. "They both do."

"I think he does, Frank," she said. "I really do."

Tom protested when Crawford told him that he and Sonia were leaving. Crawford overrode him. "You two stay here," he said with a smile, "or

find some more places. Explore if you want to. The evening's young." He looked at Tom inquiringly. "You have your key to the apartment?" Tom nodded. "Well, you can find your way home then. I won't wait up for you." He hesitated and then smiled. "Don't get drunk."

They found a cab, and Crawford gave the driver the address of Sonia's apartment. He leaned back and closed his eyes. He felt tired.

"I think it was a success," Sonia said.

He looked at her. It had nothing to do with her, he thought. It was not her fault. For a moment,



He told me, the girl had said, how he used to think it was your fault

though, she seemed a stranger, someone he did not know. "Yes, I think it was," he said.

He saw the girl leaning forward across the table. *Tom told me about how he used to think it was your fault, and how he felt about you.*

Crawford lighted a cigarette. He was remembering other times Tom had come home, remembering back to when the boy was sixteen, and the feeling he had had about him then, of responsibility, of his own strength compared to the boy's, of the ability to protect him from all the dangers of a complex and labyrinthian world in which it was easy to lose one's way, a world in which the signposts were not easily read, or had decayed and fallen.

He glanced out of the window, and for a moment the city seemed bewildering, not fascinating and wonderful as it had earlier, but strange, dark and menacing.

Sonia looked at him. "There's something wrong, isn't there?" she said softly.

"No," he said. "No, there's nothing wrong."

"But you act as though something was wrong," she told him.

HE DID not answer. After a moment she said hesitantly, "Do you want to come up for a while?" He felt that there was an appeal in the words. "It's still early," she said. She looked as though she might cry.

"Not tonight. I'm pretty tired."

"All right."

He reached out and took her hand, surprised that it should be so warm. He had failed his son, failed him a long time ago, without knowing it. He thought of the boy's crying spells, which he had never suspected, just as he had never suspected that Tom might be going to a psychiatrist. Tom was on his own, finding his own way. He had had to find his own way for a long time.

"She's a nice girl, isn't she?" he said. "Lois. She seems pretty nice."

"I liked her. I liked both of them."

When they reached the apartment, Crawford

kissed Sonia quickly. "I'll call you in the morning," he said.

She nodded.

He watched her dart across the sidewalk and into the entrance of the building. She turned and waved, and he thought that she looked frail, a thin, vulnerable figure against the solid mass of the apartment house. He waved back, and then he gave the driver his address.

He considered the evening. He saw that his failure was something he would have to accept. He could not think of anything he might have done that would have changed things. It was in the past, and the truth was that Tom had understood more than Crawford would have believed. *He told me about how he used to think it was your fault, and how he felt about you.* The girl's words returned again—words that were an explanation of so much, of the evening, of the things about his son he had not suspected.

Crawford smiled wryly. The boy was older than he had known, older than most boys of nineteen. His knowledge had brought him maturity. Crawford remembered Tom's face as they had stood on the pavement outside of the first bar they had gone to, the face that had seemed to him so unlike that of a boy. *I like her, Dad. Sonia. I can see why you want to marry her.* It had been as though he were giving his approval. Crawford had felt relieved.

Yes, that was what he had wanted, his son's approval, the knowledge that he understood. *He's on your side in all this,* the girl had said. Crawford had forgotten that part of her conversation. It came back, now, together with the memory of Tom's face as he had stood there, staring at his father. He had been sincere, Crawford realized, as the girl had been sincere.

IT CAME as a surprise, the idea that knowledge, which can hurt, might, in the end, be of value. It was true that Tom was on his own, that their relationship had never been what Crawford had imagined it to be, that he had failed his son. But it was also true that Tom did not blame him for what had happened. He had passed beyond that stage; he understood more than Crawford had until that evening. The boy was young, but he had made a good beginning, as good, perhaps, Crawford realized, with vague astonishment, as could have been expected.

Slowly, Crawford took out a cigarette. This was a beginning, he saw, a beginning rather than an end. He saw, suddenly, that a new relationship was possible, better than the imaginary one which had never existed, one in which he accepted the truth: that Tom was on his own, finding his own way, as Tom had, after all, accepted the facts about him and Sonia.

Crawford became aware of a faint perfume that still lingered in the back of the cab and of a memory that he had been trying to suppress, the memory of Sonia's face as she said, *Do you want to come up for a while? It's still early.* Her lips had trembled. It had not been her fault, and she had not known what was wrong. He thought of that moment earlier in the evening when he had walked into her apartment and she had asked him, standing uncertainly in the center of the room, *Do you think he'll like me?*

She had been very lovely, but he had wished, for a moment, that she looked a little more ordinary, a little less different. *I'm scared,* she had said. *I didn't think I'd be scared.* He saw her standing in front of the apartment building, waving to him: a thin, vulnerable figure.

He leaned forward. "I'll get out here," he said. The cab pulled over to the curb, and he paid the man.

He walked quickly. It was a cold night, cold and damp, and there were a few scattered patches of snow at the sides of the pavement. It was late February, but as he walked back toward Sonia's apartment, Crawford had a sudden feeling of impending change. It was undefined, as yet, only a promise; but it seemed to him as though winter were almost over, that soon it would be spring, and the days would be longer. ▲▲▲

Field Marshal Von Rundstedt's Own Story of

At last, after eight years, here is the German side of the vicious struggle in the Ardennes Forest—the account of the senior military leader of the Third Reich who executed Hitler's back-to-the-wall offensive of 1944—the frantic gamble to drive the Allies out of Europe

By GUENTHER BLUMENTRITT

General of the Infantry, Germany, Retired

At dawn on December 16, 1944, the Germans roared through the bleak Ardennes Forest. The Battle of the Bulge was on—a battle of seeming impossibilities.

The western front that day was a wavy, north-south line. In the uppermost reaches were the British and Canadian armies, commanded by Field Marshal Montgomery. South of him was the U.S. Ninth Army. Farther down was General George Patton's U.S. Third Army attacking in the Saar Basin. And south of Patton was the U.S. Seventh Army. Snack in the middle of the front was the U.S. First Army, part of which was thinly stretched along the Ardennes sector. It was there the Germans hit.

The attack itself was impossible—or so the Allies thought. Less than 24 hours before the battle began, Montgomery said the Germans were in such battered shape they could "not stage major offensive operations." And Eisenhower said "we had believed they (the Germans) could not be ready for a major assault."

The place of the attack was impossible. It left Bradley dumfounded. "When anyone attacks . . . either he is out to destroy the hostile forces or he's going after a terrain objective . . . Neither objective could be attained in the Ardennes . . ."

Thus, the Germans struck, a surprise attack in timing, strength and site by Hitler's resurrected blitzkrieg forces. The First Army's battle-weary 28th Division was caught unsuspecting—and pulverized. Two raw regiments of the First Army's 106th Division met the same fate.

In other spots the First Army put up an al-

most impossible defense. The 4th Division and the V Corps of the First Army stood their ground and the Germans spilled into a narrowing corridor westward toward Bastogne.

Caught unaware, severely crippled and hampered by lack of communications, the Allies fought back with seemingly impossible zeal. The German onslaught was like a torrent. But here and there little rocks of resistance poked up and refused to be swept along. Saint-Vith held out for several vital days, but the real island of resistance was Bastogne. There Brigadier General A. C. McAuliffe was surrounded. The Germans sent an ultimatum—surrender or be annihilated.

"Nuts!" snarled McAuliffe.

Bastogne was never taken.

McAuliffe's impossible defense was matched by Patton's impossible drive to relieve the "battered bastards of Bastogne." In 48 hours, Patton broke off his Saar attack and raced to Bastogne's aid. Bradley called it "one of the most astonishing feats of generalship" in World War II.

We stopped the Germans on Christmas Day. When it was all over, the Americans alone counted 56,000 men dead or wounded. The surprise of the German attack was largely responsible for the appallingly high number of casualties.

In the account that follows, we learn for the first time the German motives and execution of the Battle of the Bulge—the struggle of impossibilities—as Field Marshal Karl Gerd von Rundstedt with one of his top commanders saw it—and fought it.

swiftly as possible, without regard for its flanking units. It is necessary to show the enemy that we are not yet at the end of our resources, and that we still have the power to strike swift blows. I am sure of success, and this success will not be without effect on the British and American people.

"The attack will begin at 0630 hours on December 16th."

As Hitler saw it, the offensive was to be a blitzkrieg all over again—a lightning thrust against an outnumbered enemy, a move exploited by our overwhelming superiority in tanks.

For the attack, Hitler was going to make available crack units comprising 500,000 men—far more than the Americans had in this thinly held sector. He also was going to mass 1,000 tanks and tank destroyers against the 300 we believed the Americans had. In addition he was going to bring up batteries of rocket launchers never before used on the western front, and employ V-1 guided missiles for the first time in a tactical operation.

Hitler had ordered to be collected and carefully trained a force of *saboteurs* to operate in American uniforms behind the American lines. Reichsmarshal Hermann Göring, chief of our air force, had promised 3,000 airplanes; actually he provided 800, the largest number he had mustered in one fleet since before the Allied invasion of Normandy the previous June.

Finally, the Fuehrer had moved up what without doubt he considered the greatest and most incomparable German weapon of all: himself. He had come from the eastern front only six days earlier to mastermind this critical operation.

With this impressive superiority of men and arms, Hitler believed the operation could not fail.

The atmosphere was tense as Hitler finished outlining the offensive to us. No one spoke. Field Marshal Karl Gerd von Rundstedt, commander in chief on the western front, looked pessimistic. Field Marshal Walter Model, commander of Army Group B, which was to lead the attack, appeared to be thinking furiously. But there was nothing any of us could do at this late date to persuade Hitler to alter his plans. The die had been cast.

The West has since named the Battle of the Ardennes the "Rundstedt Offensive." It is an erroneous label. Hitler planned the operation against repeated opposition from his generals. Rundstedt not only did not take part in the original planning, but he opposed the move when he heard about it. Later he was to describe the operation in these terms: "It was a nonsensical operation, and the stupidest part of it was the setting of Antwerp as

IT WAS December 12, 1944, at Adolf Hitler's new headquarters 100 miles behind the western front. German armies were hard pressed in both east and west. And when we generals and high staff officers assembled in Hitler's mountain-side retreat overlooking the Ziegenberg Valley, most of us had no inkling that we were about to receive orders to launch only four days later the last great German push in the west—the offensive Allied historians were to label "the Battle of the Bulge."

Hitler still showed the effects of the nearly successful bombing attempt on his life the previous July 20th. He seemed near collapse. His shoulders drooped. His left arm shook as he walked to a card table. He sat down at the table with a grimace, as if it hurt.

His opening words to us were halting and weak. It was only after he had been speaking some minutes that he began to take on strength. He spoke

for an hour, and the sense of what he said was:

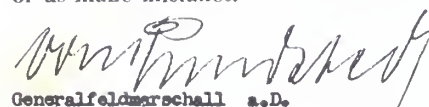
"Germany, located in the center of Europe and surrounded on all sides, can prevent collapse not through defense, but only by attack. . . . We must break out of the fortress Germany by making a decisive attack from both sides of the Eifel mountains across the River Meuse on Antwerp. Thus there is a chance that we can strike the Allied troops in southern Holland and Belgium a decisive blow. Our main goal is to encircle the mass of English and the northern wing of the Americans in the area east of Aachen and north of the Albert Canal. The recapture of Antwerp is important, because this great port is the base of supply for the enemy.

"If this operation succeeds, the western front will be shortened, and we will be able to effect a saving in our forces. These new reserves can then be used for further operations in the west later.

"I want you to understand the importance of this decision. Every troop unit is to strike forward as

Throughout my life, I have opposed much writing. I still hold to this principle. Only with time will truth emerge. As more and more professional soldiers write about the Battle of the Ardennes (the Bulge) it will be astonishing to note that propaganda has mistakenly established as fact several falsehoods about the battle.

At the urging of Collier's, I have for the first time given my permission for the author to write this factual report. I have read the treatise and it coincides with my opinion of the events. Nothing can be beautified or excused. Unfortunately, all of us make mistakes.


Generalfeldmarschall a.D.

the BATTLE of the BULGE

its target. Let alone try to reach Antwerp, we should have got down on our knees and thanked God if we had reached as far as the Meuse."

Hitler had started planning the Ardennes offensive back in August, when the German western front was being battered by the Allied forces that poured onto the Continent after the June invasion.

As early as June, both Rundstedt and Field Marshal Erwin Rommel had sent Hitler, then in his field headquarters in East Prussia, behind the eastern front, extraordinarily sharp criticisms of the situation in the west. These documents are today in the hands of the Western Powers.

But from East Prussia, Hitler could not form a real opinion of the situation in the west. He could not—nor did he wish to—believe that the weight of men and material from Britain and the United States was as overpowering as reported to him time and again. He could not imagine that the Allies had absolute air superiority in the west over the disappearing *Luftwaffe*.

Hitler Disparaged Allied Strength

He did not, or could not, form a picture of the abundance of the Western Powers in technical know-how, munitions, material and fuel. He would not concede that division after division of the German army in the west had simply melted away, while the Allies had strong, rested, well-trained divisions.

As a result, during the battles in the west after the Normandy invasion, the Fuehrer had busied himself entirely with the idea of a counteroffensive. Throughout the Germans' fighting withdrawal of June, July and August, the commanders in the west had received urgent instructions from Hitler to undertake a new offensive. He hoped thereby to halt the Allied advance, and win time to make the disarmed "west wall" defensible.

In August, he apparently became convinced that the fighting west of Germany's western frontier was only a battle for time. He therefore changed his plans somewhat. He decided that his armies should pull back to the German frontier, where they could form a comparatively solid, short front.

Hitler thus hoped for a breathing spell, during which he could bring up new units from inside Germany. After that, he planned to launch a new offensive to seize the initiative lost since the invasion.

Hitler's plans, by a strange twist of fate, seemed to have been made more feasible by the Allies themselves. To the astonishment of the German military commanders in the west, the ferocity of the Allied attack slackened sharply during September. At that time, of course, the Germans didn't know why. They assumed there were differences of opinion among the Allies concerning the conduct of future operations, or perhaps difficulties in bringing up reinforcements. Or, they theorized, maybe the Allies thought new German units had been brought up along the "west wall."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The real reason for the slackening of the Allied attack in September, 1944, was the fact that the Allied armies, especially Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr.'s, American Third, had run to the extreme limits of their supply lines. They had to stop to let their supplies catch up with them.)

Field Marshal Model was Commander in Chief West as well as commander of Army Group B at this time. Rundstedt had been retired temporarily from the over-all command in June by Hitler, who was irritated at Rundstedt's reports following the Normandy invasion.

It was obviously impossible, in the critical



Hitler and Von Rundstedt map details of Battle of the Bulge—Germany's last blitzkrieg

INTERNATIONAL

The Allies had a hand in bringing on the Bulge. The Nazis' front was crumbling, but

situation at the front, for Model to continue at the head of both a strategic command and a tactical one. So Lieutenant General Siegfried Westphal, Chief of Staff to C-in-C West, asked Hitler to reinstate Rundstedt. Hitler, after some indecision, said he would do so, provided Model agreed. The latter replied, "That is the best solution."

Rundstedt came out of retirement in Bad Tolz, Bavaria, in September and returned to the Western Command.

Crumbling German Battle Lines

Rundstedt's first assumption on his return was that the Allies would gather their power for a strike through the center of the western front against Aachen, and to the northeast through the Ruhr toward Berlin. The German front was ragged and broken at many points. The condition of many divisions was serious. The "west wall bluff," as Rundstedt described it, was barely manned, and technically indefensible. On the west bank of the Rhine, there were no sizable German units. The eastern bank of the Rhine was neither fortified nor manned. The route to the Ruhr and through the north German plains to Berlin was—for all practical purposes—wide open. As the Germans saw it, the *Schwerpunkt*, or real strong point, was in northwest Germany, protecting the arms industry and the North Sea ports.

But the expected Allied break-through did not come in September. Instead, the slackening of the Allied attack gave Hitler grist for his mill. Hitler's personal headquarters staff worked on plans for the Ardennes offensive, which was to be given the code word, "Watch on the Rhine," all through August, September and October. Yet the military commanders in the west who were to carry out the campaign were told nothing of the preliminary work.

Instead Rundstedt was intent during this period on drawing up his armies into a solid, comparatively short front, running generally from Antwerp, along the Albert Canal, past Aachen, Trier, Metz, Lunéville, and west past Belfort to the Swiss frontier. He hoped his troops would have some rest and a chance to build fortifications during September and October. At the same time he planned to form all remaining Panzer units into a reserve which could be thrown into the line at whatever point the Allies chose to renew the attack.

But, Rundstedt told his staff, all these purely military efforts were useless unless Germany's political leadership used the time gained to do some political tacking.

"In this situation," he said, "the soldier can do nothing but buy time for the political leadership to negotiate. He can do nothing but preserve the military power as much as possible."

Such talk was an open invitation to disaster for a German commander. Hitler was morbidly suspicious of all his generals. Every headquarters was honeycombed with his spies and informers. Usually, it was only in his own small sitting room that Rundstedt would speak freely to his intimates of the hopelessness of the situation.

On October 24th, Rundstedt's chief of staff, Westphal, and Model's chief of staff, General Hans Krebs, were called to Hitler's headquarters in East Prussia. Both men were expecting promises of new troops to stop up the holes in the west. Instead they were instructed to sign special security oaths before the talks began. Then, for the first time, they were told of Hitler's plans for the Ardennes offensive.

The two chiefs of staff returned to their headquarters on October 26th and informed their commanders of the completely new situation. As



BLUMENTRITT

Guenter Blumentritt was a brilliant professional soldier who became Rundstedt's closest friend. Early in World War II he was chief of staff for German forces fighting the Russians. Late in 1942 he was transferred to the western front and subsequently became Rundstedt's chief of staff. During the Battle of the Bulge, he was a field commander of infantry in the northern sector. Blumentritt was known for his wit and for openly criticizing Hitler at a time when it was dangerous to do so. Since the war, Rundstedt has lived on a small pension in a walk-up flat in Hannover, alone since the recent death of his wife. He has granted no interviews and permitted only Blumentritt to write for him. A strong bond exists between the two men. Says Blumentritt: "The field marshal and I are going to show the world that here are two friends that can't be separated."



VON RUNDSTEDT

Westphal outlined Hitler's grandiose scheme, Rundstedt fingered his marshal's baton and expressed astonishment. Model also refused to believe the report of his chief of staff. But both Westphal and Krebs insisted that there was no chance of Hitler changing his mind.

Hitler did promise Rundstedt he would move in a new army group to strengthen Model's Army Group B, in the middle, for the attack.

And Hitler's order went on:

"Goal of the operation is to achieve a turnabout in the western campaign by annihilation of the enemy forces north of the line Antwerp-Brussels-Luxembourg. I am prepared to carry through the operation, taking into account the greatest possible risk, even if an enemy attack on either side of Metz and the expected strike for the Ruhr should lead to great losses of terrain and fortifications."

Rundstedt was pleased at the prospect of reinforcements, but warned he could promise no results with the planned offensive.

"The last word hasn't been said," he declared. He pointed out that Antwerp could never be reached, and insisted there weren't enough troops at hand to secure the flanks for an operation extended this far. If an offensive were to be undertaken, he said, it must be tailored to fit the troops available.

Hitler wanted a big solution; his generals at the front more realistically counterproposed a small solution.

Both Rundstedt and Model sent communications to Hitler outlining their small solution. They had General Hasso von Manteuffel, commanding the Fifth Panzer Army, do the same. At Rundstedt's request, Colonel General Alfred Jodl, operations chief for the Wehrmacht General Staff, visited the field marshal's headquarters at Ziegenberg. There Rundstedt outlined his objections to the Fuehrer's plan, and then presented his own idea.

In the area east of Aachen, along the Roer in the Monschau-Dueren-Juelich area, and then west to Geilenkirchen, there were strong American and British units, estimated to total between 10 and 15 divisions, most of them from the U.S. Ninth Army and the U.S. First Army. Since these units had bulged out far to the east of the rest of the front, they were ripe for a pincers movement.

Rundstedt's plan was for the Fifth Panzer Army and the Sixth SS Panzer Army, plus units of the Seventh Army, to strike west toward Namur, on the River Meuse, where a defensive line would be established.

The Sixth SS Panzer Army would then turn right. Meanwhile, the Twelfth SS Corps, with two infantry divisions, one tank division and one grenadier (elite infantry) division, would march south from Geilenkirchen, with the western flank aimed at Maastricht, where it would link up with the Sixth SS Panzer Army fighting downriver from Liège. If successful, the maneuver would encircle the United States Ninth Army.

But all arguments were in vain. Hitler's answer to Rundstedt was contained in a brief message from Jodl:

"The Fuehrer has decided that the operation is in every detail unalterable."

Later Rundstedt's staff heard that Hitler was highly incensed when he heard of the field marshal's small solution; he charged his Western Command lacked daring and had turned defeatist.

Nor did Hitler change his plans in November, when the German Western Command had its hands full trying to ward off renewed Allied attacks, or when, late that month, the Allies broke through to the Rhine near Strasbourg.

Lieutenant Colonel Otto Skorzeny, who had acquired some fame as the rescuer of Mussolini in 1943 and of Admiral Nicholas Horthy of Hungary in 1944, entered the picture for the first time, so far as Rundstedt was concerned, in November. Twice that month he briefly visited the field marshal's headquarters. He explained, and this was confirmed by Rundstedt's superiors, that he was to head a special Panzer unit then being trained at Wahn, near Cologne. This unit was to sneak through a soft spot in the front and attempt to seize a bridgehead across the Meuse which could be exploited by regular troops coming up behind. Skorzeny's brigade was being established on Hitler's personal order.

Refused to Provide U.S. Uniforms

Rundstedt saw an order asking for English-speaking soldiers to be assigned to Skorzeny. When Skorzeny also requested some captured American uniforms for his unit, Rundstedt flew into a rage. He would not provide any, and Skorzeny finally obtained the American uniforms elsewhere, mainly from prisoners of war who were held inside Germany.

In addition to Skorzeny's independent brigade, Rundstedt had these units available to throw into the big push:

Sixth SS Panzer Army: two SS Panzer corps of two SS Panzer divisions each, one infantry corps of two divisions, one paratrooper division and two grenadier divisions.

Fifth Panzer Army: one infantry corps of two divisions, and two Panzer corps totaling three Panzer and two infantry divisions. To this army, just before the offensive began, was added the Fuehrer's Escort Brigade.

Seventh Army: one infantry corps of one paratrooper division and one infantry division, a second corps of two infantry divisions, and a third with two and one half infantry divisions.

The SS Panzer divisions each had between 15,000 and 18,000 men and about 100 armored vehicles. Army Panzer divisions also had 100 armored vehicles, but only between 11,000 and 13,000 men. Infantry divisions were between 8,000 and 10,000 men strong, while paratrooper divisions had between 15,000 and 18,000 men.

This array gave the Germans an overwhelming,

...e failed to exploit it. And the breather gave Germany a chance to recoup its strength

better than two-to-one superiority in man power and three-to-one superiority in tanks.

In numbers of men, the German units were relatively satisfactory. But all units had suffered severe losses of veterans, and many of the replacements were undertrained. In a number of units, the average age of the soldiers was higher than normal in line companies, and the numbers of Germans from outside the Reich was quite high. Morale was still good, but fighting ability varied seriously.

The food problem was not too bad. The main staple diet of the German army included soups, stews and goulashes, brought to front-line fighting troops in huge canisters. The fare would not appeal to American soldiers, but German dietary habits differ from American even in peacetime.

Marshal Shared Scanty Meat Ration

Headquarters officers were rationed to one and a half ounces of meat per day. Rundstedt, a very light eater, often would cut off a tiny piece of his own ration for himself and pass the rest to one of his officers.

One of the greatest shortages was combat boots for the troops. Because of allocations to the bitterly cold Russian front, Germany's leather supply was almost exhausted. Rundstedt's supply officers argued for weeks before they got adequate issues of footwear for the snow-covered Ardennes.

There weren't enough artillery pieces for the offensive, and only two-and-one-half initial issues of shells were available for those pieces we did have. Many artillery batteries were not mobile, or only half mobile.

The command had only 18,000 cubic meters of fuel on hand, although it estimated it needed 35,000; the rest was to be taken from Allied depots as they were overrun. The fuel ration for the offensive had been cut so drastically that the rocket batteries which had been scheduled to move forward with the attacking forces had to be largely abandoned at the jumping-off point to give priority to tanks.

Rundstedt set up his headquarters for the Ardennes offensive in ancient Ziegenberg Castle, some 30 miles north of Frankfurt and across Ziegenberg Valley from Hitler's mountainside retreat. From the air, the castle looked deserted, a medieval ruin with only one tower still standing. What seemed like hunting lodges and farmhouses were scattered through the grounds, but in reality they were carefully camouflaged, doubly reinforced concrete buildings, connected by elaborate tunnels. The 12-foot-thick walls of the castle itself had been strengthened against modern bombing, and out of the stone cliffs beneath had been carved a series of deep shelters for the use of military planners.

Only after the Allies crossed the Rhine, months later, did they learn that this seemingly abandoned pile was the German command post for the Battle of the Bulge. It was to this castle that the German generals, myself included, were summoned first on December 12th. We thought we had been asked to appear simply to celebrate the sixty-ninth birthday of Rundstedt, Germany's senior soldier.

We found instead that we were to be taken across the valley to the retreat to which Hitler had shifted only six days earlier from East Prussia. But before we were bundled into two hard-riding busses for the drive across the valley, we were relieved of our weapons and were told to check even our brief cases with the castle guards. These security regulations were astonishing but explainable. After the bomb plot against Hitler's life the previous July 20th, some 1,500 generals, officers and noncommissioned officers had been executed for alleged participation in the conspiracy. The Fuehrer remained a very nervous man.

Ill feeling between Hitler and Rundstedt grew steadily from the moment the Fuehrer moved to Collier's for January 3, 1953



American dead, killed in "Malmédy Massacre," lie strewn along roadside in western Belgium. Men, attached to 7th Armored Division, were captured en route to front and disarmed. SS troops later moved them down on roadway. Only 13 of 160 men escaped by feigning death. The incident enraged Allies, who believed that the Germans murdered GIs cold-bloodedly because American captives

were hampering advance. Von Rundstedt, however, says prisoners were being marched in the direction of Malmédy with only a handful of guards. SS men, hurrying to the front, came upon them and immediately opened fire, thinking that they were an American unit heading for battle. Their guards also were killed by SS machine-gunners. Von Rundstedt says he was shocked by the mistake

WIDE WORLD

Hitler moved up Germany's greatest weapon: himself.

Ziegenberg. The Fuehrer continually interfered in operations; some of the Rundstedt headquarters routine even had to be modified to suit him. Rundstedt and his staff members were summoned to confer with Hitler daily—an interruption which hardly pleased the busy Rundstedt.

Hitler liked to stay up most of the night, brooding and talking, and then sleep most of the morning. As a result, he required a special briefing after he had become thoroughly awake—around four in the afternoon. He could then brood over the problems at night again in the hermitlike seclusion of his eyrie until, in the early hours of dawn, some flash of inspiration would seize him.

At first, Hitler tried to placate Rundstedt. He learned that the elderly general was in the habit of drinking a glass of vermouth just before he left for one of the Fuehrer's conferences. Hitler, although he personally abhorred alcohol, ordered a glass of the wine provided for the field marshal at his conference chair. But later, when the Ardennes offensive ground to a halt and Rundstedt's I-told-you-so remarks became increasingly barbed, Hitler canceled the vermouth.

Rundstedt was to recall of Hitler's interference: "The pressure from behind was always far worse than the pressure in front. As Commander in Chief West my only authority was to change the guard in front of my gate."

After the Ardennes offensive began, the 4:00 P.M. briefing for Hitler and high-ranking members of his personal staff usually was given by Westphal, Rundstedt's chief of staff, or by Lieutenant General Bodo Zimmerman, his west front operations officer.

These sessions with the Fuehrer were always so tense that both officers tried to avoid them whenever possible. One day in late December—when the tide had turned against our forces—Westphal decided that he couldn't take any more of Hitler's tantrums. He told Zimmerman: "I'm not going to brief that ——— today. You'll have to go." A brief discussion followed, to be settled when Westphal declared: "Well, I'm just going to report sick, that's all."

Zimmerman's assignment it was. Nervously he entered the briefing room, which had been carefully aired so that the Fuehrer would not be bothered by cigarette smoke. Zimmerman gave a brief report of the situation.

General Wanted Six More Divisions

Hitler glowered at the news, then read an optimistic field report from General Model. It said Model was "just at the point of splitting the Allied lines," and victory was assured—if only he could have another six divisions.

All through the briefing, Reichsmarshal Göring had been sitting silently, occasionally studying his brightly lacquered fingernails. (At earlier staff conferences, Göring had appeared not only with painted fingernails, but also with rouge and lipstick on his face.) Now, at Model's fantastic and improbable request for six divisions, Göring's chins quivered and he burst into uncontrollable laughter. His huge frame shook. The multitude of medals on his chest bounced. He slapped his thigh and shouted:

"That's great! That's wonderful! Let's send the good Model sixteen divisions!"

Then, near hysteria, he collapsed over the map table, his long, dyed-blond hair falling over his ears. At this exhibition, Hitler, too, started chuckling. The other officers, nervous and dead serious till then, picked up the cue and burst into laughter.

"I got out of there as fast as I could, and shook hands with Hitler while he was still laughing," Zimmerman later recounted.

Rundstedt made one last attempt to sell Hitler his "small solution" idea just before the offensive started by suggesting that his plan be adopted at the beginning and, if it were highly successful, then

the Western Command could simply keep moving forward to carry out Hitler's "big solution." Hitler gruffly rejected the idea.

The field marshal next pointed out that while SS General Sepp Dietrich, commanding the Sixth SS Panzer Army, was an effective officer, his troops were ill trained and likely to run into plenty of trouble with the U.S. Ninth Army facing them. He therefore suggested that the spearhead of the attack be shifted about 20 miles to the south, where the Fifth Panzer Army faced the U.S. First Army. Hitler would not hear of it.

The entire Ardennes offensive hinged on the weather—rain, snow and fog were needed to pin down the massive Allied air force and give the attackers the added benefit of poor ground visibility. Had the weather been clear, Allied planes from their airfields in France, Belgium, Holland and Britain easily could have blocked most of the major roads during daylight and pinched off our tank spearheads.

Victory Hung on Weather Reports

All the far-flung meteorological resources of the German armed forces had been carefully co-ordinated by top scientists in Berlin who knew that any mistake in this particular weather prophecy might literally mean their lives. For many days before the jump-off, they meticulously collated reports from lonely outposts of arctic Norway, and from long-range reconnaissance planes and submarines in the Atlantic.

Afterward it was revealed that the date for the attack had been in grave doubt for 24 hours while the scientists awaited one final report from a submarine in the Atlantic. After many anxious hours, word came from the submarine that a great storm front was moving east, and would hit the Ardennes about the middle of December.

Secrecy surrounded the entire operation almost until the zero hour. As I have said, most of us generals did not learn of the impending offensive until the December 12th conference with Hitler; major unit commanders were told of it only December 15th, and the staff of the operations chief for the Western Command was informed only at 0530 hours on December 16th, one hour before the attack began.

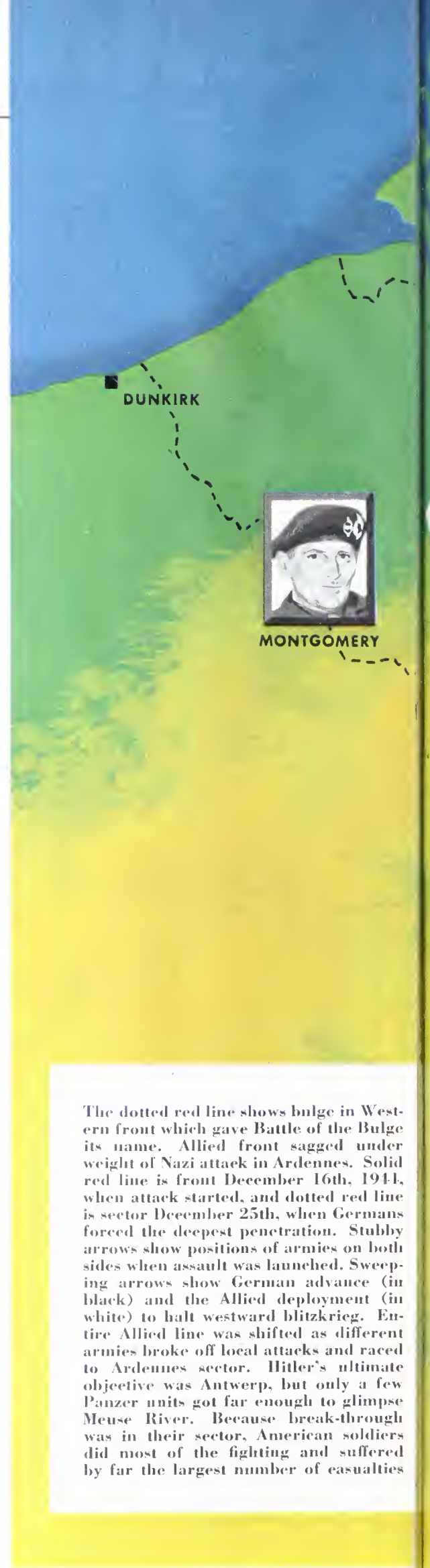
Troops had to be moved into the attack area three or four nights before the offensive began, but these movements were described as defensive. The sound of our moving vehicles was drowned out for the most part by planes hedgehopping along the front all night.

Telephone and radio discipline was excellent. All staffs received new code names. A radio station was established at Cologne and broadcast repeated false reports to throw the Allies off the scent.

The offensive began on schedule December 16th. During the preceding night, a few small German units had infiltrated through the American front lines, a trick we had learned only too well from the Russians. Then there was a brief but heavy artillery barrage, followed by the ground attack all along the front.

As is always the case, our armies achieved some immediate success, but the German command was not satisfied. The initial attack had not taken as much ground as could have been expected from earlier battles. The comparatively weak enemy defended its positions fiercely. By the third day, the American reserves, brought up from the rear, were making themselves felt. Of particular significance was the subsequent attack General Patton's tanks made on the German southern flank.

Nevertheless, our attack moved westward, although much slower than had been hoped. And what Rundstedt had expected all along happened. The Sixth SS Panzer Army's right wing was brought to a standstill by indirect pressure exerted to the north by the U.S. Ninth Army. Even the



The dotted red line shows bulge in Western front which gave Battle of the Bulge its name. Allied front sagged under weight of Nazi attack in Ardennes. Solid red line is front December 16th, 1944, when attack started, and dotted red line is sector December 25th, when Germans forced the deepest penetration. Stubby arrows show positions of armies on both sides when assault was launched. Sweeping arrows show German advance (in black) and the Allied deployment (in white) to halt westward blitzkrieg. Entire Allied line was shifted as different armies broke off local attacks and raced to Ardennes sector. Hitler's ultimate objective was Antwerp, but only a few Panzer units got far enough to glimpse Meuse River. Because breakthrough was in their sector, American soldiers did most of the fighting and suffered by far the largest number of casualties.



On Christmas Day, 1944, the incensed Allies stopped the steamrolling Nazi war machine



German infantrymen advance past blasted American vehicles during early days of battle. Great secrecy preceded attack. Top German operations staff was told of plan an hour before assault

Rundstedt (center) analyzes German advance into Ardennes Forest during briefing by Lt. Gen. Westphal (left) and Lt. Gen. Zimmerman. Rundstedt says Hitler devised attack; he opposed it



center of this Panzer army showed no great results, mainly because of its lack of training and because a number of mechanical faults developed in its equipment.

Above all, it had not been possible during the first three or four days even to reach the River Ourthe, much less Liège. By the evening of December 18th, the entire operation had been placed in doubt because its success required a quick march to the Meuse. Now we could logically expect that General Eisenhower and Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery would have time to move up reinforcements from their neighboring fronts, bring the German offensive to a halt, and open an attack on either German flank.

Just that happened. The weather, however, remained on our side. It was still rainy and foggy enough to keep Allied planes grounded, but not snowy or icy enough in the Eifel mountains to delay seriously German movements of supply.

Panzer Armies Make Slow Advance

By December 20th, the situation of our weak Seventh Army, guarding the southern flank of the Fifth Panzer Army, was worsening rapidly. However, the Fifth Panzer Army itself continued to advance slowly against the U.S. First Army until Christmas Eve. Some units managed to fight past either side of Bastogne and toward Dinant. But even these failed to reach the Meuse. Allied pressure on the Sixth SS Panzer Army's left in the Malmédy area was increasing.

British troops, along with the U.S. 2d Armored Division, were thrown against the point of the Fifth Panzer Army, and General Patton continued smashing at the southern flank toward Bastogne.

To top it all, the weather cleared so much on December 23d that Allied air forces were able to start flying. They laid down a blanket of bombs behind the German front which paralyzed the movement of the already inadequate supplies and reinforcements. That meant the end of the offensive. Then snow began falling, the temperature dropped, the few roads behind the German front iced over.

Rundstedt went to Hitler and suggested that, since the offensive was now hopeless, it be broken off, and the troops withdrawn as best they could to the positions from which they had started a week earlier. Hitler barely listened.

"Herr Field Marshal," he said, "you don't understand these things. That's why I came here—to help you!"

Here one must make particular mention of the heroic stand of the American troops at Bastogne, who fought on against German troops far outnumbering them when their positions seemed hopeless. Bastogne will remain a glorious ideal for the American Army. Ironically, the same village had been the scene of a meeting between Hitler and Rundstedt in 1940, during the successful German blitzkrieg against France and the Low Countries.

Bastogne was tactically important to both sides because it was a key road intersection. When it was surrounded by German troops, and the American commander, Brigadier General A. C. McAuliffe, was asked to surrender, his reply, as most Americans know, was, simply: "Nuts!"

This was transmitted to Rundstedt's HQ by Army Group B as "*Quatsch!*" (Bosh), the nearest German equivalent. The *Wehrmacht* interpreter apparently knew his American idiom.

Curiously enough, "*Quatsch!*" was one of Rundstedt's favorite words; he used to spit it out when reading some particularly unreasonable instruction from above.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The German ultimatum demanding the surrender of Bastogne under threat of "total annihilation" of its defenders was delivered to the Americans by German emissaries of Gen.

Collier's for January 3, 1953

A handful of German troops had glimpsed Belgium's Meuse River—never to see it again



UNITED PRESS

The tide is turned! Americans camouflaged for winter trudge forward toward Saint-Vith after German drive was halted and Allies again advanced

Heinrich von Luttwitz, commander of the 47th Panzer Corps, under a white flag on December 22d. General McAuliffe's written one-word reply was handed the emissaries by Colonel [now Brigadier General] Joseph H. Harper, then commander of the 325th Glider Infantry Regiment. Unable to translate "Nuts!" immediately, the Germans asked Harper for clarification and he replied, "It means about the same as, 'Go to hell!' You understand that, don't you?" The Germans understood.)

On being told of the Bastogne commander's reply to the surrender demand, Rundstedt remarked to intimates that he wished that outfit were fighting on his side.

Bastogne was defended by the American 10th Armored Division, later reinforced by the famous American 101st Airborne Division. Their heroic achievement threw the entire German offensive out of step.

Division after division was sent in by the Germans in a futile attempt to drive the stubborn Americans from Bastogne. Before it was all over, our Western Command had all of the following

Collier's for January 3, 1953

Creeping under barbed wire, an American GI inches toward Bastogne to relieve the encircled "battered bastards" there. Patton's Third Army executed Herculean shift to rescue comrades

WIDE WORLD





WIDE WORLD
The defender and the rescuer of Bastogne. Brig. Gen. McAuliffe, who held out against Germans for 10 days and replied, "Nuts!" to German ultimatum, with Patton after the break-through

Americans battle in the streets of Aachen after Allies seized offensive. Although advance of Germans was halted Christmas Day, 1944, it took almost a month to regain the territory lost



EUROPEAN

fighting for the village: the headquarters of the 39th Panzer Corps and the First SS Panzer Corps, the First SS Panzer Division, the Fuehrer's Escort Brigade, the 340th Infantry Division and finally the Fifth Paratroop Division. Some of these units were brought over from the Sixth SS Panzer Army. That shows how hard the battle was. American tanks finally broke through the encircling German units and relieved the Bastogne garrison on December 26th.

Skorzeny's Brigade certainly played no decisive role in the Ardennes campaign. During the battle, Rundstedt and his staff viewed Skorzeny like someone just playing at war, because his movements had so little to do with the main operation.

Initially, Skorzeny apparently intended to strike in the direction of Liège, hoping to create confusion behind the Allied lines, and eventually to establish a bridgehead across the Meuse near that key communications and road center. But two or three days before the offensive opened he shifted his troops south and aimed them at Saint-Vith.

This was in the sector of the 66th Corps, Fifth Panzer Army. Promptly the 66th Corps commander, Lieutenant General Walter Lucht, got into a squabble with Skorzeny. Lucht had never heard of Skorzeny's "Operation Grief." But the general staff instructed him to give Skorzeny free rein.

"Operation Grief" Is Ineffective

Skorzeny's men apparently did create some confusion with their American uniforms drawn over their *Wehrmacht* clothing, their fast-moving jeeps, and the Molotov cocktails they threw against passing tanks. But they never reached their objectives, and after the first day of the offensive were widely dispersed. After that, Skorzeny drifted from one corps headquarters to another, trying to find out how the battle was going, and where he might be useful. But no corps commander wanted anything to do with him, and he did not visit Western Command headquarters once the battle began.

To Americans, the Ardennes offensive inevitably brings to mind the incident at Malmédy, in which some 140 American prisoners were shot by SS men who after the war were tried by a U.S. war crimes court in Dachau.

Rundstedt first learned of the incident, which took place about the third day of the battle, through an Allied radio broadcast heard by his monitors. He immediately asked Colonel Joachim Peiper, commanding a Panzer regiment in the First SS Division, for an explanation. Peiper ordered an investigation. He finally reported that the shootings appeared to have been an error.

The Americans, he said, had been captured near Saint-Vith, and were being marched in the direction of Malmédy by an escort of only a handful of Germans. But they met a unit of the First SS Division hurrying toward the front. This unit opened fire, apparently in the belief that it was an advancing American unit. Peiper reported that the prisoners' German escort was killed by the SS fire, too.

The Ardennes offensive marked the first time guided missiles had been used in battle. V-2s had been used against London, of course, and V-1s were being used against Antwerp, but these were distant targets. Shortly after the invasion, our Western Command had suggested using the slow V-1s against Allied troops. But Hitler rejected the idea because he feared the V-1s, hard to direct, would hit his own troops. Later, it was suggested they be used against Paris, but Rundstedt threw cold water on that plan.

By the time the Ardennes offensive opened, ambitious SS leaders had been given control of the V-weapons, although Rundstedt had a small tactical V-weapon command for a few weeks more.

The general staff ordered V-1s aimed at Liège in connection with the Ardennes offensive; this instruction was carried out. They seemed to have little more than psychological effect, however. And,

and the hero of Bastogne won himself a secret admirer—the man he actually was fighting

almost immediately, Western Command began receiving complaints from Eifel mountain villagers that many V-1s were falling short or turning around and dropping on the villagers' property.

After Christmas Day, even Hitler realized that something had to be done quickly if anything at all were to be saved. Hitler ordered a new attack in Alsace.

But by now the Germans had lost the initiative. It also became clear that the German spearhead far out to the west was not going to receive the main Allied counterattack; instead the Americans and British were going to collapse our deep flanks. By early January, 1945, Bastogne was irretrievably lost to us and the whole battle became even more senseless.

It was then Hitler and Rundstedt had it out for the last time in the Fuehrer's headquarters at Ziegenberg. Rundstedt became so angry during this interview that he smashed his field marshal's baton across the conference table. Rundstedt's immediate staff prophesied that he would soon be removed, and the loss of the Remagen Bridge over the Rhine in early March gave Hitler the excuse he needed.

Even had the Germans reached and crossed the Meuse, it would have made little difference. With the ever-threatening situation in the east, it would have been impossible to have maintained such an offensive in the west.

But suppose German troops had been brought in from Norway, the Balkans and Italy? The Allies would not have overlooked the movement of so many troops, and the element of surprise would have been gone. Allied troops on other fronts could also have been brought to the Ardennes. In addition, the Allies would still have had air superiority.

And even had tremendously reinforced German forces crossed the Meuse, it would not have changed the outcome of the war. The Allies might have taken some stiff losses, but they would have never been forced off the Continent. They had lots more troops in Britain and the U.S., and they had more time than we did. Sooner or later, Germany would have had to withdraw troops from the west to bolster the eastern front.

At most, Germany could only have won a little time; since the political leadership did not use this time intelligently, the whole Ardennes battle was nonsense. ▲▲▲



Final defeat brought Rundstedt (center) together with Lt. Gen. Alexander Patch, Jr., of U.S. Seventh Army. Rundstedt's son, Hans (l.), died in 1948. Rundstedt now lives cloistered life

Mop-up of the Battle of the Bulge. 2d Armored Division GIs round up defeated Nazis in eastern Belgium. Bulge cost Germans 120,000 men



Otto Skorzeny (r.), "rescuer" of Mussolini, at trial for Bulge war crimes. U.S. Col. A. Rosenfeld (l.) worked with prosecution staff





THE SHOE BOX

By JOAN AUCOURT

TOM stood up suddenly, and the tattered plaster of the ceiling hung above his dark head like a crown of mangy laurels—the signal of a daily, obscure victory. He had learned, in the course of the year, *not* to bump his head when he stood up suddenly like that. A tricky maneuver, but he'd been an athlete in college, and he managed it fine, now. His wife, watching him, thought once more how glad she was that she was a small girl, and what a marvelous marriage it was that had endured for twelve whole months in an apartment literally the size of a shoe box.

"Well?" asked Tom, conscious of her admiring glance but too worried at the moment to return it with a look as fond. "Shall we sign ourselves into this hole for another year? It isn't really so bad. Why, I know a boy who's upholstered a telephone booth, and when he wants to sleep he steps into a clothesbag and just sort of hangs all night. He says he wouldn't live any other way now."

"We might as well sign up," said Peggy.

"I might as well," said Tom. "But, honey, I hate to think of you braving it out for another year. Now at night," he went on musingly, "it's quite pleasant. For one thing, that cat is asleep. Then, it looks larger by firelight, and I must admit that for me, having a real fireplace almost makes the whole thing worth while. But for you! No storage space, no stove, no icebox, no sink."

Peggy sighed. "Oh, I stand it all right," she answered, loathing the noble ring of her own voice.

"No, you don't," Tom said. He made a rubber face—the kind that goes down at the edges—and patted her curls indulgently. He loved to lecture endlessly. "Now, you see—"

Peggy sat half listening, remembering how she had always felt she was in proper proportion to the comfortably shabby houses of her Midwestern girlhood. But in New York she felt either like an elephant in a clothes closet, or a mouse looking up at the Empire State Building.

Suddenly there was a shattering crash, a terrible whanging sound like a stack of paper boxes

collapsing in a high wind. They both jumped up and looked over at the mantel, where the cat had succeeded in detaching the Cézanne print from the wall above the fireplace and sent it careening to the floor, one corner torn off and mangled. The print was matted, but they had never had it framed, although it was an expensive and beautiful French print, a wedding present.

"Mwrow?" said the cat, pleased as Punch.

Silently, Tom and Peggy stared down at the glowing remnant of the picture, spread out at their feet like a wing torn from some fabulous moth. Miserably, Peggy picked up the print and laid it out on the bed like a corpse.

"I tell you what," Tom said decisively. "Let's whip out and take one more look around. You can't tell. We might just see an empty window or a moving van or something."

So they put on their hats and gloves and started out into the bright September morning. Peggy took one last backward glance at the room as she shoved the cat, not too gently, back inside.

She realized, walking down the street, that her private catalogue of domestic disasters would be almost laughable to girls who went to work. But Peggy was not a working girl; she was the sort of girl who stayed home and counted her pennies so she could have a baby as soon as possible. A baby! She stopped short at the thought of it.

"What's the matter?" asked Tom.

"Nothing," said Peggy. Mentally she was picturing the soap powder, the copper and silver polishes stowed under the bathtub, which towered on huge lionlike feet; the one closet shelf, holding hats, gloves, belts and scarves, which also doubled as a stove, or at least bore the chafing dish; their two spindly Hitchcock chairs, the three-quarter-size bed, and those two handsome andirons. That's all there was, there wasn't any more. She was wondering if it might be possible to make a formula in a chafing dish, when Tom said: "Hey!"

And there was an empty apartment—no doubt about it. As they raced up the stoop, two earnest

young men emerged, discussing the possibilities of the left-hand corner of the living room. It was impossible, apparently, to be first on the scene.

Well, the apartment was enormous—that much had to be said for it. The kitchen was big enough to eat in, if you wanted to, and the shiny new bathroom had a shower. The living room, with a study off one end, was huge, and the bedroom had amazing closets. There were acres of this apartment, and each acre was painted arsenic green.

"My word!" said Tom.

"It must cost the earth," said Peggy.

"Not necessarily. This isn't a fashionable street."

"Of course it has no fireplace," said Peggy, gazing hungrily at the closets and the kitchen.

"Nooo—" Tom replied rather wistfully. "But think what you could do with a place like this!"

"Of course it would take time," said Peggy.

"It wouldn't always have to be this color—what would you call this color?"

"Arsenic green," said Peggy decidedly.

"I could paint it," Tom asserted stoutly. "I painted a barn once. Well, not a barn, exactly. It was more of a chicken house."

"I can just see you, Mr. Sawyer," said Peggy. "Well—h'mmmmm." She was thinking how lonely their furniture would look in these three huge rooms. And what would they do with the andirons?

"There'd be plenty of room for a baby."

THAT did it. "All right," said Peggy. "Go see the landlord. But, Tom, let's not go overboard. There's no point in having a place to *put* a baby if you can't even afford a can of evaporated milk."

Tom grinned and kissed her hastily. "I won't do anything rash," he promised.

"I have to shop," Peggy called after him. "I'll meet you back at the place."

It was a sort of home-town expression; but it had always seemed particularly apt, as obviously it was absurd to refer to their place of residence as an apartment. It just wasn't one, no matter what it said on the lease. The only thing that kept it from being a furnished room was that it was unfurnished and had a private bath. And, of course, the fireplace. There was a certain sort of magic about a fireplace, Peggy had to admit.

Carefully she chose her head of lettuce, her slices of veal for the scaloppine. Slowly she walked back home. Would it be just the furniture, she wondered, that would look lonely in that enormous apartment? That arsenic green! She shuddered. What sort of people could have lived there? Not cheerful, certainly. And suddenly she thought of their own shoe box with affection. It was a happy room.

Tom was already there. He barely looked up as she walked in with the groceries.

"You didn't get the apartment, Tom?"

He shook his head. "Nope. Those two were willing to put six months' rent down in advance, and what could I say?" He sounded defeated.

"Thank God," she answered simply.

Tom stared at her, incredulous. "Peggy!" he said. "You don't mean you'd rather stay here?"

"Yes, I do. I'm as surprised as you are but I do."

"Why?"

She gestured wildly, grasping for something elusive. "Oh, lots of things—like the way we call it 'the place.' The place; our place. And then, we've been happy here, and I think other people must have been happy here, too." She shuddered at the memory of those endless, arsenic-green walls. "It's not just the fireplace—it reminds me of something someone once said to me about folk music. It has deeper roots than one person's lifetime can grow. And there's deeper happiness in this room than two people could ever make alone, even us."

"It doesn't make you feel like we were two trained fleas in a matchbox?"

Peggy laughed, and shook her head.

"What in the world would we do if we *did* have a baby?" asked Tom.

"I guess we'd just have to get rid of the cat," Peggy answered, picking up the torn picture and feeling around behind the books where the Scotch tape was stored. ▲▲▲



Can You Identify This Man?

Someday, a gun might be pointed at you. "Hand over the money," says the robber at the bank, or in the grocery store, or on a quiet street corner. A short time later, he's gone.

The police regard you as their most important witness. Their chances of catching the holdup man and

bringing him to justice may hinge directly on your powers of observation.

Here's a chance to test yourself. Study the man in the above picture carefully for 90 seconds. On the following pages you'll learn how you should be able to describe him.

THE man on the previous page has just thrust a pistol forward and demanded money. Now the police want to know what he looked like so they can get about the job of catching him. Fill in the form below and then compare it with the police report in the article

1. Sex _____ 2. Race _____ 3. Age _____

4. Height _____ 5. Weight _____ 6. Build _____

7. Complexion _____ 8. Hair _____

9. Eyes _____ 10. Beard or mustache _____

11. Dress _____

12. Peculiarities noted _____

13. Description of weapon; how carried _____

HOW TO

By **ROBERT de ROOS**

BANK robbers do not stand still while their pictures are being made. The "holdup" on the preceding page was staged with a member of the Oakland, California, Police Department, Sergeant Fred C. Eytel, in the role of robber. It was part of the curriculum of a "school for bank tellers" which Lester J. Divine, Oakland's chief of police, hopes will bring more thugs to justice.

The idea for the school was born in the spring of 1952 when 11 building-and-loan offices and one bank were robbed during a period of two months. In case after case, witnesses gave such garbled descriptions of the robbers that the cops were confused.

"The descriptions were worse than useless," Captain of Inspectors Anthony J. Bolger recalls. "In one case, the criminal was described as being either five feet eight inches tall, or six feet two. According to the eyewitnesses, he weighed both 160 and 210 pounds. He wore a plain brown suit and sport clothes without a necktie. Some said he had bushy hair. And, so help me, other witnesses insisted he was bald."

When you've finished chuckling over that, you can see if you would have done any better by describing, in the chart at the left, the man you saw on page 27.

Here's the way the Oakland Police Department says you should have been able to do it.

Questions one, two and three: male, white, and approximately forty years old.

Four: about five feet 11 inches tall. (The trick here is to gauge the man's height by the height of some other feature in the room. In this case, the top of the teller's barrier is five feet three inches high, and comes to the tip of the robber's nose. By adding seven or eight inches, you have his approximate height, even though he wears a hat.)

Five: about 180 pounds. (At best only a guess.)

Six: medium build.

Seven: complexion is medium, but on the darkish side.

Eight: hair dark, almost black, and would appear to be full.

Nine: brown eyes. More important, the eyes are protuberant—a noticeable and unchangeable feature.



Broad forehead. Normal eyes. Slightly pointed, medium width nose. Straight mouth with medium broad chin and heavily lined double chin. Ears set close to head, with prominence on each lobe



Normally broad forehead, with medium heavy eyebrows. Medium-sized nose. Medium mouth with upper and lower portions of lips very thin. A heavy, cleft chin. Straight, medium-sized ears



High, broad forehead. Normal eyebrows and eyes. Roman nose bent slightly to left. Mouth normal-sized; thin upper lip. Medium chin. Ears protrude little from head, have descending lobes

SPOT A BANK ROBBER

Stymied too often by faulty descriptions, a police department now conducts a school for eyewitnesses

Ten: thin mustache.

Eleven: standard operating procedure, as outlined by the Oakland police, is to describe a person's clothing from top to bottom. Our "bank robber" is wearing a tan hat with a narrow brown ribbon; a bold yellow-and-orange "hand-painted" four-in-hand tie; and a light-patterned, single-breasted, tan business suit. He has a diamond ring on the third finger of his left hand and a yellow gold expandable watch band on his left wrist. He is holding a canvas money sack in his left hand.

Twelve: most noticeable peculiarities are the heavily etched lines in his face, particularly under his mouth, and his fairly large ears set high and close to his head. And, of course, those banjo eyes.

Thirteen: a Luger pistol in his right hand.

Witnesses Shouldn't Compare Notes

That is all you can see. If you find your description of the man accurate, it may well be because you filled out the chart by yourself. What happened during Oakland's wave of robberies, Captain Bolger reports, was that the witnesses generally put their heads together and emerged with composite descriptions of the thugs. But group opinion frequently backfires.

"In every group, there is a leader, and sooner or later the group tends to follow him," Bolger says. "He may have the poorest conception of how the robber really looks, but his opinion sways the rest of the witnesses."

In the hope of securing more accurate descriptions in the future, officers from the Oakland robbery detail and two FBI men organized a series of courses for the employees of 39 banks and similar institutions. They distributed mimeographed forms, similar to the one you've just checked, for the "students" to memorize so that making descriptions would become routine and no points would be missed.

The most important part of the plan was a taboo on consultation. Descriptions were to be made individually and independently.

To augment the short description form, the Oakland police also provided a detailed list of characteristics to help potential witnesses find the



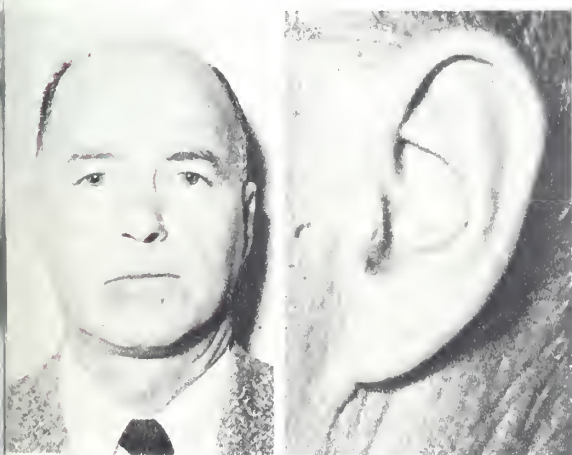
Some common holdup guns: (1) Winchester 12-gauge shotgun; (2) M-1 carbine; (3) L. C. Smith sawed-off shotgun; (4) Ithaca riot gun; (5) Colt 4-inch revolver; (6) Thompson submachine gun; (7) Colt 2-inch revolver; (8 and 9) Walther .32 automatics; (10) Japanese automatic; (11) Smith & Wesson .38; (12) Sauer German automatic; (13) Colt .45; (14) German 9-mm. Luger

correct descriptive words (see captions below) and to suggest items which might otherwise be overlooked: Was the robber a scholarly-looking or athletic type? Did he have a rough "Give-me-the-srag" voice, or did he speak softly behind his big gun?

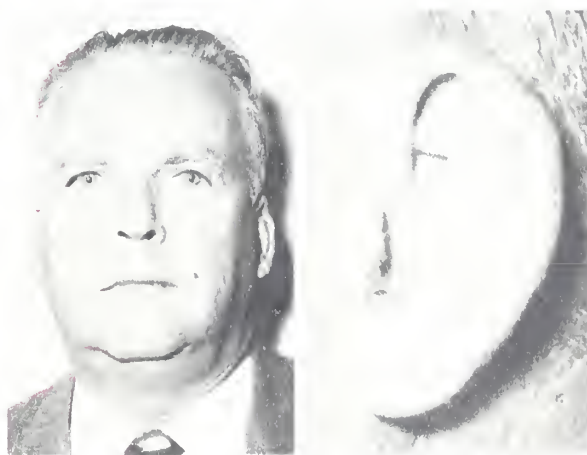
Among the most important—and most neglected—physical features are ears. In the photographs below, members of the Oakland Police Department illustrate the variety of shapes and positions of common types of ears. Captain Bolger

says that good descriptions of ears rank next to fingerprints as a means of identification.

The Oakland "school for bank tellers" has been so simple and inexpensive that the police are thinking of widening the enrollment to include employees of liquor stores, service stations and supermarkets, plus any other business establishments which appear particularly prone to hold-ups. They feel that there's no better means of solving crimes than showing eyewitnesses what their eyes should witness. ▲▲▲



Round head, balding in center. Has medium eyebrows. Noticeable lines beside nose. Medium-sized nose twisting to right. Thin, gray mustache. Normal mouth. Medium chin. Ears close to head



Oval face. Normal forehead. Medium eyebrows, eyes. Normal nose, pointed slightly to left. Full upper lip. Mole to left above mouth. Ears low-set. Upper borders seem to be folded over



High forehead with the hair receding on sides. Normal eyes, eyebrows. A broad, broken nose. Straight mouth. Heavy chin. Ears low-setting with rectangular look and almost square lobes



There was nothing to do but hand him the instruments as he called for them. But there was misery in her eyes, above the mask

Date for Another Spring

By MAURICE BARRANGON

The surgeon had given little Larkin a last chance to prove herself as a nurse, at this one important operation. And now perhaps she had made a mistake that would kill the patient

ANY day but Wednesday I'd have been in Ancon. When you've served in the Canal Zone long enough, you have a routine and you stick to it. You don't fight the heat or the rain. You don't fight anything. If Wednesday's your day to go to the show in Panama City, you go.

That Wednesday in the crowd on the Avenida Central, I saw a girl in uniform, and I saw her arm go up in salute. Warily I raised my hand to my visor. Seconds later it dawned on me: that was Ann Larkin. I discovered I was standing still in the middle of the sidewalk, and people were walking slowly around me. You don't hurry in Panama.

When I turned, the uniform wasn't in sight. I went back and found her in a shop where a Hindu was selling silver filigree—frail, cobwebby stuff for women. I went close and said, "Sponge count!"

She spun around. "Dr. Hinckley, it was you," she said, and she held out both hands to me. At least, she'd half recognized me, out in the street.

She must have come off the white ship I'd seen tied up in Balboa. She had on one of those pale-blue Navy uniforms and a garrison cap and black shoulder bag. Little Larkin. Last time I'd seen her she'd been bundled in a surgical gown, back at

Schuyler Hospital in New York, the day of the trouble; a slender kid, with a round, solemn, freckled little face. Now here she was, a brisk young woman, who had learned to smile each time before she spoke.

She smiled and said to me, "Your face is thinner. You look positively British."

I felt like a tramp. I was in suntans with no tie. I explained about Wednesday. "Any other day," I told her, "I'd have missed you. I would have been in Ancon at the Tivoli, ordering planter's punches. Suppose we declare this to be Thursday and head for the Tivoli?"

She smiled again. "Thursday it is," she said, "but I'd like to see something of Panama City first. I've got all day."

She had the grace to call me doctor instead of major.

The rain was over—it never rains after four in the afternoon—and I walked her to the sea wall and around to the French Plaza, away from the damp smell of the shops. I told her that life drifted by fast enough in Panama. It was a rut, but I'd seen worse. We talked about the winter of forty-seven at Schuyler, when she was a student nurse.

That was the year I quit anesthesiology and went back into the Army. I found out that she knew what had happened that last day I'd seen her, in the operating room.

We were leaning on the parapet, looking at the bay, when she reminded me that she hadn't belonged at Schuyler, was not one of their own students. She'd gone there for affiliation from a country hospital in Massachusetts. "They sent me to Schuyler to learn surgery and obstetrics," she said. "I didn't know a soul. That time in the operating room . . . it was the worst day of my life, I guess. And nobody seemed to want to help me, except Mike Printon, and he was only an intern. Dr. Hinckley, I'm surprised you remember."

SHE wouldn't know how well I remembered everything: the wet streets, just after dawn, the May drizzle fogging the windshield of my car, the porter mopping the lobby of the hospital, and the old fellow who ran the elevator getting off his stool, clanging the gate and telling me the devils were loose again, and that another student nurse was being fired.

They were talking about the student when I went



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into the O.R. to check my tanks. It wasn't her fault, they assured me—before telling me what had happened. Nobody really thought she'd steal anything. Of course, she was hard up. It developed that a box of streptomycin, six vials of it, had disappeared.

The student had been responsible for the box. At least, she'd had the keys. I heard the name Larkin twice before I connected it with our little eager beaver, our kid from Massachusetts.

I remember saying, "Are they crazy?" and an orderly answered, "If I tell you, Doctor, don't quote me."

I HAD three anesthesia cases that day, one of them in the afternoon. Dr. Howard Maconnet, who was also the hospital's director, was operating at two thirty. It was a cholecystectomy, and of course an important patient. There would be a big fee for me. I should have been feeling great. Instead, I felt mean and bitter.

At ten o'clock, with one operation over, I caught up with the O.R. supervisor, a cool, competent woman of about thirty. She was standing in the door of the workroom, watching student nurses fill drums for the autoclave and make sponge packs. I asked her whether anybody was doing anything for the Larkin kid.

The O.R. supervisor looked grimly amused. "Oh, yes, indeed," she said. "Yes, indeed. Her intern friend's going to fix everything."

"Printon?"

"Himself."

"Well? What're you grinning about?" I asked.

"Just the idea," she said. "Doctor, do you know what's going on in this hospital?"

"Anything good?"

She picked up a pencil and used it to keep score on her fingers. She spoke quietly. "In just two weeks," she said, "we've had a ward patient almost killed by a wrong medication, interns on strike over the food, a student nurses' party canceled by the superintendent of nurses, two student nurses dismissed for insubordination. A special had an argument with Miss Storrow and walked right off a case—"

"If you don't mind," I said, "precisely what is our boy Printon fixing to do?"

She spoke out of the corner of her mouth. "Dr. Printon," she said, "is going straight to Miss Storrow."

"What?"

"Well, Doctor," she said, "he is good-looking."

That's all we needed; some squirt of an intern trying to tell our rank-conscious superintendent of nurses her business.

I turned away, hoping I'd kept a poker face. I couldn't go around looking like a disappointed high-school boy because a student nurse from up country gazed cow-eyed at an intern. Hell, I was thirty-three, and she was—well, I'd heard somebody say she was nineteen.

I found Printon in the scrub room. He was a tall, curly-haired youngster, with a spoiled look about his mouth; and I knew, as sure as you can know anything, that he'd marry some rich babe as soon as he got out into practice. Don't know that I'd blame him, but it made me sad for the kid from Massachusetts.

Printon had a worried look. I asked him if he'd seen the superintendent of nurses. He was sitting on a bench against the wall, staring at the floor, and he looked up at me like a spanked six-

year-old. "I saw her," he said. "Boy, did she get livid. Wow!"

"That's a help," I said. "What's next? A hint to Maconnet?"

I'd seen Printon hanging around the director a few times, and I knew he was scheduled to assist in the operation that afternoon.

He looked up, startled. "I couldn't do that," he said, and I guess he couldn't.

I took the elevator and headed for the main office. I was getting tired of that hospital. Interns on strike! A few of them had raised a row with Miss Storrow when she had canceled the student nurses' party the week before. One of them had been very rude. The board said he'd be dismissed. The others said they'd quit, too. The matter had been dropped. Big deal.

That patient in the ward. An intern wrote the order, but a nurse should have caught it. They had an investigation, and there was an uproar in the nursing

of students I've ever seen. I've got to have discipline."

Maconnet kept saying, "I agree, I agree." He sounded unhappy.

I barged in. It was, of course, the superintendent of nurses, Miss Storrow, a tall, lean woman, about forty-five years old, with graying hair. At that moment she looked red around the eyes, and she had her jaw clamped. Maconnet's good-looking secretary sat in a corner, pretending to be deaf. I said good morning, and I told Miss Storrow she looked tired.

"I have a right to, Doctor," she said. "I was still in the hospital at midnight, juggling the specials to get a competent nurse for a critical baby in C. Nurses!"

"Get away from it," I suggested. "Do like Howard, here. Go to Florida. Look at him. Look at that tan."

She stood there like a tired but determined corpse. "I haven't had a va-

nobody would mention it. They'd hoard it against the next shortage. Maconnet wasn't dumb.

He glared at me. Then he looked down at the folder. He put his elbows on the desk and massaged his temples. He spoke like a patient asking for a hypo, strained, troubled. "George," he said, "there's something the matter with the Department of Nursing." He leaned back, suddenly angry. "But I can't interfere in Miss Storrow's business, unless I know she's wrong. I sit here at this desk, and I sign papers. I initial them where it says 'approved.' What else can I do?"

"You can look at the girl. Have her in the O.R. this afternoon. Let her hand you the instruments."

I had thought of it only that instant. Normally Maconnet would not consider having a student for his instrument nurse. It's most unusual anyway for a hospital executive to continue surgery, even the little he did; and for at least five years he'd always had one particular nurse at his right hand, a woman so experienced she could probably have performed an operation herself. He was annoyed with Storrow, but would he take the trouble to show her up?

Now, he looked cold. "I'll think about it, George," he said, and his voice told me he'd do nothing. "I'll think about it. See you at two thirty."

I went back to the sixth floor, wondering how much harm I'd done myself with Maconnet. I stood by an open window, smelling the rain, looking down at the lakes on the concrete between the pavilions, and I felt like a fool.

THE first time I ever saw Larkin, she was rushing in and out of the operating room, with a grim expression on her face. She seemed to have a problem. I remember she took it to everybody in the place without apparent luck, and finally she came over to me. "Can you help me?" she asked. "Where can I find retractor extensions?"

They were hazing her. I couldn't help laughing, because there was a very fat woman on the operating table. Retractor extensions! As quietly as I could, I told the girl there was no such thing as a retractor extension, and to take things easy. Maybe she was too simple-minded for hospital work. Maybe I had been a fool.

Only recently there'd been a day when they herded the students into a bus and off to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. It was Hospital Day, the nearest Sunday to the birthday of Florence Nightingale. Each year a couple of thousand nurses paraded into the cathedral, in white uniforms and blue capes, for a service in memory of all nurses who had died that year. It was pretty impressive, I was told. But for the next three days, our kid from Massachusetts wasn't fit to have around. She was dreaming, bumping into things. We had to tell little Florence Nightingale to come down to earth and get on the ball. Probably she'd been dreaming about the Printon boy when the streptomycin walked off.

Well, I'd done what I'd done. I had another case at eleven. Sometime between then and one thirty, I evolved a roundabout scheme for slipping the girl a few dollars for railroad fare home. She'd been transferred to obstetrics, so I didn't expect to see her.

At two fifteen, I took my patient to the O.R., and when I arrived, damned if there wasn't Larkin, in sterile gown, draping the instrument table. I said, "Hello, there," and she came over to me, all shiny-eyed and trembling.



COLLIER'S

GEO. H. GREEN

office. Miss Storrow took it hard. I thought about that case, in the elevator going down, because it was my excuse, now, for butting in. I told myself that the Larkin kid would have recognized wrong medication and would have had the guts to stand her ground. When she was told to boil instruments twenty minutes, they got steamed twenty minutes, not nineteen and a half. She studied! I once heard her name every instrument in a long line—fifty or sixty of them—and there were a couple I didn't know.

All right, there was a box of streptomycin missing. And sure, the girl was supposed to be poor. What about it?

NEAR Maconnet's door I began to hear voices from the outer office: the big fellow himself and a firm, bitter-sounding female accompaniment. Maconnet was sixty or sixty-one, a shaggy old rascal and a damned good surgeon. A wide man with a potbelly and a pink, cherub face and a couple of chins, he could be a pouter pigeon; he could play the charming boy, or he could roar and scare the daylights out of the help. If he hadn't been a surgeon, he could have been an actor.

I heard him saying emphatically that he'd initial something after he'd read it. He'd have to read the folder first.

The female voice said, "I've got to have discipline. If we can't keep them away from the interns, and if we can't depend on their honesty, we might as well give up. I've got the worst bunch

of students I've ever seen. I've got to have discipline."

Maconnet had a folder in one hand. He grabbed me. "Come in," he said and pulled me toward his private office. He called to the Storrow woman, "I'll send you this later today."

He tossed the folder on his huge mahogany desk and sank into the swivel chair. He hooked his thumbs in the pockets of his vest and drummed his fingers on his belly. He sighed. "All right, George," he said. "What's your trouble?"

My trouble? I wasn't too clear about it, but I persuaded myself it was that crack about honesty, and the earnest face of the girl from Massachusetts. "That student nurse, Larkin," I told him. "I've watched her in the O.R. She's good."

His eyebrows went up, and he looked at me sharply. His voice was low. "You know something about this?" he asked. "Or are you just butting in?"

"I'm just butting in. I like the kid. She's a nurse."

"What do you mean, she's a nurse?" "She's got integrity. She does things right."

"Yes? Six vials of streptomycin are missing."

I gave him a short, hyphenated answer, but I said it quietly. He knew as well as I did that there were a dozen ways that a valuable drug could get lost in that hospital. It might show up again, or it might not. If it did, later,

"Mike got me a chance," she said, apparently taking it for granted I knew about her trouble. "He must have talked to Dr. Maconnet. Dr. Maconnet ordered them to send me up here. I'm to be instrument nurse this afternoon."

AFTERWARD, I wished I'd been able to watch the kid more closely. As it was, I had to be extremely careful. The patient was a middle-aged woman, the wife of a chain-store executive, and my job was to make it easy for her and to see to it that her heart stood up. Between pumping the blood-pressure cuff; watching her pulse, pupils and respirations, checking my instruments' gauges and keeping the chart, I had no time. Maconnet's regular instrument nurse, who was standing by, would keep an eye on the kid.

Maconnet came prancing in and said, "Ah, beautiful nurses, today! Good!"

I thought: Oh, God, he's going to have one of his cute days. But when he came out of his scrub, he became all business.

He marched around the table and inspected the kid. "You my instrument nurse? Miss, uh... what is your name?"

"Larkin, sir."

"Yes, yes. Let's get this thing going."

I had my patient ready, and I gave Maconnet the nod. It occurred to me there were a lot of people in the room, two or three more than usual. I glanced at one female standing well back, in white uniform but wearing O.R. cap and mask. She turned out to be the nurse instructor. There was the resident surgeon, who, as first assistant, had already prepared the patient; and young Mike stood nervously at my left. And the kid, across from Maconnet, was standing on the footstool that raised her six inches so that she could hand him instruments from the Mayo table.

Then, just as Maconnet got comfortable, with his stomach braced against the table, another figure appeared: Storror, the superintendent of nurses. She wore a mask tied too tight, and her eyes looked shockingly hollow. I saw the kid look up, then down again, and I thought she was afraid. Maconnet glanced up too, and Storror said, "I hope you don't mind, Doctor."

"Not at all," he said, and called for the skin knife. Larkin put the scalpel in his hand, and the job began. I've seen Maconnet go cute and keep the whole operating room chuckling dutifully at his jokes. Once, at the end of an operation, I saw him take a handful of cracked ice that had been packed against the patient, and stuff it down the instrument nurse's neck. I've also seen him get tough and scare the pants off an entire crew. But this time he was completely level. There were no histrionics. Above his mask, his eyes had the look of a boy playing a game.

When he withdrew a sponge—a pack of gauze red with blood—he dropped it to the floor. I've seen him practically throw them over his shoulder. This time the circulating nurse had to fish around his shoes with her long forceps to collect the sponges and carry them to her rack for the final count.

Those sponges worried me, he used so many of them, a possible sign of excessive bleeding. There was rarely much bleeding when he operated. This time, halfway through, I knew he was simply wasting sponges.

I heard him calling, "Retractor... forceps... Kelly clamp..." and I waited for him to criticize the kid, tell her she was slapping the instruments into his hand too hard or not hard enough. But he didn't say a word.

Once I saw her take a quick look at her friend Mike, as though she were drawing strength from him, and I looked down quickly and took another blood pressure. A minute later I saw her hand Maconnet the ligature carrier and reach back for the knife, and I thought of a child playing a piano piece before visitors and getting it perfect—so far.

And then Maconnet tipped his head back, like a drillmaster about to belittle a command, and he said, "Instrument count."

The kid answered, "All here, sir," and the circulating nurse checked it.

Maconnet rared back again, "Sponge count!"

Larkin said, "Eighteen, sir."

The circulating nurse did not respond immediately. Maconnet turned and called, "Well, come on, come on." The circulating nurse said, "I have only seventeen."

Maconnet gazed at the wall. His voice became sharp. "All right," he said. "let's get together on this. You girls are supposed to know how to count. Can't keep this patient open all day."

Larkin said, "Eighteen sponges."

The other girl scurried back to the table and searched the floor around Maconnet's feet.

She went back to her rack, where the red-stained pads were neatly lined up, and she counted again. A roomful of people counted with her. "Seventeen," she said, and her voice quaked.

Maconnet glared at Larkin. "How did you keep your count?" he demanded.

There she stood, one student nurse holding up an operation by the great Dr. Maconnet. "Five sponges in each pack," she said. Her voice was sure. "We used three packs, and three sponges out of the fourth pack. Eighteen."

I'll never forget the next voice that chimed in, a shrill sound like an alarm clock. The Storror woman "Dr. Maconnet," the superintendent of nurses said, "I watched those packs. One of them had only four sponges. The girl didn't count carefully."

Except for Larkin, nobody in that room believed for a moment that Maconnet had left a sponge in the patient. Maconnet glanced at the split pack of sponges, and then at Miss Storror. "Could that happen?" he roared, and Miss Storror answered, "We've caught it twice lately, Doctor. The student nurses who pack them are careless."

And then, if Larkin didn't pipe up, "No, Doctor. There were five in each of those packs. Eighteen sponges."

In the silence of the next few seconds, the click of the valve in my breathing bag grew loud. Then Maconnet spoke, gently. "We'll sew up," he said. "Suture."

I know what Larkin went through in the next few minutes. I know the agony of watching somebody in authority do something that you think may harm or kill the patient, and you can't stop him. I wanted to go around beside her and tell her that the old walrus knew what he was doing. But there was no way, and there was nothing for her but to hand him the instruments as he called for them. But there was misery in her eyes, above the mask!

I stayed with my patient all the way to her room. But before I left the O.R., I heard Maconnet say, "Miss Storror, could you be in my office at, say four?" And I noticed Maconnet and Larkin and the nurse instructor in a huddle. I always wondered what happened.

Oh, I knew some of it. For instance, the Storror woman reported ill the next

day, and I think she took a piece of absence long enough to catch up on her vacations she'd missed. I knew that Larkin continued in obstetrics.

Five years later, over a plane's punch in the Canal Zone, I heard Larkin's story. About that huddle with Maconnet and the instructor, Maconnet spoke to the instructor.

"This young woman was absolutely correct. She will continue her studies. Soon as she's cleaned up here, she'll report to you." He turned to Larkin. "Miss—what is your name? Larkin? Please come with me to the scrub suit."

He got her over there, back of the panel. Her tears were starting to come, and she could scarcely see him. "You nurse enough to keep a secret?" he said.

She bobbed her head.

He spoke quietly. "Unfortunate situation," he said. "Can't let you think I sewed up without knowing where that eighteenth sponge was."

He'd been holding his left hand in front of him, the hand closed. Now he opened it, and there was a sticky, red mass of gauze. He'd hidden the thing between his belly and the table during the operation. "Did it deliberately, to test you," he told her. "Meant to show you before we sewed up. Things, uh, got out of hand. Say nothing about this to anyone in this hospital. Now, now, it's all right." She had begun to bawl. "It's all right, young woman. Get hold of yourself."

I TOOK Larkin to dinner at the Tivoli, inside the Zone. I wished Maconnet could have seen her with the nurse's gold leaf on her lapel, the silver bar on her cap: Lieutenant Junior Grade Ann Larkin.

She told me she'd been lucky. She liked the hospital ship. She'd had a few days in Liverpool and London, then the Pacific. Mostly, though, she'd been busy nursing the sick and wounded in the wards, in the ship. "That's all I ever wanted," she said, "ever since I was a little girl. Just to be a nurse."

It was November, but already she planned to be in the cathedral when Hospital Day came around, next May. She'd heard they wouldn't have thousands of nurses in blue capes, any more—not enough nurses turned out. They'd let the ceremony die in fifty-one.

"This nurse'll be there," she said, "all by myself."

She wore no rings. Riding back to Balboa in my jeep with a sulky corporal at the wheel, I asked Larkin about her friend Printon? the young intern.

"He's married," she said. "Somebody from Westchester. You never liked him, did you?"

I admitted I hadn't liked Dr. Printon. "He liked you," she said. "He told me who went to Maconnet for me, that day. You didn't think I knew, did you? He also told me you were... fond of me. Any truth in that?"

"Yes."

At the pier, we picked our way across the tracks and between a couple of locomotives, out to her ship. I climbed the gangway with her, and she took me to the promenade deck, which belonged to the officers. The moon was not just over the hills. I made up my mind not to kiss her, not to say anything more. But she turned her face toward me, and there was a steady, humorous look in her grown-up eyes. I kissed her.

I knew, that night, that I'd take my discharge and go back to New York, back to anesthesiology. And I'd be at the cathedral, one certain Sunday in May.



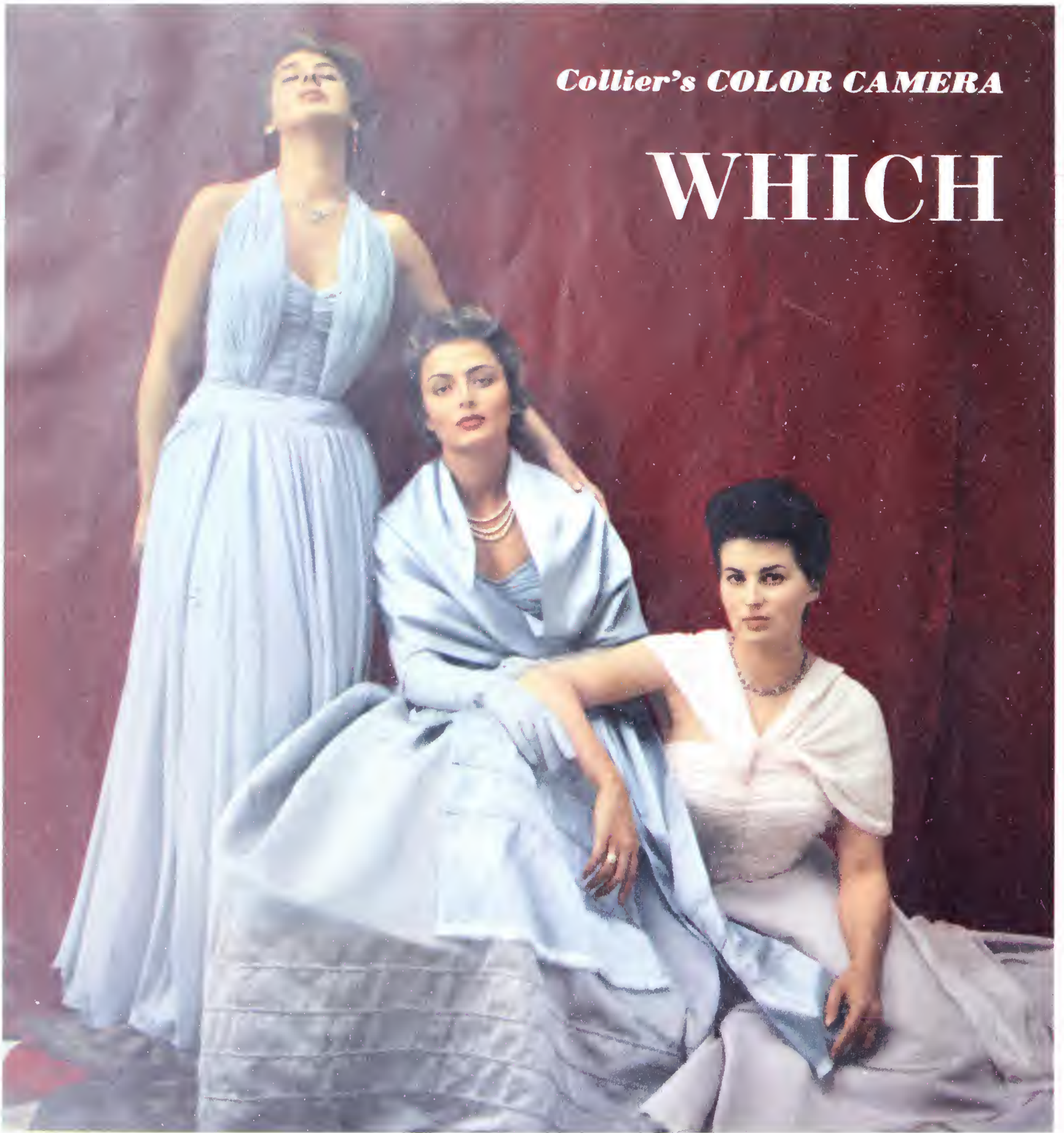
"I think he's handsome. I never wear my glasses when I'm with him"

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JOHN RUGE

Collier's **COLOR CAMERA**

WHICH



Italian movie stars Eleonora Rossi-Drago, Marina Berti and Silvana Mangano look languorous—and somewhat bored—in American evening dress

According to American tastes a woman is silks and satins and rare perfume

MOVIES stamped "Made in Italy" have taken black cotton stockings, faded house dresses and moth-eaten sweaters for their trade-mark. Swathed in the stockings, the underpinnings of such provocative young Italian stars as Silvana Mangano, Marina Berti and Eleonora Rossi-Drago

have an almost magnetic effect on movie-goers bound for the box office. And shabby dresses and old sweaters, when draped around the lithe bodies of these three young ladies, become instruments of glamor. Thus, Italian movie makers have evolved a turnabout formula for leg art: substantial quanti-

ties of womanhood, covered as haphazardly as the censors will permit with the clothing of poverty.

Silvana, a twenty-two-year-old, limpid-eyed brunette, pioneered the field of sex in black cotton stockings when she slogged her way through soggy rice fields five years ago in *Bitter Rice*. The physio-

IS GLAMOR?



But in the disheveled kind of clothing that made them famous, they came to life. "Elegance," they say, "makes us look like stuffed dolls"

For Italians she is cotton and patches and a frank approach to femininity

logical attraction of Silvana in her threadbare shorts and unraveling sweater was instantaneous, tremendous and marvelously rewarding at the ticket windows. The pattern was set.

Miss Rossi-Drago, twenty-four and a pale red-dish blonde, had her biggest role in Sensuality,

which was a huge success abroad, but has run into trouble getting approved by American censors.

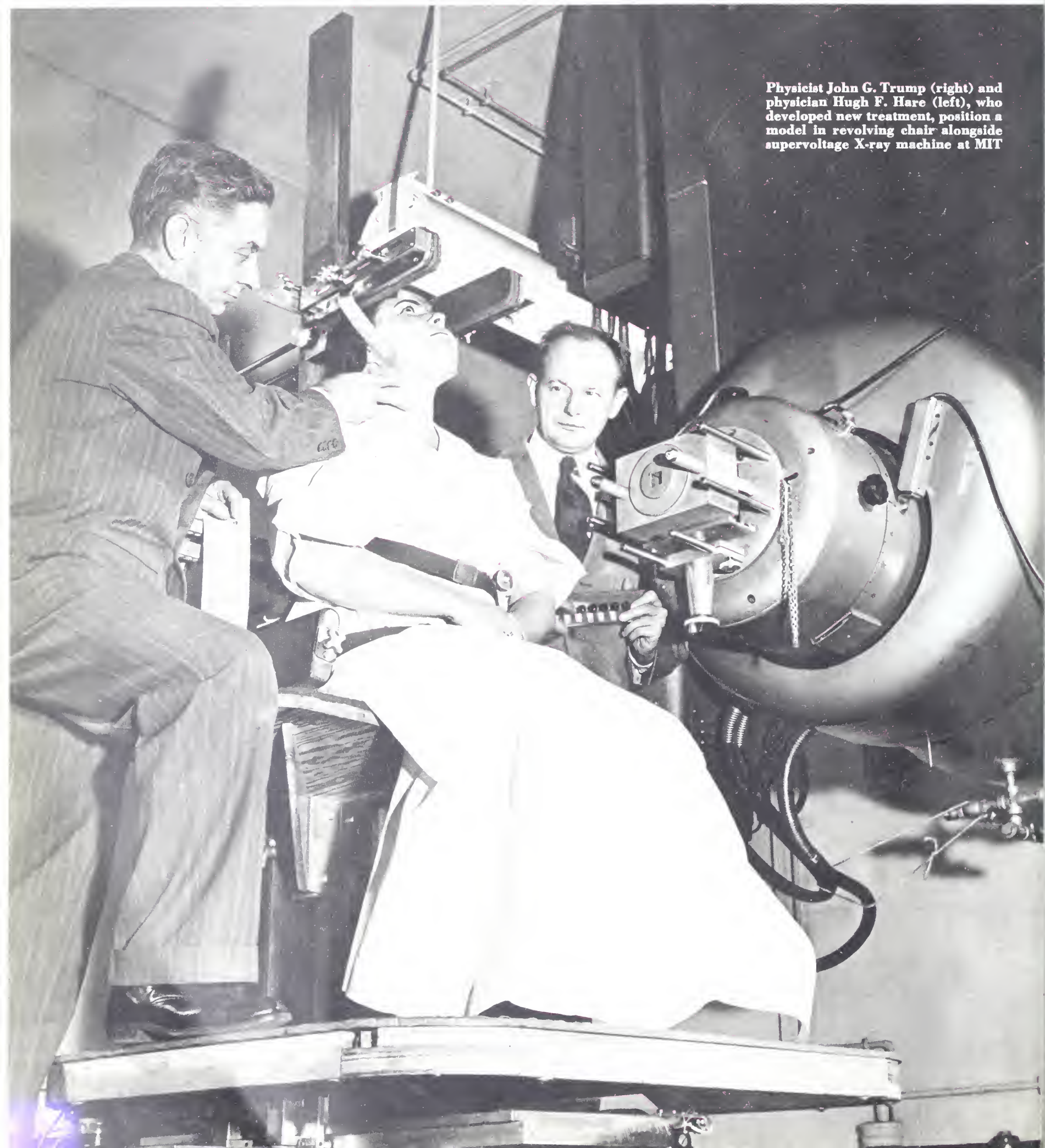
Miss Berti, most famous for her role in Giacomo the Idealist, looks like an American coed, although she is said to have "an authentic Italian face."

When the young ladies visited the U.S. last fall,

their mink coats bespoke the fact that black cotton stockings, like diamonds, can indeed be a girl's best friend. To see whether Silvana, Marina and Eleonora had more appeal disheveled or slicked up, Collier's photographed them both ways. Which is glamor? ▲▲▲

New Weapons Against Cancer— **The X-Ray Cannon and**

Physicist John G. Trump (right) and physician Hugh F. Hare (left), who developed new treatment, position a model in revolving chair alongside supervoltage X-ray machine at MIT



the Rotating Chair

This combination enables scientists to bombard deep-lying cancers with powerful X rays. It's one of the most hopeful treatments yet

By J. D. RATCLIFF

A TWO-MAN Massachusetts team of physicist and physician has combined a giant X-ray cannon and the ancient principle of a merry-go-round into one of the most hopeful methods of treating cancer to be developed in recent years.

Pooling their knowledge, physicist John G. Trump and physician Hugh F. Hare built a device which from outward appearance might have come straight from the pages of science fiction. But in the three years it has been in operation, their machine has brought new hope to sufferers from deep-seated cancers difficult if not impossible to treat by other methods.

Simply put, the Trump-Hare method permits massive doses of X ray to be delivered directly to cancerous tumors with little injury to surrounding tissues. The secret? Revolving the patient on a platform so that powerful X-ray beams may focus constantly on their target while healthy surrounding tissues receive only minor exposure.

X rays have been used for years in treating cancer, but until recently their application has been severely limited. They were excellent for readily accessible growths—as on the skin, lip or tongue—but of limited value for deeper cancers. They might make patients with deep-seated cancers more comfortable and might add a few months to their lives, but too often, that was about all.

Using 200,000-volt machines such as are available in most large hospitals, radiologists always face a dilemma. Cancer tissue is only slightly more sensitive to X rays than healthy tissue. If a radiologist administers too large doses—enough to kill cancer cells—he might also severely damage intervening tissues. The result: X-ray burns which take months to heal or never heal, or even leave holes in highly sensitive tissues such as intestines.

Low-voltage X rays from conventional machines have another disadvantage. They scatter as they enter the body so that the cancer may get very little radiation and healthy tissue a great deal. They can damage, and have damaged, healthy lung, stomach and intestinal tissues severely enough to cause death. Low-voltage X rays have another serious drawback. If the body trunk gets too much radiation, serious sickness generally follows—sickness marked by violent nausea.

Radiologists have used laudable ingenuity in trying to reduce the limitations of their tool. They have used multiple-port X ray, shot at the cancerous target from different directions, and they have stretched small daily X-ray doses over months. But they knew these measures were not the answer they were seeking; in many cases the treatment offered little hope of curing deep cancers. Then in 1949 a brilliant, young (forty-two at the time) associate professor of electrical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology thought he saw a way around the difficulties.

He was Dr. Trump, tall, blond, wartime head of the British branch of MIT's Radiation Laboratory, which did pioneer work on radar, submarine-detecting devices, bomb-target locators and dozens of other electronics devices.

Trump knew it was possible to build compact X-ray generators with 10 to 20 times the voltage of those in common use—machines in the 2,000,000- to 4,000,000-volt range. Million-volt X rays had been built in the late thirties and early forties, and an experimental 3,000,000-volt machine was

built by MIT in 1940. Their beams penetrated deeply into the body and could be focused sharply at any given target with a minimum of scatter.

Another type of supervoltage machine had been used with striking success in the Army's Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington by Dr. Milton Friedman, then a lieutenant colonel in the Army and now head of the department of radiation therapy in New York's Hospital for Joint Diseases. A group of workers at Huntington Memorial Hospital, Boston, had reported similar success with supervoltages. With such machines, focus could be regulated to produce a beam ranging from the size of a dime to the diameter of a dinner plate. With perfect control, it was possible to radiate either the pea-sized pituitary in the center of the head or a cancerous lung.

Trump figured a two-million volt machine would be about right for the cancer treatment he had in mind. Then he had another idea—which he thought was original but which turned out to be at least forty years old. Why not aim an X-ray beam at a target—say a cancerous womb—and then rotate the patient? If you did this the cancer would get a 100 per cent dose of radiation while the surrounding skin and other healthy tissues perhaps would get no more than 10 to 30 per cent.

Most radiologists are satisfied if they can hit a cancer with 2,000 to 3,000 roentgens (units of radiation). Trump was thinking of 6,000 to 8,000!

Physicist's Training Was Inadequate

Sitting in his small, cluttered office in the rabbit warren of buildings that make up MIT's Radiation Laboratory at Cambridge, Massachusetts, Trump thought all these ideas looked tremendously inviting. But he wasn't a medical man; he was a physicist. So he enlisted the help of a friend, Dr. Hare, head of the Department of Radiology at Boston's famed Lahey Clinic.

Hare, fifty, is a compact, energetic, friendly man of world-wide reputation. He was born in State College, New Mexico, where his father was professor of chemistry at Agricultural and Mechanical College. He studied medicine at Harvard, and joined the Lahey Clinic staff in 1934.

What did Hare think of Trump's theorizing? There was nothing new about rotating the patient under treatment, he said. That had been tried many times, but only with low-voltage X-ray machines which don't penetrate far into the body. Almost everyone who had tried the idea under those conditions had abandoned it as not worth the trouble. But if you used rotation with the giant-sized X-ray machine Trump had in mind, that was something else again. Trump's ideas looked good, Hare said, really good.

The newly formed team of Hare and Trump took their ideas to the American Cancer Society. The High Voltage Engineering Corporation of Cambridge, a company set up by Trump and other technical men, could build the X-ray apparatus of wanted voltage. It would cost about \$90,000. Did the Cancer Society have \$90,000 to spare? Fortunately, it did.



Photograph film is put between wood slat in dummy to measure dosage of X ray

The awesome generator, a great cylindrical cannon seven feet long and three feet in diameter, was built to order on the basis of principles developed by Trump's friend and associate, Dr. Robert J. Van de Graaff, and installed in a small building in MIT's crowded back yard. The next problem was to build a turntable chair fitted with clamps which would hold a patient rigidly in position. The chair had to revolve at a constant speed—three fourths of a revolution per minute—so X-ray exposure of the skin would be evenly dispersed around the body.

Various tests indicated X rays penetrated pressed wood almost exactly as they penetrated human flesh. So Trump and Hare—with a team of young physicists and doctors—built a pressed-wood "phantom"—a mock-up of a human body. The phantom was built in layers, so it could be pulled apart. Photographic film—which would measure X-ray dosage—was inserted into the pelvic, lung and other areas of the phantom. Then, when the phantom was seated in the revolving chair and subjected to X-ray bombardment, it was possible to tell exactly how accurately the beam was focused on any particular spot and how much radiation was reaching that spot. Such trials were essential if the researchers were to learn how to hit the cancerous target in human beings.

Months of work went into these preparations before one of the world's most unusual cancer clinics—a clinic associated with an engineering college—opened October 3, 1949. Hare had a patient ready. Indeed the patient had been waiting for two months while final mechanical and engineering details were completed.

The patient was a thirty-three-year-old Boston businessman with cancer of the pelvic bone. He had undergone three operations and all had been failures. Bits of cancerous bone had been left behind and the disease had flamed up again.

Because it is hazardous to give too much radiation at one time, the researchers decided arbitrarily to limit dosages to 280 roentgens at one treatment. Since the total dose they wanted to administer was about 6,000 r, this meant a schedule of 20-odd treatments at the rate of five a week. This first patient kept appointments faithfully and spent 12 minutes at a time being peppered with radiation. Three years have elapsed since the treatment was completed and he is alive and well. If he is still alive and well two years hence, he may regard himself as cured—according to the rigid definition of a cancer cure.

Other patients came along. Because of the time required to position patients properly so the X-ray beam would focus squarely on the target, not more than 15 to 20 a day could be handled. Another X-ray machine was needed, and it was provided by funds from the American Cancer Society; the Godfrey M. Hyams Trust, a Boston philanthropy; and MIT. At present the little clinic is handling 30 to 40 patients a day and has treated a total of approximately 500.

I recently visited the clinic and watched the treatment of a typical patient. In the center of a large, concrete-block room, a young woman sat in a slowly revolving chair, her head and body held firmly in position by wood and metal clamps. The barrel of a giant X-ray cannon was aimed at a pinpoint target: the cancerous

Supervoltage X-ray machines now treat deep cancers which surgeons can't reach

larynx in the woman's throat. A 2,000,000-volt stream of X rays—twice as much radiation as could be produced by all the available radium in the world—was passing through the cancer.

Outside the room, a young physicist peered through a foot-thick window, made of a dozen sheets of plate glass. Before him was an elaborate panel, similar to a control console in a broadcasting station. With it, he controlled the motion of the chair and the operation of the X-ray howitzer.

I found that every cancer had its particular treatment requirements, determined largely by its position in the body. A patient with cancer of the larynx may spend only five minutes in the revolving chair, while a woman with breast cancer may spend 15. The number of treatments also varies from 10 to 40, according to depth of the cancer.

Danger in Pituitary Surgery

What results have been achieved? The response to pinpoint X radiation frequently has been highly dramatic. For instance, take pituitary adenoma, a nonmalignant tumor. Tumors on this gland—which rests in a bony socket on the underside of the brain—range from marble size to the size of a Ping-pong ball. As tumors grow, they often cause persistent headaches. In time, they exert pressure on the optic nerve to cause visual disturbances, and finally, blindness. Surgical removal of such tumors is a grave business. The surgeon must make an incision along the side of the head and push the brain aside to reach the pituitary.

With heads clamped firmly in place, 58 patients with pituitary adenomas underwent treatment. In most, improvement in vision was almost immediate. Symptoms disappeared in 51 of the 58, and X-ray pictures gave evidence that the tumors had shrunk and disappeared.

Cancer of the larynx (voice box) responded with similar alacrity. It can be one of the most desperate and distressing diseases found in any large hospital. Where surgery has a chance, the doctor enters the throat and removes the larynx. Here, again, was a small target ideally suited to rotational therapy. Of the first 21 patients treated, 17 are free of symptoms of their disease as this is written. Two are dead, and in two the disease persists despite radiation.

Two-million-volt therapy has also been given a chance at one of the grimmest of all cancers—cancer of the lung. Until 1933, this disease was regarded as being universally fatal. That year a patient climbed on the operating table of Dr. Evarts Graham, of St. Louis. The patient was a physician, a Pittsburgh obstetrician. "I want to be well or I'd rather not get off the table. Be as radical as you like," he told Dr. Graham.

Once the chest was opened, it became apparent that one lung was entirely gone of cancer and that complete removal was the only hope. Such an operation never had been performed successfully, but Dr. Graham went ahead. The patient is still alive.

The principal difficulty with this type of surgery is that by the time lung cancer is recognized, two times out of three the disease has progressed so far that surgery would only hasten death. Radiation had been tried in the past on

such inoperable cases; often it only caused additional severe damage to sensitive lung tissues. The story added up: no matter what was done, 17 of 20 lung-cancer victims would be dead two years after their disease was discovered.

Hare and Trump believed supervoltage therapy might be the answer because their more powerful beam could deliver greater doses of X ray directly to the cancerous spot, and smaller amounts to areas of spread. After treating numerous lung cancers, they by no means claim that they have a cure for this distressing and growing problem (lung cancer has tripled in the past 20

years). But X rays have no trouble finding the target. Seven of 10 patients who had cancer in this region are alive and symptom-free—thanks to rotational therapy. The other three died.

Hare and Trump also have given their apparatus a chance with breast cancer, chief cancer killer of women. While surgeons have made notable progress with this disease, the prognosis is still far from good. Only a third of women who have cancerous breasts removed are alive five years after surgery. The surgeon has no way of knowing with surety that cancer in

skin cancers, Hare and Trump developed yet another means of treatment—an electric bed that slides back and forth under an electron (not an X-ray) beam. Electrons penetrate the skin only a few centimeters and hence do not damage underlying structures. Since this type of treatment began only a few months ago, it is much too early to say what final results will be.

Summing up: rotational therapy with supervoltages holds out great promise with adenomas of the pituitary, and cancers of the pelvis, cervix and larynx. And it has turned in less spectacular results with cancers of the breast, bladder, esophagus, lung and ovary. The researchers hold out little hope that it ever will be of great value in cancer of the intestine, stomach or liver; these organs are far too sensitive to radiation.

Rotational therapy has been found to have another interesting application. In a number of cases, it apparently has stopped the spread of cancer without eradicating the primary tumor. Thus it has opened the way for surgery where surgery would have been pointless before. From the patient's point of view, rotational therapy has outstanding advantages. It causes almost no radiation sickness—only two out of the first 50 patients noted slight nausea—and burns almost never occur.

But supervoltage rotational therapy is not a cancer "cure" which will salvage lives of the incurable, or bring back from the brink of the grave those about to die. And a final estimate of the value of this type of treatment cannot be given for another two years. At that time the score for five-year survivals can be added up. A person who is treated for cancer and lives for five years is regarded as cured.

Incurable Cases Not Treated

Since the capacity of their clinic is severely limited, Hare and Trump turn down terminal patients—those in the last stages of cancer. They feel their treatment should be given only where it has a chance of success; precious time should not be wasted on hopeless cases.

Some estimate of what others think of the treatment may be gained from the fact that a number of top hospitals are installing similar equipment. Dr. Milton Friedman had rotational equipment, plus a 2,000,000-volt X ray, built by General Electric at the Hospital for Joint Diseases, New York. To date, his results almost exactly parallel those at MIT. Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital and New York's new Delafield Hospital, a unit of the vast Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, also have rotational apparatus.

One internationally known cancer specialist, who prefers to remain anonymous, says: "This is in no sense a cancer cure, but it is, by a wide measure, the best method of radiation therapy yet found."

Hare is slightly more optimistic:

"This is the most promising method evolved so far of treating deep tumors susceptible to radiation, including many cases previously considered inaccessible. While the clinical disappearance of the malignancies under treatment has been most gratifying, it must be remembered that a period of years is required to prove any new method of cancer treatment."



years). But they feel that preliminary results merit attention. Of 37 patients treated, 17 are alive and free of symptoms, some for periods up to two years; 19 are dead, and symptoms recurred in one case. Developing the new mode of treatment has often called for a high degree of ingenuity. This was true in treating cancers of the pelvic area: the bladder, pelvic bone and cervix (neck of the womb). The difficulty was that, if the intestine is irradiated, severe injury often results.

To get around this danger, Hare trussed the lower abdomens of patients with tight woven elastic bandages, forcing the intestines upward. Patients then mounted the turntable and were held in a standing position. Of the first 32 women who underwent this treatment for cancer of the cervix, 23 are apparently free of symptoms, four have died, the cancer has spread in one and there have been four recurrences.

In cancer of the bladder, results were less heartening, but still good in light of the seriousness of this disease. Of 25 cases treated in the first two years of work, 12 were freed of symptoms, 10 died and the disease persists in three.

Rotational therapy has proved valuable in at least one area unreachable by surgery—the nasopharynx. When cancer strikes in the dark labyrinth where nose and throat join, there is

such cases is confined to the breast. It may have slipped out through the lymphatic system that surrounds this organ, possibly entered the blood stream, and planted seeds which will flower and flourish elsewhere in the body.

Hare and Trump knew that straight rotational therapy, of the type used on cancer of the bladder, would have little application here. Why expose the entire circumference of the body to X rays when radiation was wanted only in the breast area? To solve this problem they adapted the rotating chair so it would oscillate—swing back and forth—always keeping the breast area in X-ray focus.

Most patients were women whose cancers had progressed so far surgery would be pointless. A few had undergone breast amputation only to find that the cancer had escaped to surrounding areas. In all these cases, the patients were placed in the chair with their chests bared, and the chair was set to oscillate in an arc that would cover the field to be radiated—possibly even to include the armpits. To date, 20 such women have been treated. Nine are alive and, for the moment at least, free of symptoms—an excellent record by almost any standards. Ten are dead, and there is evidence of spread in the remaining one.

For treatment of widely scattered

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CELLULOID NUDE

By HANNIBAL COONS

In which Dear George, the irrepressible Hollywood press agent, finds himself mixed up with a stormy actress who wants to express herself at all costs—and at his expense

FEDERAL PICTURES

Hollywood, California

From RICHARD L. REED

Director of Publicity

October 6, 1952

Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Driftwood
Vero Beach, Florida

Dear George:

George, it pains me considerably to have to interrupt your vacation. After twenty years of faithful service, a full week with pay isn't one bit too much, and don't think that I consider you slothful. I don't. It's just that a little thing has come up on which I need immediate aid.

As you may know, for once somebody had a good idea around here, and we have just completed an absolutely sure-fire hit called *Nude Descending a Staircase*. Or, as I shall shortly refer to it in large, rollicking ads, "The Hilarious Story of Modern Art and Modern Artist's Models!" This one, believe me, is in the bag. It's naturally full of nice sets and beautiful girls, but somebody had sense enough to add a little good, wholesome fun for all the family, and the result is a picture so positively entertaining

"Why, George," she suddenly said, "anybody would have known that that awful painting was no good. Why, it's an insult to art." And grasping



that for once we don't have to do one thing to help sell it. This one is going to do more business than Dollar Day at Fort Knox.

Particularly since the star of it happens to be Miss Linda Lee, America's newest heat wave and general chest of charms. When her countless fans think for even one minute of Miss Linda Lee actually at work in an artist's studio, strong men are apt to get crushed in the pandemonium. We not only don't need to help this one, there is nothing even you could do to hurt it. This one is in.

And why am I pulling you out of the surf to tell you this happy bit of good news?

Because, George, since this one was very evidently a hit right from the start, I have been devoting part of our usually busy publicity time to helping to play a small dirty trick on beautiful Miss Linda Lee.

Since you spend very little of your time out here, being, as you are, sort of our national social butterfly, you undoubtedly have no idea the hell that Miss Lee has caused at this establishment. She is not only our biggest money-maker, she is in every way our biggest pain in the neck. The Lord, for some reason of His own, gave her a body that causes every man in this world to faint dead away; but then He carelessly coupled it to an almost monumental ego, and accord-

ingly, as she has become more and more famous, she has also become more and more demanding.

Lately, hardly anybody in this place has got much of anything done except to rush to light Miss Lee's cigarette, rush to sweep out Miss Lee's solid-gold dressing room and, in general, rush at all times to lick Miss Lee's queenly boots. All of which was difficult enough at best, but during the making of "Nude," things rapidly became downright impossible.

As you know, half the people in this town think they're great artists—painters, that is. Everybody in the place "paints," and, in fact, it wouldn't be going too far to say that more canvas has been ruined in Hollywood than the time the cyclone hit Ringling Brothers. But most of it does little harm; it helps keep the hired hands out of trouble, and usually the only result is a little good clean fun when they get together to show one another their efforts.

But not with Miss Lee. She, naturally, also "paints." And being Miss Linda Lee, when she started work as the star of a genuine art picture, it was almost certain that chaos would follow. By the second morning she had her dressing room full of large, cumbersome easels, stacks of innocent canvas and enough paint to redo Buckingham Palace. And from then on, every time the cameras

paused even for a second, all her slaves had to drop everything and rush to her dressing room to applaud genius at work.

To make things worse, I've written in but words for a dozen or so of America's most famous modern artists and critics, including Mr. H. H. Updyke, director of New York's famed Museum of Contemporary Art, and all these poor, rational artists had to piddle right in with the others, and oh, and ah, and say, Miss Lee, how superb, trying is best they could not to throw up. She also begged them morning, noon and night for free art lessons. Show me how to draw an ocean, she'd say, printing. And if they didn't show her fast enough, or weren't ecstatic enough when she got through, she'd call the front office and ask how could she possibly go on with this impossible picture, *no one* was co-operating with her.

Well, in about a week she had everybody on the set in such a state of dither that the picture, good as it was, was in imminent danger of foundering. Everybody was not only nuts, but helpless. And since somebody finally had to do something, I came up with what seemed at the time a splendid idea. When I told director Billy Green about it, his face lighted up like a sun lamp in a pup tent. And Mr. Updyke and his artists, hurriedly assembled in the dark of the night, joined the cabal with happy cries.

And the next day peace, and production, came over the "Nude" company.

The idea being thusly, and to wit: Although it was difficult, we chose the worst of Miss Lee's half-finished paintings—a big, horrible daub she called Moonlight on a Shrimp Boat—and Mr. Updyke and his artists began an utter contest to tell her how wonderful it was going to be. This one was destined to be her masterpiece. From now on, every minute she wasn't actually before the cameras she must work, work, work on it. She must let no one into her dressing room. No one but her actual fellow artists should even see the picture until it was finished.

And by working in relays, they kept her hard at it—adding a few more shrimp here, a little more moonlight there, changing the clouds from white, to blue, to green—the thing gradually growing into what is without doubt the worst painting of all time. Outstanding! we all cried. And in truth, parts of it *are* outstanding, the paint on some portions being at least three quarters of an inch thick. The important thing being that, by keeping her thus occupied, we got our motion picture done in record time, everybody happy as a lark.

Which, believe me, was absolutely all of my original purpose. And if I do say it myself, I saved the day.

But then up jumped the devil. Because ever since we completed the picture, Miss Lee has had her beautiful rear parked on the corner of my desk the day long, demanding—so help me—to know why, as part of the picture's publicity, I can't arrange an exhibit somewhere for her ghastly painting! Some of the biggest artists in the country said it was a masterpiece—which they sure did—and if I now couldn't arrange even one worth-while exhibit, it was maybe time for a new publicity head around here.

And of course now that I need an idea, nobody has any. Everybody's suddenly very busy on new projects. Oh, you'll think of something, Dick, old boy, they say.

George, as you know this is a crazy business. And if I don't come up with something, and soon, I'm telling you this could end up in getting me fired. You have no idea the power this impossible Lee woman wields around this place.

So if you ever thought, think now. Help.

As ever,
Dick

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALL:

ALWAYS GLAD TO ASSIST FROM HERE. THE SOLUTION SEEMS SIMPLE. THIS DESERVING GIRL HAS WORKED HARD ON HER PAINTING, AND NOW SHE NATURALLY WANTS SOME RECOGNITION. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS UPDYKE? HE TOLD HER IT WAS GOOD. LET HIM EXHIBIT

in both hands, she belted it across the back of a chair, with everyone cheering



ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

IT. AND NOW IF THERE'S NOTHING ELSE, I WILL GET BACK TO MY HAM-MOCK. LOVE. GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL DRIFTWOOD
VERO BEACH FLA

BY GOD, GEORGE, YOU'VE COME UP WITH A TERRIFIC IDEA. AIR-MAIL LETTER FOLLOWS DETAILED WHAT YOU'RE TO DO. I CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH. DICK

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

October 8, 1952
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Driftwood
Vero Beach, Florida

Dear George:

Boy, thanks. The minute I got your telegram, the whole thing fell into place like the last piece of a two-dollar jig-saw. I hadn't thought of Updyke.

Anyway, in thirty minutes I'd completed the plans, talked to Updyke by telephone and the whole thing was arranged.

Here's the deal. It turns out that Updyke's big annual fall festival opens a week from Saturday. And he has agreed to exhibit Miss Linda Lee's excellent freehand modern painting, Moonlight on a Shrimp Boat, as the feature of the show! Needless to say, Miss Lee is delighted. Mr. Updyke is immediately releasing reams of publicity on it in New York as we are here; and Miss Lee is going to fly to New York to appear personally at the opening. The painting itself will be on its way air express within the hour, addressed to you, c/o Hotel Waldorf-Astoria.

The truth being that what Updyke actually said was, quote: If you have anything in mind concerning that woman that involves murder, you may count on my every co-operation.

Which the rest of the plan certainly does. Because on Thursday afternoon you and Miss Lee are to personally deliver her precious painting to the museum, to make sure that it arrives safely and to attend a small preopening ceremony celebrating Miss Lee's hanging.

Well, George, you know that entrance to the museum? Just inside the huge plate-glass doors is a little foyer, and from there you go up the most ridiculous staircase ever devised. It consists of slabs of polished ebony, seemingly floating in the air in a great curve, being suspended from the ceiling on a spider web of wrought iron. I have looked at that staircase a dozen times, and thought what a wonderful place it was for a man to break a leg.

Now wait, don't get excited. Here's all I want you to do. At the appointed time you and Miss Lee will debouch from a cab, enter and mount those stairs—you carrying the painting. But just as you reach the top, you are going to slip on that fool polished ebony, cry oops, and over backward you will go, down the whole kaboodle, sticking at least one leg through that horrible painting at every bounce. By the time you hit the foyer, Miss Lee's painting will be but a memory, smashed beyond recall by a regrettable accident no man could have foreseen.

After the crash, there will be a moment of stunned silence. Anxious faces will appear at the head of the stairs. Miss Lee and Mr. Updyke, recovering their senses, will come clattering down,

followed by the others, horrified. Mr. Updyke will sadly remove what is left of the painting from around your neck. Miss Lee will cry, I will paint you another one! No, my child, he will say, that is impossible. It will be many years before the art world sees such work again. A truly unusual thing has been forever destroyed.

And at that Miss Lee will no doubt turn around and just kick the living hell out of you.

Did you ever hear of anything so wonderful? This rib is so beautiful that after we get through with it, it should be mounted in the Smithsonian. Mr. Updyke gets gallons of publicity for his art show; we get gallons of publicity for our picture, even if we don't need it; and when Miss Lee gets back out here, we will gradually let the rib leak out, and for a while she should be a nicer girl to work with. The beauty of the gag being that no matter how mad she gets, she can't prove a thing.

And at least that oil-painted albatross can plague me no more.

So hop to it. Get up there to New York at once, meet Mr. Updyke and get everything set.

Practice that brodie, George, as Paderewski practiced his scales. This one is for love, the good of the corps. As ever, Dick

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

THANKS A LOT FOR INCLUDING ME IN ON THIS HILARIOUS GAG. BUT I KNOW THAT STAIRCASE, AND I ALSO

KNOW MISS LINDA LEE. AND FORTUNATELY I'VE JUST SIGNED TO GO OVER NIAGARA FALLS IN A BARREL ON THURSDAY AFTERNOON. SO AS YOU CAN SEE, I JUST CAN'T HELP YOU. GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL DRIFTWOOD
VERO BEACH FLA

HA HA HA. WHEN ARE YOU LEAVING? DICK

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

ALL RIGHT, I'LL DO IT ON ONE CONDITION. I'LL CARRY THE PAINTING UP THE STAIRS, IF I CAN HIRE A DOUBLE FOR THE TRIP DOWN. EVERYBODY ELSE IN THIS FOOL BUSINESS USES A DOUBLE FOR ANYTHING AT ALL HAZARDOUS. WHY CAN'T I? GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL DRIFTWOOD
VERO BEACH FLA

BY GOD, GEORGE, YOU'RE LOSING ALL YOUR SENSE OF FUN. DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT WE'VE WORKED ON THIS GAG FOR MONTHS? DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU'D WANT TO RUIN IT NOW? THE MOST WONDERFUL RIB IN THE WORLD? RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

JUST OFFHAND I CAN THINK OF AN EVEN TWO DOZEN RIBS THAT ARE

MORE WONDERFUL. MINE. ON THE OTHER HAND, I GUESS IT WOULD BE EASIER JUST TO GO UP THERE AND DO IT THAN TO TRY TO EXPLAIN TO YOU WHY NO SANE MAN WOULD CONSIDER IT. I'LL FLY UP TOMORROW. AND WHILE I'M AT IT, LET ME REMIND YOU THAT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A MOTION PICTURE SO GOOD IT DOESN'T NEED TO BE PUBLICIZED. MAYBE I CAN RUN INTO SOMETHING THAT WILL GIVE US A GOOD SPREAD OR TWO ON IT. GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL DRIFTWOOD
VERO BEACH FLA

GEORGE, I BEG OF YOU, DON'T VOLUNTEER ANY EXTRA ASSISTANCE. NOT ON THIS ONE. JUST HOP UP THERE, STICK YOUR LEG THROUGH THAT PAINTING, AND THAT IS ALL. REPEAT ALL, THAT I WANT FROM YOU AT THIS TIME. NOW GET UP THERE AND CASE THAT STAIRCASE. RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

YES SIR. IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE. SIR. I'LL WIRE YOU THURSDAY AFTERNOON THE INSTANT THE MISSION'S COMPLETED. GEORGE

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

RUN FOR THE HILLS! I MEAN LET'S BE CALM. WHATEVER THAT EXCITED UPDYKE MAY WIRE YOU DON'T GET UPSET TILL YOU GET AIR MAIL SPECIAL FROM ME. IT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING. AND DON'T WORRY, I'LL WORK IT OUT. GEORGE

HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York, New York

October 16, 1952
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, believe me, there was just no possible way for this thing to go wrong. But it did. All due to the treachery of your beautiful Miss Linda Lee.

But let me just tell you what happened.

In the first place, everything went just fine right up to the last minute. I spent hours, days, casing that staircase, planning my every move. By last night I knew that staircase as a goldfish knows his bowl. I even stayed last night after the place closed, wrapped myself in several of Mr. Updyke's old sweaters, and practiced the actual fall at least eighteen times—until I thought that the next one would crack my clavicle.

The point is that when today dawned, I was ready. Trained to a fault, lean as a greyhound—ready.

Then Miss Lee arrived in town, looking as beautiful as an innkeeper's dream—let's face it, one look at that woman and I was ready to throw away my golf clubs—and for a time I caught myself thinking that perhaps we were being unfair to her. But then she immediately started throwing her weight around, complaining loudly about her suite and demanding to see if her painting had arrived safely, and I began to see what you mean. Nothing would do but I had to unwrap the painting so that we could both admire it. My God, isn't it hideous! I finally got it wrapped up



COLLIER'S

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

again after a fashion—whew—and we went down and had some lunch, Miss Lee blistering the waiters over every item and practically twisting her neck off making sure that sufficient people were looking at her.

Then, finally, it was mercifully near two o'clock, so we got the painting, got a cab and headed for our appointment with destiny.

And everything, I tell you, went just fine. When we got out of the cab, I told Miss Lee, no, I would carry the painting—she could trust me implicitly—and with her slightly in the lead, we started up that staircase. And just as we reached the top, I slipped, right where I'd planned to, cried out a dramatic oops, and, with no thought of self, threw up my arms and toppled over backward, bumping and crashing down that flight of stairs just *exactly* as I'd planned—a veritable maelstrom of arms and legs. At every bounce sticking *this* leg through the painting, jamming *that* leg through the painting, this arm, that arm, this head, those legs. I was utterly demolishing that painting.

But about halfway down I began to get a horrible feeling. That painting was just not giving me enough resistance. Even in my busy, bumpy condition, I began to realize that either the painting was made out of extremely light canvas—some form of gauze—or I had somehow failed to bring it along.

Which latter, I regret to say, was the case. As I crashed on down into the foyer and looked back up, Miss Lee was indeed standing at the head of the staircase calmly holding the painting, having evidently treacherously plucked it out of my arms as I'd started over backward.

It's all right, George, she called down. I saved the painting. You just lie there and get a good rest; I'll take it on in.

And before I could utter a word, she and the painting had disappeared, headed for poor Mr. Updyke and the ceremony. From my crumpled position in the foyer, there was simply nothing I could do to prevent it. I had given my all. Crawling weakly out the door, I found a kindly cabdriver and came on back here to the hotel.

You know, Dick, the more I think about it, the more I see that maybe I should have practiced the fall *with* a painting of some sort. Then I probably wouldn't have thrown up my arms so much as I went over, making it less easy for her to pick off the painting. Do you think that would have been better? On the other hand, where could I have got eighteen paintings to practice with? Even those frames are worth money.

No, I guess actually we did the best we could. It was just one of those things.

And don't worry; I'll work it out. Just as soon as my head stops aching and I find out if this leg is broken, I'll start right to work on figuring out some way to get poor Mr. Updyke off the hook.

Because, believe me, Dick, he just can't exhibit that painting. If you exhibited that painting in a henhouse, egg production would stop.

Well, I've got to ring off. All for now.

As ever,

George

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
NEW YORK NY

YOU BLITHERING IDIOT! ON THE CHANCE THAT YOUR LEG ISN'T BROKEN, I AM SENDING A MAN TO BREAK IT. ALSO AIR MAIL SPECIAL

Collier's for January 3, 1953

INFORMING YOU IN SOME MEASURE
OF WHAT YOU'VE DONE.

RICHARD L. REED

FEDERAL PICTURES

Hollywood, California

From RICHARD L. REED

Director of Publicity

October 16, 1952

Air Mail Special

Mr. George Seibert

Special Representative, Federal Pictures

Hotel Waldorf-Astoria

New York, New York

George, you fool, you:

Well, boy, you've really done it this time. I didn't think that it was possible for you to set any new records in causing me trouble, but it seems that you have.

I have been on the phone most of the afternoon, talking to Mr. Updyke. Or rather listening to Mr. Updyke splutter. He is an angry man. I haven't yet received your side of what happened—your side, hah!—but whatever happened, Updyke is convinced that I planned the whole thing this way, ruining his whole Christmas festival just to make a bigger publicity stunt for our picture. It was *lousy* of you! he yelled into the phone, dignity totally gone, his pinee-nez no doubt askew.

You see, since with your great assistance Miss Lee managed to get the painting to him undamaged, and in front of all those people, there's little else he can now do but go ahead and exhibit it. Feigning a stroke—he didn't have to feign much—he at least canceled the hanging ceremony, so nobody's actually seen the thing yet; but come Saturday he will have to expose it to public view. And yet, as he cleverly put it, he will personally cut his throat rather than exhibit it. Putting him on the horns of a pretty nasty dilemma.

He shouted, in closing, that I had ruined his show, and now he was going to ruin my show, if it was the last thing he ever did, so help him Salvador Dali.

And you know what, George—he can do it. The people on the board of that museum of his include half the prominent men in this country—newspaper publishers, bankers, critics, owners of theater chains, the heads of every art group in this country. And what is worse, their wives. George, he can murder us. In one outraged day on the phone, he can slam enough doors on us to cut the receipts of our sure-fire picture down to the point where we'll be lucky to break even.

And the horrible thing is that, just as there was no way Miss Lee could have proved our guilt, so there is now no way to prove to Mr. Updyke our innocence. I am, in a word, cooked.

Because you see, George, when I first started this gag, having been around this town for a while, I first cleared myself with the boss. I told Mr. Lou Bentley, our beloved employer, about the dandy little joke we were going to play on Miss Linda Lee.

Swell, he said, chuckling—she has driven him nuts, too. Swell, he said, go ahead. Of course, Dick, he added, don't do anything that might hurt the receipts of the picture.

So, having given me that definite warning, if this scheme really goes to smash I will probably not only be fired at this studio, I will be black-listed at every other studio and become a dirty word around this town forever.

Which might make me upset at you. So how about cranking your brain

Attic Safari

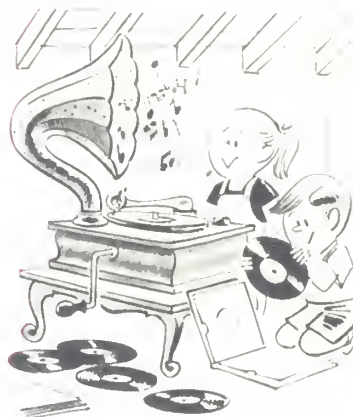
By STANLEY and JANICE BERENSTAIN



DARKEST AFRICA



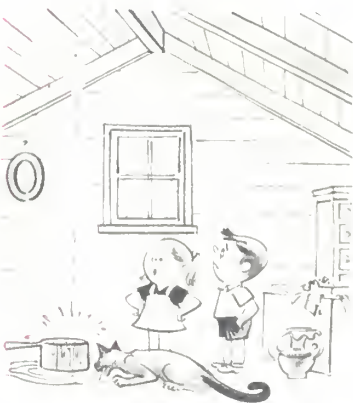
STRANGE
NATIVE COSTUMES



PRIMITIVE JUNGLE MUSIC



TRADING POST



WATER HOLE



BIG GAME



HOSTILE NATIVES



BACK TO CIVILIZATION

just like sixty, and somehow getting us out of this unfortunate situation?

Because otherwise I intend to beat you to death with a hoe handle, drag you up to Canada and turn you in for the wolf bounty. That way I'll at least have fifty dollars to start fresh on.

By no means as ever,
Richard L. Reed

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF.

HAVE HAD A WONDERFUL INSPIRATION. EVERYTHING GOOD AS SOLVED. AND BY THE WAY, MY LEG WASN'T BROKEN AT ALL. JUST BADLY BRUISED. I CAN NOW GET AROUND PERFECTLY. AND, AS YOU KNOW, THAT MEANS THAT EVERYTHING HERE IS JUST ABOUT UNDER CONTROL. YES SIR. I'LL WRITE YOU TONIGHT WITH THE GOOD NEWS.

GEORGE

HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA

New York, New York

October 17, 1952

Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, everything's going just fine. I hope.

But maybe I'd better tell you, step by step, how I've gone about saving the situation.

The fact is, I woke up about four o'clock this morning with what seemed to be the solution to the whole problem.

I suddenly saw that our only possible out was simply to induce Miss Lee to withdraw her painting from the show. That would solve everything. But she must of course do it without rancor, in order to avoid any possible bad publicity for the picture. So, arising and walking rapidly about the room, I sketched out a plan.

And shortly after dawn I was off to Greenwich Village. There weren't many people in the Village up as yet—it was a little before six—but I did manage to make certain inquiries of several people who were on their way home. And by noon, by which time I figured Miss Lee would be up, blinking her lovely eyes, I was back at the hotel, the job done.

Here was the plan—and I think you can only agree that it was masterful. As you know, movie actresses are mercurial. Their deepest convictions of this morning are not necessarily their vaguest notions of this afternoon; they tend to vibrate.

At lunch, therefore, I launched into a terrific sales talk to Miss Lee. I told her that right in her hands was a providential chance to really develop her great art talent; the thing for her to do, I said, was to speed to Greenwich Village with all haste, find a group of real working artists and, for a precious day or two, steep herself in art. Get the true atmosphere, I said. Why, with her natural talent, even a day or two in Greenwich Village could well make her one of the truly great painters of all time.

Yes, she said, I do believe that it would. She is a truly modest girl.

Anyway, by one thirty we were off to the Village, my idea being that I would introduce her into the lowliest and scrubbiest group of artists I could find. And I had found them—the Perry Street Picassos. None of them, as far as could be ascertained from the neighbors, had taken an all-over bath or made five cents in the last year, and I



COLLIER'S

"Will you look at how close that maniac is driving ahead of me!"

CHARLES RODRIGUES

figured that a few hours with this group might well sicken Miss Lee on the whole subject of art. Then, getting her out into the hall, I would throw the clincher.

Miss Lee, I would say, we see here real working artists in all their wretched misery, striving, striving . . . And, Miss Lee, I have completely changed my mind about your art career. You have so much. You have your loveliness of face and figure, your great dramatic talent, and now your great art talent. Miss Lee, *withdraw* your painting from the show! It isn't right that you should conquer their world, too.

And what could she possibly do? Burst into tears, fall on my neck, and mutter brokenly, oh, George, how right you are. Let us go up to the museum instantly, see Mr. Updyke and remove my unfair painting from the competition.

But that is not quite the way it turned out. We spent the afternoon with the Perry Street Picassos, all right, and they

were pitiable in their hero worship of Miss Linda Lee. The only trouble was that Miss Lee didn't play her role quite as I had had it sketched out. As foul luck would have it, she was born on Perry Street! In a basement. She took deep draughts of that Perry Street air as though we were in the Adirondacks. Oh, it's good to be home, she said, with a chance to help these talented people.

And when I finally maneuvered her out into the hall and began my prepared speech, I could see immediately that it was falling woefully short. So I played my final trump—perhaps I could still bring her to her senses. You just *can't* compete with these people, I ended, desperately. Why, they are so poverty-stricken that they can't even hire models. *They take turns at the nude posing.*

Oh, she said, how terribly democratic. And started back into the room, taking off her coat.

And the fact is that her first posing session is set for tomorrow afternoon



COLLIER'S

"Mrs. Morgan next door. Doesn't know how in the world she forgot to invite us to the party. Wants us to hurry over and—oh, yes—bring some ice cubes!"

SHIRVANIAN

at three. For once, she said, these fellow artists will have a model worthy of their talents. And afterward, she added brightly, I shall give them a short lecture on the use of the camel's-hair brush. You know, come to think of it, why don't I give some lectures up at the museum while my painting is on exhibit there—the proper use of color, the importance of a north light—a few simple things like that?

Dick, there is no use delaying the really awful part any longer. A few minutes ago one of the leaders of the Perry Street Picassos called and happily said that in their gratitude for Miss Lee's co-operation, they were doing everything possible to help us publicize her new movie. So they had called all the newspapers and picture magazines to tell them she was going to pose for them, and at what time. And you know what? he said. They all seemed real pleased to know about it and said they were sure they could send some reporters and photographers down. I guess you just didn't think of that, uh, Mr. Seibert? he said.

In other words, we are ruined. Round-table nude posing being just fine for real artists, and, I must say, certainly democratic. But if Miss Linda Lee tries it, she will of course find out that most of her fans are really Republicans, and the national dudgeon that would be aroused is horrible to contemplate. In a matter of days both she and your sure-fire picture would be deadlier than a week-old mackerel.

But don't worry, I'll work it out. After all, I've got till three o'clock tomorrow. Mr. Updyke's festival doesn't open till noon, and her posing appointment in the Village isn't till three. Which gives me all kinds of time. But I really must get to figuring out just how I'm going to handle it.

Hasty regards,
George

BELLEVUE HOSPITAL
NEW YORK NY

PLEASE TREAT FOLLOWING AS CONFIDENTIAL. FILM STAR LINDA LEE HAS SUFFERED COMPLETE NERVOUS BREAKDOWN. SHE IS IN GREENWICH VILLAGE YOUR CITY UNDER ILLUSION SHE IS YOUNG STRUGGLING PAINTER. PATHETIC CASE OF DOUBLE SCHIZOPHRENIA. SHE HAS AGREED TO POSE IN THE NUDE FOR GROUP OF ARTISTS ON PERRY STREET AT THREE THIS AFTERNOON. AT OUR EXPENSE DISPATCH ADEQUATE FORCE TO LOCATE MEETING PLACE, THROW A CLOAK ABOUT HER POOR, CONFUSED SHOULDERS AND PLACE HER UNDER PROPER CUSTODY UNTIL I CAN GET THERE. OH, ONE OTHER THING. TAKE ALONG A SIZE 42 STRAIT JACKET, IN CASE YOU SHOULD HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH MAN CALLING HIMSELF GEORGE SEIBERT. THIS MAN IS A COMPLETE LUNATIC. AND IT IS HIGH TIME THAT HE WAS PUT AWAY. I WILL SIGN THE COMPLAINT.

RICHARD L. REED
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY
FEDERAL PICTURES

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF.

HEY, SURPRISE. GOOD NEWS. FESTIVAL OPENED THIS NOON ON SCHEDULE, AND LINDA'S PAINTING TREMENDOUS HIT. WELL, NOT EXACTLY. ANYWAY, EVERYTHING HERE JUST FINE, AND MR. UPDYKE LOVES US. AIR MAIL FOLLOWS WITH THRILLING DETAILS. GEORGE

HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York, New York
October 18, 1952
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, it's been a busy day. Whew! After my terrible experience with Miss Lee in the Village yesterday, I saw this morning that the time had come for firm action. I therefore ate a hasty but substantial breakfast, and was shortly off about town at flank speed. And by a little before twelve, when I picked up Miss Lee to escort her to the festival opening, it was with a greatly relieved mind.

Arriving at the museum, we negotiated the staircase without mishap and began making our way through the admiring throng of art lovers, Miss Lee bowing and smiling most graciously. With some effort I maneuvered her

artist, living or dead, would hold still for such a ridiculous switch? And here he was a hit! Which I suppose made me an art patron. Imagine that.

My reverie was suddenly interrupted by my being bitten on the arm. It was Miss Lee, grasping me. You unspeakable cad, she whispered hoarsely—that's roughly what she whispered—what have you done!

Well, it was now or never. I turned and looked straight into her beautiful, blue eyes. Shut up, I said, just keep bowing, and follow me.

And possibly in sheer surprise, she did. In a matter of minutes we were safely out of the place and in a cab, speeding not to Greenwich Village, but back to the hotel. Miss Lee sitting bolt upright, eyes blazing, bosom heaving. Just wait till I get to a phone and call the studio, she was muttering between clenched teeth; I'll fry you like an egg.

Save it, I said; we have a big afternoon ahead.

At the hotel the manager seemed dis-

sible. It seems to have been painted by an idiot.

Miss Lee blanched. My goodness, I said; then you mean to say that whoever painted this is not much of a painter?

Whoever painted this, said the man, cannot draw flies. Why didn't you ask somebody? Miss Lee is an artist; why didn't you ask her what she thought of it before you bought it?

I rather thought you might ask that, I said. And turning to Linda, I said, What do you think of it, Miss Lee?

Thus putting her in something of a box. Because by now the chortling group awaiting her reply had been augmented by the reporters and photographers who had followed the scent up from Perry Street without difficulty; and also by quite a few of the critics and art patrons from the museum, who had accepted my kind invitation to drop by for a drink. For Miss Linda Lee, looking around at all the assembled, expectant faces, there was suddenly absolutely nowhere to go.

Except in one direction. And not being a complete fool, she took it, with characteristic vigor. Why, George, she suddenly said, *anybody* should have known that that awful painting was no good. Why, it's an *insult* to art.

And grasping Moonlight on a Shrimp Boat in both hands, she just belted the hell out of it across the back of a chair, with everyone cheering and the flashlight cameras going off in salvos.

I laughingly pretended to pick up some of the pieces. Tell them you can't pose, I whispered. Called back to Hollywood. New film.

Right, she said, resistance gone.

And now, friends, she said, smiling grandly on one and all, I regret to have to tell all you wonderful Village artists present that I will be unable to pose for you, as I have been called back to Hollywood for a new film. But since I can't stay to pose for you personally, I want to leave you a little check—she paused dramatically to scribble it out—for a thousand dollars, for your model fund. And, as I leave, from a simple fellow artist, God bless you all.

And amid happy shouts, applause, and a dwindling cannonading of the flashlight cameras, everyone gradually trooped out.

Which about cleans things up here. I talked to Mr. Updyke by phone just a few minutes ago, and he was ecstatic. George, he said, I just can't thank you enough. He is going to do everything in his power to aid us in publicizing our fine motion picture. Because now that we have shown him the way, he is going to get all his other excellent paintings out of the attic, exhibit them throughout the land under his own name and, without a doubt, make a fortune.

And Miss Lee herself is at the moment safely on a plane on her way back to Hollywood, more beautiful than ever, but a splendidly changed girl. Just before boarding the plane she said, in that strange Hollywood patois you use out there: Well, let's face it; I've been a real zutz. But from now on I'm going to try to be a good guy. George, I just can't thank you enough.

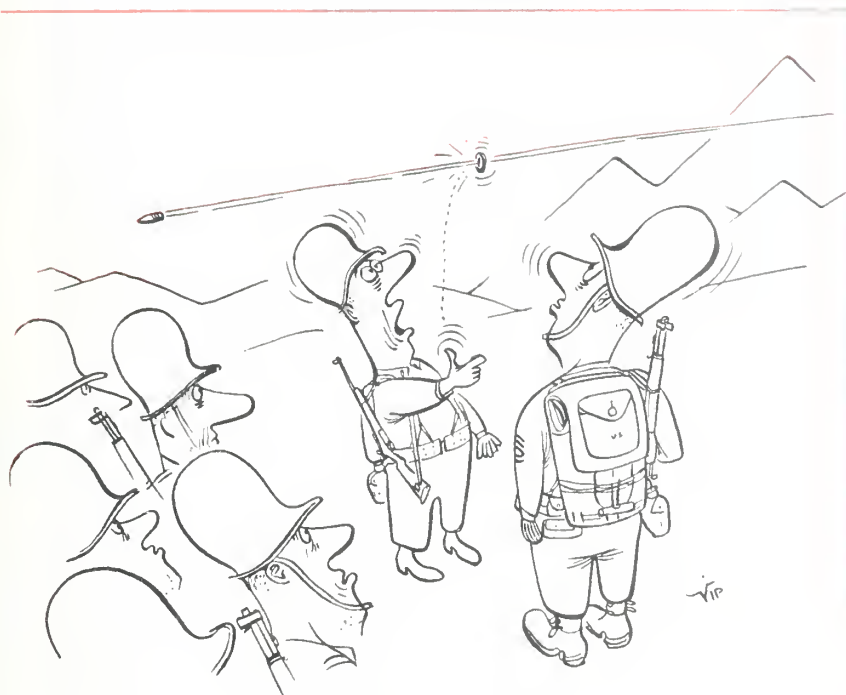
Which leaves only one thing. On my expense account for this busy week you will find a small item of \$84.70 for art supplies. Because as soon as I mail this I'm going back down to the good old Driftwood for the three days I've still got coming in that hammock, and everybody here says there's just nothing as relaxing as a little painting.

As ever,

George



VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S

"Okay. Heads we dig in
right here. Tails we . . ."

VIRGIL PARTCH

along toward the special room where, at twelve fifteen, Mr. Updyke was to unveil her widely heralded painting, Moonlight on a Shrimp Boat. And at twelve fifteen Mr. Updyke advanced, tight-lipped, and did unveil it. In an attitude almost of prayer, he paused a moment, then yanked the curtains.

There was a nervous scatter of hand clapping, then a growing tumult of applause. The painting was an instantaneous hit! For the first time in some days, Mr. Updyke smiled. And not because Miss Lee's painting had turned out to be a hit. Because it hadn't. The painting, of course, wasn't hers at all, but a former unknown work of Mr. Updyke's own, originally titled Nude Waiting for a Bus, which he and I had secured earlier that morning out of his attic.

Mr. Updyke had just never had nerve enough to exhibit anything of his own, as he'd shamefacedly confessed to me while I was staying late practicing my historic fall. This morning I had therefore simply convinced him that he had to substitute one of his own well-hidden paintings, as there was just no other artist we could appeal to. What other

traught. You were quite right, he said; we certainly couldn't have them in the halls, so on your prior instructions, I have let them into Miss Lee's suite. I trust that everything will be all right.

So do I, I said, fervently. And we sped up to Miss Lee's plush quarters, to find them teeming with quite an assortment of odd-looking citizens—the Perry Street Picassos. Knowing that you would undoubtedly have laid a trap of some sort in their native runways, I had had them come up to the Waldorf. They must have made a stirring picture coming through the lobby.

But at the moment they were grouped in great merriment about Miss Lee's own painting, which was standing on an easel. As she started forward, I gripped her arm. Steady, I said, steady.

And at that, one of their leaders turned, parted his hair enough to see and came up to greet us. You say, Mr. Seibert, he said, that you bought this painting at a rummage sale for three dollars? Well, you have been badly stung. Even including the frame it is a swindle. The colors are wrong; the massing is awful; the lighting is impos-

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FAVORITE SON

That kid brother of mine, he really hacked me. And what he did to my dog—

WE'D been laying there in our back yard since I got home from school and heard the bad news, me and Eddie and our dog Gilmore, just waiting—and worrying, only I was doing all the worrying in that crowd. Gilmore was asleep, and Eddie the Pet was studying cloud formations, or something. It irked me. Even if he was only five years old, he could of helped a little with the worrying, couldn't he? That Eddie, he got away with murder. I knew who won the popularity contests around our house, all right. Not me, boy.

"What gripes me," I said again, "is you letting him get out."

"I never let him, he jist *got* out," Eddie alibied.

"He never opened that cotton-picking gate all by hisself, boy."

Eddie shrugged. Then he said, "Hey, I know an idea. I bet the gas-meter man left the gate open, Cliff. I bet he done it."

"Yeah, yeah," I said sarcastically. It could of

been the gas-meter man. He has to come in the back yard, which is fenced off from the little piece of lawn out in front of the house. But I didn't have him down as no suspect. Don't kid me, it was Eddie the Spoiled Brat that left the gate open. Listen, nobody ever spoiled *me* none. Not even before Eddie was born, they never spoiled old Cliff, boy.

It was the kind of November day when I ought to been somewheres playing touch football with guys my own age. But since they built that cotton-picking four-lane highway right across the vacant lot next door, why Mom wouldn't hardly let us out of our dinky back yard any more. Anyhow, even if she would of let me go, I had to stay there and see what happened when the Grouch came home from work.

"Hey, Cliff, what time is it?" Eddie asked me, and I said, "Whatta you care, you ain't going no-where."

"Well, but maybe it's time for Bullwhip Bal-

langer, see." He was worrying, all right, but not about Gilmore. He was worried he'd miss Bullwhip Ballanger, Scourge of the Lawless, on the radio.

I give a sneer and said, "For horse sakes, who cares, you pinhead?"

He scowled at me, the way he does. Ferocious, boy. He was pale and his ears stuck out and he needed a haircut. They worried about him being so pale. Only I guess Pop worried more about being overweight hisself. One thing, nobody worried about Cliff.

Eddie got up and limped over to the kitchen window, and dug his nose in the screen, scowling in at the wall clock. "The big hand is stickin' straight up, but not *real* straight up," he said. He held up his right hand. "That way a little from straight up, Cliff."

"It's a little after five, stupid," I told him.

But he wasn't listening, he was already limping into the house. Even a five-year-old kid that had

"I'm thirsty," Eddie said. He looked so kind of beat and pitiful, I had to swallow a couple times

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BERGER



By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

it shouldn't have happened to our pop

polio ought to be able to tell time. They could of taught him *something* while he was in the hospital. But all he learned in there was how to influence parents. Boy, he learned *that*, all right.

Gilmore rolled over and got up. Even in his sleep, he knew Eddie went in the house. That dog. I bet there wasn't another dog like him in the whole world. Big and clumsy with a kind of puzzled grin, like he figured he just missed a joke by inches. He was a kind of brindle brown and white. He stood there looking at me with his forehead wrinkled up and his stub of a tail moving back and forth. Then he sighed and laid down again, like he was before. He wasn't having no trouble with his conscience. He could sleep, all right.

A truck went thundering past, shaking the world, and when the noise died down, another noise took its place—the radio in the room I had to share with Eddie. He had it loud enough to bust an eardrum. "Wham, crash! Help, they're robbin' the bank! Blap, blap! Ping, poinng! They're gittin' away with



and through the back window I saw the look on Gilmore's face. Astonishment. He started after us, and he looked kind of bewildered and scared.

"Hey, zowie, you forgot Gilmore!" Eddie yelled. "Stop the car!"

POP speeded up. "Eddie, listen to me now. We're going to leave him here, son. He'll find a good home on a farm, where he can chase rabbits every day and bark at the moon all night, and nobody will care. He'll be happy out here, Eddie. He'll be *safe* out here."

"Stop the car!" Eddie shrieked.

I could just barely see Gilmore in the dust, running with his ears laid back and with a kind of horrified and desperate look on his face. He couldn't believe it, but he couldn't run fast enough.

"Eddie, we couldn't keep him in town any longer," Pop said. "The man he bit will tell the police, and they'd take Gilmore away and kill him. They'd say he was a vicious, unsafe dog."

Eddie wasn't yelling now, he was begging. "Stop the car, Daddy."

"Damn it," Pop said. "I'm trying to do the decent thing, Eddie."

Decent, he said. What's decent about stuffing off Gilmore ten or eleven miles from town like that? And he was breaking Gilmore's heart, and Eddie's heart, too. It would break anybody's heart, seeing that crazy nut of a Gilmore back there in the choking dust, running and running, trying to catch us.

"Don't look back, men," Pop said gruffly.

Men! Don't give me that cotton-picking stuff. If I'd been a man, you think I'd let him pull a trick like that?

We went down a long hill and into a pretty valley, and then we went past a white farmhouse with a lot of trees, and across a wooden bridge over a clear, little creek that looked like it had fish in it, and past a grove of tall pecan trees that was probably lousy with squirrels. Even being all tore up inside like I was, crying a little, I noticed that creek and stuff and wondered if it was deep enough to swim in. We passed another farm, and two guys about my age were throwing a football, and I envied them, living so close to that creek, and I envied them their father, whoever *he* was. Some guys are lucky, I thought.

"Daddy, please, Daddy," Eddie was sobbing, and this time it was for real, not acting, but he was wasting it.

We went up another hill, and when we got to the top I could still see Gilmore way back there, a brown-and-white speck coming down that other hill, running and running and running, still trying to catch us. We went over the top of the hill and I couldn't see him any more, but I knew he was still there, still trying to go where me and Eddie went. He wouldn't ever find us again. He was just a dog; he couldn't ask anybody which way we went. He wasn't even a smart dog. He probably didn't even know the name of our town.

After about one more mile, Pop stopped going away from town to fool Gilmore, and swung west a couple miles and then back south again. I laid on the back seat wishing I was dead. Eddie was crying so it made even me feel sorry for him, but polio or no polio, he wasn't doing any good with Pop. I felt like I hated my father. All the way to town I kept my eyes tight shut, trying to pretend it was just a dream and not real, but I kept seeing Gilmore and the way he looked, the way anybody would look if his friends were deserting him.

At home, Eddie went hobbling into the house and into our room, and I followed him. I didn't want nothing to do

with Mom, even. In the room, Eddie got undressed, still sobbing. He got in bed and pulled the covers over his head. "Cliff," he said, kind of muffled. I said what, and he said, "I lied. It was me let him out of the yard, Cliff." Then he went on sobbing, not very loud, and I thought: Maybe he feels so bad because he figures it's all his fault.

I set in a chair by the window, looking but not seeing, and I thought: It was his fault. But I didn't feel sore at Eddie. I felt sore at Pop. He was the one they ought to shoot—the Grouch.

Mom opened the door. "Supper, anyone?"

"I'm not hungry," I said.

And through the bedclothes Eddie said, "I ain't gonna never eat again, then you'll see!"

Mom kind of gasped, and in a second she went out and shut the door, and I heard Pop say, "I don't intend to put up with this nonsense. I'll damn' well get them out of that room!"

"You broke their hearts!" Mom said. "Isn't that enough for one day, Hugh?"

Haven't you punished them enough for something they didn't do?" Then she said, "Do you realize how much you've changed?"

AT BREAKFAST neither one of us would have anything to do with Pop. He was on my list, boy. Funny thing, though, Eddie, why he wasn't on my list any more, not that day, anyhow. Pop got kind of sore at us.

"Stop your sulking," he said. "I've had enough of it."

"Leave them alone, Hugh," Mom said. "Don't nag at them. If you want my candid opinion, I thought you acted hastily and more in anger than good sense."

"I see," he said. "I hauled the dog off to torture my kids. I did it because I'm a cruel, sadistic monster, is that it?"

"I think maybe you did it because you were hungry," Mom said, "and because we can't sell our house, and because you're very unhappy, Hugh."

He was getting red in the face. "What should I have done, then?"

"Invested a dollar in a good stout chain."

Pop shook his head. "No, Martha, you are sorry for that dog when you should envy him, because he's free! He isn't chained to a white-elephant house, a screaming highway, a nerve-straining desk job. He's *free*!"

"You left out *us*," Mom said, real quiet. "The boys and I."

I didn't get it. They just set there looking at each other, kind of shocked, and then the telephone rang, and Mom got up and answered it. She said it was Mr. Summers, the lawyer, calling Pop, but Pop shoved his chair back and said he wasn't home, he just left. So Mom told Mr. Summers and hung up the telephone and sat down with her hands in her lap, staring at her plate. Pop kept looking at her, kind of white.

"I can add two and two," he said. "The guy has hired a lawyer, he's going to sue us."

"Mr. Summers said nothing about what he wanted with you," Mom said, looking down at her plate.

"My God, does he have to?" Pop yelled. "What else would it be?" He got his hat and coat and turned around at the door. "Martha, I refuse to be elected villain around here, understand? I am now going to my office, where I will put in a soft, lazy, pleasant day earning food and clothes for you people. And when I come home tonight, I suppose I'll start taking the gulf again. Maybe I won't come home."

When Pop slammed the door behind him, Mom put her hands up to her face and started crying. Eddie started crying, too, but it didn't interfere with his eating. I didn't know what it was all about any more, but if I didn't have to go to school I guess I would of stayed there and got in the act myself, the way I felt. That stuff is contagious.

It was around eleven o'clock when the woman from the principal's office came in the sixth-grade room and said

I was wanted on the telephone. I *thought* her to the office. I felt all cold and stiff, because it it ain't an emergency they ain't apt to call a guy right out of class like that. It was Mom, and it was an emergency.

"Cliff," she said, "Eddie has disappeared. I thought he was in the back yard, but he's gone. Did he—did he say anything about, well, running away, Clifford?"

"Gosh, no," I said.

"You better come home," she said. "I need you, Cliff. His tricycle is gone, too. Cliff, honey, come on home, please. I need you."

SHE needed me—Cliff, the third thumb. I hung up the telephone and walked out of there. You think I asked the principal if I could? If he didn't like it, let him write a letter to the President or something. Mom needed me at home on an emergency case. Don't nobody try to stop me, boy.

I ran all the way home, and before I got there I had an idea about Eddie, it just struck me. A couple neighbor women were in the front yard with Mom when I got there, and I said hello and got my bicycle out of the garage. "Mom," I said, "I'll ride around and look for him. I'll find the little dickens. Mom, don't worry. He's okay, Mom."

"Be careful," she said. "Be careful, darling."

"You know me," I said. "Careful Clifford McCarran, Mom." Listen, it ain't a bad feeling, being needed and being worried about all at the same time. If nobody worries about a guy, he's *really* lost, boy. I crossed the new highway, and then I stood up on them pedals and give her the gas. Maybe I'm wrong, I thought, but I wasn't wrong.

Listen, how would you like to pedal a tricycle almost two miles? That Eddie, that pinhead, he'd got at least a mile out of town, almost two miles from home, when I found him sitting at the edge of the road, resting. He was wearing his cap pistol and his ray gun and his space helmet, and he had a sackful of marbles tied onto the handle bars with about ten feet of copper wire.

"Don't mess with me, boy," he said. He looked pale and peaked, like when he was so sick, and it kind of hit me.

"You crazy little nut," I said, feeling kind of choked up.

"Don't fool with me, that's all," he said, looking stubborn.

"How far do you think you'll get on that cotton-picking tricycle, with them little dinky wheels?" I asked him. "You'll wear yourself to a nub, pedaling that thing. You'll never make it."

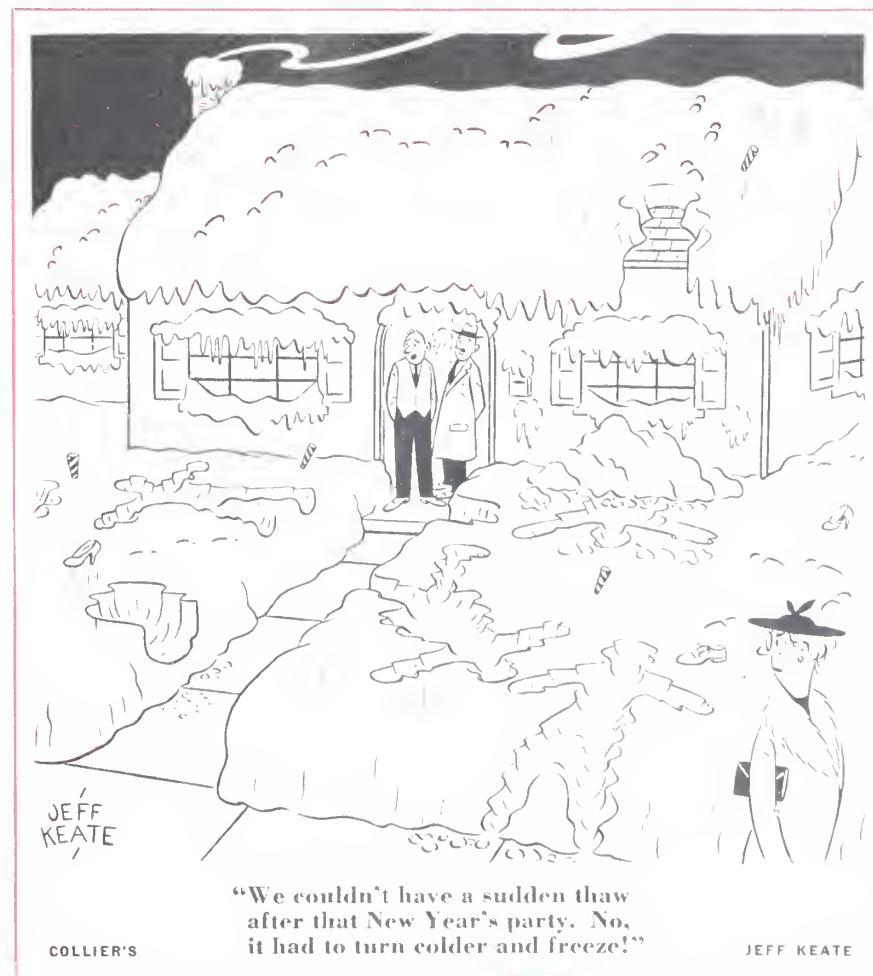
A couple of big old tears rolled down his cheeks, but he kept on scowling. "Cliff, I'm thirsty," he said. "An' I'm hungry, too." He looked so little, so kind of beat and pitiful, I had to swallow a couple times there. It's Pop's fault, I thought. The Grouch, he done this to Eddie, causing a little kid with a bum leg to go riding a trike way out in the country. "Cliff," Eddie said, "I'm tired."

"Sure," I said. "Sure, man. You wanna go home now?"

He shook his head. "I ain't never goin' home no more."

"All right, man," I said. There was a culvert about fifty feet along the road. I took the stuff off his handle bars and tied it on my bike, and I put the tricycle under the culvert. "Get on my handle bars, killer," I said.

I turned north at the next corner and hit the blacktop highway, and then I turned away from town. Maybe I wanted to scare Pop, give him a bad



"We couldn't have a sudden thaw after that New Year's party. No, it had to turn colder and freeze!"

COLLIER'S

JEFF KEATE

time. Or maybe I just wanted to try to find Gilmore, and make sure he found a good home and was eating regular and stuff. I don't know. There was a country store out there, and I spent my lunch money buying pop and candy for me and Eddie, and we were sitting on the bench out there when the car stopped with its tires squealing on the blacktop. Yeah, the Grouch. He'd figure it out.

HE GOT out of the car and came marching over like he was going to eat us up. Diet or no diet, he was mad enough to eat nails. I looked past him and saw Mom sitting in the car, watching. She gave me a kind of encouraging smile. And about then old Eddie slid over against me, that little son of a gun. I put my arm around him.

Pop was shaking, he was so mad. "Get in the car," he said.

I could feel Eddie shaking his head against my shoulder, and he said in a scared, little voice, "I ain't goin' home."

"Oh, you're not?" Pop said. "Just where in hell are you going, then?"

"Me an' Cliff," Eddie squeaked, "we're gonna find ole Gilmore."

The storekeeper had come to the door and was watching. Pop seen him and scowled. "Eddie, get in the car. Move!" he yelled.

Eddie just tried to get closer to me, and the storekeeper came on out onto the gravel and picked up an empty pop bottle. "Say," he said, "you any kin to these youngsters, brother?"

"I happen to be their father," Pop said.

"That ease," the man said, putting the bottle down, "I can't buy in, but I can shorely sympathize with the little dudes if you're the best they could do in the big raffle. No wonder they run off."

"Mind your own business!" Pop yelled, and Eddie started blubbering, and here come Mom, and Eddie went limping toward her, so it'd break your heart to see it, and she picked him up in her arms. She started back to the car with him, talking baby talk. Okay, I didn't mind, not any more.

Pop stopped watching and turned to me. "We'll put your bike on the rear bumper, Cliff." I nodded and wheeled the bike out to the car, and I got in the back seat and he got in the front and started the engine. I was tired. It ain't no cinch pedaling even a little mutt like Eddie as far as I done it. I just set there for a while, and it took me a couple minutes to realize Pop was still going east. Mom noticed it, too, and looked at him.

"We're going," he said, kind of through his teeth, "to find that damned mongrel. But don't blame me if the cops are waiting to kill him when we get home."

"Why don't you relax?" Mom said. "And lower your voice. Can't you see this poor, worn-out baby is asleep?"

Sure enough, old Eddie was sound asleep on her lap. I watched the scenery, and when we were about ten miles from town, Pop turned off and it was the road where we dumped Gilmore. I recognized the very spot where we dumped him, and then pretty soon we were going down the long hill, and Pop stopped at the pretty, white farmhouse. He got out and talked to an old man on the front porch. It seemed like he talked a long time, just to ask anybody if they seen a dog running north. Anyway, I knew Gilmore went quite a ways farther than that house.

We stopped at the next house, where I'd seen the guys about my age throwing a football, and Pop talked for a couple seconds with a woman and came back.



"Albert is the same way. He likes a fruitcake that will squirt when you bite into it"

COLLIER'S

CHON DAY

Him and Mom still weren't doing any talking. He kept driving along the road and stopping and asking and getting in again and driving north again on that cotton-picking road, but it wasn't no use. And finally he turned around and drove home. I told him where we left Eddie's triecyle, and he drove around that way and got it and put it in the back seat. When we got home, I felt pretty lousy. I don't know, in a way I felt lousier than yesterday even. I guess now I knew that Gilmore was really gone, long gone.

MOM had took Eddie in the house and laid him on his bed. He went on sleeping, and Mom fixed me a sandwich. She asked if Pop wanted one, but he said no. He said, "I'm going to see that lawyer, Summers, and maybe we can settle out of court with that guy. No use stalling."

"All right," Mom said, and that was that. Pop left, and I laid down on the divan and rested, and the first thing I knew I went to sleep. What woke me up was Pop coming home again. He looked mighty low.

"Well?" Mom said, anxious, and he stared at her and shook his head.

"I hate to tell you," he said. Then he started grinning. "You still mad at me?"

Mom looked surprised, then suspicious. "Maybe I am and maybe I'm not," Mom said. "Hugh McCarran, what does that sly grin mean?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing much," he said. "I just sold the house, that's all. Summers was representing an oil company that wants this corner, including our lot, for a service station, and who am I to stand in the way of progress? So, I gave in, I sold the house."

"It wasn't about the dog at all!" Mom said.

Pop laughed. Gee, I don't know when I'd heard him laugh the last time.

"And we can move!" Mom said, like it just hit her. "Oh, Hugh, we can get away from this awful highway and the trucks!"

"Check!" Pop said. "And, incidentally, we did discuss the dog situation, and a funny thing, Summers recently represented some people who took that guy Holland, the delivery man, to court. He tried to kill their family dog with a hoe. We agreed, Summers and I did, that the guy probably smelled afraid, or something, which would account for Gilmore's antipathy. I mean, everybody knows that dogs recognize dog haters and dog fearers, and naturally go for them."

"Oh, sure," Mom said, "but who cares, now? My goodness, I can't believe that we're actually going to move. Did you get a nice price?"

"A nice price," Pop said. "Listen, babe, are you repelled by fat men? Be frank with me, is avoirdupois repellent to you?"

"Of course not," Mom said, grinning. "I think fat men are cute."

"In that case, the hell with the diet," Pop said. "I'm starving for some roast pork and brown gravy. Let's celebrate our liberation."

"You bet," Mom said. "Roast pork, gravy, mashed potatoes—"

Pop held up a hand. "Stop, woman! I can't stand it!"

Say, wasn't it jolly around that house all of a sudden! I guess nobody remembered Gilmore, nobody but Cliff—the heck with Cliff.

"Look, honey," Pop said. "That farm, the first place I inquired about the dog. It's for sale. Sixty acres, modern six-room house. A little run-down, but priced reasonably—we could buy it and have enough left over to remodel and make other improvements. Do you

think you could stand living out away from town, honey?"

"I'll bet a nickel I could, I'm so sick of living in town," Mom said. She looked, I don't know, she looked at him like she sometimes looked at Eddie. "You've always dreamed of going back to a farm someday, haven't you, Hugh?"

"Hey, hold on a minute, now," Pop said. "I want to go on being an office worker, commuting to and from town, but with just enough work around the farm to help me regain my sylphlike figure—and my sense of values."

He started walking around the room while he talked, like the principal addressing assembly. "Honey, for some time I've had a growing awareness that I was becoming an ill-tempered, antisocial grouch, a despot, in fact. But living in the country, the boys and I would do things together, as a team. You know, garden and cut wood, fish and hunt, stuff like that. It'll draw us all closer as a family, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes, Hugh," Mom said.

Pop looked at me, grinning. "What about it, Cliff? Suit you?"

BUT I had a hard time not grinning back. I had to keep thinking about yesterday, instead of tomorrow. Gilmore, I thought. What about him? "It's okay," I said. "I better go put my bike where it belongs. Somebody might steal it." I started for the door.

"Check that chip you're wearing on your shoulder, while you're at it, Cliff," Pop said. "You're getting stoop-shouldered, carrying it."

I just shrugged and went on out. I got my bicycle and wheeled it up the driveway and into the garage. And then I let out a yell. I kept yelling until Mom and Pop came out to see if I broke a leg, or what, and I told them to look in the garage. "There's a ghost in there," I said. "I seen a ghost in the garage." I was joshing.

They looked. He was in the back corner, on the coiled garden hose where he always slept—old Gilmore, laying there watching us with one eye and still sleeping with the other one. Man, I felt almost human again.

"That mutt must have a built-in road map," Pop said.

"He's just smart," I said. "That's a smart dog, Pop."

Eddie come out of the house, rubbing his eyes. "Say, who's doin' all that yellin' out here?" he asked. "It woked me up."

"Come look in the garage, son," Pop said, not grinning.

Man, I was thinking. That creek out there, it oughta be full of big sun perch and catfish. I thought about those guys my age next door, practically. Me and Gilmore and them guys—and Eddie...

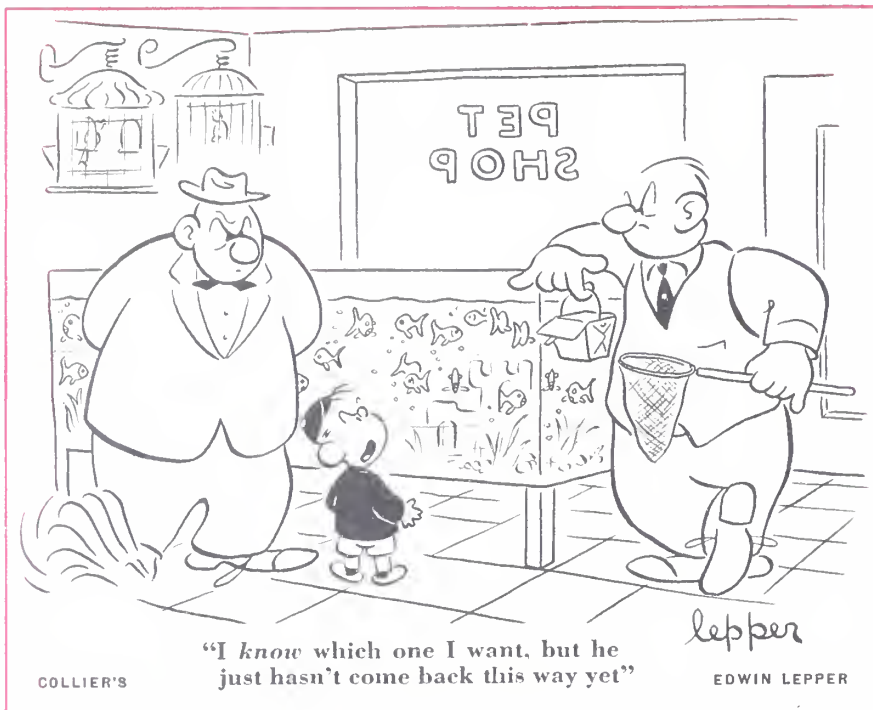
Eddie limped over to the garage door and looked in, and all of us watched him with big grins all over our faces. I thought he would fall over with astonishment and excitement. That kid, that Eddie!

"Where?" he said. "What is it, Mom? What's the matter?"

"There, honey. In the corner."

Eddie stood there looking for a couple seconds with his eyes sticking out of his head, and I could see that little, stingy grin of his he uses when he's tickled to pieces only he don't want it to get around. "Uh-huh," he said. "Zowie, it's ole Gilmore." Then he turned around. "Hey, Mom, I'm hungry," he said. "I'm starvin' to death, Mom."

That faker, that Eddie. I don't know. I kind of like that lamebrain kid. He's a bit nuts, but he's my boy. ▲▲▲



"I know which one I want, but he just hasn't come back this way yet"

COLLIER'S

EDWIN LEPPER



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Water in the Wilderness

By PAUL HORGAN

Laura was terrified of this wild and hostile country. She hated having her baby threatened by its dangers. And no one at Fort Delivery—not even her husband—seemed to understand her fears.

THE two horsemen seemed to be racing the moon. It was early night in April, 1887, in the southern Arizona desert. As the full moon rose over a low mesa, it cast a long shadow.

If we gain that shadow, thought Second Lieutenant Matthew Carlton Hazard, they may never find us. He spurred his horse to keep up with his companion, Joe Dummy, the Apache scout in the service of the United States Army. Joe was bent over his horse's laboring neck. Ahead, the moonlight lay like a sea. Behind, the young officer and his scout knew there was pursuit, though they could hear nothing over the sound of their own galloping blood.

Sent out three days earlier from Fort Delivery to observe reported movements by the Chiricahua Apaches, Matthew had orders to estimate the numbers, the direction and the temper of the Indians; to avoid a fight; and to return to the fort within five days in any case.

He was now ready, flying over the desert for cover, to report. With Joe, he had seen the Indian band coming from Mexico just before sundown. They made a towering cloud of dust, so their numbers were great. They were heading north, where they had no business but outrage. As for their temper, one of them had sighted the two cavalrymen at an incredible distance, and pursuit began at once. A dozen Chiricahuas had left their train, and were still giving chase, after sundown and nightfall. The Army's horses were sounder, and only once the pursuers drew near enough for shots to be exchanged. Matthew had heard both the sound of bullets and the sound of arrows.

"All right, fire!" he had cried out to Joe.

In view of his orders, Matthew regretted giving battle. He might have to face an official inquiry board over it, assuming always that he would manage to return to Fort Delivery. As the sunset died into darkness, the chances for marksmanship disappeared. The two cavalrymen bent forward into the dark, running for the mesa.

Soon the ground lifted under them in a long slope covered with tall, dry grass. Suddenly they were at the edge of the shadow; they plunged into it. Matthew heard Joe dismount and he dismounted also. Leading their horses, they walked along the base of the mesa.

"What is he looking for?" Matthew said to himself, but with no doubts of Joe. The scout knew this whole land, not only its sweep, but its detail. They could now see dimly in the shadow where the pouring moon did not reach. Matt saw Joe crouch, then rise and beckon, then disappear. An instant later, Matt himself came to the edge of a wide earth bunker at the foot of the mesa and went down over its edge. It was like being in an earthwork. Behind them rose the sheer bluff; ahead lay a silvery stand of grass and then the desert.

"Joe!" called Matt. "We'll set our horses over there in the grass; this looks like a camping site."

Joe Dummy opened the door before Matthew could stop him, and, holding up his magic twig, came upon Laura, who was walking the baby. "Get out of here!" she said with fury

Joe held up some charred mesquite roots left by earlier visitors.

"You knew just where to come," Matt said.

The Indian scout muttered that this was so. He almost never spoke but, to make himself understood, relied on gesture and the intensity of his desire to communicate. He now turned away from Matt and made an odd sound—a blast of breath through clenched teeth with lips skinned back like an animal in fury or pain.

"Joe, what's that?" asked Matt.

Joe Dummy bent forward in a kind of convulsion. Matt went to him and turned him around. He saw, in silhouette, how the Indian held up an arrow. Joe sniffed of the arrow point, then threw the arrow as far from him as he could. He then sank down to his knees and into darkness and refused to speak, though Matt asked him many questions.

"What is the matter? Where did you get the arrow? Did it strike you?" Matt was suddenly shocked by his own words. "Did it hit you, back there, where we fought them? Joe, are you hurt? Answer me!"

In the starlight, Joe finally answered. He took Matt's hand and showed, on Matt's own shoulder, where the arrow had struck, how it had quivered and stayed, how deeply it had bitten, how he had ridden miles with it in his flesh, and how only now—in safety, with duty done—he had pulled it out. He had smelled of the arrow's head. Did the lieutenant know what this meant? It meant death.

YES, Matthew knew. The arrow was poisoned. The Chiricahuas made baskets of spring willow canes. Into these they put captive rattlesnakes, whom they teased with arrows thrust through the woven willows, so that the snakes struck again and again at the iron points, leaving on them the caked venom, which when dry gave no odor, but when wet, as with a man's blood, smelled to make the mouth go dry and the tongue come up in the throat. Such an arrow smelled of death. Joe Dummy was now getting ready to die.

"Like hell!" said Matt. "We'll do something." He pushed Joe about to face him and tore down his shirt at the right shoulder. Lighting a phosphorus match, Matt looked at the wound. It was raw and already puffy. He leaned and sniffed it; there was a faint stench. Suddenly the match went out. Joe had put his fist about it. He indicated the open desert. A little light would show for miles and call for anyone to come near, enemies first of all. Joe took Matt's hand and waved it as if to dissuade him from foolish hopes confronting death.

You go and leave me, said Joe in his gestures and his few syllables. *Maybe I will be all right after all. But don't wait for me.*

"No, if it's true and that is snake poison, you'll die unless we do something. I'll do something." *Yes, I will die. But I will die anyway. You go. Now. Before they come. You know the way to the fort from here.*

Matthew thought over what he knew of Army field medicine. Haste was all he could think of for cases like the present one, haste and something red-hot. Feeling about the bunker, he gathered up mesquite roots and branches and twigs and laid a

fire. Joe moaned with protest. He indicated how a fire would call all desert life.

"I know," said Matt. "If I have to, I can hold them off with my firearms. I need the fire to fix you up."

He lighted it. Joe stared at the wild light. He stared at his commander. He could not believe that he was not to be abandoned. He saw Matt remove a spur and thrust one long blunt point into the heart of the coals. Matt blew and fanned; he nursed every scrap that would burn. Presently he was astonished to see Joe slide forward toward the fire. From a pouch at his waist Joe took with the fingertips of one hand a fine yellow dust. Uttering sacred words deep in his throat, he released a pinch in all six sacred directions: north, south, east, west, up and down. He then made a puff of the powder over Matt's head and then another over his own. Then, in signs, he explained.

In his own time and among his own people, years before he had come to the Army, he had been a doctor, with powers. The yellow dust was pollen of tule, or cattail. It was called *holdentin* and was used this way in an act of prayer.

"*Ekk!*" concluded Joe, in a sudden, constricted, explosive sound, like a sharp breaking of a dried branch. It was a sound meant to startle supernatural powers into paying attention and hearing a prayer.

"Very good. Let us use every means, including this one," said Matthew as he took the spur, red-hot, out of the knotty fire. He slapped Joe on the belly. "I lie down and hold on to me." He plunged the spur deep into the poisoned arrow wound and, sweating with sympathy, made it grind out a burned crater deeper than he guessed the poisoned area to be. Joe lay inert and silent as a sleeper, with his eyes open, staring at Matthew in amazement and subjection. He believed that his young commander was giving him life. Fire and smoke ascended against the dark face of the mesa. Matthew sat back on his heels.

"Well, I hope that'll do it," he said. He went to the fire and kicked it apart, leaving a few veiled coals. He then took his canteen and gave Joe Dummy a drink of water. In response, Joe took from his waistband another sacred accessory. It was a twig from a tree that had been split by lightning. With this he made a wide looping gesture over Matthew, in thanks and blessing.

Matthew said, "Yes, fine. Now rest a little, and I'll watch, and then we'll try to move out for home."

The two soldiers said of each other in their thoughts that that was how a man should be: on the one hand quiet about pain and death, on the other loyal to life.

MATTHEW faced out, on guard, over the immense night. He shivered. He wanted to build up the fire again. There was no enemy to be seen in the moonlight, but he decided to take no risks. He began to invite his thoughts, which warmed him like desire. He had much to think about. But the night quiet was broken by a soft, plaintive, smothered cry that came from far out in the moonlight.

Matthew tightened everywhere in him. He

leaned to peer. The cry came again—a rolled, sorrowful inquiry of the wilderness—and ended with a little throaty yelp. He sat back on his haunches and laughed out loud. The fire had attracted attention, after all, but it was only the attention of a coyote.

It spoke again now, nearer, with a wheedling cajolery that was almost human. And then Matthew jumped in astonishment, for immediately behind him in the earthwork there spoke another coyote, exactly mimicking the heart-hungry voice of the animal out on the desert. Matthew turned.

There was Joe Dummy, with his nose raised like a snout, his mouth closed around a little "o," his cheeks drawn in, delicately managing the tone; and in his throat the soft, trilled phrases of treachery replied to those of the desert. In another instant Joe was at the fire. He took up a last glowing coal with tongs made of sticks, blew on it and, before Matt could speak, threw it in an arc out into the dry, tall grass. The grass took fire and, the wind being right, roared down the slope away from the bunker. In its savage light Matthew saw the naked figures of his enemies leap to their feet from hiding and run away. One or two turned and fired rifles as they ran. They had crept forward so slowly that any movement of the grass might have seemed to be caused by a breeze; and in case any had been noticed, they had taken the voice of the coyote to explain it.

Matthew raised his carbine and fired. He fired as long as he could see running shapes. He thought he saw some talk through fire-waver and smoke. The grass stretched for a few miles. It would burn the Indians back to their train. Meanwhile the spectacle was remarkable: a grass fire running through darkness over flat land.

ONCE rid of the attackers, Matthew felt excitement really rising in him now that, thanks to Joe Dummy's acute understanding of the wilderness and all its creatures, the threat was over. With a stern obligation to be matter-of-fact at moments like these, Matthew went to his saddlebag. Of the usual rations only one item seemed appetizing. He came back with a can of peaches, opened it, and gave Joe first chance. They ate together in silence. The sticky fruit tasted fine. There was a future for both men now, and time to consider it.

Matthew thought of Laura his wife, at the fort, and of what this cold, bright night might have brought to her and to him. Tomorrow would be the fourth day since he'd left her. The commanding officer, Major Prescott, and the post surgeon, Captain Gray, not to mention their wives and all the soldiers' wives at the post, would all do their best. But Matthew still hoped he would be back at the fort in time to know it the instant he became a father. He said to himself that Laura needed him near her. She had cried more than once at the prospect of bearing her first child in the desert, so far away from home—which meant the Army circles, the settled old garrisons and staff quarters of the Atlantic seaboard.

He had more than once held her close to remind her that what mattered was their being together, nothing else. If they were together in the desert, then their child would never feel alien there. His breast filled with tender pain at the thought of how nearly this night he might have left them, his wife and coming child, forever. Far away by now a fiery ruffle showed the retreating grass's progress against the dark. Would Laura

give him a son? If she gave him a son, Matthew would give him one day to the Army, that had given him miserable pay, danger and impersonal treatment—the Army that he loved.

THEY stayed till daybreak in the bunker. Dawn brought its surprises. Joe's right arm was helpless, but otherwise he was no worse. One of their horses was dead, shot during the firelit exchange. The desert was black as far as they could see it, and no grass smoldered. It could be ridden over. Matthew gave orders that they would both mount his horse. He took up Joe's rifle. To carry its extra weight, now that Joe could not use it, was not justified. Matthew swung the rifle and bent its barrel over a rock and threw it down, useless to soldier or enemy alike.

They mounted and at a rapid walk crossed into the burned-out grass. They came upon two dead and blackened

They rode on. Presently they heard dogs barking, and they saw to whom the dogs belonged. They were all old men and women, motionless on the ground. They were motionless because they were tied to mesquite bushes and left to die along with their dogs, who also were tied. Matthew stared frowning, aghast at the spectacle, while Joe explained that when the Apache had to retreat in a hurry, he abandoned his old people this way; for otherwise, traveling on foot, like all but the warriors, they would have slowed down the march. Matt looked at the sun and the distance and the motley collection of old people, who gazed back at him out of their filthy wrinkles. He dismounted and cut their bonds. He pointed south and urged them to travel after their sons and daughters. He released their dogs, who ran to their owners.

The old creatures lost no time. In their various racking gaits they set out

Major Hiram Hyde Prescott was abroad. As he often did, Hiram Hyde answered the unspoken. "I just rode out for a little air."

Now they both knew that a disguised concern for his command had brought him out to meet the young lieutenant and the Apache scout. Matt knew also that Hiram Hyde never got to the really personal issues easily, and he asked, "How is Laura? Any news yet?"

"Any minute now. Captain and Mrs. Gray are with her, and so is Jessica."

"You mean it began tonight?"

"Just before supper."

"Is she all right?"

"Last I heard. Brave as a Mohawk."

"Is it—is it difficult?"

"My female informants assure me that it is never easy. What's wrong with that Joe, there, behind you?"

As they neared, Matthew therefore gave his report to Major Prescott, who remarked at the end of it, "Too bad your orders read not to get in a fight. I'll have to report that you did. It'll be looked into, even though by doing so you diverted the enemy and finally made him retreat. Yes, I shouldn't be surprised if some rancher filed a claim against the government for getting his pasture burned out."

HIRAM HYDE'S voice grew comically bitter. He aped the Washington construction that could so easily be placed upon perilous acts of frontier duty. "Picking fights with innocent Indians," he mocked, "and running around setting fire to valuable grazing lands, and consigning destitute old men and women to cross the desert without providing for their nourishment and care, and—" With ingenious profanity he developed his field soldier's parody and concluded, "Well, Matt, I'll testify for you. Both of you did a job."

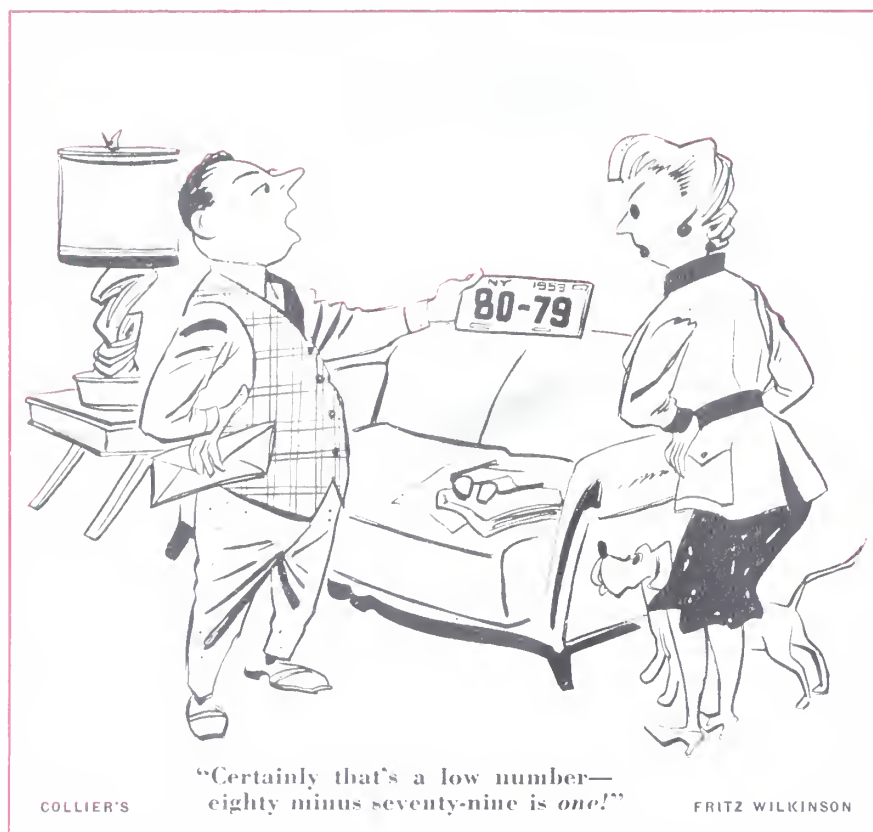
They answered the sentry's challenge and rode into the fort. Lights burned in the commanding officer's quarters, and in the house next to it, where the post surgeon, Captain Gray, and his wife lived. Hiram Hyde conducted Matthew to that house.

"You come along," said Matt to Joe Dummy, unaware that henceforth it would take a direct order to keep Joe from his side. "I want the doctor to see you. Where is Laura?" he asked the major. "Is she at the Grays?"

"Yes," said Major Prescott. "Gray got his orders to leave us for Fort Union. Jessica arranged with them to move Laura into their big front room. Better than your house."

Matthew said, "Mm," for he and Laura occupied the last adobe shack in officers' row. He was all of a sudden taken by a terrible fear. They tapped at the door of Captain Gray's front room. Mrs. Prescott came, sh-shing, to meet them. Beyond her Matthew saw a pool of lamplight and high wings of shadow on the whitewashed wall, and Captain Gray bending close to the bed, and the delicate white-haired Mrs. Gray opposite him—and between them a lost face, older, younger, than the beautiful face he knew, turning from side to side on a pillow, saying silently and repeatedly what nobody could even understand, in some fierce preoccupation that excluded all but the tremendous task of giving life. She looked so frail, and her commitment was so shaking that Matthew said to himself, "She will die," and with a look of mortal terror he implored Jessica Prescott to save Laura.

Jessica said with the abrupt kindness he knew in her, "Don't come in; she wouldn't know you. It can't be long. Just wait. We're so glad you are home."



"Certainly that's a low number—
eighty minus seventy-nine is one!"

COLLIER'S

FRITZ WILKINSON

bodies, at which they hardly paused, but rode on for the place where they had last seen the Chiricahua train; for Joe was sure that, having been observed and defeated, the migrant Indians would return to Mexico rather than pursue their rampage, to which the Army was alerted. But it was in any case important to verify this idea.

They rode without hurry and by mid-morning were across the black grass and into the bare, pink desert. There, from afar, they saw what seemed to be a camp. They halted to look long and earnestly. Bright scraps of cloth, there, against dark clumps of mesquite—yes, those were people, many people. But why did they not move? No one walked about in that camp under the sun. Suddenly Joe struck his breast with his left fist, to signify his understanding, and then motioned southward to indicate many Chiricahua people already returning to Mexico.

"Then who are these, over there?" asked Matt.

Joe replied with gestures, *Indians*, and motioned, *Forward*.

"Forward?" said Matt. "Are you crazy? It looks like a lot of people, and we're in no shape for a fight."

Yes, insisted Joe, yes, it was safe, he would see. *Forward!*

for Mexico and the only life known to them. Matthew could do no more for them than turn them free. Joe Dummy pointed to the ground ahead. There were plenty of signs that the warrior band was retreating toward Mexico.

It was time, and it was safe, to turn toward Fort Delivery with this news.

TWO nights afterward at about ten o'clock they saw what surely was a light at Fort Delivery. An hour later they were close enough to see more lights. Matthew, with a pounding in his breast, wondered what they could mean, so many, and so late, and said "Laura" to her silently in his mind, in case she were suffering or in danger. Behind him, on the horse's rump, Joe made a tense little motion, pointing. Off in the moon-washed night was a figure on a horse, riding cautiously toward them. Matt halted and took his revolver in hand, and waited. The horse ambled forward at a peaceful jog, and its rider presently said in a mild voice, "Matt?"

"Yes, sir!" replied Matthew.

"Well, come on then," said the other, wheeling and walking his horse rapidly toward the main gate where a young sentry watched for the commanding officer to return from his midnight ride. Matthew wondered anxiously why

She then retired and shut the door, leaving her husband and Matthew in the dark, little hall that showed at both ends the open air. Joe Dummy sat on the front stoop waiting for the surgeon. His black shape against the paler night made Matthew think of responsibility, and that made him recognize his own helplessness now.

He felt a disagreeable turn of temper. It was despair, the other side of his hope for the future, which now depended upon whether life remained or departed in the closed front room at Captain Gray's. What could he do to make up to her for this? She hated the desert, where her child was now struggling to be born. How could he carpet it with green lawns and visit it with cooling rains and sweeten it with kindly, living creatures? It was hard and gritty and gave off hot winds that blinded the eye and the soul. Why did young people getting married pretend that life was beautiful and always would be? Someone should tell them it was not.

HIS troubled waverings of mind were suddenly interrupted. A thin gasping cry came from beyond the door, then stopped, then tried again, then gained in its tiny power, and established a hasty, regulated rate.

"Well," said Hiram Hyde, "it's all over. That's your baby, inside there."

A wild gratitude swept through Matthew. It was like some unimaginable sweetness of the senses. The door opened; Jessica beckoned. He went in. Laura was heavily drowsy. She saw him, smiled as she shaped his name with her white lips, and fell asleep. Captain Gray nodded, indicating the baby whom Mrs. Gray was holding.

"A little boy," he pronounced silently and, looking wise behind his iron-rimmed glasses and above his dog-gish whiskers, gestured with his head that Matt should leave now.

"Yes," whispered Matt, "but as soon as you can, please examine my scout. He's waiting outside."

Jessica took him to the door. "Go on over to our place with Hiram," she said. "I'll be along when everything is quiet here. Who is that, back there?" she asked in the hall, looking toward the back door. There was a tangled silhouette of heads. She knew at once and went to them. They were the women from Soapsuds Row, the soldiers' wives who did the post laundry. They came for news of new life in the desert, that was like water in the wilderness, and the commander's lady gave them word in vivid, if brisk, detail. . . .

"The Army," said Major Prescott, pouring still another drink of whisky for himself and Matthew in his headquarters office later in the night, "the Army has a peculiar nervous system. It always reacts to stimulus, but you never know how long it's going to take to do it, and you *never* can predict which way it's going to react. Just one thing you remember, young man. However it reacts, it always *means something*."

Hiram Hyde had expected this to sound somehow more profound and lucid. He hung his head toward Matthew to see if Matthew was drunk enough to comprehend any remarkable statement. It was his determination to see that Matthew got drunk tonight, under his rules. No officer of Troop F, Sixth United States Cavalry, commanded by Hiram Hyde Prescott, Brevet Major, U.S.A., was ever going to turn down a drink—or ever show any outward effect of it.

"Take this Gray affair, for example,"

he went on, wondering why Matthew was moving his mouth in silent speech. "Transfer to Fort Union, New Mexico, via Santa Fe. H'm? Mean anything to you?"

"They need a post surgeon, I suppose, sir."

"Too easy. The nerve system of the Army again. Touch the center, and a long time later a shudder reaches the farthest nerve. That's us. What?" he broke off, scowling.

"Nothing, sir. I was just trying over something."

"Would he be very grateful if you'd listen to me."

"Yes, sir."

"All right, what's behind it, pulling medical officers back from the frontier? One of two things. The Indian campaigns are about to be abandoned. Or," said Hiram Hyde with a rub of his bald head to indicate wisdom and its temple,

state of affairs, and ignoring Hiram Hyde, said to Matthew with deadly pleasantness "I see my husband, who has never had too much to drink in his life, has set out to get you drunk."

"Jess," declared the major, "how's that new baby boy of mine?"

"Yours?" she asked.

"Ours, damn it! His name is Prescott Hazard."

Mrs. Prescott was made breathless with pleasure. "Oh, Matt. How sweet of you. They're fine. Both asleep. I think we all need sleep, actually."

"Oh, no, you don't, said Hiram Hyde. "You mean that for *me*. You let *him* alone,"—waving at Matt. "All right, I'll go. Good night, my boy. Think you can make it to your quarters?"

"Don't know, sir," said Matthew loyally, and Jessica nodded at him for his sober tact. As he left, she gave him a deep, searching look, thinking of the

never left the baby before. He's sleeping. I was lonesome. I can only stay a minute!"

"He'll manage all right," remarked Jessica, somehow suggesting that even infants must learn to dominate experience. "How's your life these days?" she asked, as though they did not meet daily. She was a great believer in giving to an Army post, with its forced associations, an air of a wide and complicated society. So she protected and educated her officers' wives.

"Wonderful, with the baby and Matthew," replied Laura, and then scowled quickly. "But oh, that Joe Dummy!"

"Yes," Jessica said; "if you're downwind from him, it is trying."

JESSICA could not help smiling as she thought of Joe Dummy. He was of middle height, looking twice as old as he really was, and he moved on his moccasin pads like a wary bobcat. The resemblance was helped by tufts of whisker-fur that grew out from the corners of his mouth. Around his head was the distinctive red band of the Cavalry's Apache scouts; it was rich with human grease. His hands and face were cured with dirt into another substance than flesh. He wore a cotton shirt, a vest and striped trousers, stolen long ago from a Tucson gents' emporium, and these garments were so heavy and soft with dirt that they glided over his joints and muscle like accommodating membranes.

"Do you know, Laura?" Jessica said. "Joe Dummy, all the same, is *somebody*."

"Then I wish he'd go somewhere else and be somebody. He is always underfoot. He dogs Matthew. I can hardly ever see Matthew alone any more. Joe is so dirty I can't bear him near the house on account of the baby. When I scold about it, Matt just says no women could understand, men don't mind the things that bother women, especially if the men have fought through danger together. Matt said he saved Joe's life, and Joe thinks he belongs to Matt for it. I can't stand it. I don't see why *my* life has to be ruined by it. Living here is hard enough without that dreadful creature squatting on our doorstep."

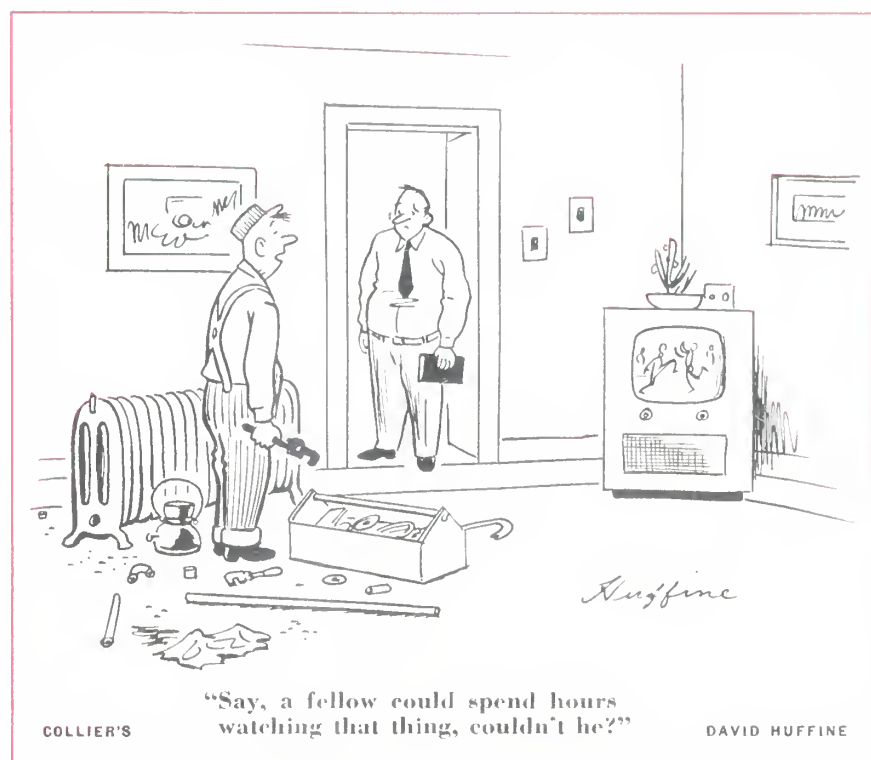
"Well, my dear, perhaps you are forgetting why we are *all* here. Your husband will do his work all the better for having Joe Dummy so close to him. It has taken *me* thirty years, but I do know at last that when you marry into the Army, you marry all of it. We also serve, child. And"—she smiled delightfully—"that is why some generals' wives are so horrible. They're real veterans."

Laura was not ready for comedy. She jumped up. "I really must run along and see if the baby is all right."

"Run right back and bring your calico. I'll have some tea ready. Wrap the baby up warmly and bring him, too. We'll have a party."

"Oh, in this wind? He'd catch his death."

Jessica, who had married off two children, sighed at being educated by the young mother, let her go and set about making tea. She heard the boots of her husband and someone else come up the porch and go into the office across the hall, so she added enough tea for everyone. She sat down to have her cigarette (a pleasure considered daring throughout the wives' army) and listen to the water come to boil. The wind shrieked past. It imitated the oddest sounds, a woman calling and sobbing—or did someone just now run up on the porch in distress? Jessica started forward as the door blew open in front of



"Say, a fellow could spend hours watching that thing, couldn't he?"

"or there's going to be a big build-up for a new all-out campaign."

"When does Gray go?"

"Will proceed earliest practicable date," quoted the major. He took a brooding pull at his heavy mustaches. "Then what? I'll tell you. The Army just abandons F Troop without medical care, here at the most advanced regular post in the West. Why did you ever do it?" he asked earnestly. "You get out and pick any other profession but the Army. It's too late for me. I'm *in*. But you—" He waved at unseen worlds of opportunity elsewhere, for Matthew.

"No, I'm in, too," answered Matt.

Hiram Hyde asked himself cloudily whether Lieutenant Hazard was drunk, repeating things that were said to him that way.

The young man again moved his lips speculatively, and then said abruptly, "I'll tell you something else, too, sir."

"Yes, sir?" asked Major Prescott, in a burlesque of respectfulness.

"With your permission, I'm going to call him Prescott Hazard."

The major stood up and found at once that he had better sit down again, which he did. He stared at Matthew with a shiny blur over his eyes. After a long, breathy silence, he said, inarticulate with happiness, "Oh, thunder," and held out his empty glass.

Matthew was in the act of filling it when the office door opened and Jessica Prescott came in. She saw at once the

life that had come to his family and all that it held of love, pride and duty. The last thing he heard as he went out into the moonlight was the voice of his commander, raised in glad song:

"Put my little shoes away,
I'm going nowhere, dear,
The time has come when I must stay,
You'll always have me near."

TEN days later the desert was at its worst. Everyone at Fort Delivery longed for spring. Now the wind blew and carried cutting dust. It was still cold. Animals stood together for comfort, and so did men and women. Laura fought her way against the wind from her quarters to the Prescotts'. It was only a distance of about three hundred feet, but the journey left her trembling weakly by Jessica's Franklin stove.

"Yes, what a day!" said Jessica, to dispose of the obvious. "The poor Grays, setting off in it this morning. Did you see them go?"

"No, but Mrs. Gray brought me a present and said good-by."

"Maud Gray is a little tower of strength. What'd she give you?"

"Some calico. Said she'd carried it around for years, from Fort Porter to Jefferson Barracks to Leavenworth and here, and she refuses to take it another inch. It's pretty."

"Show it to me."

"I'll bring it next time." She glanced in the direction of her quarters. "I've

Laura, who was in hysterics, and carrying her child, who was crying.

"Laura, my dear, what is it? Is it the baby?"

Laura could not speak. She went to kneel on the floor before the stove, hugged the baby and sobbed in anguish. Jessica decided the baby was red and yelling with fright. She left the room, crossed to the office and looked for Matt. He was there with Hiram Hyde. She brought him with a commanding word, "Please, Matt?" and set him to manage his family. She believed that husbands should always handle their wives' hysterics. Both could learn in the process, if they were sensible. If they were not, then at least others were spared a task that had no claim upon them.

"Laura!" Matthew said, embracing her and the baby, "what is it?" But it was minutes before she could tell, and when she did, Matthew pressed his lips together, shook his head, and swallowed his regret and impatience.

"... and when I started home," Laura gasped, "that filthy Joe Dummy was outside, holding the baby in nothing but his little gown, and lifting him high, then down low, and then pointing him four different ways"—Matthew recognized the sacred directions of life to whom Joe thus offered the baby—"and then he took some stuff out of his belt and spread it over the baby, and then he took a dirty little stick and made signs with it, and then he took up some dust off the ground and rubbed it on Prescott's little cheeks, and all this time I was running, it was a nightmare, I never seemed to get there, to take my darling baby out of that horrible smelly creature's arms! And when I came, he shouted, 'Lk!' Why did he say a crazy thing like that? And I took the baby, and he began to cry, and I sent Joe Dummy packing. Oh, why, oh, why—"

SHE broke down beyond speech, sobbing in her exile, her hunger for safety in the wilderness.

Hiram Hyde came in from the office. "Ho-ho, where's my baby?" he roared, to cheer everybody up.

Laura hugged little Prescott closer, and cried, "Either that Joe Dummy goes, or I go!"

The issue was now an administrative one, and the commanding officer raised his eyebrows at Matthew.

"Sir," said Matthew, "Joe Dummy was only trying to bless the baby and dedicate him the way they do and pray over him. Laura caught him at it, and it upset her. He was probably doing it for my sake."

"Upset her!" echoed Laura, aghast at his reasonable tone.

Jessica brought the tea tray. "This cures everything," she said, and poured four cups. But the gentlemen didn't want any and returned to the office to think over their new problem.

Major Prescott finally said, "Of course it's all nonsense, but you know how touchy these Indians are, especially the indispensable ones. I leave it to you to manage it, but one thing is sure: nothing, underscore nothing, is to cause us to lose Joe Dummy. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," replied Matthew confidently, unable to imagine there would be any consequences of the episode.

He was wrong. At midnight Laura awakened him. The baby was in trouble, and she was frightened into silence. She held the child. They heard his breathing that went so fast and sounded like a little, wet whistle. His eyes were open and seemed without sight of the real world. He was in a high fever.

The father and mother looked at each other. This was probably pneumonia, a result of today's exposure in the bitter wind. The post surgeon and his wife and all their effects were a day's journey out on the desert, under escort commanded by Mainwaring, the first lieutenant, on their way to Driscoll, Arizona, and the railroad to Santa Fe. This little boy, eleven days old, the substance of love and pain, might be about to leave the life they had joyfully promised him.

Matthew climbed from bed, put on some clothes, and, with Laura, did what he could for the baby throughout the rest of the night—cool cloths, steam to inhale, the comfort of being held. The wind fell toward dawn, but after sunrise it came up again.

"I can't do anything," said Laura wanly. She was exhausted.

"Let me see if Mrs. Prescott will relieve you for a little while," said Mat-

lightning-struck twig, and made it clear that, as a doctor with ancient knowledge, he had but to see the child in order to invoke a cure.

Let me in this instant, Joe demanded in his silent fashion with his foot on the rock sill of the door. *I will bring down huge powers, and you may stop worrying.*

"No, Joe. Thank you. Good friend. Thank you. But no. My woman will never let you do that."

Woman won't? inquired Joe in dismay, unable to understand why any woman should be consulted about such a matter. He pushed open the door before Matthew could stop him and, holding up his magic, came upon Laura who was walking the baby. Seeing him, she turned white and weak with fury.

"Get out of here, you horrid, dreadful..." and her words dried up, but she made such sounds and shook with

cold. Jessica Prescott and Mrs. Mainwaring were indoors with Laura. The work of the garrison went on through the day, but the young trumpeter, who served as the major's orderly, ran every half hour to fetch the latest bulletins. These were progressively disturbing. As the day passed, the child seemed to be more ill. He went into a deathly calm toward sundown, scarcely breathing, barely responding to any stimulus. None of the women knew what more to do for him. They made about him, and about his mother, a cordon of fierce wills to live.

Jessica watched Laura with increasing pride in her. The young wife seemed to grow stronger the more drawn with fear she became. Late in the day she asked Mrs. Prescott, "Do you think he may die?"

"Yes," said Jessica, "I do. I also think he may live, my dear."

Laura pressed her hands on her mouth, and her eyes filled with tears, and then she said, "If there is a chance for the other, and if it is near, then I must do this."

Helped by the other officers' wives, she took a little dish of water and christened her child.

AS NIGHT fell on doubt and anguish, Matthew had an official task to do that he would rather not have done. At headquarters he said to the commanding officer, "I'm sorry, sir, but Joe Dummy seems to be gone. I've looked for him all day, but when nighttime came, and he wasn't around, I felt I'd better tell you. There's a horse missing, too."

"Didn't I order you directly—" began Hiram Hyde in fury, and then, remembering what everyone was feeling in common throughout the fort, he took a deep breath and resumed quietly, "Have you any explanation as to why he may have disappeared?"

"I'm afraid so, sir..." and Matt described the morning's encounter between Joe and Laura.

"What did you do to mollify Joe?"

"Sir, I said I'd work with him at the corral later. He loves to work the horses with me on the different gaits."

"That all?"

"Yes, sir."

Matthew refused to claim, and the major would not do it for him, that worry over Prescott Hazard had taken all his attention during the day. The best Hiram Hyde could do was to admit, "Well, I suppose nobody could have done anything. Once they get their feelings hurt! He's made it off to his own people, I suppose." He screwed up his face at Matt in wryly comic expression. "You tell me which is worse to handle—wimmin or Injuns!" He sighed and came back to seriousness. "Well, Matt, we've lost a great scout."

"Yes, sir," said Matthew stiffly, feeling responsible both for his own and for Laura's part in what might become a military calamity.

"Oh, thunderation!" said Hiram Hyde at the complexity of human affairs. "Let's go see how my baby is."

They went out against the wind through which the desert spring was trying to come, and at Quarters D entered with the women upon the vigil of that doubtful night. Hiram Hyde kept his own counsel, but he knew that early the next day someone would have to go out after Joe Dummy, recover a stolen horse, and bring back as a prisoner an old comrade in arms. He decided upon a stern merey, contingent on what all dreaded. If Prescott Hazard died during the night, it would be his father



"On July 23d the thermometer hit 98 degrees. On July 23d the..."

COLLIER'S

NED HILTON

thew. He put his lips to her brow for a moment and then left the house.

Outside his door he found Joe Dummy squatting with his back to the stinging wind. Matthew had a sharp stab of anger at the combination of devotion and ignorance that had made the misery inside the little house, but when he spoke to Joe, it was with patience.

"Joe. My baby, you know? He is very sick. Here." Matthew pressed his own chest. "It was bad outside for him yesterday, without any blankets, cold. It has made him very sick. You must not take him again, any more. Do you understand?"

Joe showed no feeling. It was possible that he did not understand cause and effect in relation to the child's illness. He did understand blame, however, and making an impolite, if serious, Indian sign for woman, he gestured toward the interior where Laura was, and wanted to know if she was still angry at him. He rehearsed how she had flown at him yesterday. He rolled his eyes and flapped his tongue and his hands, to show that he had been stunned—killed, really—by her attack.

Matthew nodded. She was still very angry.

Joe all but said "Ah!" with his forefinger and screwed up his face in delight at being able to please the lieutenant by what he would now propose, that would take care of everything.

"Yes, Joe? What is it?" asked Matt.

Joe Dummy produced his sacred

such loathing that Joe scrambled backward out of the door. His face, too, was wrenched with anger. He spat and spat again on the ground and stamped on his spittle. Then with a most abused look, he turned to the young commander whom he worshiped and solemnly shook his head in reproof.

Matthew smiled warmly on him to claim him still as his friend and said, "Come along with me. I'm going to headquarters."

They walked in the cold wind up the row of quarters. Captain Gray's house was being made ready for First Lieutenant Mainwaring and family to move in. The Hazards would then move up one notch to the Mainwarings' quarters, and the adobe hut—Quarters D—at the end of the row would be vacant till a new junior officer arrived, unless a senior officer came to shuttle the lieutenants back to their old quarters again. As they passed Dr. Gray's quarters, Matthew said, "If only he were still here," and then was sorry if Joe had heard what he said, for it seemed hardly polite in the presence of one doctor to sigh for another. At the porch of headquarters, Matt said, "I'll see you over at the corral later on," and went indoors with his poor news...

It was a measure of how remote, and how real, life was at Fort Delivery that the baby's illness became an event shared by all. The women from Soap-suds Row clustered about the door of Quarters D in their shawls, proving sympathy by suffering the bitter, dry

who would be assigned the duty of capturing the renegade tomorrow.

In the lamplight turned low they all sat still, against the brushed adobe walls. They strained to hear, and the infant's breath that now and then came in small, fluttering flights was all they heard other than the wind pressing southwestward with its long, high cry. Yet at about four o'clock Major Prescott lifted his head suddenly, thinking that he heard something, a call on the wind. It was a sentry's challenge borne to him, even made louder by the wind. He glanced at Matthew and went to the door. The moon was gone, but there were stars overhead, and he could now see, as well as hear, a commotion at the main gate, where one horseman dismounted and another, passed on by the sentry, spurred across the parade and rode up to Major Prescott.

"Is that you, Major?" asked the rider, sliding to the ground and unbuckling a small saddlebag.

"Gray!" exclaimed Hiram Hyde. "How in thunderation did you—"

"That Indian scout of yours. He overtook our train about sundown, gave me your orders to return at all speed. He is a devil mounted. I'm ready to put in for line duty, now that I've proved I can ride like that. How is the child?"

The major answered him by pushing him through the door, with his bag of bottles, phials and powders. The captain called for more light, threw off his blouse, rolled up his sleeves and bent over the child who lay in the center of the big bed. Laura fell onto her knees and put her forehead against the mattress and poured out her grateful heart in silence.

SHORTLY after reveille everybody knew the wonderful story of Joe's ride, and all day they told it to one another in various ways.

"Joe found the train just like that, and talked to Gray. Told him the major sent for him. Said he had orders to bring the captain back regardless."

"And he came."

"Yes, and that Mrs. Gray—"

"What did she do?"

"Well, Captain Gray asked her if she thought she'd be safe if he took up and left her. You know what she said?"

"What'd she say?"

"Well, she never batted an eye, but she said right off that, why, of course he ought to leave her. She told him, she said, the baby's new life was more important than her old one!"

"She never!"

"She certainly did. And so she said she'd just go on to Driscoll with Lieutenant Mainwaring and the escort, and wait there."

"So then Joe and Captain Gray turned around and rode back here."

"Yes, and the captain said he was entirely lost till he saw the lights of the fort. Joe made his own trail."

"Now think of that."

"And the baby is already better. You watch. He'll be waving his little fists and cooing tomorrow."

As this prophecy was borne out the next day, a feeling of heroism went through all the garrison, men and women alike. They told the desert, the enemy, to do all it could against them. What could ever hope to succeed against the United States Cavalry? Even the weather, for during the afternoon the wind rose to wild gusts, and then gave way to rain. It rained into the night, and nobody but the sentries

WRONG NUMBERS

Are the girls who stand under
The mistletoe
The sweet ones, the neat ones,
The pretty ones? No!

—RICHARD ARMOUR

was awake to know when it stopped, but in the morning, when the trumpeter called them with his harsh music and they went out, it was to see a day so pure, a sky so fresh, a land so fragrant and tenderly touched with green from which all dust had been washed away, that they had a feeling of being blessed and gave thanks that it had fallen to their lot to know spring in the desert.

GRAY was to leave to overtake his train. Matthew asked Laura if she didn't think he ought to ride with the doctor, along with Joe, who was to be the guide.

"I certainly do think so, Matt, after what he has done for us."

She was sewing, and bit her thread in a busy contentment that made him smile with love. He loved her to be so pretty, so free of anguish, so certain that with her small affairs in order, all was right in the wide world elsewhere.

"What're you doing?" he asked, indicating her work—hummocks of calico, and pins, and patterns cut from the Prescotts' old copies of the New York Herald.

"You'll see," she replied, "by the time you get back."

He forgot all about it, but six days later when he returned near evening, she continued the conversation in perfect logic and instructed him to bring Joe Dummy to her.

"Joe? You want to see Joe?"

"Immediately. Don't let him refuse."

"I'm inclined to think, on the whole, Laura darling, that the less you do about Joe the—"

"Nonsense. Immediately."

It took Matthew half an hour to persuade Joe that he must go to Mrs. Hazard. Matthew could not endure to witness the meeting. He remained at the corral while Joe moved sidelong across the parade to Quarters D, alerted to flee at any moment.

At the door Laura was waiting. "Hello, Joe," she said overloudly, as though Joe were deaf as well as alien.

The Indian did not answer, as he believed his presence was acknowledgment enough. He was afraid, for he had no recourse against the fury of a woman like this. With one of his own, if she dared to abuse him, it would be proper to hold her by the hair and beat her till she could shriek no more. But looking fixedly at Laura he saw something odd. He saw that her cheek, her lips, quivered in spite of the unimportant smile she kept on her face. Her hands trembled so that she had to clasp them together. Her voice was dry. He thought: She is afraid.

It was true. The impassive, grotesque creature before her seemed to her the essence of all that simply could not exist among human beings. Yet she was determined to recognize him as a man, to deal with him at close quarters in the terms she might employ with any stranger to whom she was indebted. If she could manage this, she would gain a milestone of maturity, and she knew it.

As steadily as she could, she said, "Joe, please wait just there for a minute. I'll be right back. Don't you go

now!" She disappeared into the house and then emerged bringing a large basin of hot water with soap and a towel. "Now use this. Take off your shirt, and wash, *hard*. Go on, Joe. Right now. I'll be right back again."

She retired once more. He plucked at his dirt-velveted shirt as if considering what to do. She appeared again holding something else. "Go on, take it off and scrub"—she pantomimed how with one hand and with the other held up a new shirt made of Mrs. Gray's calico—"because I made this for you, and I want you to put it on!"

It was a beautiful shirt, with long tails that could hang outside an Indian belt. The calico was of turkey red, and all over it grew lemon-yellow flowers with bright green leaves.

"You'll see, Joe," she said in accents that promised even more if he did as she asked. He slowly undressed to the waist and then wildly attacked the soap and water. He blew and whistled and tore at his face, his breast and belly, and fought each hand with the other. Her fear began to dissolve in amusement. He was like a dust-devil, stirred up from the desert by the wind and dancing over one spot in brief fury.

"Good!" she cried, as he dried himself with large, inaccurate swipes of the towel. "Now see how you'll look!"

She handed him the new shirt. As he buttoned it with a look of restrained pride, she saw that his hands, while cleaner, were not what she called clean. But it was as much as she could hope for the first time.

"Now. Don't we look fine?" she said, and added, "Now, what all this is for, Joe. You wait."

Turning to the house again she saw Matthew approaching cautiously to determine at close range what the curious performance meant that he had watched across the parade. Joe also noticed his coming, and averse to being an object of curiosity, he started to make his way sidewise toward the corner of the house where he could disappear. But Laura was too quick for him.

"Joe Dummy!" she called. "You come back here this instant!"

HER voice was clear and sweet. He turned. She came from her doorway with her baby in her arms. He walked back to her. This much Matthew saw clearly as he approached, but he could hardly believe what he saw next. Laura, leaning forward with the grace of all springtime, laid her baby in Joe's arms, as though to say that at last she knew who her real friends were.

Joe stared with incredulous pleasure at the child he was given to hold. He looked up as Matt's shadow fell across him. Laura watched an unspoken exchange between the two men. They were glad, both of them, that their recent trouble in connection with a woman was over, for that was the worst kind and always had to be met with special powers.

Joe Dummy then did an odd thing. After a long, earnest look into the baby's face, he ceremonially handed him to Matthew to hold, and then motioned to him to give the baby to Laura. It seemed a gesture larger than it was, giving life back to its source, from man to woman.

Laura held her child. Prescott Hazard, not quite three weeks old, lay with his face to the sky, where the light was changing. He could see light, vast and pure. It was reflected slate-blue in his clear, unfocused eyes. ▲▲▲

In Next Week's Collier's



The Secret Weapon We Were Afraid To Use

By JOHN STEINBECK

President Roosevelt liked the idea, but other high officials were shocked at the thought of using it, even against the Nazis. Here's a story which could have tremendous future significance.



The Dog That TRAVELED INCOGNITO

By LUDWIG BEMELMANS

A famous writer tells the warm story of Little Bin, who had a patent-leather nose, shoe-button eyes, a brain no larger than an olive—and the brave heart of a lion. Illustrated by the author.



Ruark Shoots a BUFFALO

By ROBERT C. RUARK

The adventures and sharp-eyed Mr. Ruark continues his Africa safari and meets up with a big Cape buffalo. The result is a down-to-earth tale of adventure that you are certain to enjoy.

CALENDAR ART

You'll have to look at those commercial jobs a whole year, so be selective

ANOTHER year is off to a frustrating start, with me failing once again to place a single calendar in the annual art competition at our house. I didn't even get an honorable mention.

The calendar exhibit at our place is an affair Harriet and I have been staging, about this time every year, as long as we've been married. From the time the new calendars first start to appear, everyone in the family gathers as many as he can. When we get a stack of them, we break the collection down into classifications, hang all the entries in the living room, then call in a few neighbors and have an art exhibit and critique. We install the winning calendars wherever they're needed for the rest of the year, and let the kids draw mustaches on the entries that fail to place.

There was a nice turnout this year: five classes of calendar art, with two or three entries in each class. Here are the results of the judging:

1. American primitive class (for sun porch). My entry here was a color lithograph of an Indian girl wearing a feather and a beaded antimacassar, standing on a rock at the edge of a pool. (Distributed by the Idle Hour Pool Room.) That picture had more art to it, per square inch, than any other entry in the exhibit. The shadowing was superb. The colors were warm and human. She was the pinkest Indian I ever saw, and the very personification of symmetry.

But Harriet ruled the picture out. She liked Indians well enough, she said, but with reservations. And her reservation line, as she put it, stopped short of squaws in G strings. She wouldn't even leave the picture up for the rest of the exhibit.

The winner in the American Primitive class was another Indian study, an old Navajo chief, done in tempera, sitting in front of a tepee with a clay pot full of corn in his lap. (Distributed by some washing-powder people.)

2. Industrial class (for my [?] den). I had two entries here. One of them was The Little Miss in the Motor, an offset, full-color job of the Kleen-Kut Tool & Die Company's Girl-of-the-Year. She was a beautifully proportioned young lady, with plenty of character, in a torn shirt and a pair of cut-me-down (cut-me-way-down) overalls. She was holding a Never-Slip adjustable wrench and bending artistically over an automobile motor.

The other entry was a blonde in a Bikini bathing suit (full-color, offset printing) operating a Thunder King Snow Plow.

Both of these entries lost out on technicalities. Harriet insisted that the girl in each picture was,

By RALPH REPPERT

actually, a composite of the better features of several models—one girl's hairdo, another girl's eyelashes, another girl's smile and so on down the line.

The Industrial class winner Harriet finally decided on was a color photograph of a Greater Hinkleville Power & Light Company substation.

3. Geographic class (for wall at end of hall). Judging in this department involved a great deal of heated argument, and I must say I conceded reluctantly. The winner chosen in the class was the Trans-Whiz Airlines' water colors of 12 of the world's faraway places, none of them more than 40 hours, by air, from Pomeroy, Ohio, or Owosso, Mich., or wherever you happen to get on the plane.

My entry in the Geographic class was prettier, I thought, and certainly as educational. It was a multicolor water-wash painting distributed by Osburn & Fiddler, Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Consultants.

The picture portrayed an Eskimo debutante getting ready to retire. She was attired, quite prettily, I thought, in a form-fitting fingertip-length sleeping parka with a television neckline. Ermine trim. Standing guard beside her was her sled dog, also a husky.

The picture was executed perfectly in every detail, and its lighting effect was the finest I have seen. The flickering colors of the aurora borealis formed the background, and the weird lights played beautifully upon the subject matter.

It was entitled *Bed Time in Baffin Land*, designated technically as an evening study. Offhand, I'd judge that particular time of evening to be about six weeks after sunset, which, as you well know, is just the shank of the evening up in Baffin Land.

4. Domestic class (for the kitchen). I had only one entry in the Domestic class, but a good one. It was a full-color job of a young lady wrapped up in a cellophane shower curtain, telling an intruding plumber that he had come to the wrong address. (Distributed by the Southern Soil Pipe & Fixture Corporation.)

Both characters were exceptionally well done. It was a harmless little vignette on everyday living, because you could tell at a glance that the intruding character was, basically, a gentleman. And you could certainly tell that the character in the shower wasn't, because you could see . . . well, because you could see.

But Harriet ruled the picture out without com-

ment and awarded first prize to a calendar sent to us by one of the department stores. It was a reproduction of one of those horribly heavy oil paintings of flowers, and I've never seen so much color smeared on so heavily in my life. As closely as I can determine, the artist must have created it with catsup, chlorophyll and four kinds of mayonnaise, laying the stuff on with a screw driver instead of a brush.

Second prize in this class (for the pantry door) went to another oil still life, a candlelight study of a chuck roast flanked by eggplant, sweet potatoes and Bermuda onions. (Distributed by Fordyce's Meat Market.)

5. Outdoors class (for the rumpus room). For real art, the calendar the chewing-tobacco people put out should have won me a first in the Outdoors class. Entitled *Some Catch*, it pictured a red-headed young lady out fishing. She wasn't actually nude, as Harriet insisted. She had on a creel and a fly rod, and was standing up to her creel in a clear mountain pool. Harriet wouldn't have any part of it.

So the Outdoors class first prize went, by default, to the little calendar we got from Beechum's Pharmacy. It was a picture of a little freckled feller with a bamboo fishing pole, bent pinhook and a can of worms. He had a string of big fish. He was grinning at a city feller, outfitted by Abercrombie & Fitch, who had caught only one little four-inch fish with all his expensive gear. The city feller was also wearing what is sometimes described as a rueful grin. More expressive grins I have seen painted on balloons.


That wound up the judging for this year. For real art, I still think I won the exhibit, hands down, but you can't argue art with a woman. I don't mind the losing so much. It's just that I've got to look, throughout the year to come, at the pictures that beat me out.

In the meantime, though, my entries won't go to waste, because I know any number of art lovers who will be glad to find places for them.

George Peeble wants the Eskimo girl to hang in his basement workshop.

Charlie Dinger will display the Indian maiden against the side of his furnace.

And the boys down at the garage are going to trade me a motor tune-up for the picture of the mechanical doll in the short overalls. She's the one, you remember, who borrowed one girl's eyelashes, another girl's smile and so on down the line.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to meet some of her other friends? 



We hang all the entries in the living room, then call in a few neighbors and have an art exhibit and critique

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT DAY

Moving in with the EISENHOWERS

... You're invited to a housewarming—with the first Republican President in 20 years.

We Americans insist that our heads of state behave like Presidents, but live like kings! As you'll discover when you inspect Ike and

Mamie Eisenhower's \$40,000,000, 107-room new home that even tops their lavish NATO villa outside Paris.

The first Presidential couple to occupy the redone White House for a full term can see any movie ever made on a moment's notice! Will be waited on by 64 servants! Have secret service men do their shopping! Swim in a private pool! Walk through rooms always perfumed by fresh-cut flowers! Ride a private elevator! Take their choice of two dozen limousines, their own railroad car, a private super airliner, or a luxurious yacht! At night they'll retire to living quarters with 25 rooms and 12 baths. (Although the only private connection between Ike and Mamie's suites is a narrow passageway between their clothes closets!)

Want to know the special living habits of Hoover, F.D.R., and Coolidge? What will happen to Truman's piano? What it's like to live in a goldfish bowl? How well they entertain? Walk into the White House with our new First Family!

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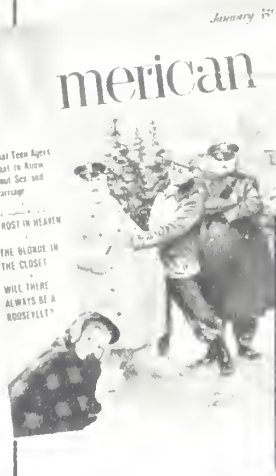
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THE **American** MAGAZINE



WASHINGTON'S THIRD

Newcomers to the capital can forget the rules they observed at home. In Washington, six-to-one Martinis are served at teas. And there's no need to greet the hostess. She may not even show up

By ANDREW F. TULLY

AS THE son of a President and a long-time politician, Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio has never been a country bumpkin, nor has he ever lacked intestinal fortitude. Nevertheless, the distinguished senator was flabbergasted when he attended his first Washington cocktail party some years ago and surveyed the assorted alcoholic potions, arrayed in soldierly precision for the expeditious consumption of the guests.

"Good heavens," gasped Taft. "Do people drink *all* that stuff?"

The answer is: They sure do.

Of all the hazards faced by the new administration, few are more hair-raising than those it will encounter in the *salons* and saloons of the nation's capital. Washington offers the unwary officeholder the most awesome and diverse selection of spirituous and vinous beverages known to man. As new bureaucrats move in to replace the old, they will find themselves invited to as many as three or four cocktail parties a day. For the cocktail party is as much a part of the Washington scene as the fat expense account.

Happily, this problem is of no concern to the top figures in the new team which takes over January 20th. President-elect Dwight D. Eisenhower, a veteran of the Washington party circuit, is well aware of the dangers which lurk in the generosity of an affable host.

For years, Ike has stuck to plain Scotch and water, and he generally limits himself to a couple of swigs of the stuff per evening. Occasionally he will take a Martini, and if Southern friends of political power insist, he tries bourbon.

But although Ike is known as a play-it-safe drinker, he is far from being a stiff, unbending partygoer. Washington hostesses remember his appearances at their chrome-trimmed shindigs with pleasure because of his easygoing manner and his willingness to join in the fun. One of the proudest memories of Perle Mesta's halcyon days in the

hostess dodge is of the night she persuaded Ike to stand up at a party and warble a passable rendition of *Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes*.

Eisenhower put a fine quaver into his voice for that one, and some of the ladies present like to swooned. "Ike is definitely the romantic type," Perle declared a little mistily, after she'd located her breath.

Vice-President-elect Richard Nixon is on even more solid ground than Ike—Dick simply doesn't touch the stuff. At Washington parties he sticks to soft drinks.

Nixon's attitude toward strong drink is the subject of much sorrowful discussion around the Senate. To many senators and hangers-on, the new Veep is going to be a poor social substitute for the convivial, storytelling Alben Barkley. In recent years, Barkley has been a most sparing tippler, but his office door on the Hill was always open to the friend seeking a medicinal dram.

But if Eisenhower is protected by self-restraint and Nixon by total abstinence, others in the new administration face some harrowing nights trying to fight off the temptation to indulge in the fantastic drinks available at Washington cocktail parties.

Helpful Hints for the Inexperienced

It would be useless to issue the blunt warning: Don't go! After all, the nation was suffering from prohibition the last time the Republicans were in power, and now they want to have a little fun. But it also would be most uncharitable not to offer a few hints for survival. These are parlous times and we should not like any new man to wake up some morning with a hang-over and decide to give Rhode Island to Joe Stalin.

To begin with, a Washington cocktail party is like nothing you ever attended by that name in Sioux Falls. The main idea seems to be to herd as many people as possible into one place and then

feed them as much liquor as they can hold. Sometimes these shindigs are advertised as teas, but that's just a gag. There were ugly mutterings some time ago when a bunch of free-loaders showed up for a "tea" and found that tea—and only tea—actually was being served.

Chances are you'll never meet your hostess. Usually there's too much of a crush and, anyway, the lady giving the party doesn't care about the bowing and scraping, so long as everybody shows up and has a good time. There was, for instance, the occasion when Mrs. O. Max Gardner, widow of the former ambassador to Great Britain, gave a posh drinking party just before the 1950 Jefferson-Jackson Day Democratic dinner.

Leaving the party, one naïve guest mentioned that he felt caddish because he hadn't greeted his hostess.

"Oh, that's okay," replied his companion. "She wasn't even there."

He was right. Mrs. Gardner had been busy attending a meeting to plan the Democrats' dinner.

The first thing the freshly arrived Republican will notice at a cocktail party in the capital is that there seems to be some rule against having it in a big enough room. The basic formula seems to be to crowd 500 persons into a space built to accommodate 250, and then turn them loose on a minimum of two bars.

The result is something like a Texas cattle stampede. Some guests, who make a show of concealing their thirst, stop first for a chat with the hostess, but the smart boys swing right into action. Pausing only long enough to check their hats and coats, they make an immediate dash for one of the bars—a simple and wholesome form of exercise, providing you played fullback last year for Notre Dame. In that case, you generally can make the bar about 10 minutes after hitting the scrimmage line, with only minor bruises.

There, Mr. Republican, is where the real danger

Collier's for January 3, 1953



PARTY—*The Cocktail Party*

lies. After a hard day at the office, followed by the savage off-tackle thrust that carries you to the bar, those bottles will look mighty good. Sample the stuff by all means. Sample it, even, generously. But make your selection with the utmost discretion.

At run-of-the-mill cocktail parties, the choice is pretty standard—bourbon, Scotch, Martinis and Manhattans. If you are wise, you'll stick to either bourbon or Scotch. But if you're normal, you'll probably be tempted by the cocktails.

As everybody knows, a good dry Martini is one of man's finest works. But to the uninitiated, the Washington Martini is a sinister concoction. A three-to-one ratio of gin to vermouth is for babies, and four-to-one is for the youth with down on his cheeks. Men take their Martinis, in Washington, at a five-, six- or seven-to-one ratio, and the capital's bartenders are attuned to their patron's desires.

One Martini at a Washington party will shore you up fine and set you to thinking kind thoughts about the Bureau of the Budget. Two will give you the strength (you'll think) of five men; your debate with that 200-pounder will take on new vigor. After a third, you're on your own—but keep your name and address pinned somewhere on your person so they'll know where to ship the body.

Veterans in Washington, of course, generally treat the Martini with the utmost respect. An exception is Dean Acheson, a particularly healthy gent, and an enthusiastic Martini fan. But Acheson is sensible; he is content with no more than a four-to-one ratio. "I like," says the retiring Secretary of State, "to be at least vaguely aware of the vermouth."

Henry Cabot Lodge, who will head the United States delegation to the UN, mixes one of the finest Martinis in the Western Hemisphere. But his personal consumption usually stops after one. He favors Scotch or beer, both in moderation.

Hazardous as the standard drinks might seem, they are as milk shakes to some of the more exotic liquors available—particularly at diplomatic affairs.

Most newcomers to Washington will arrive with a record of having successfully resisted ruin by champagne, by reason of never having had enough of it put in front of them. But at embassy parties, they will be confronted with fountains of the stuff, into which anyone may dip as often as his co-ordination permits. The heady realization that here,

for the first time in his life, is *enough* champagne, has caused many a bureaucrat to take leave of a party feet first.

There are, also, the punches. Some start with rum, some with sauterne and some with innocent grape juice—but they are all deadly. The latest fad, initiated by the ineffable Mrs. Gwen Cafritz, capital social leader, is a howl that gives forth clouds of steam and conjures up uncomfortable thoughts of the nether regions. The steam is produced by dry ice.

Then there are the national poisons. Vodka, a corrosive distillation of potato alcohol, is standard at the Russian Embassy—although ambassador Georgi Zarubin prefers Scotch. It is also pushed at the other Iron Curtain embassies, since a satellite ambassador is well aware of which side his high-ball glass is moistened on.

Beware of Dynamic Vodka Martinis

Vodka has the approximate kick of a small jet engine and should be avoided, particularly when proffered in the guise of a "vodka Martini." Taken in that form, vodka not only knocks you flat; it stomps all over you.

The Yugoslavs proudly serve something called *slivovitz*, a kind of brandy distilled from plums (not, as some victims have sworn, from second-hand sulphuric acid). Still, if you chase it down quickly enough with water, the roof of your mouth is almost sure to heal within a week.

Then there is raki, a Turkish liqueur with the flavor—and all the baleful qualities—of anisette and absinthe. General Omar N. Bradley, after sampling some hospitality at the Turkish Embassy, once commented: "Let's never fight the Turks. Bullets would just bounce off a people who can drink that stuff day in and day out."

Most top officials, having, perhaps, purchased wisdom dearly in their youth, attend as few Washington cocktail parties as possible. But almost all of them attend one occasionally; when they do, they generally proceed with caution. Joseph W. Martin, Jr., of Massachusetts, who will be Speaker of the House, is as careful in his drinking habits as he is in everything else. He doesn't care for liquor of any kind and would as soon drink Scotch as bourbon because he never takes more than a few

polite sips. Senator Taft sips Scotch absent-mindedly; no cocktails for him.

Of the holdovers, Chief Justice Fred Vinson is probably the party-goingest man in town and one of the gayest guests a hostess could desire. A Kentuckian, the chief justice naturally favors bourbon. He's a dignified drinker, but, before a party breaks up, he can sometimes be prevailed on to render *My Old Kentucky Home*.

Justice Tom Clark is another bourbon drinker—and so are Justices William Douglas and Sherman Minton. Justice Harold Burton and Mrs. Burton are seen everywhere, but the justice is strictly a sipper. Among other familiar faces—and bourbon drinkers—at Washington parties are Representative Sam Rayburn of Texas, the retiring Speaker, and Leslie Biddle, the retiring Senate secretary.

As the new administration swings into the height of the social season, you can expect periodic outbursts in Congress against the cocktail party. Democratic Senator Robert Kerr of Oklahoma and Senator Wayne Morse, the Oregon independent, always make at least one speech apiece about the evils of the institution, and at least one Senate chaplain has raised a plea to Heaven to protect his legislative babes-in-the-wood from the Martini. It was the late Reverend Peter Marshall who opened one session of the Senate by praying: "Almighty Father, save these, Thy servants, the chosen of the people, from the tyranny of the nonessential, from the weary round of that which saps strength, frays nerves, shortens life, and adds nothing to their usefulness to Thee and to this nation."

But, Republicans or no, Washington will probably remain the kind of town where, at day's end, a stiff slug of snake-bite remedy will seem like the best specific for the preservation of sanity. White House sources tell this story about Harry S. Truman, whose liking for an occasional sour mash bourbon and branch water sometimes troubles his physician, Major General Wallace H. Graham.

The night of the 1952 Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner, at which he announced that he would not run again, Truman is said to have come home, kicked off his shoes and rummaged through a cupboard until his hand struck the proper bottle. Then he commented thoughtfully: "The hell with Doc Graham! There are nights when a man needs a couple of good drinks of whisky." ▲▲▲

Where Have All the Handys?

They're working at better jobs, and so are the plumbers, baby sitters and domestics

AMERICANS have always taken service, preferably with a smile, as much for granted as fresh air or the morning paper. We have been history's most spoiled, smiled-at, experted and sales-talked people. Yet, at a prosperous time when we can afford to pay more for it, the service itself has slipped out of gear.

The symptoms are painfully clear to all of us. We see them each day in an endless reel of mislaid deliveries, missing maids and short-lived repairs. Among the villains in these minor tragicomedies of errors are snippy salespeople, slow-motion re-

pairmen—and you. As customers, we have always expected as much as possible for as little as possible from the people who serve us. The time was bound to come when that attitude would bring on service with a smirk.

I talked with many authorities—economists, sociologists, government officials and labor leaders—and most of them agreed that never before has the customer been so ill-treated, or so hard to please. The resulting decline in cheerful efficiency, the experts told me, has become a creeping, costly economic ailment. And, ironically, it is a by-prod-

uct of our present high standard of living. But how is it that good times can mean a hard time for the served and the servers alike? The main trouble, I found, is that we now have what Harvard economist Seymour Harris calls "a sellers' market in service."

In plain talk, there just aren't enough service workers to fill the boom-time demand. American employment is at a peak, with about 62,000,000 on the job. There are more professional and technical people than in 1940, and many more industrial workers.

The fatter the payroll, the louder the clamor for service. Yet the percentage of people performing service chores, compared with the total number of workers, has slumped sharply.

Take salespeople. We're buying more than ever; the dollar volume of our production has shot up by 83 per cent since 1939. But the staffs selling those products to us have increased by only about 25 per cent. Over the same years, by comparison, the number of office workers has nearly doubled.

The World Needs More Electricians

We've never needed electricians as we do now. We are switching on more and more new electrical gewgaws. Last year, we bought more than 11,000,000 radio and television sets, not to mention enormous quantities of new-type appliances—like 2,000,000 steam irons and a half-million clothes driers and a quarter of a million dishwashers. Someone must keep them repaired.

In the last 10 years, the electrical-repair industry doubled its volume of work. Yet an industry spokesman estimates that the number of repair workers has increased by as little as 10 per cent.

Not only has it become difficult to get appliances fixed, but—more important—millions of old houses are dangerously in need of modernized rewiring. As it is, they're fire hazards.

But while the shortage of electricians is a sore spot, homeowners probably have been pinched most by the virtual disappearance of houseworkers and professional putterers.

Nowadays, Old Joe, the handy man who used to do odd jobs around the house, is probably pleasantly engaged in a well-paying 40-hour-a-week factory job—and who can blame him? The teen-agers who used to mow the lawn and sit with the baby no longer need the money. Their parents are earning more; the kids get an allowance or they can earn handsome pin money at part-time jobs in stores or factories.

Maids are becoming as hard to find as the pot-bellied kitchen stove. Nearly half again as many women as before the war are working—but there are 350,000 fewer household workers. The help which families once got free from unmarried female relatives is gone, too. The "maiden aunt" now is a "bachelor girl," and she has a job.

Since many workingwomen depend on domestics, full or part time, this shortage has put an irritating kink in the nation's whole economic setup. Many women sorely needed in the defense effort, for example, either lose valuable time or don't work at all because they cannot find household help. A Washington hospital reports that the main excuse for absenteeism among its married nurses is that "the maid didn't show up today."

It isn't that housework is particularly unpleasant. The Women's Bureau of the Labor Department insists that many women would just as cheerfully wield a dust rag as run a machine or punch a typewriter—if pay and working condi-

Collier's for January 3, 1953



A typical complaint of service workers: the boss who always expects too much for her money—and stands there to make sure she gets it. That's a widespread gripe

Men Gone?

By CARLE HODGE

other years. That's why service is at an all-time low—and costing more than ever

tions were comparable and *if* they were properly treated, as respectable employees instead of as lackeys.

These days, a maid's mop—or a plumber's wrench—almost always can be turned in for an implement with more prestige. One Washington official recounts the white-apron-to-white-collar success story of his former housekeeper, an unpleasantly plump young woman who had worked for him seven years. Shortly after the war, she suddenly began attending night school. Then she dieted into slimmness. She now is happily employed as a bank bookkeeper.

Her endeavor pinpoints two of the shiny lures which cause service workers to cast fond eyes on new fields.

First, she understandably yearned for more pay than she could collect behind a broom. Except for such skilled craftsmen as plumbers and electricians, service workers are traditionally low-paid. And their plight is worse now than ever before: in the wartime and postwar inflation, their salaries and working conditions, meager to begin with, have not kept pace with the general rise. The average maid's salary has jumped only 51 per cent since 1939, while the cost of living has doubled.

Second, and perhaps even more important than earnings, the Washington official's former maid was striving for the kind of social respect the rest of us bestow too seldom on maids. More and more, we have tried to make the white collar the symbol of what the well-dressed American wears. That attitude, along with the influence of wider schooling and the magic spell cast by movies and advertising, has meant fewer recruits for lower-paid jobs.

"Most girls who write to the Women's Bureau," says Frances Whitelock of the Labor Department, "want glamor jobs. They want to be air-line stewardesses or television actresses or to go into the Foreign Service."

Male Movie Star in Plumber Role

So many starched-collar Americans have looked down so long on that segment of the citizenry which toils with its hands that a plumbing-trade publication waxed ecstatic a few months ago when Universal-International turned out a movie called *Just Across the Street*, in which a plumber (John Lund) not only was the clean-cut, bright-eyed hero but also got the girl, who happened to be Ann Sheridan. The publication did not imply that every plumber worth his fittings might get an Ann Sheridan, but it did murmur a "prayer that movie makers finally are laying to rest those tired old jokes about plumbers."

Besides resenting their low social status, service workers often complain that their employers don't appreciate the work done for them, and, worse, frequently don't understand it. I interviewed many maids, for example, who protested that their lady bosses expect better work than they themselves would do.

A frequent grievance of fix-it people is that the customers try to second-guess them. A plumber told me: "Housewives almost always underestimate the job. If we were always equipped to do any job, we'd have to travel in five-ton trucks. We can't, so we often have to return to the shop to pick up more supplies. Homeowners can't understand why we charge them for such trips."

Essentially, all these complaints deal with a lack of consideration on the part of the employer.

There are other gripes of a more subtle nature which fall into the same category. A Chicago janitor, who says his tenants "can't afford to have servants of their own, so they try to treat the janitor as their servant," was deeply hurt one Christmas. He received an envelope from a resident in the building, and, warm with yuletide spirit, opened it quickly. Instead of a gift, the envelope contained a note which said curtly, "I'll be home today so please keep the heat up."

There is the story (reported in a survey by restaurant owners) of a waitress who burst into tears

because a customer failed to leave a tip. It wasn't the money that bothered the girl. She was distraught because the customer had snubbed her.

In view of the great gulf that has been developing between employer and worker, it should come as no shock that many once-buffeted tradesmen and hired girls are asserting a firm independence now that jobs are plentiful. Here's how a noted sociologist, Dr. Everett Hughes of the University of Chicago, explained it to me:

"In any matter of service, one person is doing as routine what another person regards as highly



A typical complaint of employers: the worker who starts a job and takes his own time about finishing it—like the plumber who shut off the water for four days

important. You think your repair work is an emergency, but to the repairman it's just another chore. When there is a change in supply and demand, as there has been recently, the question of what is an emergency comes up. Right now, the performer of the service is doing the deciding, and he is inclined to believe that nothing is an emergency.

"Of course, if he were looking for customers, he'd be on the spot."

Sad Experience With a Plumber

A neighbor of mine knows precisely what the sociologist means. Not long ago, a kitchen water pipe began to leak, and a plumber was summoned. The plumber appeared four days afterward, late on a Friday afternoon, turned off all the water in the building and then ripped into the wall. After a few minutes, he reported that it was time to quit. "You'll have to leave the water off," he announced, "until I come back Monday."

On Monday he worked a few hours, then decided that the trouble all along had been the water pressure upstairs. He'd fix that the following day; he had a big job to do that afternoon. On Tuesday—eight days after the plumber was called and four days after the water was shut off—the leak in my friend's kitchen faucet was finally repaired.

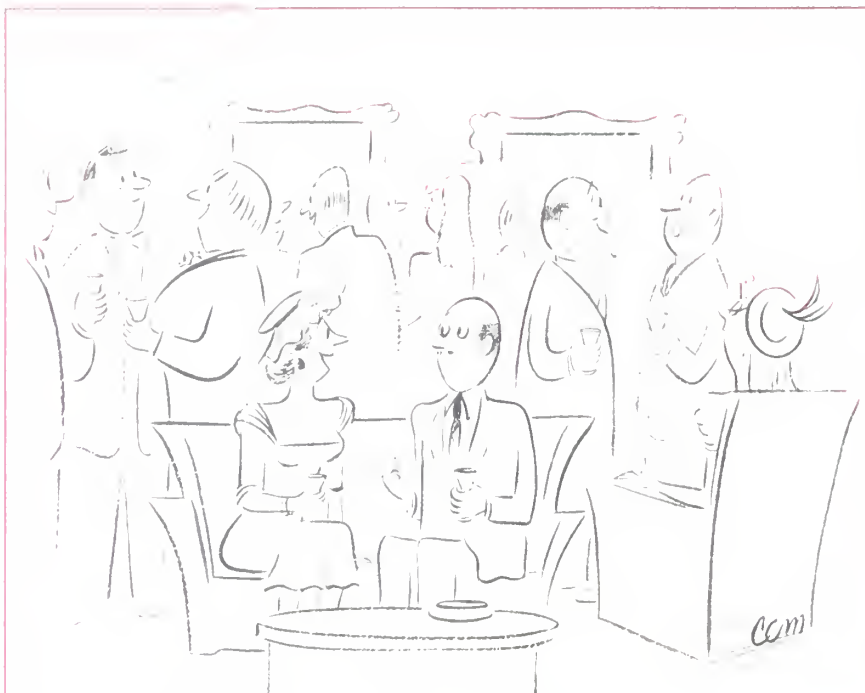
Even worse than such simple slipshoddiness, though, is what seems to be a spreading tendency to fleece the unwary. The television-repair business is an example. In St. Louis, the Better Business Bureau put its hawkshaws on the trail of a television service about which it had been peppered with complaints. A bureau investigator took a TV set in good working order, replaced a 15-cent fuse with a broken one and took the set to be repaired. A few days later, the bureau sleuth received a bill for \$32.60 for "aligning horizontal drive and frequency and adjusting horizontal and vertical hold and linearity."

Although the high-tension jargon might have impressed the unwitting, the bureau knew it was pseudotechnical jabberwocky.

However, most TV repairmen obviously would no more think of hoodwinking the public than most electricians or plumbers or service-station workers would intentionally give poor service. It is the dishonest or lazy few who burden the rest.

One official of an electrical union lays the blame, at least in his own field, to second-rate workmen, whose numbers seem to increase in good times because of a relative shortage of skilled men. "Under conditions of full employment," he says, "the level of mechanics tends to be lowered by the marginal workers who are carried along by the great demand for maintenance service."

But if there is a scarcity of skilled workers in the fix-it trades, the unions themselves must share the blame. They long have been inhospitable to newcomers. The plumbers, for example, have two craft organizations, the National Association of Master Plumbers and an AFL union of journeymen plumbers. Robert T. Morrill of Beloit, Wisconsin, national apprenticeship chairman of the master plumbers, told me flatly that "neither the masters nor the journeymen are keen about having more apprentices."



COLLIER'S

"Are you paper back or hard cover?"

CHARLES E. MARTIN

Keen or not, the plumbers are being forced to relent. Next year, the two organizations will sponsor an active recruiting program.

Faulty services, whatever their intricate causes may be, are gnawing like hidden termites at the American business structure, as well as at the repair trades.

A recent survey of laundries, as an example, uncovered an overflow of customer complaints—20 per cent more than two years earlier. And remember

the swarms of gasoline-station attendants who used to wipe your road-stained windshield and check your tires? A checkup disclosed recently that less than half the stations were including those added favors.

Some time ago, the New York University School of Retailing polled young workingwomen on their chief gripes against department stores. The career girls were irked most, NYU found, by discourtesy and an insufficiency of salesclerks. At about the same

time, the Willmark Service System, an organization paid by retail stores to keep tab on employee-customer relations, reported a new rock bottom in the efficiency of salespeople. A later survey showed improvement, and a Willmark official said that the reason undoubtedly was increased employer interest.

Like the Willmark official, a top retailing authority lays the blame for discourtesy squarely on management. "Show me a store," he says, "where management regards retailing as a public service, and not merely as a way to coin cash, and I'll show you a store with hard-working and courteous salespeople."

The significance of poor workmanship and low morale in the services goes far deeper than the irritated customer—or the apathetic employer—might suppose.

"What worries me," Sumner Slichter, another Harvard economist, told me, "is the vast waste of money brought on by inaccuracy and inefficiency. Mistakes by overworked and poorly supervised people run up costs. This waste touches our whole economy."

Professor Slichter related a personal experience which, except for minor details, might well be the story of any one of millions of us:

"We ordered a crib and a mattress recently for our granddaughter. A choice of two kinds of wood was offered. My wife decided on birch, but the store sent maple. Rather than go through the bother of sending the crib back, we decided to keep the maple—though the color didn't match the other furniture."

"But the wrong mattress was also delivered. In the case of the mattress, we felt that we had to get what we had ordered, so the store had to make an extra trip to take back the wrong mattress and deliver the right one."

Unfair Expense to Consumer

Someone must pay for needless extra trips, for mistakes corrected, for work done over. Who digs down?

Ultimately, you, the consumer.

The statisticians have not tried even to guess the amount of cash which ebbing service washes down the American drain, but they agree it must be staggering.

There's a bizarre footnote to the postwar spiral: the cost of mass-producing many low-cost items—inexpensive clocks, say—has dropped, while the fee for repairing them has rocketed. It's often cheaper to buy a new one than to repair the old.

And besides clocks, one repairman pointed out to me, fountain pens, irons, vacuum cleaners and sometimes even higher-priced merchandise often sell for less than major repairs would cost. I have a table-model radio for which I paid \$14 in 1945. In the past nine months, I've spent \$16 having it doctored. I would have been better off, obviously, buying a new one, even at slightly higher prices.

Most of my money went into salary for the repairman, who, like the rest of us, is paying fatter grocery bills. It is one of the little incongruities of our assembly-line age that the labor costs for manufacturing a gadget can be less than it costs one man to repair it.

The trouble is that most of us, though

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

"Then tomorra you'd tell th' kid a mean ol' burglar swiped it. No, thanks"

LARRY REYNOLDS

place the missing service workers

we have outlived the nickel hamburger and the five-cent shoeshine, still think of most services—when we can get them at all—in terms of our 1939 budgets. We react angrily when the cost is so much higher than our expectations—and especially angrily when the workmanship isn't all it might be. Fortunately, there are some antidotes.

Workshops for Smart Fixers

We are learning to do more for ourselves. Many unhandy men—I'm an example—couldn't repair a radio even if Marconi stood by to offer advice. But there are enough skilled putterers to have made fix-it-yourself a booming business. Businessmen have started garages in Cleveland and in Parkland, Washington, where motorists can rent space and tools to repair their own cars, and many lumberyards and stores now offer build-it-yourself lumber and hardware kits.

Because of the growing popularity of washing machines, the commercial laundry business has slowed down the past few years. But the self-service laundries are going strong, a good example of how technology tends to solve eventually the problems it helps create.

Some wise plumbers have set up "faucet bars" in their shops. Instead of paying the plumber for the time it takes him to visit your home, you take your faucets to him to be repaired.

A young Manhasset, Long Island, industrial engineer heard so much griping about the servant situation that he put his scientific know-how to work on the supposedly simple task of house cleaning. Now he runs a company which dispatches two-man teams, laden with specially designed equipment and time-cutting tricks, to tidy up suburban homes. No housemaid could do the job so cheaply.

In my own neighborhood in Manhattan, an ex-boxer named Jerry Francis has, in a dozen years, parlayed a bent for mending typewriters into a bustling we-do-anything shop employing more than 20 assistants. Jerry and his men will give your frostbitten sedan a push on wintry mornings, or custom-build you a television set. They have repaired crutches, hearing aids, baby carriages, bikes and plumbing. They can unlock your front door if you forget the key, or send your dog for stud.

But not all the Mr. Fix-its nor all the handy home kits can put Humpty Dumpty together again. Slipping service usually can be traced back to the plain old problem of a good-neighbor policy. Not every servicer can be expected to purr like a contented cat while he tinkers in your basement. Nor is man constructed so amiably that all customers will beam fondly upon those they hire. The problem of the irascible employer and the irritated worker is still a bothersome one.

Formulas for Good Service

What can you do?

If you're a service worker, find out what you are expected to accomplish and how much you will be paid. Then, if you agree to take on the task, perform your best. Don't do a half job because you think the money you're being paid is too little.

If you're the customer, hire a competent service worker and then let him finish the job *his* way. He's the expert. Keep your part of the bargain, and expect no more from the worker. If you call in a plumber to replace a pipe, don't expect a free sink-scrub, or floors waxed or the dog walked.

These are simple, almost trite, golden rules. But without them we never again will have service with a smile. ▲▲▲



"Vera and I are going to the party as Lady Godiva and her horse. Is she ready yet?"

COLLIER'S

LAFE LOCKE

NED HILTON



"I'll take the coffee ice cream," I said without hesitation

Never Mind Me

By PARKE CUMMINGS

AS I finished the last bite of a bacon-and-tomato sandwich at lunch on a recent Saturday my wife announced: "There's enough coffee ice cream left over from last night for one of us, and there's also a helping of apricots. Which would you prefer?"

"The ice cream," I said promptly.

She doled it out to me, took the apricots for herself, sat down and subsequently remarked: "We haven't made any plans for tonight. There's a pretty good movie playing at the Palace—a musical that's supposed to have some wonderful ballet scenes. Or we could have somebody in for bridge."

"Have someone in for bridge," I told her.

"Of course it's pretty late to get somebody for a Saturday night," Virginia pointed out, "but we could try. The Pattersons, for instance, or the Shrivvers."

"The Shrivvers," I said.

Virginia put down her spoon, glared at me and demanded: "What's got into you?"

"What do you mean, what's got into me?" I countered, taken aback.

"Have you got a headache or a hang-over or something?" she pursued.

"I haven't got a headache or a hang-over or something," I told her. "I feel fine."

"Then why do you keep snapping at me?" she demanded.

"Snapping?" I asked. "I've been snapping?"

"I asked you whether you wanted ice cream or apricots, and you said ice cream."

"True," I confessed. "I happen to prefer ice cream."

"It seems to me you could have had the consideration to ask what I preferred," she pointed out. "And you could have waited to see whether I wanted to go to the movies or stay home and play bridge or whether I'd rather have the Patter—"

"Oh," I said, "so that's it. Well, the fact of the matter is that I've been reading an article."

"What was the name of the article?" she demanded.

I hesitated. "As a matter of fact," I confessed, "I've been reading a good many articles on the same general subject. There was one called Get off the Fence! There was another one entitled Don't Be a Mealy-

mouth and another one, Can You Call Your Mind Your Own?"

"What were they about?" asked Virginia.

"Indecisiveness," I said. "The burden of all of them is that it can be as detrimental to a happy marriage as selfishness."

"I don't get it."

"Let me explain," I offered. "Suppose when you had asked me whether I wanted ice cream or apricots I had countered by asking you what *you* wanted."

"That's what you should have done," she declared.

"You've already said that," I pointed out. "Well, you'd simply have come back by saying you asked me what I preferred."

"How do you know I would have?" she challenged.

"Because you've done it before—lots of times. Take last summer when we debated whether we should take my vacation at a place where I could get in some good tennis or whether we should go to Mossip Lake to be near our cousins. We each kept insisting the other one should decide, and we'd probably still be at it if the kids hadn't insisted on going to Lake Mossip."

"That's ancient history," said Virginia, "and I think you owe me an apology for being so selfish just now."

"The apology is herewith tendered," I said. "I'm sorry I took the ice cream if that's what you wanted, and I really don't care if we go to the movies or play bridge. Furthermore, whom we invite, if we do decide to play bridge, is a matter of complete—"

"Oh, no you don't," interrupted my helpmate. "You've said your piece, and we're playing bridge—with the Shrivvers if we can get them. That decision's been made." She paused a moment. "We might ask them to dinner too. What do you think?"

"Up to you," I said.

"I asked *you*."

"Be very pleasant to have them to dinner," I conceded. "On the other hand, it would be less trouble and I'd be perfectly happy just to eat with my family and—"

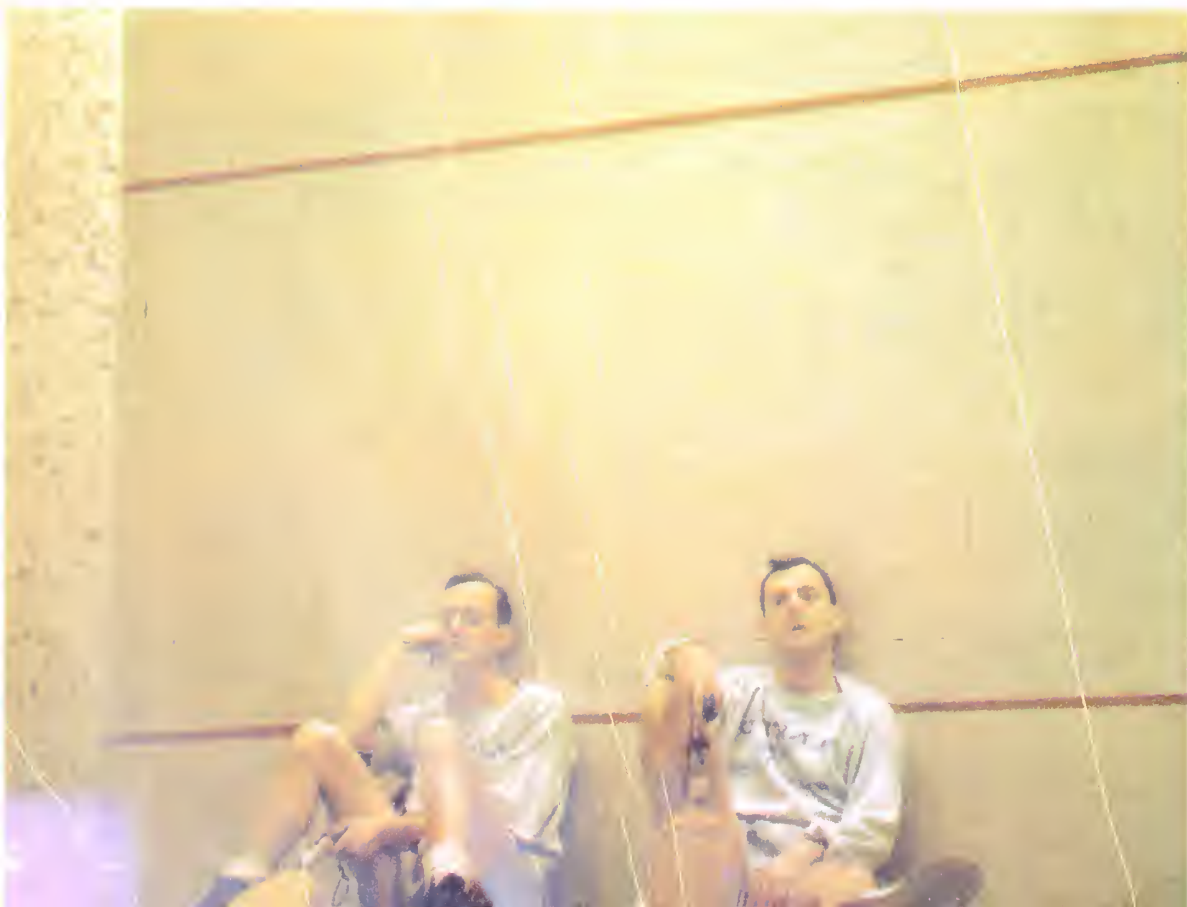
Virginia sighed despairingly. "It certainly would be nice," she said, "to be married to a man who could make up his mind."

What's new downtown? ▲▲▲



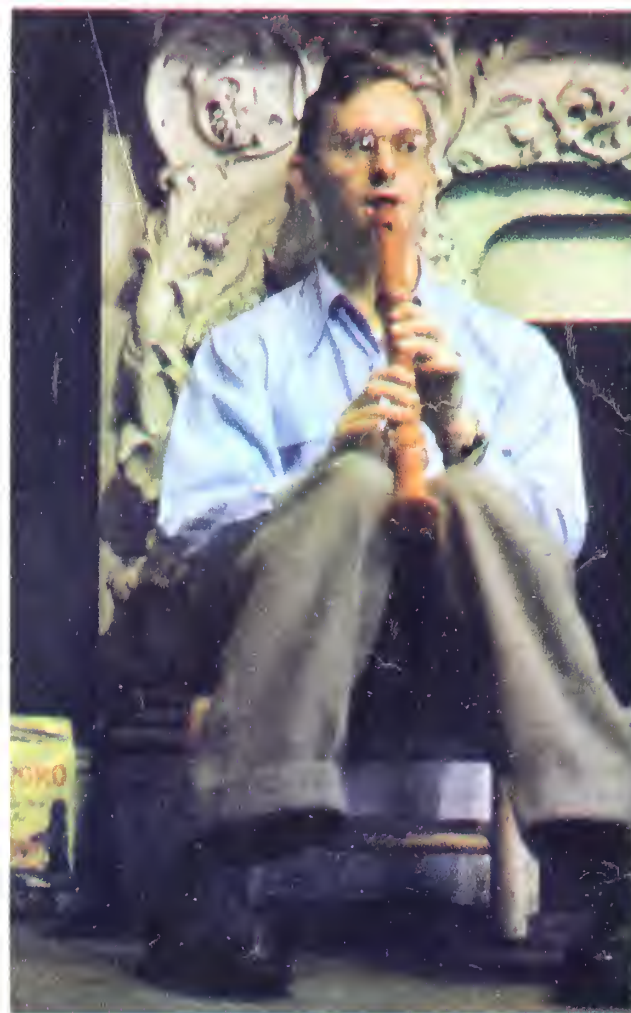
A man of many hobbies, Wally Cox's pursuits include sculpturing nudes and the study of all types of outdoor life. Despite TV success, he lives in one-room New York apartment

Anthony Randall, who plays Wally's history-teacher pal, Harvey Weskit, on Mr. Peepers show, is also a real-life friend. Here the two rest after strenuous game of paddle ball



WALLY

Portraying a wistful little scienc



Wally often whiles away time playing folk tunes on a 17th-century-type flute called a recorder

Once a jeweler, he works on silver chess set in shop now run by Marlon Brando's brother-in-law



COX IS "MR. PEEPEERS"

her on television is more than a role. Even off camera, the new comedy star is a devoted bird watcher

By JAMES POLING

AT a last-minute dress rehearsal of TV's newest situation comedy, Mr. Peepers, the director asked the star to play a certain scene with his coat buttoned. Wally Cox, who plays the scholarly Mr. Peepers, obligingly fastened his jacket. But in place of a button there was a safety pin. Director James Sheldon, accustomed to the idiosyncrasies of his star, made a mental note, however, to have a button sewed on before showtime. "But I suddenly realized," says Sheldon, "that the safety pin was more in character with the role. And it also struck me that it was getting increasingly difficult to tell where Wally Cox left off and the fictional Mr. Peepers began."

TV's Robinson Peepers is a young general science teacher at a mythical Jefferson Junior High. He is a gentle, owlish young man who is at home in the world of flora and fauna, but constantly perplexed by that of his fellow teachers, his school board, his P.T.A., his pupils and his principal. He accepts things philosophically, but he is not much concerned with the material things of life. His interests are pedantic and he constantly peppers his pupils with unworldly didacticisms, delivered in a small, precise, prissy voice—No, he says, he doesn't think the oyster can be called exactly a volunteer friend of man; Yes, he does think tonsils can be useful to some people; No, he doesn't think we know just how fast the dinosaur could run.

Mr. Peepers also has his side line. He writes for Petal and Stem on such pressing subjects as Are You Starving Your Dirt?, or Who Will Get to Your Lima Beans First?—You or the Japanese Beetle?

The emergence of Wally Cox as Mr. Peepers has been one of the high lights of the current television season. His sudden success amuses Wally, hitherto a little-known comedian, because he thinks he knows one of the reasons for it.

"Everyone but my friends has always taken it for granted I'm ridiculous in real life," he says quite dispassionately. "I gave this matter much thought and I decided that since people laughed at me, I'd play me. It's gainful employment."

Wally, himself, is a wistful individual about the size of an ax handle, who says he does "odd comedian jobs." He also does odd jobs of flower watching and bird watching, and he is unquestionably much more at home in the world of flora and fauna than he is in the world of Television Row.

In his day he has made his own shoes; carried a sharp pocketknife with which to assault restaurant meat; and gone about with a pocket alarm clock, set to remind him of phone calls he wants to make—little eccentricities not ordinarily found in the high-powered world of TV. Even his most casual speech is ornamented with thoughtful absurdities—No, he says, he doesn't think matzoth balls are as satisfactory a food as they are a weapon; Yes, he does think Paris could be an exciting metropolis—for coin collectors; No, he doesn't believe an interior decorator would be able to locate an antique foam-rubber mattress.

Wally's side line is writing, and last year his play Violets Are Blue, about a sad and unwanted rose bush, came perilously close to production.

It is not surprising, therefore, that director Sheldon sometimes finds it difficult to tell where Wally leaves off and Mr. Peepers begins.

Even at rehearsals of the show, which is sponsored by Reynolds Metals, it is a question whether it is Wally or Mr. Peepers who sets the tone. Un-

like most first-string productions, a lecture-hall calm hangs over the five days of intensive run-throughs that precede the show. Voices are well modulated, emergencies are few, and the cast and production crew alike seem to live and breathe the atmosphere of Jefferson Junior High.

Wally, a highly punctual young man, arrives at rehearsals on the dot, walking to the studio by a route scientifically planned to avoid all red lights. There he puts in long hours rehearsing the quiet misadventures of Mr. Peepers; using the intellectual approach toward a recalcitrant ice tray in the privacy of his furnished room; practicing alone in his closet for a Saturday-night date with the school nurse; or pleading with the faculty to spare a family of myrtle warblers who have nested in the school clock.

Peepers situations are so plainly stamped with the Cox personality, it is hard to believe he doesn't write the show himself. And his offbeat reactions to everyday happenings, like those of Wally Cox himself, are the crux of his humor.

Sausage for Breakfast on Payday

For instance, Mr. Peepers will explain to the TV audience, "Being a single bachelor, I usually eat my breakfast in the drugstore. I have the same thing every morning—prune juice and two scrambled eggs. On payday, of course, I usually go a little crazy and get a side order of piggy sausages. For lunch they have specials, like this one here for instance. It's called the businessman's lunch—appetizer, coffee and dessert, for only 40 cents. Sometimes I order that at noon." Looking carefully around to be sure that no one overhears him, he confides, "They don't know I'm not a businessman."

Having arrived at a time when it seemed strategically sound to spend a sociable evening with his girl friend's parents, Peepers' fellow teachers try to prepare him for the occasion. They tell him he must be entertaining, do card tricks, bird calls, tell jokes. But he is reluctant.

"I never do very well in the competitive race for smart things to say. In a word, one might simply say I'm just not peppy, I lack dash. I only know one funny story. It's my favorite. I used it in my college thesis. But I'm afraid they wouldn't get it. It's in Latin, one of those swell jokes Cicero used to get off."

Although he sometimes sits in on writers' conferences, the script is the product of David Swift, who thought up the characters, and Jim Fritzell.

"Playing me" is a relatively new role for Wallace Maynard Cox. So, for that matter, is gainful employment—even though he accepts with monumental calm the fact that his weekly salary has grown, in five years, from \$40 to \$1,500. Mr. Peepers made his first bow on NBC-TV just last summer, and by the end of the season had reached a 32.8 Nielsen rating, soaring above such programs as *Suspense*, *Robert Montgomery Presents* and *Burns and Allen* shows. And he has since been put into the choice 7:30-8:00 spot on Sunday night on the network's winter schedule.

Under less benevolent moons than shone last summer, Wally had cast only a small shadow over the entertainment world. As a satirical monologist, who occasionally whistled Bach fugues for encores, he made his theatrical debut in the winter of 1948 at the Village Vanguard, a Manhattan night club,



Shy Mr. Peepers' TV flame is Patricia Benoit. She plays school nurse at Jefferson Junior High

In typical Peepers dilemma, he is forced to bowl with faculty when he has date with nurse





With television actor Earl Hammond as the passenger on one of his two motorcycles, helmeted Wally Cox stops for a red light in Times Square

wearing his only suit, an ancient, shabby combination of chocolate gabardine slacks and light brown tweed coat. At the end of his week's engagement he had earned \$50, almost as many compliments on the "subtlety of his costume," and a small cadre of fans—chiefly, he says, "among people who like to sit on floors at parties."

In the next three years he played engagements in four more night clubs, made guest appearances on 35 radio and TV shows, got a radio job as an off-stage whistle, bought a new suit, and gave a performance in an ill-fated Broadway revue, *Dance Me a Song*, that won him high personal praise from the critics.

He Gave the MC a Hard Time

During this period he had only one real opportunity to play himself. He made one of his first TV appearances on the Garry Moore show in 1950. When he had finished his monologues, Moore began the conventional guest-star interview. He tried to query Wally about his days as a silversmith, his experiences as a herb gardener, his addiction to motorcycles, and his technique of mending his clothes with plastic cement. But Wally wasn't interested in biographical exhibitionism.

Garry finally became so desperate he asked, "Have you read any good books lately?" Wally brightened. "It so happens," he said, "that just this morning I was reading a 1921 issue of the *National Geographic* in which a verbose gentleman had much to say about the ant lion's voracious appetite for aphids. Now, how can one pretend to be profound on such a subject? Everyone knows you just walk up to an aphid and start eating."

Garry, a first-rate showman, gave Wally his head for the remainder of the interview. The mail response to Wally's unique humor was so heavy that Moore eventually used him as a guest star on 16 programs—always letting him roam at will through a world peopled with aphids and cabbages and kings.

In October, 1951, Wally won his first hour-long, starring role in the Philco Television Playhouse presentation of *The Copper*. David Swift, while writing this comedy in Hollywood, had amused himself by drawing on his manuscript pen-and-ink sketches of the little, unworldly, bewildered rookie cop he had created. When Swift finally saw Wally—with his fluttery hands, doltish grin, five feet six inches, 130 pounds, unruly hair and horn-rimmed glasses—he did a startled double-take. "It was a damned eerie feeling," he says. "Wally could have modeled for my sketches. The resemblance was almost photographic."

As a result of Wally's sensational performance in *The Copper*, NBC asked Swift to build a whole program around the little, offbeat comedian—a request that resulted in the Mr. Peepers show.

Wally's whole life has had a Peepersish quality. His sister, Eleanor, who works for a New York magazine, remembers him as "a funny little boy around the house who used to read the dictionary and go around trying out new words on us."

"He was so vague he often used to put food in his mouth then forget to chew it. We had to call him back from his private world and remind him to eat. And he always had his strange sense of humor. When a foreign family we once knew changed its unpronounceable name to Shaw, Wally asked me if they spelled it with a P. And I remember a letter he wrote for a high-school business-correspondence assignment. It was addressed to a mythical insurance company, setting forth a claim for damages as the result of an auto accident, and he began it: 'Gentlemen: Yesterday I passed another car just after the nick of time . . .'"

Wally says he was always the runt the gang tied to trees and forgot, and that the story of his youth is contained in the phrase, "Go away, you can't play with us." And he contends that he was forced into comedy by a universal childhood prejudice. "Kids always have an animosity to scholarship," he says, "and

I always got good grades because I was afraid to get bad ones. So I became the clown, as a means of keeping friendships while still giving correct answers."

Soon after his birth in Detroit, 28 years ago, Wally's parents were divorced. With the exception of two high-school years with his father, he spent an ambulatory life with his mother who, until her death last year, wrote mystery stories under the name of Eleanor Blake. He was nurtured on reference books like *Legal Medicine* and *Toxicology* instead of the adventures of Tom Swift or The Rover Boys.

Studies Cut Short by Draft

After attending nine different grammar schools and high schools, he settled, with his sister and mother, in New York. It was only after he'd taken root in macadam, Wally says, that he developed his insatiable curiosity about nature and natural science. In 1942, he entered the City College of New York to study botany, but was almost immediately drafted. He spent four months, Peepers-fashion, as a foot soldier in the Army, before his unusual susceptibility to heatstroke brought about his discharge.

When he returned to New York his inquiring mind led him to take an aptitude test to determine where his future lay. Confronted with Wally's complex personality, the test fell apart at the seams.

"My testers told me I shouldn't try to use my head because it didn't work very well," Wally says. "I was advised to engage solely in manual activities, although they thought I might possibly be good at memorizing and identifying paintings, which didn't strike me as a very negotiable skill. This sage advice cost only \$20 and four years of my life."

Wally obligingly enrolled in New York University's School of Industrial Arts in 1943. He studied handicrafts and supported himself with some odd jobs: working for a silversmith; weaving cloth; posing as an artist's model; and teaching the Lindy hop at the Mary

Bruce Dance School "... for \$1.50 a night and some rum cake."

In 1946 he went into business for himself, as a designer and manufacturer of jewelry, with a factory on Tenth Avenue, in the kitchen of his cold-water flat. He connected a soldering torch to his gas stove, thus outfitting his kitchen as a workshop, and furnished his other three rooms with a bed. He lived in this apartment for two years with a family of mice, for whom he left food on the floor, and a Christmas tree which he never got around to decorating or discarding.

Wally's customers were mostly exclusive Madison Avenue haberdashery shops to whom he delivered tiepins, tie clasps and cuff links, samples of which he took around wrapped in pieces of old shirts or last week's newspaper. He was regarded as a talented craftsman and a less talented businessman. It was a good week when he cleared \$40.

During this period he took to traveling around New York on roller skates. These were consciously chosen as an antidote for his extreme self-consciousness. He knew people would stare at him, and that he'd either have to overcome his self-consciousness or be overcome by it. When he no longer cared whether people stared at him or not, he abandoned his skates—they'd served their purpose.

Pfc Inspires a Monologue

Once he was freed of the more debilitating aspects of his shyness, he was able to start developing another phase of his talent. After his return from the Army he had entertained at a family party with a monologue in which he satirized an absurd Pfc he'd had the misfortune to encounter, and his listeners had laughed. Later, at another party, his sister urged him to repeat the performance—and, again, he held his audience.

Wally found center stage a very satisfying spot to occupy, quickly developed three other monologues—based on a grammar-school teacher, a scout-



In pleasant weather, Wally likes to picnic on his rural property with friends: dancer Marilyn Gennaro (l.), actress Reba Tassel and Randall

Wally bought an overcoat, a third suit, and a motorcycle jacket

master and a Greenwich Village Dead End Kid—and became a professional party-attender. He went to any party to which he could obtain an invitation, in order to have an audience to practice on. Nor would he forget to bring his little pliers' box as he left for the evening's assemblage. It held his jewelry samples. According to his sister, his parting words usually were, "Well, I'm off for an evening of rehearsal and festive salesmanship."

Wally might have grown old as the life-of-the-party had he not run into Marlon Brando on the street one afternoon. Wally and the star of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *The Men*, and *Viva Zapata!* had been schoolmates together in the fourth grade at Evanston, Illinois.

Reunion on Seventh Avenue

At the time of the encounter they hadn't seen each other since childhood, and Brando had not yet achieved stardom. According to Fran Loving, Marlon's sister, they met at a grocer's empty hand-delivery cart, parked at the curb in a busy section of New York's Seventh Avenue. Brando was trying to persuade his sister, Frances, to crawl into the cart so that he could take her for a ride. She was bitterly opposed to the idea. Wally came along and said, "Hello, Marlon." Marlon said, "Hello, Wally," and immediately launched into a denunciation of his sister's unwillingness to co-operate in a venture that was obviously of high merit. It was Wally's considered opinion that Frances Brando was acting like a stuffed shirt. So he crawled into the grocer's cart. And, Frances says, "Marlon pushed Wally off down the street and they've been in complete rapport ever since."

They became constant companions, and Brando, as he progressed in the theater, took Wally to parties more and more populated by theatrical people. Wally performed before tougher and tougher audiences. One night, in 1948, Wally gave his monologues at a party given by Betty Comden, motion-picture and musical-comedy writer. When he finished, Judy Freed, an NBC policy editor, cornered him, told him he was wonderful and asked him if he'd like her to arrange an audition for him with her friend, Max Gordon, owner of the *Village Vanguard*. According to Judy, "He said he wouldn't mind, and then pulled a white cardboard box out of his pocket and tried to sell me some jewelry."

She ignored the jewelry and arranged the audition, which won Wally an engagement at the *Vanguard* and launched his theatrical career. Eventually, after he'd become convinced he could earn a living as an entertainer, he abandoned his mice, his Christmas tree and the jewelry business, and took an apartment with Brando at 53 West Fifty-seventh Street.

Those were halcyon days. They lived in dungarees and T-shirts, ignored shaving, bought electric train sets, and chugged happily about on their motorcycles.

Brando gave Wally the nickname "Walrus"—"because it evoked some small satire of my solemnity," Wally explains. Wally had calling cards printed bearing the message *Walrus was here*. Brando practiced on his conga drums and Wally worried about the neighbors. Wally tried futilely to

keep Brando from cheating at monopoly, a game they both loved, and Brando futilely tried to make a competent sparring partner out of Wally. Together, they shattered August's soggy air practicing Christmas carols. Obviously, such a calm and tranquil state of affairs couldn't last.

Brando made one of his periodic trips to Hollywood, to make *Viva Zapata!* He brought Russell back with him when he returned. Wally tolerated Russell as long as he could, then said, "Russell must go." When Russell didn't, he did.

Russell was a raccoon; reputedly the most destructive *Procyon lotor* ever held captive. "Russell not only had a repulsive personality, he gnawed on everything," Wally says; "people, hair and ukuleles. I didn't so much mind his eating my shoes, but when he started gnawing through my suit to get at the candy in my pockets, I left."

He got another suit and a new apartment. And, since he earns \$1,500 a week, this one-room apartment stands as a symbol of Wally's attitude toward success, possessions and money. The apartment is furnished with two chairs, a bed and a desk. It serves him as a workshop as well as a bed-living and drawing room. In it he whittles, plays on the recorder, sculpts, writes and sings duets in which Wally-in-person harmonizes with Wally-on-a-tape-recorder.

His attitude is, "I've got chairs to sit on, a bed to sleep in, and a desk I can either work or eat on. There's a cupboard where I can store shirts, and I've a view of the Hudson. What more do I need?" Nothing he can think of at the moment, except, possibly, a second motorcycle to serve him when his present one is being repaired.

Why He Enjoys Having Money

Money has only one real value, in his opinion—if you can accumulate enough of it you become "unemployment-proof." He has yet to meet a Jones he wants to keep up with, and he has yet to spend a penny to symbolize his success. He has bought himself a new overcoat, a third suit, and a



Wally bird-watches from swing on land he owns near New York City

leather motorcycle jacket. And he takes his friends—largely those he had when he thought \$40 a week was more than ample—to good restaurants, with evident delight in his ability to entertain them.

The fact that sudden success has in no real sense altered Wally's approach to life is highly significant, according to his friend Alan Brandt, publicity director of the New York radio station WNEW. "It proves to me," Brandt says, "that Wally, although a really off-beat character, is in no sense a guy who's trying to be a character. He is a man who has asked himself a lot of questions about how he wants to live and what his values are. And he's arrived at completely independent answers. I don't know anyone who is under less social pressure than he is. And it isn't that he doesn't care what anyone thinks of him; it's that he cares more about what he thinks of himself."

Wally and His Four Freedoms

Wally's independent answers are simple, but all-encompassing. He wants to be unemployment-proof, to have a home life, to be free to write, and to have time to wallow in nature whenever he so desires.

Success has at least carried him part way toward his last desire. It brought him the money to buy two heavily wooded, very sharply tilted, rock-encrusted acres on a Rockland County, New York, hillside. Aside from his work, these have become the focal point of his life.

Wally intends to build a house on his land, with his own hands. "As a social gesture I shall include plumbing," he says. He has been working on his project for over a year and a half. The house site has been cleared somewhat: a 30-foot swing and a long swinging rope have been hung from the limb of a towering oak, flowers and radishes are planted at appropriate seasons and ground has been broken for the house.

There are good and sufficient reasons for the slow progress he is making. One day during the last Indian summer, he removed seven shovelfuls of dirt from his foundation trench, smote his earth three times with a pick, and placed 11 heavy rocks in a declivity of the roadbed of what he fondly believes is someday going to be his driveway—though it is apparent to even the inexperienced eye that the only sane way to travel to the crest of his land is by funicular railway.

He also spent an interlude on his swing, resting from his labors; discovered a gray wolf spider that excited his interest; located an American hop hornbeam tree, whose wood is so heavy it sinks in water; came across a *Lobelia Siphilitica* plant, a blue wild flower the American Indians erroneously thought to be a cure for syphilis; and visited at some length with a family of four salamanders. In the afternoon he took a motorcycle ride through the rock-strewn woods.

A friend says, "Nothing interesting ever happens when I go into the woods. Isn't it strange how they seem to come to life and perform for Wally?"

Considering that Wally performs largely to earn the money which will give him the leisure to enjoy the woods, it seems only fitting that they should reciprocate in kind. ▲▲▲



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ERIC GURNEY

J. Stalin Please Note

WE BELONG to the old-fashioned or Irving Berlin school of thought which holds that a pretty girl is like a melody, and not like a domestic pet. So we heaved a sizable sigh of relief when we read that the "animal influence" in women's hair styles is a thing of the past. In other words, the poodle cut and the pony tail have been ruled out. The good news must be accepted as authentic, for the ruling came out of the annual meeting of the National Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association in Milwaukee.

This is the same organization, we feel sure, which solemnly decreed some three years ago that the girls should earnestly strive to resemble a clipped dog or a pony's crowning posterior glory. Just why they should was something we never did figure out. Neither, we imagine, did millions of women who nevertheless promptly hustled to the hairdresser's for a crimped crew cut, or else tied back their hair in a tolerable facsimile of Dobbin's caudal appendage.

They accepted without question that the "animal influence" was smart and becoming. Now, and still unquestioningly, they will accept the dictum that the zoological trend is dead. The time will shortly be upon us when a girl would no more be seen with a poodle cut than she would be seen in a pair of Army shoes.

Maybe the male's griping puzzlement over women's styles is old stuff. But it isn't any older

than the mystery of why the gals jump through the hoop in response to something which is, or anyway used to be, called the "dictates of fashion." If the term isn't still in use it should be. For the world of fashion is a real dictatorship. And it is the only dictatorship which works perfectly and painlessly—except, perhaps, on the pocketbook.

The fashion dictatorship doesn't need any secret police or concentration camps to enforce its "party line," and to apprehend and punish the nonconformists. This happy situation might well arouse a bit of envy in the breasts of J. Stalin & Company, who have a party line of their own, and who employ an army of enforcers to see that their subjects think and do as they're told.

The dictators of fashion have no such problem of conformity. The desire to look a *little* different, but—Heaven forbid—not *too* different, is quite enough to make the ladies toe the mark.

Perhaps Stalin would be smart, and the rest of the world would be happier, if he let some of his bright boys off the leash and sent them forth into the Western World to study the bloodless techniques of persuasion as practiced by Dior, Fath, Balenciaga, Hattie Carnegie and others of the high-style hierarchy. Including, of course, the National Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association.

Worth Every Nickel, Zog

WE NOTE that former King Zog of Albania has paid \$2,914.50 in back taxes on his Long Island estate to the treasurer of Nassau County, New York. Paid 'em under protest, too.

For ex-King Zog feels that he should enjoy sovereign immunity from personal or real-estate taxes. And his attorney claims that putting the bite on his deposed majesty is a violation of international law and of treaties between Albania and the United States.

It seems to us that Zog's viewpoint is a little behind the times, and we bleed only slightly at his plight. Apparently he has forgotten that he is residing not only in the land of the free, but also of the free and equal. The exile who settles down among us to enjoy the blessings of liberty must be prepared to get up some cash now and then to keep the machinery of liberty working. That goes for kings as well as commoners, and it is an eminently fair arrangement.

It may be that King Zog's successor, General Enver Hoxha, Albania's puppet premier, lives a tax-free existence over in Tirana, but it can scarcely be a carefree existence. For the general can look about him in the other Balkan "people's republics" and see what happens to puppet functionaries who fail to toe the exact line that the Kremlin has drawn—like the unhappy gentlemen in Czechoslovakia, for recent example.

No question about it, the vacated throne of Albania has become a hot seat, and King Zog is lucky to be where he is these days. Under the circumstances, we'd say that he has got his \$2,914.50 worth. And we rather hope that he won't push his philosophy of the divine right of monarchical tax evasion any further.

New Lives for Free

MOST OF OUR READERS probably saw a recent newspaper story, out of Detroit, about an operation in which a mechanical heart was successfully substituted for the patient's during the course of surgery. And they may recall a sentence in that story which read: "General Motors engineers helped develop the mechanical heart, and are working on (an) artificial lung for humans."

That one sentence interested us particularly, so we did a little inquiring. And we found that the people at the General Motors Research Laboratories had done all the engineering details and construction of this new, intricate and delicate instrument "as a public service"—in other words, for free. They are doing the same for the artificial lung, which, if it works as well as the mechanical heart, should permit surgeons to detour blood from both the heart and lungs and thus make possible operations which previously had been highly dangerous or impossible.

And that's all we have to say on the matter, except to remark that this public service bolsters our contention that big corporations are not so heartless, money-hungry and generally wicked as some "liberal" economists make them out to be. GM's construction was not an example of the "diversified industry" that we hear and read about. The company is not going into the business of making these lifesaving surgical aids. It just contributed the services of its men and their skills and facilities to build the first model of a machine which, we trust, will save many lives in the years to come.

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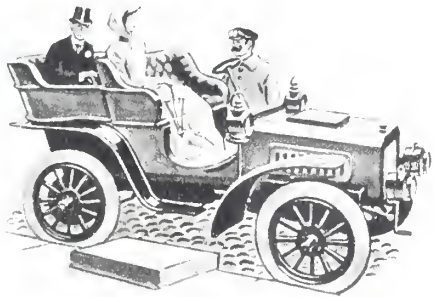
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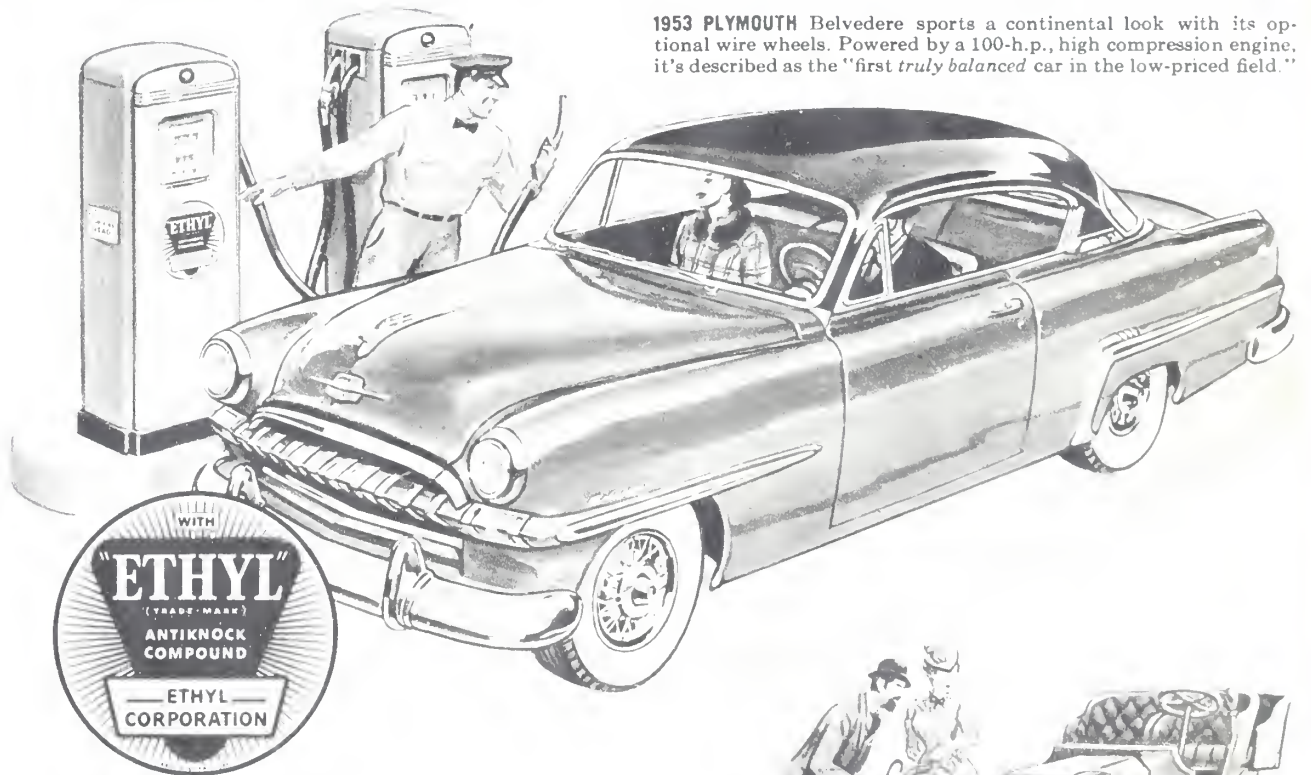
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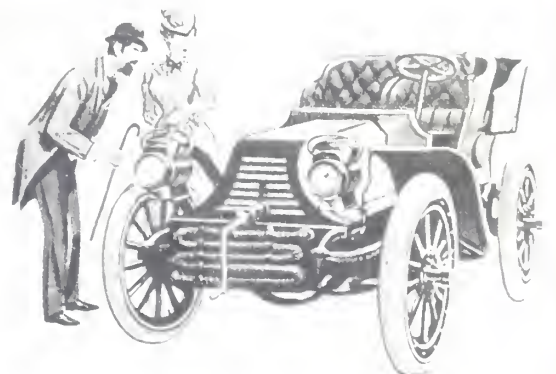


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But fate has not finished with its malicious whims. The man Helen finds has no interest in her plight. He is concerned only with fleeing the police. Tortured by the vision of her husband's peril, Helen begs the criminal to help her, promises that she will aid his escape if he will come back with her and save her husband. It is his life against her husband's. And every minute brings Doug closer to death.

Finally, she thrusts all scruples aside. She offers him everything...tells him she will go with him...protect him with her husband's identity. She will give herself in payment for her husband's life. This is the climax...and there's a scream on your lips. What happens? You've got to see... "Jeopardy"!

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

A father whose most exciting boyhood reading dealt with the exploits of Jesse James can get pretty worked up over an out-of-this-world comic book—and he assumes his kids will share his enthusiasm. But, says artist Bill Randall, when his daughter Vicki (eight) and son Bruce (five) fall asleep in the middle of the journey, it's only because they're accustomed to seeing and hearing all types of fantastic spacemen on TV. The father on this cover, by the way, is not Bill Randall; he's fellow artist Bob Hilbert, an obliging accomplice.

Week's Mail

The Uninhibited Miss D.

EDITOR: I enjoyed your article Bette Goes Broadway (Nov. 29th) very much and you are certainly right when you say that the Detroit audiences applauded delightedly at the opening of Miss Davis' revue. I was there, and she practically had the audience rolling in the aisles.

She really let her hair down and kicked up her heels in fine style, which made me wonder as I left the theater whether it was Bette Davis I had seen up there behind the footlights, or Joan. DON KAISER, Gary, Ind.



Bette (not Joan) and friends

Semiloose Gate

EDITOR: Your article This Way to the Trouble Gate (Nov. 29th) was very interesting and informative. Interesting because as a mid'n anything about the Army-Navy game is interesting to me, and informative because of the mention made of the "tight gate."

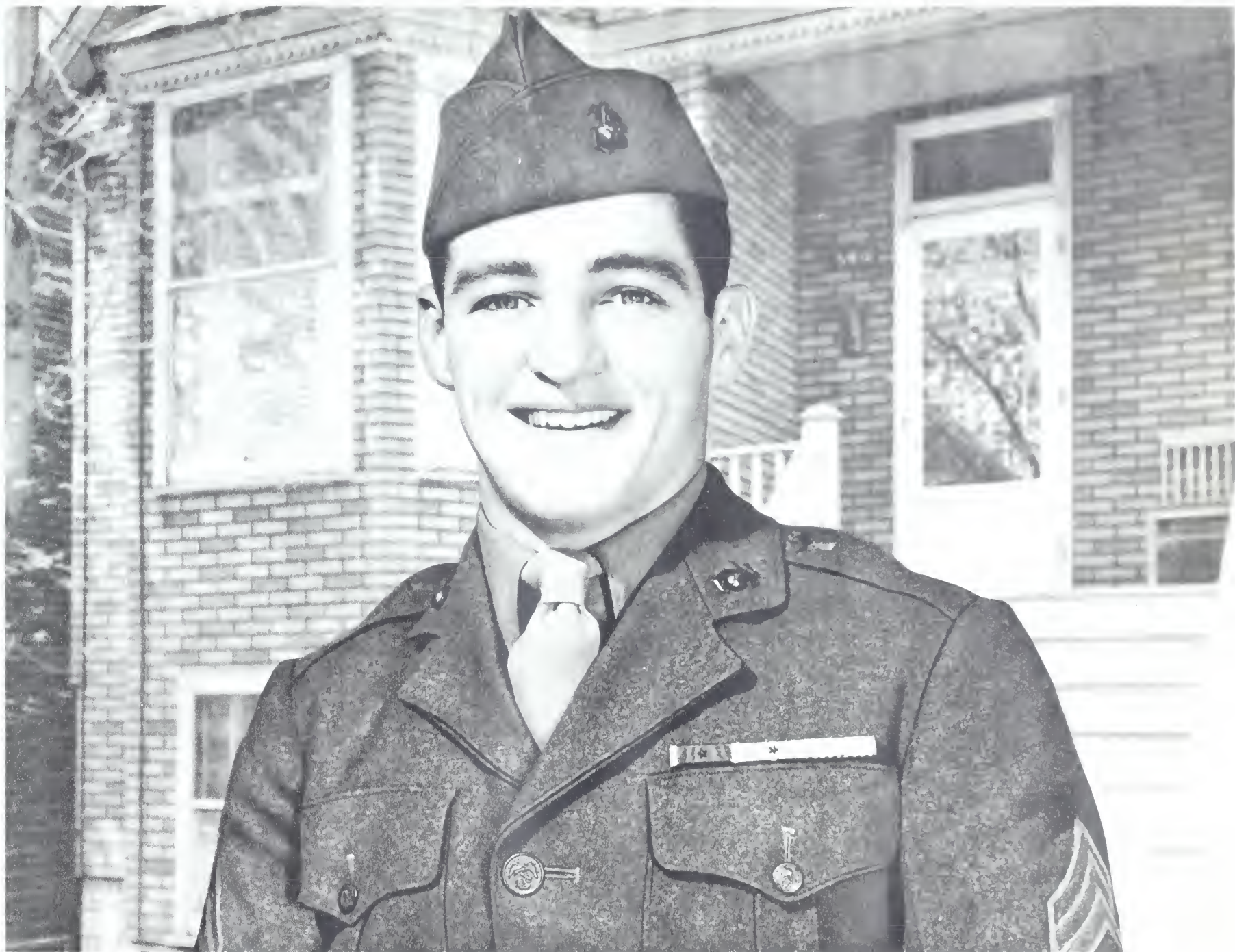
"Tight Gate" is interpreted to mean that everyone attending the game must have a ticket. That is, from the President on down. I should like to bring it to your attention that we, the midshipmen, do not have tickets. I assume that the cadets are in the same situation. It would be rather difficult to collect tickets from each individual mid'n and cadet as he marched onto the field.

S. J. SHAFFRAN, Mid'n 2 e, USN, Annapolis, Md.

Biblical Comments

EDITOR: I was surprised to see that all of the comments on A New Bible for the 20th Century (Oct. 4th) in your Week's Mail column of November 29th were favorable.

The language of the Bible admittedly is quaint and of necessity archaic, but that is a part of its charm. For genera-



WELCOME HOME, SERGEANT!



A Telephone Family in Chicago. Sergeant Donald McIntyre got a real family welcome from his sister, Mary, a Service Representative; his mother, who was an Operator for seven years; and his brother, Angus, a Plant Assigner. Sergeant McIntyre's father was also a telephone man.

Sergeant Donald McIntyre, former telephone installer, returned home from Korea a few months ago. He served with the 1st Marine Division and was twice awarded the Purple Heart.

He was welcomed back to his telephone job, of course. But in a certain sense he had never been away. For his new pay check reflected the increases he would have received on his old job if he had not joined the Marines.

There are some 16,000 other Bell Telephone men and women now in the service who will receive a similar warm welcome on their return home.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM . . . "A GOOD PLACE TO WORK"

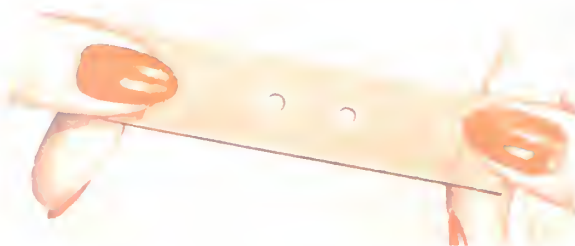




NEW PLASTIC BANDAGE WON'T LOOSEN IN WATER

FLESH-COLORED!

STAYS NEAT
AND CLEAN!



BAND-AID

TRADE MARK

Plastic Strips

Johnson & Johnson

WATERPROOF!

Smooth plastic sheds water, washes clean, never gets soggy.

FLESH-COLORED!

Blends with the color of your skin. Thin and flexible, it stretches with every movement and fits snugly even on hard-to-bandage places.

Johnson & Johnson

Week's Mail CONTINUED

tions people have loved and understood the Bible, and the musical language is too beautiful to be mutilated needlessly. If the revisers had stuck to making the obscurities clear, yet kept them in the language of the Bible and left untouched those passages that are clear, all right. But let's give the people credit for a little intelligence.

I think everyone loves the thys and thous . . . they are so much softer and respectful than plain old everyday your and you. I don't want the Bible to sound like the man next door discoursing on religion.

It is undoubtedly true that the beauty of the language of the Bible has a great deal to do with stirring feelings of spirituality in the reader.

Words are not just made of letters and meanings, but of sounds and connotations which make an effect.

VIRGINIA PAGE, Vernonia, Ore.

Regarding the comments on Herbert Yahraes' article on the new Bible, I was rather taken aback by the letter from Dr. Francis A. Reed, of Miami Beach, Florida.

Dr. Reed stated that the King James version of 1611 was taken from the Roman Catholic version. Now anyone can take a copy of the King James version of the Bible, turn to the title page, and there find the words, "Translated out of the original Greek, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised."

Now we also know that the Roman Catholic Bible was originally translated from the Latin version (which had to be copied from the Greek language that the New Testament was written in), and that all the other versions that have been published with Roman Catholic blessing have been translated from Jerome's Latin Vulgate.

For verification of the above, see "Bible," Collier's Encyclopedia, Volume 3, Pages 395, 406.

LOUIS O. MITTEN, East St. Louis, Ill.

John W. Holden, of Somerville, Massachusetts, criticizes the revised edition of the Holy Bible for "changing" a portion of the Lord's Prayer. If Mr. Holden will turn to the second verse of the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Luke, he will find the phrase, "Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth."

Most Protestant denominations use the version in the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Matthew, verse 10: "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

ALBERT M. BARY, Aberdeen, Md.

You Can Rent It

EDITOR: Permit me to thank you for the excellent article by Sylvia F. Porter, Why Not Rent a Guest Towel? (Nov. 29th). In 1953 our company will celebrate its 35th year of producing sanding and polishing machines for the rental trade, and thus we were one of the pioneers in the "do it yourself" program.

HAL CROSBY,
Clarke Sanding Machine Co.,
Muskegon, Mich.

We are happy to see you give national recognition to the equipment-rental businesses. We believe Omaha is one of the most rent-minded cities in the U.S. Proof: in the Omaha-Council

Bluffs area (population 296,441) there are eight United Rent-All stores, exclusively rentals. In our Midwest chain there are 53 exclusive rental stores. Certainly, as you say, the rental business is rapidly growing.

H. E. THOMPSON, Omaha, Nebr.

Vintage Jalopies

EDITOR: Your Don Tracy displays an intimate knowledge of the joys and troubles of antique car hobbyists, in his fiction piece A Nice Quiet Hobby (Nov. 15th). It will be read with appreciation by the thousands of such people who devote themselves to the acquisition, restoration and preservation of the cars of bygone days.

A little further information might be well, however, for the benefit of the uninitiated. It is generally not quite so easy to acquire an old relic as the Browns of the story found it. While Brush and Franklin cars are not impossible to find, Matheson cars are exactly as numerous as Statues of Liberty, there being one of each! And it is approximately as easy to locate an Apperson Jackrabbit as it is to find a four-leaf clover in a haystack. And when restored by the loving hands of an expert mechanic, they do not, as in the story, collapse upon each other and expire in flame-colored smoke and sound and fury.

Being amateurs, the Browns may be forgiven for trying to outbid each other, but no true antiquer would be caught doing so foolish a thing.

Rather, they would toss a coin beforehand, and so decide who would get first chance to buy the car.

HAROLD E. GLOVER,
(Member of the Antique Car Club of America), Minneapolis, Minn.



A vintage four-leaf clover—the Apperson Jackrabbit, 1911 model

Budgets & Defense

EDITOR: After reading Mr. G. F. Eliot's article Where We're Losing to the Reds—The Budget Battle (Nov. 29th), I would like to say that the author has expressed my feeling on the matter exactly.

I believe we are a thinking people and as such can see the merit in his words. The thing we have not been able to see, and rightly so, is the pouring of our taxes down the rathole of hot and cold defense plans. Given a plan with a definite result in view we would better be able to understand what our efforts are for and where they will lead us.

If our leaders can give us such a plan and be willing to stand behind it themselves, I believe they need have no fear that the American people will do likewise.

NAOMI EGUINA,
San Leandro, Cal.

Collier's for January 10, 1953

DISTINCTIVE.

with a truly different flavor
and aroma — extra-mild
FATIMA continues to
grow in favor among
King-Size cigarette
smokers everywhere



YOU GET an extra-mild and soothing smoke
—*plus* the added protection of

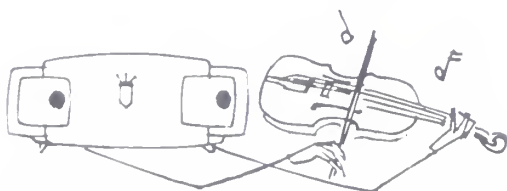
FATIMA QUALITY

The Clock Radio with the Almost-Human Mind -

A TRIUMPH OF ZENITH QUALITY WITH "BIG SET" TONE



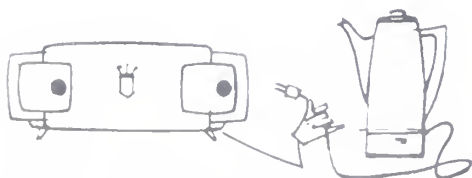
The Zenith Super-Deluxe Clock Radio, new in design, richer in tone. In French Green, Ivory, Scotch Grey, or Ebony, \$51.95*. In Walnut plastic, \$49.95*.



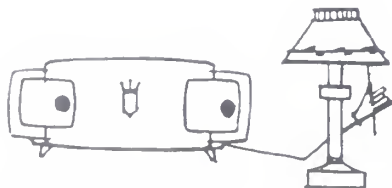
Want to wake to richer-toned music? Zenith has put new refinements in this new Super-Deluxe set, for your added pleasure. It even has a Broad Range Tone Control, like big sets, for clearer trebles and richer basses.



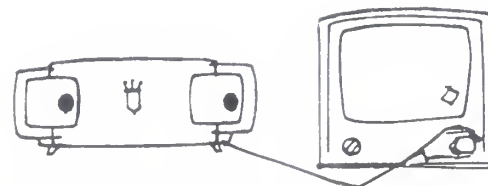
Afraid you'll doze back? You won't—with Zenith's special "Sleepyhead Buzzer" that jogs you ten minutes after the music starts. Snuggle down for a newscast or a snatch of song. You can't oversleep!



Like hot coffee while dressing? Just plug in your coffee-maker the night before, and your Zenith will start it going when the music comes on. Ah, luxury!



Love to be lulled to sleep with music? Relax! Your Zenith Clock Radio will turn itself off, and turn off your bed lamp, too! Or your heating pad, or sun lamp.



Turns on TV programs, too, automatically—or reminds you of appointments. See your Zenith dealer for a demonstration of all the magic things this set will do for you, all over the house!

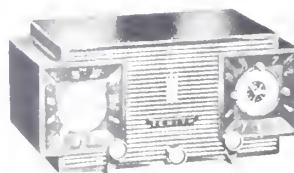
OTHER ZENITH CLOCK RADIOS FROM \$34.95*



This Zenith Clock Radio will wake you to music, give you amazing tone at the small price of \$34.95*.



This Zenith DeLuxe Clock Radio has all the automatic features shown above. \$39.95*.



This Zenith FM-AM Clock Radio is the only one of its kind in the world with Zenith's Super-Sensitive FM. \$74.95*.



The royalty of television and RADIO

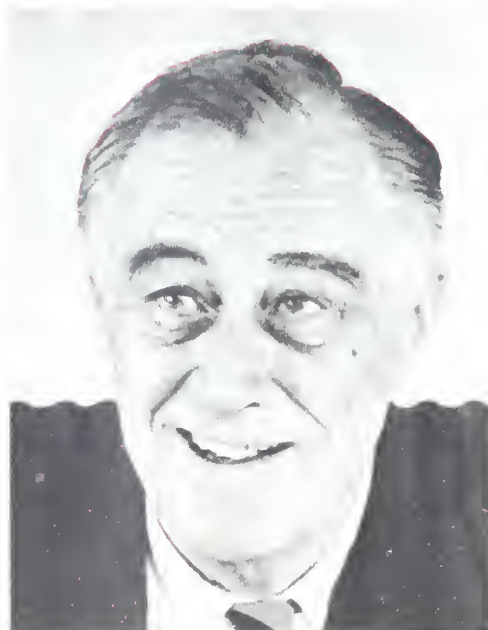
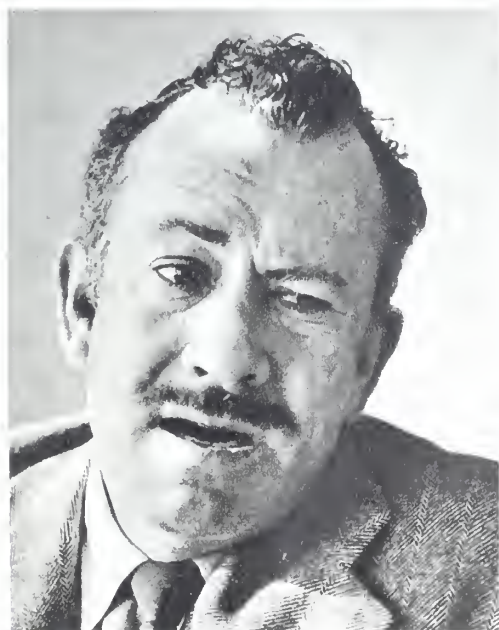
ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, Chicago 39, Illinois
Backed by 33 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics® Exclusively
Also makers of fine hearing aids

*Prices slightly higher in the Far West and South.

The Secret Weapon We Were **AFRAID** to Use

President Roosevelt liked the author's plan, but it shocked the Secretary of the Treasury and infuriated the British Ambassador. We didn't use it. But it's as potent a weapon now as it was then. Will we be equally timid again?

By JOHN STEINBECK



Early in 1942, Steinbeck (l.) convinced F.D.R. that the weapon would badly hurt our enemies. But Secretary Morgenthau (r.) was aghast, and plan fell through. Germany later tried it, but failed to realize full potentialities

I GUESS everyone in the world has a secret weapon. That little boy sitting so still, gazing into space with angelic eyes, is probably designing a mechanism for pulverizing the schoolhouse. Chemistry classes continue popping away with lethal experiments. During World War II, the government had a large committee which spent its time inspecting the plans and gadgets designed by private citizens to blow up something or other. Even I helped with a weapon once—a weapon so terrible that it horrified everyone who heard of it, for it was designed to set up a chain reaction in the most fissionable of all things: human beings.

It came about in this way: I have a friend, Dr. M. H. Knisely, a learned man, a scientist—a thinker. Early in the last war, we put our heads together to devise a weapon which might help destroy Hitler's Nazi regime and Mussolini's Fascist state. We went at it as if we were designing a modern drug: first we had to know as much about the disease as possible, then build the ideal counter-agent, and finally turn the specifications over to the chemists and biochemists.

The disease was a police state, imposed by a dictator. By using open and secret police, a dictatorship maintains a pressure delicately calculated

to dominate its people without quite driving them to despair. Every unit is made suspicious of every other, so that groups will not get together and oppose the central authority. Such a system also must keep its people a little unsatisfied, so that the occasional gifts of the leaders are welcomed eagerly. Again, such a state keeps its people fearful and full of hatred toward everything outside its boundaries; that attitude welds them together and makes them forget their own troubles. We know now that bombing, even saturation bombing, finds desperate, unbelievable resistance. Strike at a people from without and they coagulate into a resisting mass.

The qualities our weapon required were these: it must increase the pressure of the state on the people beyond the breaking point. It must work from within, not from without. And, finally, it must not be effective against us. On this basis, we made our weapon—perhaps more frightful than the hydrogen bomb, and far more penetrating and subtle than chemical or germ warfare.

We were young and inexperienced then. We thought that since we had a good thing, someone would want it. It was early in the war and we had not learned about going through channels. We took our weapon to President Roosevelt.

It was very easy to get in to see him. I remember he sat at his desk in the Executive Offices, with French windows behind him. His face was in shadow, but as we talked, he leaned back in his chair and the sun shone on his hair and on his forehead as far down as his closed eyes. His cigarette in the long holder stuck straight up in the air, with curls of blue smoke drifting in the sunstreaks.

We had rehearsed our speech so we wouldn't take too much of his time. Finally we finished and waited. The room was very quiet.

Suddenly the President opened his eyes and banged his chair forward. He was laughing. "This is strictly illegal," he said, his eyes shining. Then he added in a low voice, "And we can do it!"

"Why, for the cost of one destroyer we could send Italy spinning. For the cost of a cruiser, we could have Hitler on a hot stove lid."

He picked up a phone and asked for Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau. "Henry," he said, "I am sending two men to you with an idea. Listen to them and tell me what you think." He was still laughing when we went out, and I must say we felt pretty good and pretty important.

We faced Mr. Morgenthau with confidence and went into our recital again. But something was

Everyone who heard about it thought it would work, but felt it was immoral. "You

wrong. The atmosphere in the room grew cold and then freezing; we weren't getting over at all. The secretary didn't like our weapon, or didn't like us—or both. We didn't even get to finish. Mr. Morgenthau broke in on us. I realize now that he was deeply shocked. He said, "It's against the law, and I will have nothing to do with it."

Hotel rooms were hard to get in wartime Washington, but we had one. We sat in it, deflated as punctured basketballs. We had a cocktail, and on the crest of that bravery we telephoned the White House. Mr. Roosevelt was amused by Mr. Morgenthau's attitude. "I guess you gave him a turn," he said. "I should have known it would shock him. I'll tell you what—the British Ambassador is coming in a few minutes and I'll put it up to him."

* * *

We waited around the next day and the next. Gin and vermouth didn't give us enough courage to phone again, but we got a call the second day. Mr. Roosevelt said no one would touch our weapon. The ambassador, Lord Halifax, had gone out spluttering with rage. Everyone who heard about it thought it would work, but felt it was immoral. It aimed at utilizing something the leaders considered sacred, even when it belonged to the enemy. Our sons could be killed, tortured, dismembered, but our weapon appalled authorities and that was the end of that. The subject was dropped.

Much later, when I sat with the President, he said ruefully, "Killing is all right, and you could attack religion with some impunity, but you were threatening something dearer than life to many people—"

Sometime afterward, it was discovered that the Nazis had thought of our weapon. They used it, in imperfect form, against Britain, and although it couldn't function at its best against a democracy, it gave that nation a nasty jolt. Before the Germans could put the weapon to full use, the war ended.

Now it is years later, and there is talk of another war. If it comes, we shall be faced with an enemy who has all the characteristics of that other enemy. I am writing this now to see whether we still have something dearer than life—dearer than survival. Our weapon is just as effective as ever, and it has this advantage: it doesn't matter in the least whether it is secret or not.

It's money.

The bills would be made with the most scrupulous care. Paper and ink would be analyzed and reproduced exactly, and engraving subjected to high magnification, to prevent discovery. The currency would be of the most common denominations—five rubles, 10 rubles, 50 rubles, 100 rubles. Turned out in quantity, the money would proceed from the presses through a turning conveyor containing dirty, greasy clothes. At the end of this conveyor, it would look as if it had been handled, carried, stuffed in pockets, passed from hand to hand for a long time. The money would be placed in containers like those used in a leaflet bomb.

The paper would be cheap and the process easy. Many billions could be made for the cost of a heavy tank. It remains now to see how this weapon would work when used properly.

* * *

The officer of the day completed his routine inspection. In the storm entrance, he removed his gloves and sheepskin coat and entered his office, rubbing his hands together to drive out the biting frost of the Russian winter. The telegrapher sat at his instruments, earphones in place, hands laced across his stomach. From outside came the sound of the sentry's footsteps, sharp on the frosty ground. The officer of the day went to his table, pulled the report sheet toward him, and wrote, "2200—all quiet and in order—scattered clouds—wind due east, 14 miles per hour—temperature 8 degrees and falling."

The officer of the day was about to wipe the pen



He went wild. He was gathering money in one hand and stuffing it into his pocket with the other when he ran into Radin, who charged around the corner chasing a 100-ruble bill

when an idea came to him. He dipped the pen again and wrote rapidly: "Pilot Panyin thumb crushed by gun mechanism—suggest investigation into any previous accidents to determine whether malingering." He felt kindly toward pilot Panyin for giving him this opportunity to show his fitness for promotion. He was so pleased that he did not notice that the telegrapher was hastily scribbling on his pad. The operator came across the room and thrust a sheet of paper into the circle of light on the O.D.'s desk. "Alert!" it said. "Unidentified object at 50,000 feet moving eastward at 42 miles per hour—East 29 15 20, North 52 28 18." It carried the code signature of the radar station.

The officer of the day picked up his telephone.

MIG pilot Panyin swept up to altitude and began combing the area assigned to him. His crushed thumb throbbed, but he took a certain pleasure in that. It wouldn't look bad on his report that he had gone up with a crushed thumb. The half-moon shone brilliantly on the scattered clouds far below. Suddenly, far ahead, a large white object loomed and then flashed past. Pilot Panyin made his long sweeping turn and came back to it. He spoke into his mouthpiece. "Object sighted, 52,000 feet. Appears to be large balloon. Request instructions." The reply came immediately: "Shoot object down."

As pilot Panyin swept near, he could see the

great white sphere shining in the moonlight. His finger was on the firing button. Then, as he centered his target, there was a small flash of fire and the object disappeared. Far below, there was a second, slightly larger, flash. Panyin dived toward the second flash, his throttles wide open.

The airstrip was alive with activity when he whistled in for his landing, just a few minutes later. The commandant and staff were waiting for him and the questioning was brief. "It is your opinion, and you so report, that the balloon released propaganda leaflets?"

"Yes, Comrade Commandant. I dived through a cloud of them. They looked like autumn leaves falling from the trees in a forest."

"Very poetical," said the commandant. "What's the matter with your thumb?"

"It's nothing—I crushed it."

"Report for treatment," the commandant said. "Dismissed, pilot Panyin."

The commandant turned to the officer of the day. "It's not for us. Call headquarters and report the incident to the security section; it's their pot of soup. Tell them it will be the area around Gemil. Security knows how to handle such nonsense."

Ilya Shostakovich (no relation to the composer) had organized the 37th Security District and for six years he had held the post of district deputy—

were attacking something dearer than life to many people," said Roosevelt ruefully

honored, trusted, increasingly wealthy and, he believed, due for promotion. He was a steady man, who lived by the book. If he made any move, he included in his report both the rule and the precedent he followed.

The deputy had his district so well organized that there was very little work for him to do. There was no factory unit in Gemil, no apartment house, no work group or farm collective in which he did not have informants. In short, no conversation ever occurred in the area among five or more men or women which, if it took a dangerous turn, was not reported to District Deputy Shostakovich. Over the years, disappearances and sudden raids had conditioned the people so that they discussed little except Stalin and the weather, and even the weather was spoken of kindly, as though Stalin might have had something to do with it.

* * *

The 37th Security District had never been subjected to propaganda leaflets before. Nevertheless, the deputy was quite capable of handling the situation. When his telephone rang at 2:00 A.M. on October 12th, and District Air Screen Headquarters informed Security Deputy Shostakovich that his area was the target for airborne leaflets, he was rather pleased. Here was a chance to show how smoothly his office functioned.

Still yawning, he glanced through the instruction book to refresh his memory. "Penalty for reading, repeating or disseminating propaganda . . . penalty for passing, copying, etc."—all there—all down on paper. Methods for combating—all clear—all organized. Ilya made a number of phone calls.

Squads of young pioneers, elite students from the secondary schools, Stakhanovite workers from the factories and central committeemen from the 12 area collective farms were turned out of bed. Each group had a square marked on the map of the district. In the early dawn, they should be able to pick up and destroy most of the leaflets before the bulk of the population emerged. The few papers that were left would be dealt with in other ways.

Ilya scratched his cropped head, settled in his chair and stirred a big lump of sugar into his glass of dark-brown tea. A toothless old woman crouched beside his office samovar waiting to refill his glass. Ilya nibbled a thin cake covered with pink sugar icing. The old woman's eyes followed his rising and lowering hand.

Reports would be coming in soon. It was sure to go by the book. They thought of everything, those men in the Kremlin. Ilya was glad he was prepared. He might be invited to Moscow; he might even get a two-week vacation on the glorious Black Sea, at one of those white palaces over the lovely blue water. His eyes were growing heavy. There was no reason why he should not nap while he waited for the reports. He rested his chin on his palm and his elbow on his desk and dozed.

The old woman saw his regular breathing—she waited a moment to be sure—then crept to his side. Her skinny fingers crept to the sugar plate and lifted a large, irregular lump. When she was halfway back to the samovar, the telephone rang. She popped the sugar into the neck of her dress.

Ilya lifted the receiver. "Yes, I've been waiting . . . of course . . . I know you found it . . . of course

you have. What are you so excited about? Get yourself in hand and say what you have to say."

The voice at the other end squeaked hysterically over the phone: "It's not leaflets, I tell you! It's not propaganda!"

Ilya spoke sternly. "What's the matter with you? Have you been drinking? Not leaflets? What is it, then?"

The voice gasped in his ear. "It's . . . Comrade it's money!"

Once, long ago, the main street of the city of Gemil was named after a Ukrainian poet. He was a popular poet and his verses were known to every school child. During the revolution, some of his songs had been used to give the people courage to march against oppression. After the revolution, it was discovered that the poet was not specific enough about whose oppression; his books disappeared, his poems disappeared and his street was renamed. It was called first Lenin Street, then Lenin and Stalin Street, then Stalin and Lenin Street and finally Stalin Street. Old people in private sometimes spoke the poet's name, or said his couplets, but many couldn't even remember him.

In the late 1930s, Gemil, like most Russian cities, broke out in a rash of workers' apartment houses. They were conceived in marble, carried out in concrete and sometimes left unfinished. But workers moved into them anyway, and more moved in, and more, until several families lived in each apartment and then several families lived in each room of each apartment.

* * *

One of the most grandly conceived of these houses on Stalin Street was the Bolshoi. It had a red marble entrance and 60 two-room apartments. At the time of which we are speaking, 620 people lived in the Bolshoi. The former kitchen of No. 12 was the home of the Panushkins and the Alexandrovs—five Panushkins and four Alexandrovs. They cooked on a primus stove, carried water in from a former bathroom and slept on the floor.

In one way, Gregor Panushkin was luckier than Nikolas Alexandrov because Gregor worked in a great bakery which furnished black rye bread to the whole city and surrounding countryside, while Nikolas served in the railway repair shop—much harder and more dangerous work. On the other hand, the bakery was so far away that Gregor had to leave the Bolshoi an hour before Nikolas even began to awaken. The rail shops were only ten minutes' walk away.

On the morning of October 12th, in the pitch darkness, Gregor edged and nudged his way out of the warm clutter of his brood sleeping around him on the floor. He felt for the bench where his trousers, shoes and sheepskin were laid. The room was bitter cold. In a moment Gregor was dressed. His hand went toward the bench end, where his breakfast waited in a string bag—a lump of black bread, two huge pickles and a slab of dried salted fish as hard as stone. As he left the apartment, he pulled the bread out and gnawed at the crust.

The night still lay on the city, only relieved at every intersection by a naked globe, hanging from a bracket at a building corner and swaying in the wind. Only a few figures moved in the city: men and women whose work was far away scuttling sleepily toward the bus stop.

If the small predawn wind had not been blowing, Gregor's sleep-heavy eyes would never have noticed the little scraps of paper, but when one blew against his leg and clung there, he saw that it was a 50-ruble note. While his mouth was still open, a twenty skidded past. Gregor dropped his string bag and his lump of bread and caught the first and ran after the second. As he went, he saw and caught many more, some in crannies against the buildings, others scraping along the frozen street.

He went wild. He tried to run in all directions at once. He gathered money with one hand and stuffed it into his pocket with the other. His pocket



The unrationed store usually opened its doors at ten o'clock. By 7:30, a queue of 300 people stood nervously waiting. At eight, a large card was placed in the door: "Closed"

Collier's for January 10, 1953



Tension hung over the town. Squads of young pioneers patrolled the streets, and troops with submachine guns were sent in. Within an hour, Gemil was quarantined from the world

was lumpy with paper when he nearly ran into Comrade Radin, director of the Bolshoi, who charged around the corner chasing a 100-ruble bill.

Comrade Radin pounced on the bill and stood up. Gregor saw that his pocket was lumpy, too.

The training had been long and deeply learned; they were afraid of each other. Yet each stood his ground, hoping the other would go and leave the fortune field free. Gregor realized with joy that he had no money in his hands. Radin looked at the bill in his own fist and said, "Damned wind—blew it right out of my hand." Then he said, "Aren't you headed the wrong way?"

Now Gregor searched frantically for an answer. "Hole in my string bag," he said. "I lost a fine piece of dried fish."

"Well, I hope you find it," said Radin. "Oh, I forgot to turn out the light in my room." He plunged back the way he had come, his head down, his eyes searching the dark edges of the street.

Gregor sighed and walked back to pick up his string bag and his piece of bread. In the four blocks left to go to the bus stop, he found 15 more bills and thrust them into his pocket.

Although the bus was not due yet, the queue had begun to form. It was well to be early and near the head of the line. Sometimes a third of the people in line couldn't get on the bus and had to wait for the next one, but that was not permitted as an excuse on one's work sheet.

Gregor was a good worker—not a Stakhanovite, but sound. He had been late only twice in a year; once he was off for a week, but only because he had been sent home after a hand truck had sprained his ankle. Now he took his place in line and his hand moved into his pocket to finger the wad of sticky bills. He would not be able to look at them until night. There was no privacy at the bakery, not even in the toilets.

A terrible thought came to him. At the bakery, he would have to take off his clothes and put on the coat and pants that had once been white, and his pants would hang on the hook all day long with the money in the pocket. In his apartment he had 400 rubles, saved over a long time to buy an overcoat. He had never quite dared to buy it and strip himself of savings. Now he could buy it. Gregor took a pickle from his string bag and bit off the end. He tried to remember how many bills he had found and what the denominations were. Then out of his excitement an idea grew, an idea of such boldness that it frightened him.

Suppose he didn't go to work? What would they do to him? With his good record, a fine—a drop in pay—but nothing worse. Suppose he was sick?

In his mind, he saw the unrationed store where only officers and officials could afford to trade. He saw the piles of canned crab, the sausages and

hams, the counters of chocolate and marzipan, the cheeses big as cart wheels. He saw himself in the sparkling store and his hand touched his bulging pocket. Suddenly, he clutched his stomach with both hands and doubled up.

"What is it, citizen?" his queue neighbors asked.

"I don't know. I'm sick. I can't breathe."

"Let me help you home. Where do you live?"

"No, no, I think I can make it." And Gregor staggered away, holding his stomach, until he was around the corner.

The unrationed store usually opened its doors at ten o'clock. By 7:30 on October 12th, a queue of more than 300 people stood nervously waiting and Gregor was nowhere near the head of the line. At eight o'clock, a large card was placed in the glass door: "Closed." The clerks drew cloth shades over the windows, concealing the bright piles of canned and smoked delicacies. The people moved slowly away, not grumbling, for no one wanted to talk to anyone else.

A tension hung over the town. Squads of young pioneers patrolled the streets, stopping to peer into culverts. On the roofs of the buildings, other squads poked the litter in the lee of chimneys.

* * *

The back of Ilya Shostakovich's desk was a sticky mess of rings from his tea glass. The district deputy's face glistened with sweat. His phone rang every minute or so and he barked short, uneasy orders. Manuals and directives were scattered on the floor around him. The books had let him down. There were no orders to take care of this situation. For a little time, he had tried to improvise, but years of training had crippled his initiative. The moment he had been sure there were no rules to cover the situation, he had phoned the area deputy at Kiev. The area deputy had thought his caller was drunk, but he had laughed with diminishing enthusiasm as Ilya explained.

Area Deputy Kaganov was now on the way to take charge, but before hanging up he had ordered Ilya to pick up every scrap of the silly money—every scrap. Then he called Moscow to protect himself. Moscow offices do not open before noon. After an hour of trying, Kaganov finally got someone willing to risk taking action; he had been ordered to investigate and make a report.

Meanwhile, Ilya called MVD headquarters. He didn't actually say the area chief was incompetent, but he cleared himself of blame. MVD acted quickly. Within 15 minutes, heavy-coated troops, armed with submachine guns, from the garrison 20 miles from Gemil, were climbing into trucks. Within an hour, Gemil was surrounded, quarantined from the rest of the world.

Wearily, Ilya Shostakovich motioned to the old

Could the weapon be turned

woman for tea. She brought the steaming glass to his desk. A heap of the captured money was piled on the end of the desk; in turning, the old woman brushed some of it to the floor. She murmured an apology, picked up the money and replaced it on the desk. In the process, she palmed three bills.

Ilya clutched his brow and sipped the scalding tea. He hated new things. He scooped some of the money in front of him and flattened out the bills with an ironing motion of his palm. He lined them up—three fives, four twenties, five hundreds. He took a large magnifying glass from his desk drawer and held it over a 100-ruble bill. From his tunic pocket, he brought out his wallet, extracted a 100-ruble note and laid it beside the other. He put the glass on both at once, then folded the two in the middle and laid the folds together. He couldn't detect any difference.

The telephone rang and he listened and gave the instructions he was giving to everyone: Stand by for orders. The receiver cord dragged over the money. Ilya put the two folded bills together. He inspected them with the glass. He had no idea which was his own. His hand shook a little as he put both bills into his wallet.

Sergei Charsky, Ilya's second in command, strode in, followed by a security guard bearing a white canvas bag.

"Put it down there," Sergei said. "Dismissed." The security man went out. Sergei said, "We've collected three others like this." Ilya got up and shook the money out on the floor. The crumpled bills mounded up like a haystack. He stirred the pile with his foot.

"Are the loud-speakers spreading my orders?"

"Yes, Comrade Deputy Director."

"Well, are people bringing the money in?"

"Some. But it's funny . . ."

"What's funny?"

"Well, when any comes in, two or three people bring it—never one person. It's funny."

"It's not funny," said Ilya, and then, sarcastically: "Have you been alone with that sack?"

"Comrade?"

"Never mind," said Ilya. "I have a new idea. For the loud-speakers. Say that this stuff is counterfeit and the penalty for picking it up is death . . ."

"But we're doing that, Comrade District Deputy," Sergei broke in.

"I know, but say further that this is germ warfare—anyone picking it up will get the plague."

"How about the squads?"

"Have them put on their gloves. Tell everyone that they are special germproof gloves. Say—why, say that our great Stalin anticipated this, that he sent the gloves in advance."

Sergei turned to go.

"Wait," said Ilya. "No word is to get out of the city."

"Yes, Comrade," said Sergei.

"And no railroad passes—and no travel permits of any kind . . ."

Sergei said, "Comrade, the town is surrounded. Trains? Why, not even a fly could get out."

"Good," said Ilya.

Ilya tapped on his desk with a pencil when Sergei had gone, and then he tapped on his teeth. A runner brought a typed progress report, and laid it on the desk. Ilya read it. "All stores closed. Buying and selling of any kind forbidden until further orders. Payment of bills, leases, rents, loans, purchases or transfers forbidden. All taken care of." The signature was formal. Clipped to the report was a second paper. It said, "Ilya for God's sake, how are people going to eat?"

The district deputy studied for a moment and then scribbled on a pad of paper, "Issue disaster rations against identity cards until further notice."

Gemil had one first-class hotel and that hotel had one first-class room, for great visitors. Whereas all other accommodations had bare wood floors and narrow beds, hard and white as tombstones. No. 20 was mushy with red carpets and velvet

en us? Maybe—but not effectively. Our economy is too stable and our people too free

drapes. It had carved and padded settees from the noble country houses of the last century. In the bathroom, the taps did not leak.

* * *

At 11:00 P.M., October 12th, No. 20 was occupied. A round table was jeweled with food. Bowls of gray caviar, dishes of hard-boiled eggs, pickles of all sizes, cheese with holes and cheese without holes, platters of black rye bread and tureens of butter. In the center of the table stood four carafes of vodka.

A select group sat at the table. There was Area Ground Forces Commandant Zubov, Area Air Forces Commandant Zubiliev, Air Security Deputy Kaganov, MVD Chief Korneichuk and District Deputy Shostakovich. All of these uniformed eminences chatted and picked at the food, but every minute or so their eyes flicked toward Comrade Tula, who had arrived by air from Moscow just an hour before.

Tula was a small taut man. His jaw muscles were like wire and he had the bleak, tired eyes of a man without hope or belief, who still goes on working. His name was little known, but he was of the inner circle, a Krenlin trouble shooter, an untier of knots who had, at various times, slipped in and out of Tientsin, London, Rome, Washington, Marseilles and New York. He was always tired, always a little dusty from traveling. If he had a private life, it was very private.

Comrade Tula read the sheaf of written reports the men in the room had submitted to him. He had not eaten. He finished the last page, folded the papers neatly and slipped them into his inside coat pocket. Zubiliev pushed a vodka glass toward him, but Tula shook his head. "Thank you—thank you, no," he said. His speech was dry and dusty and rapid. He spoke with no inflection. "I can't see where you've made any error," he said. They murmured gladly.

"On the other hand," he continued, "I don't see that you have made any progress." They were silent.

Ilya Shostakovich said, "We await orders from higher authority."

Tula regarded him for a moment. "I wish I could think of some orders to give you." He raised his eyes to the ceiling. "A long time ago, I thought of this terrible weapon, but I assured myself that the capitalist world worshiped money so much that it would not outrage this god even if it belonged to an enemy. This is a monstrous weapon. Authority has only two arms—force and bribery. This weapon destroys one arm of the state."

"We can issue new money or scrip," Kaganov observed.

"Yes, and they can duplicate it," Tula paused. "It's worse than you think," he said. "When anyone begins to trifle with the money, there's trouble always. People must have faith in some medium of exchange, faith at least that it is a medium of exchange. Now, you've closed the stores, told them this money is counterfeit. They don't know which money is counterfeit and which isn't—and neither do we. They'll buy something, anything, to get rid of it—and to have something in their hands they can trust."

Area Deputy Kaganov poured vodka and tossed it off. "We have the advantage of superior authority and the means to apply it," he said.

Tula regarded him. "We have disadvantages, too. The mind that conceived this weapon is capable of raining other things down on us—ration cards, travel permits, identification papers. That's a kind of currency, too. We're a paper people."

Tula brought some bills from his side pocket and put them on the table. "This poisons, this festers," he said. "There can't be any honesty if enough of this comes down. Look, comrades," he said slowly, "if you—each one of you—were given one of those sacks of money to destroy, knowing it could not be detected and knowing that there

were no witnesses, would you destroy it? Don't answer me—don't answer me!"

Commandant Zubov said, "I am a soldier. I think in military terms. This money is a weapon. Then I say, use that weapon. America has attacked us with rubles. Let us bomb America with dollars."

"It wouldn't be very successful, my friend," said Tula. "Their money is hard to duplicate. I guess we could do it. But they have a retreat that we do not have. They could retreat into their banks. I have been to America and I know. The transactions of our people are carried on in currency, mostly in small bills. In America, business is done by check. If we dumped money—or if they thought we were going to—they could probably turn in their cash and depend completely on checks with little difficulty."

Air Commandant Zubiliev let a little anger creep into his voice. "We can't screen the whole heaven for balloons," he said. "Some are bound to get through. Have you no suggestions?"

Tula put a tiny spoonful of caviar on his tongue and tasted. "I am trying to make one," he said. "Whoever sent this present will be watching for reaction. If there is evidence that we are hurt, they will send more, lots more, everywhere. This is a trial. If there is no reaction, they might think the experiment has failed. I suggest we keep Gemil cut off until all of the money is in. We must let no news of this get out, not even a whisper."

"How can we get people to bring in the money?" Zubov asked.

"Oh, that's easy, very easy. Open all the stores. Cut prices. Tell the people it's great Stalin's present. He has sent them this money from the sky as a present because he loves them. They'll be charmed by the originality of that. With the prices cut, we'll scoop in every bit of currency in Gemil, and then—then afterward, maybe . . ."

The MVD man smiled. "That's my department," he said.

Tula only looked more tired. "Remember: let no news get out. Maybe they'll think it failed. Maybe they will. I hope they will. I'm leaving now for Moscow. We'll expect full reports."

He stood up and walked out of the room. He didn't have a hat. A heated car waited for him at the hotel entrance.

* * *

The telegrapher at Air Security Station 22 sat in front of his instrument. The O.D. was out on his first night inspection. There was time for a nap. Suddenly he sat up and began to write an incoming message. "Alert—5 unidentified objects at 75,000 feet moving eastward at 26 miles per hour, east 30°/5/17, north 54° 20/8. Investigate."

The telegrapher stepped to a map and his finger found the Smolensk area. He pushed a button at his desk and the bell clanged to call a guard. ▲▲▲



The security official scooped some of the money in front of him. He took a 100-ruble bill and compared it with one from his own wallet. He couldn't detect any difference



She sat hugging her knees and looking at the silhouettes of the hills. I have had so much, she thought, much more than most women. I am not prepared for this.

DARK HOUR

By CLARA L. PARKS

In her fear, Carolyn fled to the desert which she loved. Under the black sky and the pure stars, she faced the most overwhelming problem of her life

CAROLYN stared bleakly through the cracked side window of the dusty red pickup truck as it moved along the highway away from the city, past the irrigated sections with their citrus groves and vegetable and cotton fields and lush green pastures dotted with dairy and feeder cattle, through small outlying communities. Finally the truck slowed and turned north onto a dirt road and after two drab miles of cleared desert, abandoned to weeds and salt cedar, it entered a cheerful untouched stretch on which grew greasewood, paloverde, mesquite and black-bush interspersed with giant saguaros and other kinds of cactus.

The October desert looked fine after the generous summer rains; the drought was temporarily broken, and the winter feed spread across the land like a green lace mantle.

Carolyn's eyes cleared a little, and she ran the window down carefully, her glance taking in appreciatively the clean little sand washes, the fatening steers grazing near the road, the friendly sweep of country leading to the hills and mesas where their ranch lay.

She wondered how anyone could describe this as a bleak, barren, godforsaken land. Some did. To Carolyn, it was the home of her heart. She gazed at it yearningly, and tears stung her eyes. She blinked rapidly and took a deep breath.

"The countryside looks fine," she said without turning her head. She spoke softly so that she wouldn't disturb the little girl asleep in her arms.

Harry glanced at Carolyn briefly. "The cattle-men are jubilant." He tried to joke, but his voice sounded strained. "Never looked better."

"You can get those yearlings you've been wanting," she said and then was sorry she had said it, because the way things were now, he wouldn't be able to get anything: the yearlings or the light plant or the new gasoline pump engine to replace the windmill—none of the things they had been planning on.

Harry said nothing for a while. The desert road began to rise and dip gently as it approached the foothills. Once a road runner sped foolishly across the road in front of them, and Carolyn wished that Elizabeth had been awake to see him; they were such funny birds, the clowns of the desert.

Harry leaned over and picked a gnat off the windshield and flicked it out the window. "What did the doctor have to say?" he asked with an attempt at casualness.

Carolyn tensed and then tried to relax before replying. "He said I'll have to have an operation," she began and then stopped and couldn't go on.

"Is there any hope," Harry asked quietly, "that it isn't—something serious?"

Carolyn turned her head then and tried to smile at him reassuringly. "Of course there's hope."

While there's life there's hope, the young doctor had told her, and she had forgiven him for his cheery platitudes, for he was truly kind and concerned about her condition. "There's a tumor, of course," Carolyn went on, "the X rays confirmed that, but it's not necessarily malignant; only an operation and laboratory tests will tell about that for sure."

But you know now, she told herself, you know; and the doctor's eyes—too many times she had seen the same look in her own father's eyes, that look of compassion and holding back knowledge—had unwittingly upheld her own diagnosis. And the operation itself would be dangerous.

"Why in Heaven's name didn't you come in sooner?" Dr. Hollister had demanded. "And you a doctor's daughter. You knew better," he had scolded her gently.

So she had tried to joke with him about how it was a well-known fact that doctors' families were the last to seek medical care, but in the face of things, the joke was pretty thin. There was so much more to it than that—many trivial things plus, as a doctor's daughter, her intimate knowledge of suffering, and above all, the huge unacknowledged shadow of her fear. Like a child with a problem, she had thought that maybe if she pretended the trouble wasn't there, it would all go away.

But it hadn't gone away, it had become much worse, the symptoms unmistakable; and there she had sat in that shiny, modern consulting room with the kind young doctor writing things down and telling her she must enter the hospital immediately. But at that she had rebelled. She wasn't ready yet; her little girl wasn't prepared; she must have more time. So Dr. Hollister had reluctantly set a date for a week from today. Not a minute longer, he warned her.

"How soon do you have to go back?" Harry asked now.

"In a week," Carolyn replied, and then the pain began again, and she bent over and closed her eyes, pressed her knees tightly together and waited it out. After a while she straightened up and opened her eyes, and she and Harry began to talk too hurriedly, about getting Harry's mother to come and help with Elizabeth for the time Carolyn would be away, but not thinking too far ahead, not daring to, although Carolyn knew she would have to eventually.

This thing within her was the dreaded enemy, and she would have to face it. Why can't I say the word? she thought. Talking with her father, she could say it easily enough—when it didn't apply to herself. She closed her eyes and forced herself now to think the word—cancer—but in her mind it was outlined in blinding white, and she shivered and opened her eyes to fill them with the sight of her beloved desert country.

AFTER fixing supper for Harry and Elizabeth, Carolyn sat and sipped a glass of milk while they ate, and thought over what she must do.

"I must go out for a while," she whispered to Harry as they dried and put away the last of the supper dishes. "Elizabeth must gradually get used to my being away from her."

Harry held her in his arms for a moment without speaking, and then he released her and went slowly into the living room while Carolyn went into the bedroom for her sweater. Elizabeth trailing after her, chattering happily. But when Carolyn told her she was going out and leaving her for a while, the little girl stared blankly up at her

mother, not quite comprehending at first, and then her chin quivered and her eyes filled.

"Don't go out, don't go out!" she screamed. She grabbed the bottom of her mother's sweater and jerked at it and sobbed. "Take it off—take it off."

Carolyn's fingers shook, and she buttoned the sweater wrong and had to unbutton it and start over. "I'll be back in a little while. You stay and play with Daddy; I'll be back in just a little while," she said over and over.

But the three-year-old Elizabeth wouldn't listen, she couldn't; and Carolyn finally, desperately, had to pull the clutching fingers away from her. She walked rapidly into the front room, the wailing child following.

Harry sat near the radio, which was tuned low to a music program. "Ease it for her," Carolyn begged him.

He looked up at her, his own eyes filled with a kind of uncomprehending pain. "In a little while," he told her gently. "Let's see if she will turn to me herself."

CAROLYN took her flashlight from the mantel and went out into the star-filled desert night, the sound of her baby's cries following her as she stumbled blindly along the dry creek bed, tears pouring unheeded down her cheeks.

She followed her flashlight's bright beam, blurred through her tears, needing it, not to see her way—she knew every step of the way—but to watch for rattlers. That was some kind of irony. Why fear rattlesnakes when this thing inside her was surely more deadly than any venom?

The pain was clutching at her middle again, and she lurched up the bank and sank down on the sand. She switched off the light and sat there breathing sobbingly while the pain rode her.

The air was cool, but the sand was still warm from the heat of the day. October in the low desert was a blessed month: free at last from the terrible heat of summer, the wonderful winter coming, yet the night still mild enough to have a magical quality. When the pain finally lessened, almost ceased, she sat hugging her knees and looking at the dim black lace of the small desert trees and greasewood bushes lining the banks of the creek, and beyond at the dark silhouettes of the near hills, and then beyond them at the stars, brilliant as always in the clear air.

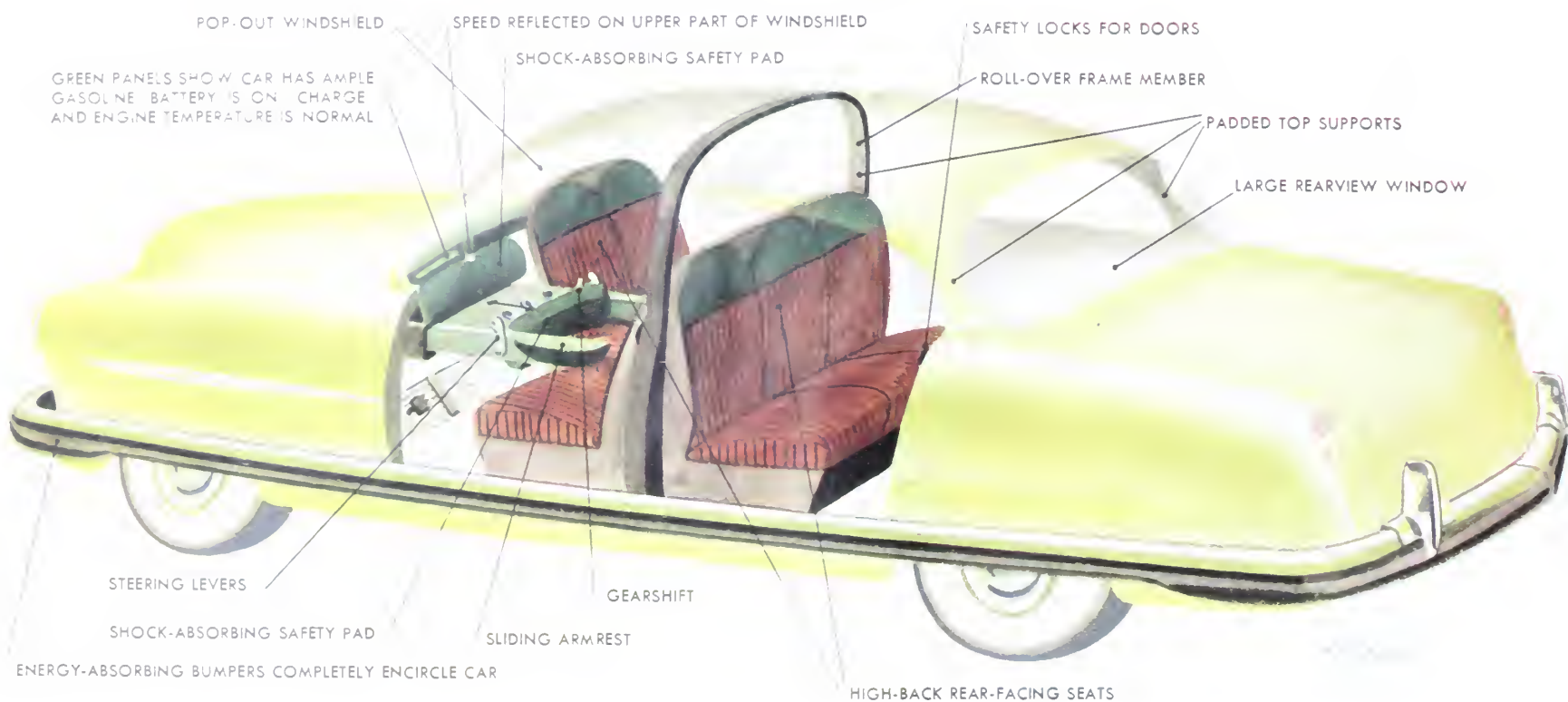
Why? she thought despairingly, why? Life was so wonderful; it had never been more wonderful; why was it now to be snatched away from her? But she had had so much, more than most women. Nothing bad had ever happened to her. She had always hoped that if trouble had to come, sickness or injury or even death, it would come to her and not to someone near and dear to her.

This was partly selfish; she knew she would feel greater pain at the misfortune, or loss, of someone she loved than it she had to bear the misfortune herself.

But, incredibly enough, nothing had ever happened. Her childhood had been ideal, with loving and understanding parents; her family and close relatives were still (Continued on page 54)

How We Can Have Safer

By HERBERT YAHRAES



Cutout shows some of the ideas being studied by Cornell engineers to make your automobile of the future a far safer vehicle

TODAY'S automobiles are as safe as practical engineering can make them, but more than 4,500 persons still die in automobile crashes every year. Until recently no one knew for sure just how they were killed—or why one passenger died while another sitting beside him escaped unharmed with only minor injuries.

Now for the first time scientists are beginning to get a clear picture of crash deaths on the highways—and they are trying to do something about it. The Indiana State Police and two teams of Cornell University scientists are the moving forces in this new research program. With the help of our interested million car owners, the project already has uncovered the following:

• More than 70% of the fatalities studied so far have been caused by injuries to the head or neck.

• A surprisingly large proportion of deaths—approximately one out of every ten—has occurred because doors have popped open and passengers have been thrown out.

• One of the potentially most lethal instruments in any car is the steering wheel, which breaks laws, crushes ribs, and tears holes in necks and chests.

• In 80% of the deaths studied by Indiana State Police, the cars have been traveling at no more than 40 miles an hour—a speed at which stunt drivers crash head on without injury.

• Two out of every three crash deaths might be averted by redesigning automobiles for increased safety.

Thousands more accidents will have to be analyzed before the Indiana-Cornell researchers make any specific recommendations to auto makers. But Cornell scientists are experimenting with such exciting ideas as seat belts, shoulder harnesses, backward-facing seats for all occupants except the

driver, redesigned instrument gauges and steering levers instead of a steering wheel.

Many of these developments may not be adopted for years—if ever. Much research in the laboratories and on the proving grounds lies ahead. But there is a good chance some of the Indiana-Cornell findings may be incorporated in models coming out in 1956. And researchers say extra safety features can be styled into new models—it begun at the drawing-board stage—without extra cost to the car buyer. With them your chances of surviving an automobile crash will increase tremendously.

The automobile industry is closely following the Indiana-Cornell project. C. A. Chayne, General Motors vice-president in charge of the engineering staff, says GM is "very much interested" and is "extending technical co-operation." George L. McCam, staff engineer in the research division at Chrysler, says Chrysler "will co-operate in any way possible," he believes the project will provide much valuable information which cannot be gained on the industry's own proving grounds. Earle S. MacPherson, vice-president-engineering of the Ford Motor Company, says Ford "will make a careful study" of the Indiana-Cornell findings.

Many Groups Join in Safety Effort

The Big Three of the automobile industry and many of the independent manufacturers also sent representatives to a Planning Conference for Auto Crash Injury Research held at Cornell Medical College in New York City in December to discuss further development of the Indiana and Cornell studies. Steps also were taken at the conference to co-ordinate the Indiana-Cornell research with the work of other organizations interested in high-

way safety, including the National Safety Council, the American Automobile Association, police organizations and casualty groups.

Indiana and Cornell investigators say the automobile industry can't be blamed for not introducing more safety features. Hugh de Haven, director of the Cornell Medical College's Crash Injury Research Section, explains: "You have to blame the medical profession in part. Until recently it hasn't given engineers facts on the nature and frequency of injuries—or what causes them."

The Indiana phase of the project was begun in 1949 by Corporal (now Sergeant) Elmer C. Paul. He started investigating automobile crashes to find out not how they occurred or who was to blame, but why people were killed when they did happen.

Two years later his project was made state-wide and he became founder-director of the Indiana State Police Auto Crash Injury Research Department, the only police organization of its kind in the country. Indiana state troopers now make a special report to this department on every fatal automobile accident within their jurisdiction. The state police mostly cover rural areas.

A typical recent report concerned an Indiana businessman who was driving his three children and the family maid through an intersection at 20 miles an hour when his car was hit by another at a right angle. It wasn't a bad crash; the businessman's car was damaged only slightly. But the maid had been thrown out of the car when a door sprang open at the moment of impact—her body was crushed under the front bumper.

State troopers and a doctor who examined the woman victim reported to Paul that she would not have been killed if the car door had remained closed. So the accident went into Paul's records as

Cars

Autos are safer than ever—but auto makers still need to know more about why some crashes kill, others don't. Here's how research is finding the answers

survivable—survivable, that is, if automobile design could be altered so that doors would not pop open in a collision.

Of 153 fatalities specially studied by Indiana's Auto Crash Injury Research in 1951, 66 per cent occurred in accidents also classified as survivable if cars could be redesigned to eliminate what Paul considers hazardous features.

Accidents Classed as Nonsurvivable

In another 18 per cent, survivability was questionable. And in only 16 per cent of the cases—such as that of a man who slithered off the road into a tree at 80 miles per hour—was the accident judged clearly nonsurvivable. The percentages for 1952 ran about the same, although no final report for the year has been issued.

Last year, Paul's department began serving as a field laboratory for the two-pronged Cornell University investigation. In New York City, De Haven's Crash Injury Research section at the medical college—which has made notable contributions to air-travel safety during a 10-year study of airplane crashes—is analyzing the reports from Indiana and may seek to extend accident research to other states. In Buffalo, the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory is hunting for ways to eliminate the danger points uncovered by the analysts.

One of the first results of the collaboration between Sergeant Paul and the Cornell research teams was a detailed four-page accident form addressed to doctors.

It said medical information was needed "to provide automotive engineers with the data whereby



Seat safety belts could be bolted to floor of automobile for maximum protection in crash

dred feet of highway. De Haven believes the statistics eventually will provide a picture of common accidents in enough detail to show the automobile industry what makes a car especially safe or especially dangerous.

Facts gathered by Paul and De Haven help guide the search at Cornell's Aeronautical Laboratory for safer car designs and equipment. The man in charge there is Edward R. Dye, head of the Industrial Division and an old hand at the laboratory end of crash research.

Several years ago Dye and his fellow workers dropped, threw, squeezed, banged and otherwise roughly treated eighty dozen eggs—one by one—because the Navy had asked the laboratory for basic information on the human head. (Eggs resemble heads in the way in which they break.) The Navy needed the information to make planes safer for naval airmen. The researchers went on from eggs to human skulls, supplied by Cornell Medical College, and measured their resistance to blows of varying force delivered by instruments of varying shapes.

Then Dye developed a gelatin-filled, plastic substitute for skulls; the laboratory made dozens at \$25 each for the researchers to bounce, bowl and catapult until smashed.

So Dye already has considerable information on how much punishment the head can stand. He knows, for example, that it takes a force of 600 inch-pounds to fracture a skull against a hard flat surface. (An inch-pound is the energy generated by dropping a one-pound weight one inch.) But hit with something shaped like a baseball bat, the skull will crack under a force of only 85 inch-pounds. Smacked against a 90-degree angle such as the edge of a knob on the dashboard, the skull can take only 50 inch-pounds—no more than the force generated when a person bumps his head against something while walking at ordinary speed.

Significantly, statistics flowing in from Indiana highway crashes indicate anything done to protect the skull will be the greatest possible step toward a safer car. Dye's past work shows what forces the skull must be protected against, and the Indiana study is piling up evidence—dented dashboards, cracked windshields, bloodstained doorposts—as to where in a car the skull meets these forces during a crash. Dye now is checking the field findings in the laboratory, trying to pin down the points of impact as precisely as possible and seeking how best to counter the force.

His chief assistants are the Thick Man and Half-Pint. Both are descendants of the Thin Man, a sheet-metal figure Dye used to find out what happens to the head of an airplane passenger when the plane crashes and his body is restrained by a seat strap. (Answer: the head flies forward just about as fast as when no belt is used, but it smacks into whatever is in front of it with much less force. That's because the body usually doesn't shoot forward freely and add its weight to the force of the impact. Also, to the surprise of some engineers, a safety belt itself hardly ever causes serious internal injury.)

The Thick Man, a full-size dummy built of iron pipe and balsa wood, weighs only 35 pounds, but each part has been built to a weight ratio of a little less than one to five, so the figures can represent a 180-pound human being. Similarly, Half-Pint, weighing 12 pounds, represents a six-year-old child. From what happens to them in a laboratory crash, the experimenter can calculate quickly what would happen to humans.

The laboratory crashes are only simulated, and that is one reason why the highway studies of actual collisions are important. In their efforts to duplicate the effects of a crash on the occupants of a car, Dye and his staff hook a new sedan to a specially built apparatus they call a crash-snubber. Then they position the dummies, start the car, set the steering wheel and let go. When the car reaches the end of a steel rope, it is jerked to a stop. The crash force is equivalent to five or six G's—five or six times the force of gravity. This means that what happens inside the car is what would happen if it were driven into the side of a parked automobile at 30 miles an hour.

Tests with Dummies Will Save Lives

The Thick Man and Half-Pint try one seat after another, with their joints adjusted to represent varying degrees of tension in their human counterparts. Sometimes seat straps are used, sometimes not. Each part of the car is coated with a different chalky color so Dye can tell which part of the body hit where. High-speed cameras elaborate on this information, and energy meters record the force of impact.

In the end, Dye thinks he'll find out what the prospect is of the head and other parts of the body hitting each section of a car during a crash, and the chances of survival in each case.

Next the laboratory will cut the car in half and



Engineers recommend putting a child in the rear with a safety belt and brace on the seat

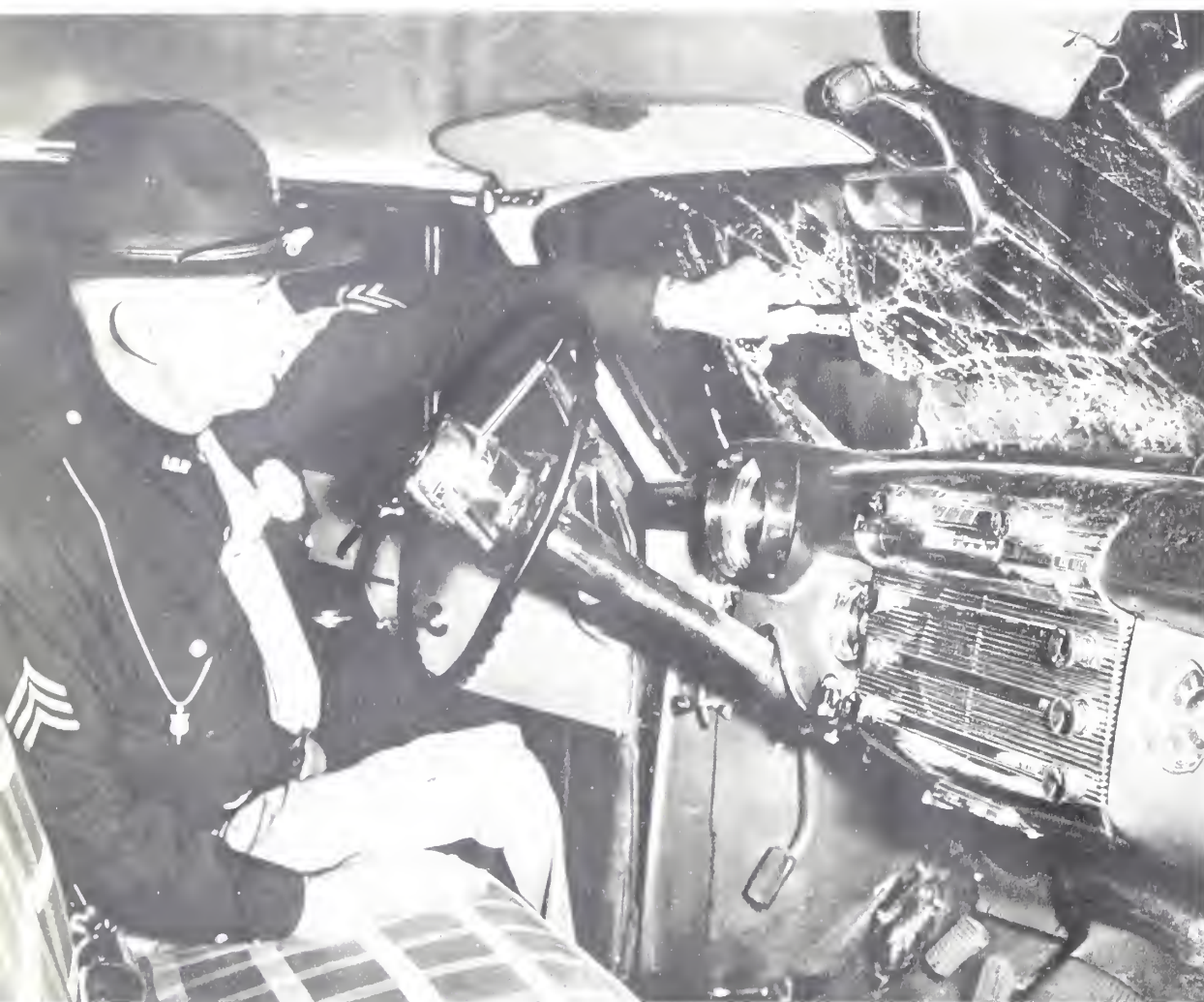
causes of needless and excessive injuries due to windshields, steering wheels and the like can be modified by safety design." Only Indiana is using the form at present, but several other states are expected to adopt it this year.

From information given by the doctor about an automobile crash, plus details provided by the state trooper on another special form, Indiana investigators usually can tell what part of the car hit, crushed or pierced a passenger, and how serious his injuries were. The injury check list runs from one—for superficial hurts—to ten. The last four numbers are degrees of fatality. A man is just as dead in one degree as in another, but it makes a great deal of difference to safety people whether his body is intact except for a hole knocked in the head by a control knob or is scattered over a hun-



You could tell speed without taking eyes from road if gauge were projected on windshield

Auto-crash researchers say their work may lead to construction of a car so safe



ROCCO PAOLU

Indiana State Police Sgt. Elmer C. Paul examines windshield of wrecked car. It was he who began study to find out why some persons die in crashes while others are uninjured



Cornell laboratory uses "Thin Man" dummy and catapult to simulate effects of a crash



Test crash in the Cornell laboratory throws "Thick Man" dummy against steering wheel

catapult full-weight plastic heads against all areas found hazardous. Main purpose: to learn how various types of padding reduce the possibility of serious injury.

C.A.L. already knows a good deal about padding as the result of a study it made for the New York State Boxing Commission, which asked advice on how to reduce injuries in the ring. The laboratory took a look at the records and found that about half the ring fatalities were caused by blows on the head—administered to a falling boxer by the ring floor. Dye's hunt for safe padding for a ring has convinced him that theoretically the best padding for an automobile dashboard would be a low-density material which would give way slowly under impact, spreading out and absorbing the force of the blow. There is such a material; even when faced over with plastic or metal, it probably would eliminate most of the danger of a cracked skull. But it would be a one-shot proposition in an automobile: crash into it and it would save your life, but you'd have to get a new dashboard.

Danger in "Bounce" of Foam Rubber

How about foam rubber? C.A.L. engineers ruled it out after dropping an eight-pound steel ball from about four feet on a rubber pad. The ball bounced back three feet. "Your head weighs 10 pounds," says Dye. "Smack it against a rubber-coated panel, and if it doesn't crack on the first bounce, it may on the second. Or it may rebound and hit, for example, the door handle."

For New York boxing ring platforms, the laboratory worked out with the U.S. Rubber Company a "slow memory" material known as Ensolite. A plastic described by chemists as a modified unicellular polyvinyl chloride, it absorbs most of the force of a blow before returning—very slowly, unlike rubber—to its original shape. Dropped against an Ensolite pad from a height of four to five feet, the eight-pound ball rebounds only three inches. Dye thinks the new material will prove almost ideal for padding parts of an automobile forward of the head—doorposts and dashboard, among others—but he has other possibilities he wants to try out, too.

Another way to make cars safer is to redesign or relocate potentially dangerous equipment—anything heavy or solid which vital parts of the body may hit. For example, a four-pound clock on a dashboard could deal your head as lethal a blow as a four-pound hammer if you are thrown against it in a crash.

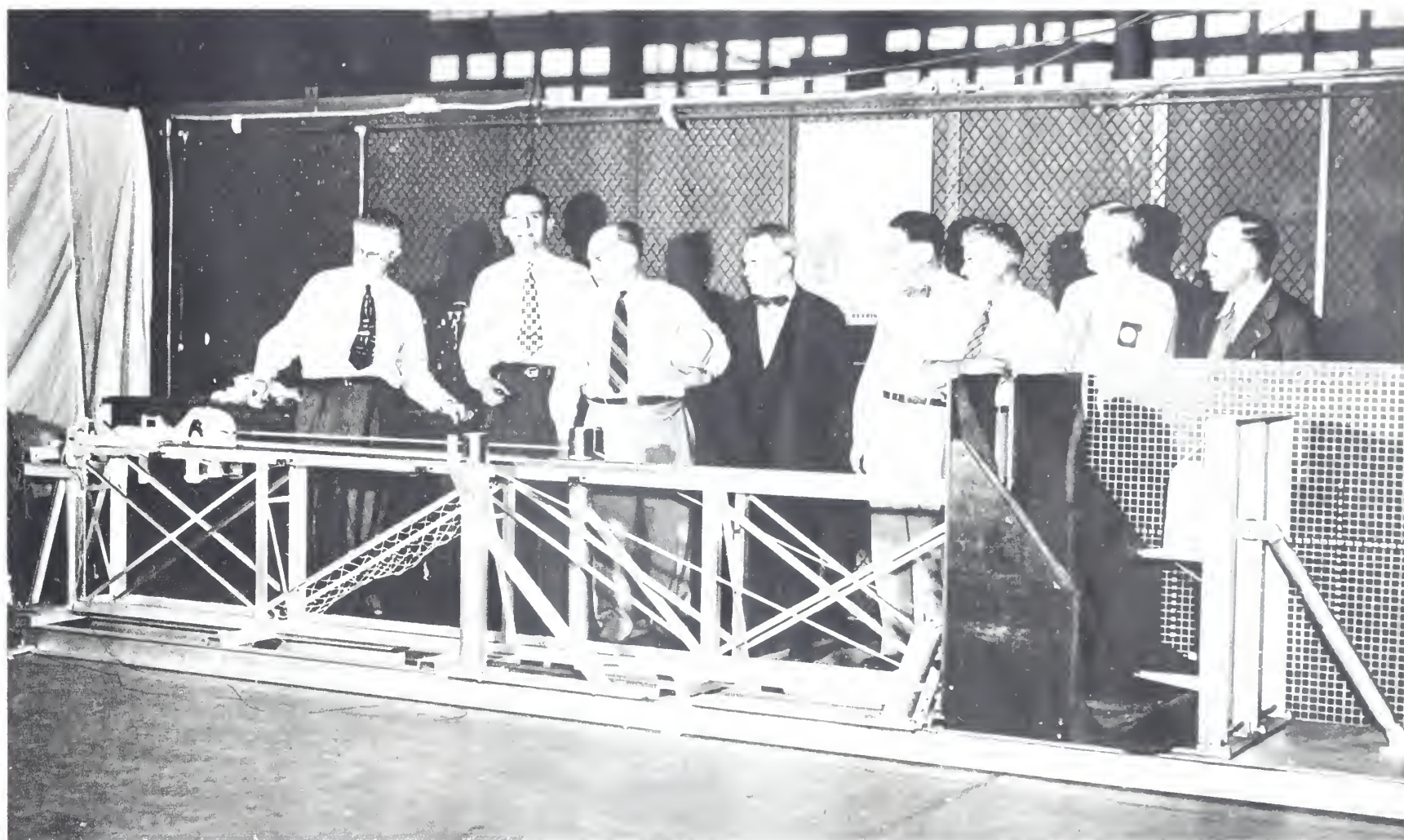
The basic problem, though, is how to keep you in your seat in a crash. If you stayed there, you would have a good chance of escaping critical injury. Bracing won't help too much because trying to brace yourself against a five-G crash, for example, would be like trying to do a push up with four people on your back.

One solution—now used in some military air transports—is to redesign a car so that everybody except the driver rides backward. In crashes that now would kill you, you probably would only be pushed more deeply into the back of your seat. Dye himself has used this principle in designing a rearward-facing seat for children. Aside from engineering calculations showing that such a seat properly bolted to the car's frame will cradle a youngster safely during even a severe crash, Dye has some firsthand experimental evidence. Once when his young son, then about three, was riding in the seat, Dye had to jam on the brakes, and the boy screamed. It turned out, though, the boy hadn't felt a thing; in fact, he was the only passenger not shaken up. He yelled because he thought the folks in the back seat, suddenly flung forward, were threatening him.

Dye says children love riding backward, and he thinks the rest of us would get used to it, too.

But an innovation which Dye thinks is more likely to be adopted is a well-padded panel that

could crash head on into a wall at 50 mph without seriously hurting the occupants



Preliminary studies show that head injuries cause more than half the crash deaths. Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory at Buffalo, New York, developed this catapult to throw plastic heads against structures representing auto doorposts, windows and instrument panels. Lined

up behind the catapult are some of the men who are working to make your automobile safer. The two men in business suits direct the research. They are Hugh de Haven (left) of the Cornell Medical College and Edward Dye (right) of Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory

could be pulled forward from beneath the dashboard into the lap to hold the body down. It would be equipped with a shock-absorbing device to lessen the body's impact against it in a crash.

Dye would like to see this panel used particularly in the seat beside the driver, which researchers believe to be the most dangerous seat in an automobile. Pulled into place, the panel would keep a passenger from being thrown forward more than a few inches even in a head-on collision—and, if safety weren't enough of an attraction, the panel could have a top that would serve as a worktable.

As a matter of fact, there's something anybody can do right now to keep himself and his passengers where they'll be safest. Time after time, Indiana's reports of crashes bear a notation to this effect: "Had safety harness been used, there would have been no fatality."

Paul, De Haven and Dye—three of the men who know most about what happens during a crash—all wear seat belts in their own autos like those in commercial planes. From his work with the Thin Man, Dye estimates they may double a person's chances of survival.

A seat belt costs about \$10 and takes half an hour to install. It must be bolted securely to the floor—if you looped it only around the back of the seat, both you and the seat would plunge forward in a crash—and for best results should be set to fit over your hips as the safety belt does in an airplane.

Shoulder harness would be much more effective but it's harder to install. Even so, Howard Hasbrook, administrator of aviation field research for the Cornell Medical College's phase of the studies,

has got himself a set. "I drive in from Long Island on a crowded highway, and I see plenty of accidents," he explains.

Sometime next year, after it has completed experiments with the Thick Man, Half-Pint and the catapulted heads and has studied the latest analyses of highway accidents, C.A.L. will build a mock-up automobile embodying what seem to be practicable suggestions for making a safer car. The dashboard—at least that part of it to the right of the driver—will almost certainly be bare of instruments, gadgets and decorations, and will be constructed of lightweight material. There will be padding at certain points that don't have it now. Dye's idea of built-in safety panels may be used.

To Aid Quicker Reading of Gauges

Another change being considered—more to prevent a crash than to help people live through one—is the redesigning and relocation of essential instrument gauges. When you pull your eyes from the road to read the instrument panel at present, it's a second or two before they return; at 60 miles per hour you travel about 100 feet blind. If the gauges were placed directly under the windshield and showed nothing but a red or a green light, you could read them far more quickly. Red, of course, would warn you to stop and check up.

What C.A.L. researchers will suggest about the windshield is uncertain. So-called pop-out windshields have made their appearance and, the researchers believe, may prove useful. "At the present stage of the investigation, though," Dye says, "I don't know if it's more dangerous to hit

the windshield and stay in the car, or not hit it but fly out and hit the ground." Best bet: keep a person in the car without hitting the windshield.

C.A.L. engineers also are studying more drastic innovations. One would eliminate the steering wheel, substitute small levers, and give the driver a safety panel to keep him from plunging forward. Engineers predict a car of the future, equipped with steering levers and other safety features tested in both laboratory and on the proving ground, could be rammed into a stone wall at 50 miles an hour without seriously hurting anybody in it. The laboratory has spent \$8,000 for preliminary research on an experimental model theoretically capable of such a feat, but won't talk about it now except to say that the car will use new, lightweight structural materials—presumably plastics—and may be much cheaper as well as much safer than conventional automobiles.

Meanwhile the crash-injury researchers offer you these suggestions:

- ¶ Install safety harness.
- ¶ If you're a passenger and see a crash coming, press your hands against whatever is in front of you (the dashboard if you're up front) and pillow your head on your arms. The instinctive gesture is to throw up your hands in front of your face, but then your head crashes forward and the weight of your hands makes it strike all the harder.
- ¶ When possible, sit in the back seat. Indiana statistics indicate it's about twice as safe as the front one.
- ¶ When you shop for a car, be as interested in its safety features as in its looks. Dealers then will realize the public really wants a safer car. ▲▲▲

Jane Wyman Dances the



B. J. ANDRY

As Ray Milland's wife in Columbia's new *Let's Do It Again*, Jane stages torrid dance in attempt to win back his straying affections. On opposite page, she swings into Zambesi

An actress of many moods, Jane has been sober, sweet, sad and shy on film. Now she gets sassy

SOME entertainers reproduce themselves over and over again with the precision of a machine stamping out coins. But a few are able to bring excitement and variety to any role they play. Jane Wyman can do anything from sweet and low to hot and heavy—and make it good.

Miss Wyman has been in the movies under contract to Warner Brothers over 15 years. She started as a blank-faced blonde, playing chorus girls and posing for endless publicity pictures. Then, in 1947, in M-G-M's *The Yearling*, as a ragged, harried mother in the Florida swamps, she proved that she was more than face, torso and legs. The next year she won an Academy Award for her portrayal of a deaf-mute in *Johnny Belinda* (Warner Brothers). And in 1950, 1951 and 1952 she triumphed again—as a shy cripple in *The Glass Menagerie* (Warner Brothers), as a governess in RKO's *The Blue Veil* and as Will Rogers' wife in *The Story of Will Rogers* (Warner Brothers). Recently Jane has come out dancing and singing in a couple of Paramount pictures with Bing Crosby. But in *Let's Do It Again*, to be released by Columbia Pictures this summer, she gives her talents a real ride.

In the story of a singer with marital problems, she comes out as a fast-moving, energetic doll with brains, beauty and sex appeal. Her biggest scene is near the end of the film, when, after deciding to accept a divorce from her husband (Ray Milland), she changes her mind. To chase his very proper girl friend and her family back to Boston, she shocks them with her own version of an uninhibited African ritual dance called the Zambesi. Synchroized with her high-kicking and hip-wriggling shenanigans, she sings a song pleading for love "the jungle way." Effective? The Bostonians scatter, and Ray bounces back to her, wide-eyed as a boy in springtime. Publicity people will be calling her the new Jane Wyman. "But," says a long-time Wyman fan, "it won't be true. It will simply be Jane's versatility busting out all over." ▲▲▲



As deaf-mute in Warner's *Johnny Belinda*, she won stardom and 1948 Academy Award



As shy cripple in *Glass Menagerie*, she fell in love with "gentleman caller" Kirk Douglas



As wife of great humorist in *Story of Will Rogers*, she played a warm, sympathetic role

Collier's for January 10, 1953

Zambesi





The Dog That

The trick was outrageous. But the butcher was outrageous.

LOOK what a lovely day we have for sailing," I said, pointing my pen toward the sunlit greenery outside the open window. Birds sang in trees, and the sun shone on a pack of brightly colored baggage tags that I was filling out. Under SS America, I had carefully lettered my name, and I answered the gay question, *Destination?* with *Cherbourg*.

I was about to fill out a new tag when I noticed Barbara's silence. I looked up at her. She was standing at the window looking at me. I remembered that on the day before she had said something about a dog; but I had been called away before I could talk about it at length.

For the most part, Barbara is a sweet and normal child. When she wants something, she changes. I looked at her now and clearly saw the symptoms of wanting something, symptoms long known to me and always the same. I recognized the first stage of a painful condition that overcomes her from time to time. I saw that this time it would be very grave and complicated. I could tell it by her eyes, her mouth, the position she stood in, the peculiar angles of her arms and legs. She was twisted in an unhappy pose of indecision. Not that she didn't know precisely what she wanted. Barbara was merely undecided about how to broach the subject. There was a long and cold silence.

At this point, the child is always under great stress. A trembling of the lower lip precedes the filling of the beautiful eyes with tears. I am allowed to see these hopeless eyes for a moment, and then, as a spotlight moves from one place to another, she averts her gaze and slowly turns, folds her arms and looks into the distance or, if there is no distance, at the wall. The crisis is approaching. She swallows, but her throat is constricted. Finally, with the urgency of a stammerer and with her small hands clenched, she manages to say a few dry words. Her voice is like a cold trumpet; the last word is a choking sound.

This morning—the morning we were sailing—the attack was particularly severe. After the silence, the tears and the gaze into the distance, Barbara blurted out: "You promised I could have a dog."

I steeled myself and answered, "Yes, when we get back from Europe you can have a dog."

An answer like that is worse than an outright no. The mood of "I wish I were dead" descended on Barbara. She stared coldly out of the window, and then she turned and limply dragged herself down the corridor to her room, where she goes at times of crisis. She closed the door, not by slamming it, but with a terrible, slow finality. From the corridor I could see how she let go of the doorknob inside. In an unspeakably dolorous fashion, the knob slowly turned, and there was a barely audible click of the mechanism. It was a cutting off of human relations, a falling off of appetite, and nothing of joy or disaster in all the world mattered to her.

Ordinarily this comatose state lasts for weeks. In this case, however, Barbara was confronted with a deadline, for the ship was sailing at five that afternoon, and it was now eleven in the morning. I usually break down after three or four weeks of resistance. The time limit for this operation was five hours.

For a while she continued to follow the manual of standard practice, which I know like the alphabet. From the door at the end of the corridor came the sound of heartbreaking sobs. Normally these



It was the last night on board. The sun had set, and we came up on deck for an evening walk. He was there, following us

sobs last for a good while; and then, the crisis ebbing, there follows an hour or two of real or simulated sleep, in which she gathers strength for new efforts. This time, however, the sobs were discontinued ahead of schedule. There was a period of total silence, during which I knew she was plotting at the speed of a calculating machine. This took about ten minutes. Then the door opened again and, fatefully and slowly, as the condemned walk to their place of execution, the poor child,



He was proceeding to mix dog food, and the chances for rescuing Little Bit were slim

handkerchief in hand, dragged along the corridor and passed me in phantomlike silence and, in a wide half circle, passed into the kitchen. I never knew until that morning that pouring milk into a glass could be a bitter and hopeless thing to watch.

I am as hardened to the heartbreak routine as a coroner is to post-mortems. I can be blind to tears and deaf to the most urgent pleading. I said, "Please be reasonable. I promise you that the moment we get back you can have a dog."

I was not prepared for what followed: the new slant, the surprise attack. She leaned against the kitchen doorframe and drank the last of the milk. Her mouth was ringed with white. Then she said in measured and accusing tones: "You read in the papers this morning what they did in Albany?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"They passed a law that all institutions like the S.P.C.A. are forced to turn dogs over to hospitals for vivisection—and you know what will happen. They'll get him, and then they'll cut him open and sew him up again, over and over, until he's dead."

"What has that got to do with me?"

"It has to do with the dog you promised me."

"What dog?"

"The dog that Frances wants to give me."

Frances is a redheaded girl who goes to school with Barbara.

"I didn't know Frances had a dog."

Barbara raised her eyebrows. "You never listen," she said, and, with weary gestures as if she were talking to an idiot, she said, "Poppy, I told you all about it a dozen times. Dr. Lincoln—that's Frances' father—is going to Saudi Arabia to work for an oil company, and he had to sign a paper agreeing not to take a dog, because it seems the Arabs don't like dogs. So the dog has to be got rid of. So Dr. Lincoln said, 'If you don't get rid of it, I will.' Now you know how doctors are. They have no feelings whatever for animals. He'll give it to some hospital for experiments."

I RESUMED filling out baggage tags. When I hear the word dog I think of a reasonably large animal of no particular breed, uncertain in outline like a Thurber dog, and with a rough dark coat. This image hovered in my mind when I asked,

"What kind of a dog is it?"

"Its name is Little Bit."

"What?"

"Little Bit, that's its name. It's the dearest, sweetest, snow-white, itty-bitsy toy poodle you have ever seen. Can I have it, please?"

I almost let out a shrill bark.

"Wait till you see him and all the things he's got—a special little wicker bed with a mattress, and he has a dish with his picture on it, and around it is written *Always Faithful*, in French. You see, Poppy, they got him in Paris last year, and he's the unique, sharpest little dog you have ever seen, and of course he is housebroken, and Frances says she's not going to give him to anybody but me."

I was playing for time. I would have settled for a Corgi, a Yorkshire, a Weimaraner, even a German boxer or a Mexican hairless, but Little Bit was too much. I knew that Dr. Lincoln lived some thirty miles out of New York, and that it would be impossible for him to get the dog to New York before the ship sailed.

Traveled Incognito

Poppy—and the poodle was delightful

By LUDWIG BEMELMANS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



"Where is the dog now?" I asked.

"He'll be here any minute. Poppy. Frances is on the way with him now. And, oh, wait till you see, he has the cutest little boots for rainy weather, and a cashmere sweater, sea-green, and several sets of leashes and collars. You won't have to buy anything for him."

"All right," I said, "you can have him. We'll put him in a good kennel until we get back."

The symptoms, well known and always the same, returned again; the lower lip trembled. "Kennel," she said—and there is no actress on the stage who could have weighted this word with more reproach and misery.

"Yes, kennel," I said, and I filled out the baggage tag for my portable typewriter.

"Poppy," she began, but I got up and said, "Now look, Barbara, the ship leaves in a few hours, and to take a dog aboard you have to get a certificate from a veterinary, and reserve a place for him, and buy a ticket."

To my astonishment, Barbara smiled indulgently and said, "Well, if that's all that is bothering you—first of all, the French, unlike the English, have no quarantine for dogs, and Little Bit already has a certificate. Second, you can make all the arrangements for the dog's passage on board ship, after it sails. Third, there is plenty of room in the ship's kennels. I know all this because Frances and I went down to the U.S. Lines and got this information day before yesterday."

AT SUCH times I feel for the boy who will someday marry Barbara. With all hope failing, I said, "But we'll have to get a traveling bag or something to put the dog in."

"He has a lovely little traveling bag with his name lettered on it. Little Bit."

The name stung like a whip. "All right, then." I wrote an extra baggage tag for the dog's bag.

Barbara wore the smug smile of success. "Wait till you see him," she said, and she ran downstairs.

She returned with Frances, who I am sure, had been sitting there waiting all the time.

Little Bit had shoe-button eyes and a patent-leather nose and a strawberry-colored collar. He was fluffy from the top of his head to his shoulders and then shorn like a miniature Persian lamb. At the end of a stub of a tail was a puff of fluff, and there were other puffs on his four legs. He wore a red ribbon, and a bell on his collar. I thought that sawdust would come out of him if he were cut open.

A real dog moves about a room and sniffs his way into corners; he inspects turn of furniture and people, and makes notes of things. Little Bit stood with cock-sparrow stiffness on four legs, as static as his stare. He was picked up and brought over to me, and I think he knew exactly what I thought of him, for he lifted his tiny lip on the left side of his face, up over his mouselike teeth, and sneered. He was put down, and he danced on stilts, with the motion of a mechanical toy, back to Frances.

I was shown the traveling bag, which was like



one of the pocketbooks that WACs carry.

"We don't need that tag," Barbara said. "I'll carry him in this. Look." She opened the pocketbook, which had a circular opening with a wire screen on both ends for breathing purposes. Little Bit jumped into it, and she closed it. "You see, he won't be any bother whatever."

She opened the bag again, and, with a standing jump, Little Bit hurdled its handles. He stalked toward me and, tilting his head a little, looked up at me, and then he again lifted his lip over his small fangs.

"Oh, look, Barbara," said Frances. "Little Bit likes your father; he's smiling at him." I had an impulse to sneer back, but instead I took the baggage tags and began to attach them to the luggage.

I left the room then, for now Frances showed signs of crisis; her eyes were filling, and the heartbreak was too much for me.

Little Bit was less emotional. He ate a hearty meal from his *Toujours Fidèle* dish. Then he inspected the house, tinkling about with the small bell that hung from his patent-leather collar.

It was time to leave for the boat. The baggage was taken to a taxi, and Little Bit hopped into his bag. On the way to the boat, I thought about the things I had forgotten to take care of, and also about Little Bit. It is said that there are three kinds of books that are always a success; they are: a book about a doctor, a book about Lincoln, and a book about a dog. Well, now I had Dr. Lincoln's dog, but the situation didn't seem to hold the elements of anything except chagrin. I wondered if Lincoln ever had had a dog, or a doctor, or if Lincoln's doctor had a dog. I wondered if that side of Lincoln, perhaps the last remaining side, had been investigated yet or was still open.

WE ARRIVED with Dr. Lincoln's dog at the customs barrier, our passports were checked and the baggage was brought aboard. In the cabin we found some friends. Little Frances, with Barbara and Little Bit, looking out of his bag, inspected the ship. The gong sounded, and the deck steward sang, "All ashore that's going ashore." The passengers lined up to wave their farewells. The last of those that were going ashore hurried down the gangplank (good-by, good-by!), and then the engine bells sounded below, and the tugs moaned and hissed, and the ship backed out into the river. There are few sights in the world as beautiful as a trip down the Hudson and out to sea, especially at dusk. I was on deck until we were in Ambrose Channel, and then I went down into the cabin.

Little Bit was lying on the writing desk, on a blotter, and watching Barbara's hand. She was writing a letter to Frances, describing the beauty of travel and Little Bit's reactions. "Isn't he the best traveling dog we've ever had, Poppy?"

The cabins aboard the *America* are the only ones I have ever been in that don't seem to be aboard ship. They are large—like rooms in a country home—a little chintzy in decoration. The portholes are curtained, and in back of the curtains, one suspects, screened doors lead out to a porch and a Connecticut lawn, rather than the ocean.

I put my things in place and changed to a comfortable racket, and then I said, "I guess I'd better go up and get this dog business settled."

"It's all attended to, Poppy. I took

"No man ever stands so
Straight as when he
Stoops to help a boy"



BIG BROTHER WEEK
JANUARY 4 to 11

care of it," said Barbara, and she continued writing.

"Well, then, you'd better take him upstairs to the kennels now. It's almost dinnertime."

"He doesn't have to go to the kennels."

"Now look, Barbara—"

"See for yourself, Poppy. Ring for the steward, or let me ring for him." . . .

"Yes, sir," said the steward, smiling.

"Is it all right for the dog to stay in the cabin?" I asked. The steward had one of the most honest and kind faces I have ever seen. He didn't fit on a ship, either. He was more like a person that works around horses, or a gardener. He had bright eyes, and squint lines, a leathery skin and a good smile. He closed his eyes and said, "Dog? I don't see no dog in here, sir." He winked like a burlesque comedian and touched one finger to his head in salute. "My name is Jeff," he said. "If you want anything . . ." and then he was gone.

"You see?" said Barbara. "And besides, you save fifty dollars, and coming

back another fifty, makes a hundred."

I am sure that Little Bit understood every word of the conversation. He stood up on the blotter and tilted his head, listening to Barbara. She said to him, "Now you know, Little Bit, you're not supposed to be on this ship at all. You mustn't allow anybody to see you. Now, you hide, while we go to eat."

There was a knock at the door. Little Bit jumped to the floor, and he was out of sight.

It was the steward. He brought a little raw meat mixed with string beans on a plate and covered with another plate. "Yes, sir," was all he said.

After he left, we took the bell off Little Bit's collar as a precaution.

BARBARA was asleep when the first rapport between me and Little Bit took place. I was sitting on a couch, reading, when he came into my cabin. By some magic trick, like an elevator going up a shaft, he ascended and sat down next to me. He kept a hand's width away, tilted his head and then lifted his lip over the left side of his face. I think I smiled back at him in the same fashion. I looked at him with interest for the first time. He was embarrassed; he looked away and then suddenly changed position, stretching his front legs ahead and sitting down flat on his hind legs. He made several jerky movements but never uttered a sound.

Barbara's sleepy voice came from the other room: "Aren't you glad we got Little Bit with us?"

"Yes," I said, "I am."

I thought about the miracles of nature; that this tough little lion in sheep's pelt functioned as he did, with a brain that could be no larger than an olive; that he had memory, understanding, tact, courage and, no doubt, loyalty, and that he was completely self-sufficient. He smiled once more, and I smiled back: the relationship was established. Life went on as steadily as the ship.

On the afternoon of the third day

out, as I lay in my deck chair, reading, Barbara came running. "Little Bit is gone," she stammered, with trembling lower lip.

We went down to the cabin. The steward was on all fours, looking under the beds and furniture. "Somebody must have left the door open," he said, "or it wasn't closed properly and swung open, and I suppose he got lonesome here all by himself and went looking for you. You should have taken him up to the movies with you, Miss."

"He's a smart dog," Barbara said. "Let's go everywhere he might go looking for us."

So we went to the dining room, to the smoking room, the theater, the swimming pool, up the stairs, down the stairs, up on all the decks and around them, and to a secret little deck we had discovered between second and third class at the back of the ship, where Little Bit was taken for his exercise mornings and evenings, where he ran about freely while I stood guard. A liner is as big as a city. He was nowhere.

When we got back the steward said, "I know where he is. You see, anybody finds a dog naturally takes it up to the kennel, and that's the end—he stays for the rest of the trip. Well, remember, I never saw the dog; I don't know about him. The butcher—that's the man in charge of the kennels—he's liable to report me if he finds out I helped hide him. He's mean, especially about money. He figures that each passenger gives him ten bucks for taking care of a dog, and he doesn't want any of us to snatch it."

"There was a Yorkshire stowing away trip before last—he caught him on the gangplank as the dog was leaving the ship. The passenger had put him on a leash. Well, the butcher stopped him from getting off. He held up everything for hours; the man had to pay passage for the dog, and the steward who had helped hide him was fired. Herman Huegeli is his name, and he's as mean as they come. You'll find him on the top deck, near the aft chimney, where it says *Kennel*."

At moments such as this one, I enjoy the full confidence and affection of my child. Her nervous little hand is in mine; she willingly takes direction; she is all devotion, and no trouble is too much. She loves me especially then, because she knows that I am larcenous at heart and willing to go to the greatest lengths to beat a game and especially a meanie.

"Now remember," I said, "if you want that dog back we have to be very careful. First, let's go and case the joint."

WE CLIMBED up into the scene of white-and-red smokestacks, the sounds of humming wires and the swish of water. In yellow and crimson fire, the ball of the sun had half sunk into the sea, precisely at the end of the avenue of foam that the ship had plowed in the ocean. We were alone. We walked up and down, like people taking exercise before dinner, and the sea changed to violet, and to indigo, and then to that glossy gun-metal hue that it wears on moonless nights. The ship swished along to the even pulse of her machinery.

There was the sign. A yellow light shone from a porthole. I lifted Barbara, and inside, in the immensity of one of the upper cages, was Little Bit, behind bars. There was no look on his face; there was no one inside the kennel. The door was fastened by a pad-



"The good thing about inflation is that
I lost 15 pounds worrying about it"

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

lock. We walked back and forth for a while, and then a man came up the stairs, carrying a pail. He took the padlock off the door.

"That's our man," I said to Barbara.

Inside the kennel, he brought forth a large dish like the body of a kettle-drum. The dogs were barking.

"Now listen carefully, Barbara. I will go in and start a conversation with Mr. Haegeli. I will try to arrange it so that he turns his back on the cage in which Little Bit is, and you carefully open the door of the cage, grab Little Bit, put him under your coat and then you don't run—you stand still, and after a while you say, 'Oh, please let's get out of here.' I will then say good evening, and we both will leave very slowly. Remember to act calmly, watch the butcher, but don't expect a signal from me. Decide yourself when it is time to act. It may be when he is in the middle of work, or while he is talking."

"Oh, please, Poppy. Let's get out of here," Barbara said, rehearsing.

I opened the door to the kennel and smiled, like a tourist in appreciation of a new discovery. "Oh, this is where the dogs are kept," I said. "Good evening."

MMR. HAEGELI looked up and answered with a grunt. He was mixing dog food. "My, what nice food you're preparing for them!" I said. "How much do they charge to take a dog across?"

"Fifty dollars," said Mr. Haegeli, who had a Swiss accent. There are all kinds of Swiss, some with French, some with Italian and some with German accents. They all talk in a singing fashion. Their faces are as varied as their accents. The butcher didn't look like a butcher. A good butcher is fat and rosy. Mr. Haegeli was thin-lipped, thin-nosed; his chin was pointed, and in the light he didn't look as mean as I had expected. He looked rather fanatic and frustrated.

"How often do you feed them?"

"They eat twice a day, and as good as anybody on board," said Mr. Haegeli, "all except Rolfi there. He belongs to an actor, Mr. Gruber. He crosses twice a year, and he brings the dog's food along." He pointed to the cage where a large police dog was housed. "Rolfi, he is fed once a day, out of cans." He seemed to resent Rolfi and his master.

"You exercise them?"

"Yes, of course, all except Rolfi. Mr. Gruber comes up in the morning and takes him around on the top deck, and he sits with him there on a bench. There is such a thing as making too much fuss over a dog."

I said that I agreed with him.

"He tried to keep him in his cabin; he said he'd pay full fare for Rolfi, like a passenger. He'll come up any minute now to say good night to Rolfi. Some people are crazy about dogs." Mr. Haegeli was putting chopped meat, vegetables and cereal into the large dish. "There are other people that try to get away with something; they try and smuggle dogs across, like that one there." He pointed at Little Bit. "But we catch them." He sang it in his Swiss dialect. "Oh, yes, we catch them; they think they're smart, but they don't get away with it, not with me on board they don't. I have ways of finding out; I track them down." The fires of the fanatic burned in his eyes. "I catch them every time." He sounded as if he turned them over to the guillotine after he caught them. "Here comes Mr. Gruber," he said, and opened the door.

Kurt Gruber, the actor, said good

evening and introduced himself. He spoke in German to Mr. Haegeli, and Mr. Haegeli turned his back on Little Bit's cage. As he opened Rolfi's cage we were deafened with barking from a dozen cages. The breathless moment had arrived. Barbara was approaching his cage door when the dog lover Gruber saw Little Bit and said, "There's a new one." He spoke to Little Bit, and Little Bit, who had behaved as if he had been carefully rehearsed for his liberation, turned away with tears in his eyes. Mr. Gruber and his dog disappeared.

HERR HAEGELI had wiped his hand on his smock, and, with it still smeary with dog food, had shaken hands when we introduced ourselves. He was now proceeding to mix the dog food, and the chances for rescuing Little Bit were getting slim.

"Where do you come from, Mr. Haegeli?"

"Schaffhausen; you know Schaffhausen?" Mr. Haegeli asked.



COLLIER'S

"We buried our old model
and use it as a cellar!"

BO BROWN

"Yes, yes," I said in German. "Wunderbar."

"Ja, ja, beautiful city."

"And the waterfall."

"You know the Haegeli *Wurstfabrik* there?"

"No; I'm sorry."

"Well, it's one of the biggest *Wurstfabriken* in Switzerland: liverwurst, *salami*, *cervelat*, frankfurters, boned hams—a big concern, belongs to a branch of my family. I'm a sort of wanderer, I like to travel—restless you know; I can't see myself in Schaffhausen." He looked up. He was mixing food with both hands, his arms rotating.

"I understand."

"Besides, we don't get along, my relatives and I. All they think about is money, small money. I think in large sums; I like a wide horizon. Schaffhausen is not for me."

"How long have you been traveling?"

"Oh, I'm now two years on this ship. You see, I'm not really a butcher; I'm an inventor."

"How interesting! What are you working on, Mr. Haegeli?"

At last Mr. Haegeli turned his back

on the cage in which Little Bit waited. "Well, it's something tremendous. It's—so to say—revolutionary."

"Oh?"

"There's a friend of mine, a Swiss, who is a baker, but, you know, like I am not a real butcher he is not exactly a baker. I mean, he knows his trade, but he has ambition to make something of himself, and together we have created something that we call a Frankroll." He waited for the effect.

"What is a Frankroll?"

"It's a frankfurter baked inside a roll. We've got everything here to experiment with—the material and the ovens. I make the franks, and he makes the roll. We've tried it out on passengers here. Mr. Gruber, for example, says it's a marvelous idea. I might add that the experimental stage is over—our product is perfect. And now it is merely a question of selling the patent, or licensing somebody. You know the way that is done—you make much more that way."

him as he slowly walked into his cage. He said to Rolfi that it was only for two more nights that he had to be here. He wished us a good night also, and after a final good night to his dog, he went.

"Where was I?" said the butcher.

"With the Frankroll, the old man, and the wise-guy son."

"Right. Well, the son was looking at our product doubtfully, and he took a bite out of it, and in the middle of it he stopped chewing. 'Mmmm,' he said, 'not bad, not bad at all. But—' He made a long pause, and then he said, 'What about the mustard, gentlemen?'"

"I said, 'All right, what about the mustard?' So the wise guy says, 'I'm a customer; I'm buying; I'm at a hot-dog stand. I watch the man in the white jacket. He picks up the frankfurter roll that's been sliced and placed face down on the hot plate. Then he picks it up in a sanitary fashion, takes the skinless frank with his fork, places it on the roll and hands it to me. Now, I dip into the mustard pot—or maybe I decide on a little kraut—or maybe I want some relish. Anyway, I put all that on the frank—' He held out his hand.

"So I said, 'What's all that got to do with our Frankroll?' So Junior says, 'A lot. Let me explain. It's got no appeal. Practical, maybe, but to put the mustard on the hot dog the customer would have to slice the bun first, and that leads us straight back to the old-fashioned frankfurter and the old-fashioned roll. This may be practical, but it's got no sizzle to it. No eye appeal, no nose appeal—it's no good.'"

"Well, the old man was confused, and he got up, and said that he'd like to think about it, and then he said he'd like to show us the factory. Well, you'd never think how important a thing a frankfurter is. This factory is shining. Now, there are two schools about frankfurters, the skin frank and the skinless. These people specialize in skinless ones, because the American housewife is so lazy she prefers it without the skin. But—did you know that the skinless comes with a skin and has to be peeled? Now, there is a vast hall, and at long tables there sit hundreds of women, and music plays, and each has in her left hand a frankfurter and in the right a paring knife, and all day long they remove the skin from the frankfurters. An eight-hour day. And at the end of the room there is a first-aid station, because at the speed at which they work there is a great deal of laceration. The man there in charge—"

BBARBARA broke in, "Oh, please, Poppy, please!" she urged. "Let's get out of here."

"The man in charge there explained that in spite of elaborate safety precautions, there was a great deal of absenteeism on account of carelessness. They had people working on a machine to skin the frankfurters. 'Now if you could invent a skinning device,' said the old man to me, 'you'd be a millionaire overnight.' Well, we're not licked yet. You see the beauty of working on a ship is you have everything. One of the engineers is working with us on a skinning machine, and I have another outfit lined up for the Frankroll."

The light in Mr. Haegeli's eyes faded. He wiped his hand again on his apron, and I shook it, and slowly Barbara and I walked out on deck and down the first flight of stairs to A deck, and I said, "Run for your life, for by now he has discovered that Little Bit is gone."

We got into the cabin. Little Bit

The

7 ENGINES

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A large yellow excavator is shown from a low angle, with a large white banner draped across its side. The banner features the text "NEW MORE POWERFUL ENGINES" in bold, red, sans-serif capital letters. The excavator's arm and bucket are visible on the right side of the frame. The background is a blurred green field.

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HENRY LUHRS

"Get it up and move it, Al boy," he called brightly. "Let's put this act on the road!"

Old Pal, Old Teammate

By MATT BRYANT

ALLEN clomped down the stairs, dressed in old cords and three sweaters. His skates were slung over his shoulder jauntily, but his expression was black and scowling.

Betty ignored her son elaborately. Though at seventeen he considered himself a sophisticate, she knew he could not long contain any of his darker emotions.

When his legs-apart, head-back pose of agony brought no comment, he collapsed disjunctedly into a chair and moaned, "I'm cursed."

"Aren't we all?" Betty said warily.

"You've noticed it, too?" he asked darkly.

Betty nodded and said, "Oh, yes, nothing gets by me," and she wondered uneasily where their conversation was going.

"The child-dad, the playmate-pop," Allen said bitterly. "He's on my team; I'm his pal."

Betty sighed and stuffed the sock she was darning into her sewing box. She had been waiting for this moment of rebellion for so long it was a relief, like the long-delayed crash of thunder after a streak of lightning. And yet, like the expected thunder, this outbreak still caught her unprepared.

How could she explain to Allen and make him accept Hal's delight in playing the role of the young father—especially when she could not reconcile herself to it? She was as weary of Hal's hot pursuit of palship these past ten years as she was of doing dishes—and of growing older, alone.

And then Hal, as light-footed as a junior tennis champion, came running down the steps. He was wearing sweaters and old corduroys, too. Except for a leaner cast to his dark, handsome face, he could have been Allen's slightly older brother, though he was thirty-eight.

"Get it up and move it, Al boy," he said brightly. "Let's put this act on the road."

"Some act!" Allen said and heaved himself up, and then they were gone.

The telephone rang, and Betty got up to answer it. Kathy Harper was on the telephone. She was a really exhausting girl who pursued Allen with all the finesse of a roaring cannon. When Betty put down the telephone, she prayed forgiveness for thoughtlessly blurting out to Kathy that she would

find Allen at Bowman's Pond with his father. Betty excused herself on the grounds that she had more to think about than making up excuses for adolescents. And she did: Hal. . . .

The silence they brought into the house was shattering. Betty looked curiously from Allen's glowering anger to Hal's sheepish grin. "Well," she said uneasily, "who did what—and to whom?"

Allen stood with his legs apart and his hands clenched into fists. He glared at his father, and then his soft, boyish lips trembled, and he turned and ran up the stairs three at a time.

Betty turned to Hal. "All right," she said, "tell me about it, or take it outside and hurry it."

Hal ruffled the back of his neck, still smirking, and said, "Guess I'll have a beer," and he amhed out into the kitchen.

Betty sighed and started wearily up the stairs. When Hal was so inclined, he could shame the Sphinx. But Allen had not yet acquired that talent, and she had to find out what had befallen the two of them at Bowman's Pond.

After a great show of stubborn insistence that reminded Betty of Hal, Allen ate in his room, dressed for the school dance and stole out of the house. Hal ate in grinning silence across the dining-room table from Betty.

When the dishes were washed and put away, Hal got himself another beer from the refrigerator and went into the living room. On her way upstairs, Betty looked at him and said, "Don't get blotto, Two Beer; I may want you for something."

Hal made a mocking noise in his throat. Betty got out her best cocktail dress. As she put on lipstick, she thought tiredly that it was nice she only felt as old as Mother Eve, not looked it.

Hal glanced up as she came down the stairs, fastening the clasp of her one good bracelet.

"What are you about to do?" he asked.

Betty stood in front of him. "I am about to seduce a confession out of you," she said.

Hal looked surprised and said, "You mean he didn't tell you anything? He kept still?" There was a tribute like a twenty-one-gun salute in his omission of the tiresome nicknames.

"Oh, yes, he said you were his pal, and you were on his team, and wasn't he lucky he had such a young father—one who was growing up with him, playing with him," Betty said. And then she eyed him warily and tried not to laugh as she added, "And one who made a fool of himself with the dumbest, man-craziest girl in school."

Hal choked.

"And he wanted to know if I wasn't as fed up with old pal, old teammate, old swoon-bait as he was?"

Hal just looked pleasantly embarrassed, not angry at all. "Well?" he asked.

Turning her extended arm and watching the lights glint on the bracelet, Betty said "I told him I sure as heck was."

"Why, you asp, you," Hal said, pleased and smiling secretly.

"However, boy," Betty said, "I'd like the story—the one about swoon-bait and the man-crazy girl." "The bridegroom didn't show up—no story," Hal quoted blithely.

"The point of that chestnut, Captain Billy, was to show that the reporter was lousy," Betty said. "So let's start with names."

"Can't answer," Hal said. "Self-incrimination."

"Now we're getting somewhere," Betty said, and she sat down on the couch so that she faced Hal. He was sitting with his hands shoved into his pockets, and he had that silly smile on his face again. "How about Kathy Harper?" she asked.

He said brightly, "Now, she's a tiresome but cute little nitwit, isn't she?" But he actually blushed when he added, "She chased me all over the pond, honey, me—old gray-head. Know what she told me when she got me cornered alone?"

"I don't dare imagine."

"Well," he said, and the silly smile came back to his face, "she said I was the most fascinating older man in the world—me, who's old enough to be her father."

"But doesn't act it," Betty said.

"Touché," Hal said, and smiled at her ruefully.

Betty laughed and put her arms around Hal and kissed him lightly on the faintly gray temple. "Kind of pleased with yourself, aren't you, boy?"

"Kind of," he admitted, and then he added seriously, "but what gives with our young Hamlet?"

Betty curled her legs under her and said, "Look, darling, how old were you when you declared you couldn't wait for me to be eighteen and of age?"

Hal leaned back and started to calculate.

"You were nineteen, and Allen's seventeen, Hal. If your father had dogged you all the time you were learning the courting game, you'd have thought he didn't trust you. Wouldn't you?"

Hal said happily, "Yours never trusted me."

"Of course not!" Betty said. "Anyhow, Allen's grown up, Hal, or at least he thinks he is. And what used to be companionship, well, now it seems to Allen to be spying. He wants to be left alone."

Hal pulled his hands out of his pockets and took Betty in his arms. "Okay, honey," he said, "I get it. And I'm sorry I couldn't figure it out for myself. Now, how would you like to be kissed by the most fascinating older man in the world?"

BETTY was leaning back comfortably against Hal's chest when he suddenly sat up and said loudly, "That damned kid of ours isn't thinking of marrying that stupid Harper brat, is he?"

Betty laughed. "Changing your tune, old man?" she asked.

"Just what does that mean?"

"Earlier tonight she was a 'cute little nitwit.'"

"Now look, that was different."

"You mean," Betty said, "that she worries you in your new-found role of father? No, darling, rest assured, all Allen wants is one father—not a buddy, not a sweetheart."

She rested her head against his shoulder. It was going to be nice, she thought, to have a man around the house again. And then she began to laugh delightedly at the mental picture of Hal being scared into middle age by a juvenile Circe.

But the way Hal acted when she refused to say what she was laughing at gave Betty cause to delete middle age.



De Havilland has devoted 45 years to aviation. Two of his sons died in plane crashes

Jet-powered Comet air liners, already in operation

DE HAVILLAND — The Man

Britain's Sir Geoffrey de Havilland, builder of the first jet air liner, barely got off the

ONE gray, wet morning last October, austerity-weary Britons read their morning newspapers with extra relish and gloated to anyone who would listen: "The Yanks finally realize there's life in the old island yet!"

Front-page headlines told the story: Pan American World Airways had just ordered three sleek Comet jet air liners from Great Britain for delivery in 1956 and had taken an option on seven more.

It was the first time in aviation history that an American air line had placed a major aircraft order in Britain. For nearly two decades every air-line operator in the world—the British included—had planned expansion with American equipment.

The man who produced the Comet—the world's first jet-propelled air liner—and thereby lifted the British aircraft industry from the shadow of American competition to the top of the heap is a shy, self-deprecating genius named Sir Geoffrey de Havilland, often called the father of British aviation.

An uncle of film stars Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine, Sir Geoffrey is a tall, rope-thin, nearly bald man of seventy with a quiet voice, a

quick smile and distant blue eyes. In a disposition of otherwise temperate enthusiasms, he has had only one passion—airplanes—since he first read in 1904 about the Wright Brothers and their new-fangled flying machine.

De Havilland's Comet has ushered in a new era of faster, more comfortable air transportation. Since last May, British Overseas Airways Corporation has put the 500-mile-an-hour Comets into operation on three routes out of London—to Johannesburg, Union of South Africa, to Colombo, Ceylon, and to Singapore—and expects to begin a London-Tokyo service the middle of this year. Comet service will be extended farther as fast as the planes become available.

BOAC's success with the jet air liners has brought orders pouring into the De Havilland Aircraft Company. In addition to Pan American, seven British Commonwealth, French, Japanese and Venezuelan air lines are in the queue awaiting delivery.

The Comet looks much like a conventional air liner both inside and out except for its lack of propellers. But it has two advantages: it goes nearly 200 miles an hour faster than any present piston-

engine commercial air liner, and there is no vibration aboard it. In a propeller-driven transport, London is three days away from Singapore; by Comet the cities are only 30 hours apart. When the Comet starts flying the North Atlantic—possibly in 1956—the gap between New York and London will shrink from the present 12 to 14 hours to 8.

The Comet carries its passengers so smoothly that Britain's Queen Mother Elizabeth and her younger daughter, Princess Margaret, on their first jet flight last spring, stood coins, cigarettes and pencils on end for 40 minutes at a time.

Despite the multimillion-dollar business the Comet has brought his company, Sir Geoffrey still takes small delight in making money and less in spending it. He still wears baggy suits; he still drives a Morris Minor (smallest and cheapest British automobile); he and his second wife still live in an eight-room house without servants in a London suburb.

At the De Havilland plant, Sir Geoffrey is still listed as technical director of the company he founded in 1920. His employees laughingly refer to the title as Sir Geoffrey's disguise. "He is the company," they say.



on air routes from London to South Africa and Asia, may begin service on the New York-London run in 1956. World's air lines get in line to buy Comets

Behind the COMET

By MARJORIE EARL

ground in his 1909 flying machine. Now his Comet streaks through the sky at 500 mph

His contributions to aviation have brought him, among other honors, a knighthood from King George VI in 1944 and the 1952 Daniel Guggenheim Medal from the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

This retiring, dedicated engineer and designer did not foresee early in his career that one day he would build a jet air liner. "All my life," he says, "I've just seen the improvements that could be made in the machine of the moment—and tried to make them."

When De Havilland was a boy in a middle-class family in Victorian England, the machine of the moment was a toy steam engine, and he worked to improve it. Next came a motorcycle engine; at seventeen he designed and built one of his own. That started him off on a promising career as an engineer in the automobile industry.

But De Havilland forgot everything else after that day in 1904 when he read of the Wright Brothers and their first flight. For four years he read and thought about their exploits. Then he paid a call on his grandfather in Oxford. He wanted to fly, he said, and he needed money. Impressed by the young man's conviction and determination, his

grandfather gave him \$5,000 he had intended as a bequest.

De Havilland designed a four-cylinder, water-cooled engine, doing all the drawings and tracings himself. While a motor company was building the engine, De Havilland and his brother-in-law, Frank T. Hearle (now chairman of the De Havilland Aircraft Company), went to work in a shed off London's Fulham Road on a pusher biplane of their own.

"We used bicycle wheels for landing gear, bicycle tubing for fittings and we bought the lightest wood we could find at a lumberyard," De Havilland recalls. "The covering was predoped cotton which my wife sewed on a hand sewing machine and the struts were ordinary piano wire." The first Lady de Havilland was to use the same sewing machine until her death in 1949.

De Havilland and Hearle trucked the airplane sections to a shed at Seven Barrows on England's North Hampshire Downs, near De Havilland's home, and there assembled the strange-appearing machine. Finally everything was ready: the engine was installed, and the wings, struts and controls were all in place. One December day in 1909, De

Havilland climbed onto the exposed seat for the first test flight.

"I was asking rather a lot of my little aircraft because I didn't know how to fly," De Havilland says now. "The engine ran and carried me across the ground, going downhill. I applied the elevator and much to my astonishment I went up a little bit. But I didn't know what to do next, so I came down rapidly." That was an understatement; actually the port wings failed and the plane crashed. But De Havilland reckoned the experience valuable.

"In those days there were no books on how to fly," he says. "It was a good way to learn." That it was also a good way to get killed didn't occur to him, as it doesn't now. "It could have been dangerous," he reluctantly concedes, "but fortunately the engine wasn't damaged."

De Havilland and Hearle went back to work in their Fulham Road workshop. This time they built a stronger and simpler airplane around the original engine. Ten months later, the two men were back at Seven Barrows with their new aircraft. Once more they pushed it to the top of an incline, started the engine and sent it off on test runs. De Havilland was at the controls; Hearle lay on the

Skeptics said jet air liner couldn't make money. De Havilland, British aviation pioneer,

ground and watched for daylight beneath the wheels. On a calm Saturday evening in September, 1910, the flimsy aircraft really flew.

"We stayed off the ground for 50 yards and later we went to an inn and had quite a celebration," De Havilland says. ("Quite a celebration" meant a few exultant beers.)

Gradually flights in the new plane got longer. Whole minutes were spent off the ground. Then there was the excitement of learning how to turn a plane in flight. Speeds of up to 45 miles an hour were attained.

That initial success cost De Havilland all of his grandfather's \$5,000. But the army balloon factory at Farnborough came to the rescue of the pioneer airmen. It bought their plane for \$2,000, gave De Havilland a job in the drawing room and as a pilot, and took on Hearle as a mechanic.

Recalled from Active Service

In May, 1914, De Havilland went to the Aircraft Manufacturing Company as chief designer. He left to join his squadron in the Royal Flying Corps at the outbreak of World War I, but the government soon ordered him back to his drafting board. There he designed the famous D.H.4, the 125-mile-an-hour bomber-reconnaissance plane which became the principal standard type for United States forces in World War I. Some 2,500 were built in the United States alone up to October, 1918. It was a D.H.4 which inaugurated international air passenger service; in 1919 it carried two persons from London to Paris in a crowded cockpit under a canvas canopy. The D.H.4 also pioneered American air-mail routes.

Britain's aircraft industry fell apart at the seams in 1920. But De Havilland and the men who had worked with him refused to believe there was no future in the air. With a working capital of less than \$15,000, they leased two wooden sheds, an old army hut and a small airfield to go into business for themselves as the De Havilland Aircraft Company, Ltd. Hearle headed the firm and De Havilland took the title he still has—technical director.

For two years, it was tough and go for the infant company. Hearle kept fabric for the fuselage and wings under his desk and doled it out stingily after lecturing everyone on its expense. The company ran a hire-plane service, advertised anything for anybody, and thinks it originated crop dusting, the system of spraying farm land from the air to kill insects.

The first sizable aircraft order that looked as though it might save the company from extinction came from the Daimler Airline Company in 1922. But at this moment the owner of the airfield decided he wanted to sell it—for \$90,000. De Havilland raised \$9,000, but at that was stumped.

One morning about that time De Havilland received a letter from a wealthy young aviation enthusiast named Alan S. Butler. Butler wanted De Havilland to build a two-seater, dual-controlled plane to his own specifications. "Tell him how much it will cost," De Havilland told his business manager. "That will soon settle the matter." But the \$13,500 price tag set by De Havilland did not stop Butler. He called personally to place his order.

As he was about to leave, Butler said, "By the way, I've been thinking of investing some money in an aircraft company. You don't by any chance need any, do you?" He mentioned the sum of \$225,000.

"Well, we do happen to need a little," De Havilland said, "but not that much." Butler nodded his head and left. De Havilland wondered if he had let opportunity slip through his hands. "I couldn't think of a polite way to tell him it was urgent," he says now.

But Butler came back with his checkbook a few days later and wrote out a check for \$22,500 that met the next installment on the airfield. With that, Butler became a director of the company and two years later was elected chairman—a post he held until his retirement in 1950. With Butler's money behind it, the company ever after was secure although it never became big. Today it comprises eight factories in England, a new Comet production line just being laid in Belfast, Northern Ireland, and branches in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Union of South Africa. But it is small compared to Britain's leading manufacturer, the Hawker Siddeley group. And it is diminutive beside its American competitors; the De Havilland Company's net assets including reserves total only about \$25,000,000.

In the years before the jet engine revolutionized aviation, the De Havilland production line turned out numerous air transports for British and European air lines as well as the Moth, a small private plane; the single-engine Puss Moth, flown to Tokyo and back by Amy Johnson and across the Atlantic by Bert Hinkler and Jim Mollison, and

the all-wood Mosquito fighter of World War II.

De Havilland and his associates plunged into the jet field during the war. Frank Halford, the firm's engine designer, began work on a jet engine in 1940. Less than two years later, De Havilland's Vampire fighter plane, powered by a Goblin jet, was ready.

Top Men Hold Bull Sessions

De Havilland and his top men met frequently in his plain, ground-floor office during those days to sip tea and pick one another's brain. In addition to De Havilland, Halford and Hearle, the bull sessions were attended by Ronald Bishop, the air-frame designer, who joined De Havilland as a sixteen-year-old apprentice; Charles Walker, the chief engineer, a benign seventy-year-old pioneer; Richard Clarkson, a wizard with the slide rules; Wilfred Nixon, the financial watchdog; and, finally, De Havilland's namesake son Geoffrey, then the company's chief test pilot.

Young Geoffrey frequently broached the idea of a jet air liner. After a test in the Vampire, he would say: "What a wonderful passenger liner it would make! There's little noise and no vibration."

The idea, bandied about over the teacups in the late-afternoon gloom, became irresistible to De Havilland, choked with war orders and longing to catch up on civil production. "I knew there was no point in our trying to build something just a little better than existing air transports," he said. "We were far behind; we had to go for the big risks and try something new." He ordered a start made on a jet transport.

While the De Havilland team was still in the midst of designs for the air liner that was to become the Comet, the firm completed a tailless, single-seater jet for a try to break the world's speed record. The attempt was set for Monday, September 30, 1946, at Littlehampton, on the south coast of England.

The evening of Friday, September 27th, was calm and cloudless. Young Geoffrey, then thirty-six, thought he would take up the nameless model, in which he had dived and rolled so brilliantly so often, for one final test before the attempt on the record. It was routine; his father didn't even bother to stay. But a half-dozen other members of the company stood about on the apron watching with satisfaction as the jet whined swiftly out of sight. Half an hour later a fearful chill froze their conversation. They listened for the jet's returning cry but heard nothing. Five more minutes passed. There was no sound but the singing of wayward birds. "We stood around waiting for half an hour after he was due," said one of the spectators. "But he just didn't come back."

After a gloomy consultation, one of the six was designated to telephone the father. "Geoffrey hasn't come back and we are afraid there's been an accident," he said. There was a terrible silence from the other end of the line. It ended with one word, "Thanks," followed by the click of the replaced receiver.

It had happened again. Five years earlier De Havilland's youngest son, John, twenty-four, had been killed in a collision diving a Mosquito out of a cloud bank.

"It is the price you pay for progress," is the only public comment De Havilland ever made.

The morning after young Geoffrey's death, the elder De Havilland came into his office as usual, straightened up the papers on his desk, left a few instructions for his secretary—and vanished for two weeks. One of the first things he did on his return was to write a letter of condolence to a stranger, the mother of an R.A.F. pilot whose death had just been announced in the newspapers.

Trying to Explain a Tragedy

During De Havilland's absence, young Geoffrey's body was found deep in the mud of the Thames Estuary. There was no way of telling what had happened. Company officials presumed Geoffrey was trying to fly faster than sound and perished when he tried to break through the sound barrier. An unexplained wall of resistance encountered at speeds over 700 miles an hour, the sound barrier has been pierced many times since by De Havilland's and other aircraft.

The development of the Comet went on. It had become Britain's postwar hope. The United States had forged far ahead in the production of conventional air transports because of the head start in design it got during World War II. Then the United States concentrated mainly on the production of bombers and transports—easily convertible into air liners—while Britain's comparatively small aircraft industry specialized in fighters. As a result, even BOAC turned to the United States for its first big transports after the war. With their equipment already in demand everywhere, American plane



COLLIER'S

STAN HUNT

proved them wrong with his Comet. Now U.S. companies are going to build jet transports

makers decided in 1946 against entering the unknown field of jet transports. But De Havilland and the British industry had no choice. Far behind the Americans in the design of conventional piston-engine air liners, they had to turn to a completely new field if they wanted to stay in business.

American manufacturers knew all along about the British development of jet transports. But they were skeptical that such air liners would prove practical. In the beginning, the jet transport seemed uneconomical to operate. It has a terrific thirst; at low speeds and low altitude, it uses twice as much fuel as the piston-engine machine. Worse, gulping fuel as it does, it cannot afford to circle over an airport once it has arrived at its destination. On a flight from London to Paris, a Comet would have to ask for landing clearance before taking off; it would be too expensive to operate if it had to wait its turn to land at a crowded airport.

First Comets Priced Too Low

Despite these drawbacks, Sir Miles Thomas, chairman of the British government-owned BOAC, decided to support De Havilland in his great gamble; he ordered nine Comets in 1947 while the plane still was in the drawing-board stage. With only these contracts and subsequent orders from Sir Miles for 11 more Comets, De Havilland decided to lay down a \$75,000,000 production line. But he made one mistake. He fixed the price for the first Comets too low and took a loss on them. "It looked like a big price when we started," he recalls, "but the cost of living made a dramatic rise." With delivery of his fifteenth Comet recently, he is finally breaking even. From now on, he should be in clover. The current selling price of a Comet is about \$1,400,000 and one plane a month is rolling out of the De Havilland factories.

The Comet I—as the present plane is known—carries 36 passengers and has a maximum practical range of about

1,600 miles without refueling. Comet II, which will go into production soon, will carry 44 to 48 passengers a maximum of 2,500 miles. Delivery of Comet III—the type ordered by Pan American—will begin in 1956; it will carry 58 first-class or 78 tourist passengers a maximum of 2,750 miles nonstop.

When the Comet went into regular service for BOAC last May, most of the anticipated difficulties didn't materialize. It's true a Comet goes only half as far on a gallon of kerosene as a four-engine propeller-driven air liner goes on a gallon of high-octane gasoline, but kerosene is cheaper than gasoline. The Comet uses no oil, which accounts for about 5 per cent of the operating cost of a piston-engine plane; its maintenance costs are lower because a jet power plant is simpler; it travels so much faster than a conventional air liner it can make half again as many trips in a year.

BOAC graphically disproved the scoffers' contention that you couldn't make money with jet transports. During the first three months of Comet service between London and the Union of South Africa, BOAC's net profit for the run was almost \$17,000. During the corresponding period in 1951, BOAC lost \$196,000 operating the same service with piston-engine aircraft.

The Comet also has proved itself safe. As this is written, the new jet air liners have had only one accident. Last September one crashed while taking off from Rome. More than 7,000 gallons of kerosene—the Comet's fuel—spilled over the aircraft and the airport, but no fire followed the crash, and no one was injured. Britain's Ministry of Civil Aviation investigated the crash and in a preliminary report absolved the aircraft and its jet engines from fault.

Air passengers obviously prefer to travel the fastest and most comfortable way, other things being equal. Therefore, air lines which compete on routes over which Comets fly may have to buy jet transports. Pan American, like other American air lines now talking



business with De Havilland, would like to buy jets at home—but no homemade products are available yet.

Three of the largest American aircraft manufacturers—Boeing, Douglas and Lockheed—have jet projects in various stages of design. Boeing says that it expects to have a prototype, or experimental model, ready for testing in 1954, but has not announced when it hopes to put the jet model into production. Douglas says it is trying to get jet transports ready for air-line operation by 1957. A Lockheed official says the American switch to jet-transport production has been delayed by the need for more powerful and more efficient jet engines and by heavy Korean war orders. Jet engines now available are powerful enough for the smaller Comet I and Comet II, he says, but do not develop enough thrust to drive the giant jet transports that American manufacturers are developing. But he predicts American jet transports will be in service by 1958. Meantime, orders for De Havilland's Comet are piling up.

Sir Geoffrey's Daily Routine

Sir Geoffrey, though, has little interest in the business aspects of his company. He arrives at his office every morning at ten o'clock, parks his midget car some distance from the front door so it won't be in anyone's way, then tackles his correspondence. Some of it is fan letters, which he answers personally. Admiring boys write him frequently, and one, more persistent than the rest, is now a De Havilland test pilot. Sir Geoffrey also spends part of each day consulting his colleagues about technical matters and part striding through his plant.

For recreation, Sir Geoffrey has pursued a lifelong interest in natural history. One day recently he walked into his secretary's office carrying a large cooky tin. He looked a little embarrassed. "I have 300 moth eggs here and I would be grateful if you would take care of them for me," he told the startled secretary. "I have no more room for them at home." He provided detailed instructions for their diet and suggested that if they became too much for her, she might "find good homes for them."

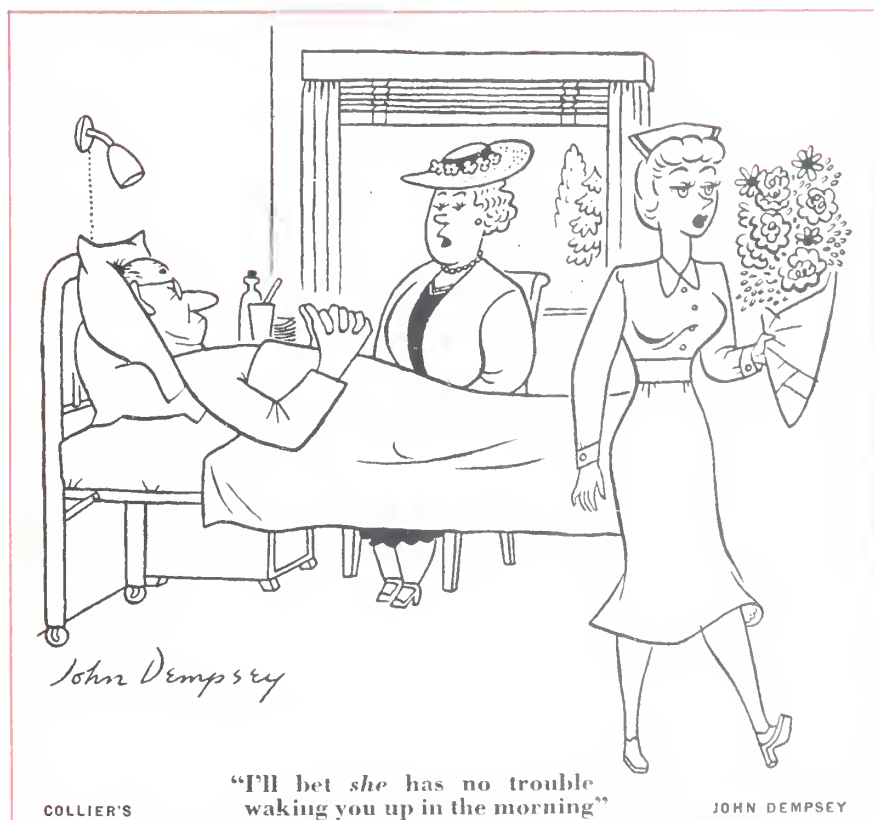
His interest in wildlife also sent him to Kenya in British East Africa in 1949 to "shoot" big game with a camera he had made in 1944 in the basement workshop of his home.

In 1951 he married a fellow wildlife enthusiast whom he had met in Kenya—fifty-one-year-old Mrs. Joan Mary Mordaunt.

The walls of the executive offices and waiting rooms of the De Havilland Aircraft Company are decorated with Sir Geoffrey's magnificent photographs, mostly of wildlife.

Sir Geoffrey still has a valid pilot's license, but he doesn't use it. He isn't through flying, however. With someone else at the controls, he takes to the air in a Comet whenever possible. And it looks as though he will be building Comets and flying in Comets for many years to come.

Two years ago Edward C. Wells, vice-president of America's Boeing Airplane Company, said: "The British are more than competition in jet transport; they are alone in the field." Most air experts believe the British—and that means De Havilland—will remain alone in the jet transport field for at least another four or five years. ▲▲▲



WHAT'S LEFT IN UNCLE

Our national larder is running low on iron ore, lumber and petroleum. And even lower on zinc, copper and lead. To stay in business we've got to make up the deficit—fast



SAM'S PANTRY?

By J. D. RATCLIFF

ONE of General Eisenhower's first actions as President-elect was to throw his full support behind a conference of private citizens to be held in Washington in March. The growth and security of America may hinge on its success in meeting a twofold objective: to find out what we have left in the nation's resources pantry shelf, and to estimate what resources coming generations will need.

We have always thought of ourselves as endlessly blessed, endlessly rich. This rosy view hardly jibes with the facts. If we are not exactly a have-not nation so far as raw materials are concerned, we are at least a deficit nation. We used to be the world's largest exporter of materials; now we're the world's largest importer of such vital minerals as zinc, copper and lead. And we're running low on bulk items like iron ore, petroleum and lumber.

For every one of its citizens, the United States uses up 18 tons of vital materials, ranging from food to zirconium, each year. Since 1914, we have consumed more of almost all metals and mineral fuels than the whole world had used in all its history up to then.

Currently, we are using lumber 40 per cent faster than American forests can grow it, and we are using almost 7 per cent more petroleum than all the nation's wells can produce. Although we represent only ten per cent of the population of the free world, we are using over half the free world's rubber, manganese, iron and zinc; slightly less than half the copper and lead; and two thirds of the petroleum. Even water is running short, as industry's thirst increases. In many areas, the water table that underlies the land is sinking, and in some coastal areas salt is beginning to seep in.

Alarming?

Not necessarily. It is possible that the situation may work out not only to the benefit of America but to the benefit of the entire free world.

The story to be presented at the resources conference will sum up something like this:

We have skimmed the cream and from now on will have to learn to like skimmed milk—which isn't a bad drink. In 1900, we were the world's greatest storehouse of raw materials, exporting about 15 per cent more than we used. Today, we are importing 10 per cent of our requirements; 25 years hence, we will be importing more than double that amount.

To survive, every successful business house has to keep a running inventory of materials on hand and project its needs months or years ahead. As a nation, we haven't done this. We've used what we wanted, blandly assuming that there was no end to our wealth; then we've been surprised when supplies ran low.

A large share of the credit for getting our thinking on the right track belongs to Stuart Symington, newly elected senator from Missouri. As head of the National Security Resources Board, he approached President Truman in the fall of 1950. Why not, he proposed, a *real* study of the country's resources and future needs? Many people had pecked at the edges of the problem, but their conclusions had been largely guesswork. Petroleum offered a good example. Alarmists were saying that the last well was about to cough and go dry. Optimists contended that we had enough oil for all foreseeable needs. Where was the truth?

There had been no large-scale study of resources, Symington continued, since 1908, and it was mainly concerned with forest and stream resources. Why not appoint a top-drawer commission to make a complete inventory of the national larder, he asked, and then estimate needs for the next 20 years or so to see how well the larder could

meet our requirements? That would give some idea where America was headed.

President Truman liked the idea. In January, 1951, he created the Materials Policy Commission, headed by William S. Paley, board chairman of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The membership included George R. Brown, of Houston, who directs one of the country's largest engineering-construction companies; Eric Hodgins, editor-author (*Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House*); Edward S. Mason, dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Public Administration; and Arthur H. Bunker, president of Climax Molybdenum Company of New York.

After recruiting a 130-man team of experts from universities, industry and government, the commission went to work. Arbitrarily, it decided to project the nation's needs to 1975. That, it was felt, would get us past the present emergency, yet not so far into the future that projections would be vague and valueless.

One basic assumption governed all thinking: America's growth would continue, with production doubling by 1975, and population rising from 155,000,000 to 193,000,000.

At the outset, the commission realized that crystal balls are notoriously poor instruments for observing the future. It would have been impossible for Edwin Drake to visualize a nation-wide chain of filling stations when he drilled his first oil well at Titusville, Pennsylvania, in 1859, and equally impossible for Charles and Frank Duryea to visualize Detroit's motor industry when they chugged through the streets of Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1892, driving the first nonexperimental American automobile. Nor, later on, could the Japanese have foreseen what nylon was going to do to their silk industry.

Such developments are beyond man's myopic eyes. Yet, from facts available, it is possible to see trends in the use of materials. Today, for example, we may make toy fire engines out of plastic instead of cast iron, yet the trend in iron and steel use is upward.

A short while ago, the commission finished its work and published its conclusions in five fat volumes. From every standpoint, the report is a historic document, the best blueprint ever made of America's future.

Large Imports of Essential Metals

With a great many critical materials, the commission found, our position is anything but secure. We are importing all our chromium, about 90 per cent of our manganese, nearly half our zinc, a third of our copper and more than half our lead.

Glance at a globe to see where our dependency lies. India sends us manganese, sometimes called the "starch for steel"; South Africa provides chromium; Burma sends us tungsten for light-bulb filaments and tool steel; Australia contributes lead for storage-battery plates, paint and high-octane gasoline; Mexico sends zinc; and Malaya tin. And so it goes over the face of the globe. Fear of war and the threat of having vital life lines snapped has set us to stockpiling more than 70 such critical items as castor oil (for machine lubricants), opium, chromite, copper, jewel bearings.

"The threat of the materials problem," the commission noted, "is not that we will suddenly wake up to find the last barrel of oil exhausted, or the last ton of lead gone, and that economic activity has suddenly collapsed. The real and deeply serious threat is that we shall have to devote constantly increasing efforts to acquire each pound of materials from natural resources which are dwindle-

ding both in quality and quantity, thus finding ourselves running faster and faster in order to stay standing still."

Our problem, therefore, is one of creeping shortages.

By 1975, the situation will be even more serious than it is today. If we are to maintain our industrial growth, we will need, at that time, 40 per cent more copper than our already short supply; nearly five times as much aluminum; 40 per cent more zinc; 18 times as much magnesium; twice the amount of petroleum.

Where is it coming from?

Many alert executives—Eugene Holman, president of Standard Oil of New Jersey, Charles Allen Thomas, president of Monsanto Chemical, and others—feel that the supply of materials is limited only by the supply of human ingenuity. An accelerated search for new supplies, plus substitution, plus conservation and technological advances, they think, will supply all needs as they develop.

Synthetics May Prove Too Costly

To a point, the commission is in agreement. One member, Eric Hodgins, observes: "The wonders of science are not at issue. We can do almost anything—make sugar from sawdust, gold from lead, nylon from factory smoke. But we do it at a price, and the price is often too high if we are to maintain our prosperity on a broad basis."

Look a little more closely at some of the problems confronting us—petroleum, for example. The petroleum industry insists that our oil supplies do not face exhaustion; time and again prophets of doom have suggested the last barrel of petroleum would soon be brought to the surface, yet *proved reserves* have continued to climb, so they are today at an all-time high.

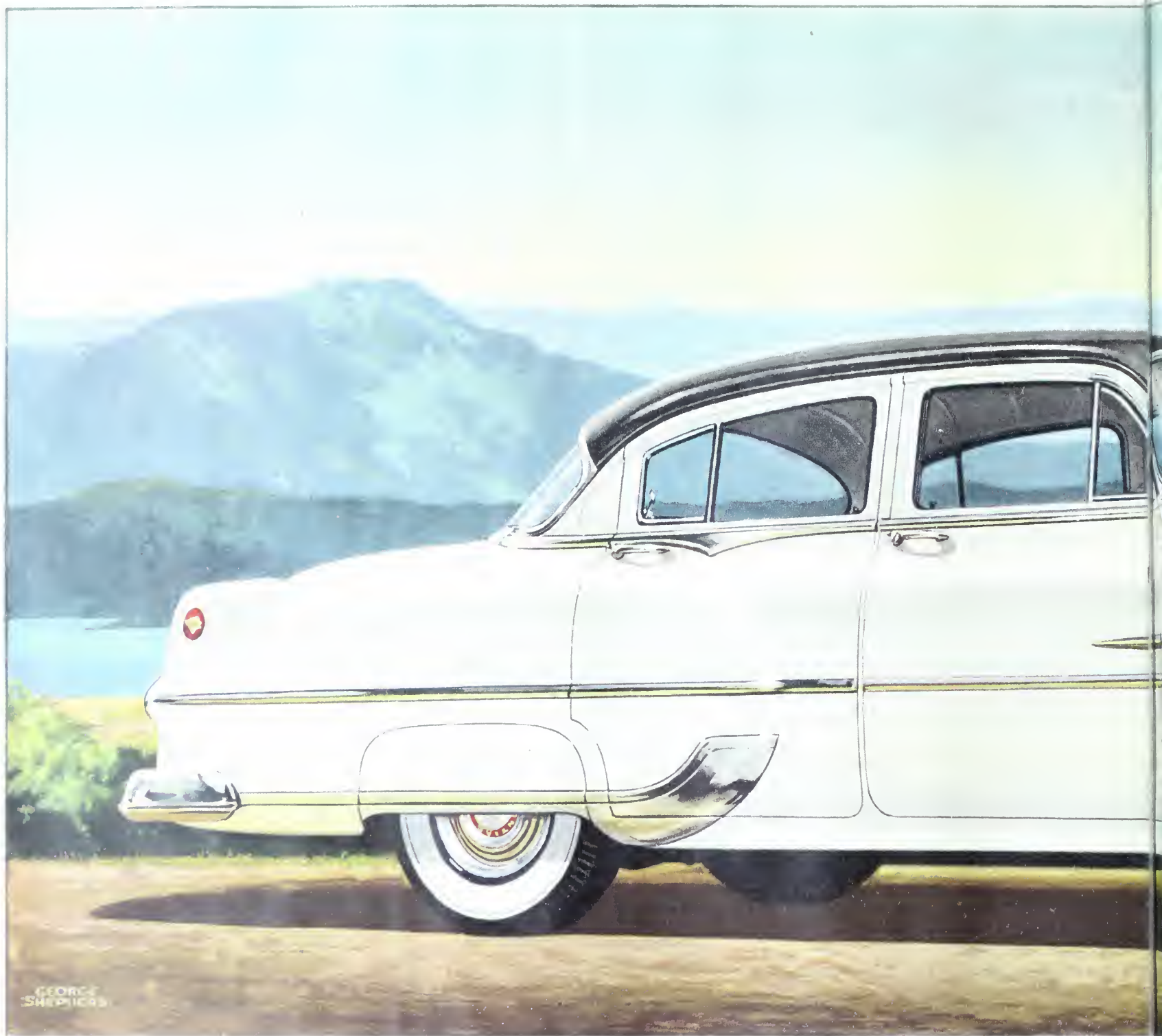
Yet it is costing more and more to find oil, and more and more to drill the deep wells necessary to bring it to the surface. Although there is no immediate prospect of an oil famine in the United States, we are consuming about 7 per cent more petroleum than we produce. There is little chance of this demand tapering off. Instead, it may be expected to rise, making us still more dependent on other sources.

What are these sources? We can expect new discoveries at home, like the vast new Williston basin in North Dakota. And we can rework old wells. As an example, one field was abandoned in West Virginia in 1923, after producing 705,000 barrels of oil. Chemically treated in 1927, it produced an additional 357,000 barrels and is now being flooded with water to produce an additional 460,000 barrels. Thus, an "exhausted" field will ultimately be coaxed into yielding more oil than its original production.

When oil becomes too scarce or too costly to get from wells, we can make it from other materials. A single deposit of Colorado shale contains more oil than the world has used to date. Coal, probably our greatest asset, can also be converted into oil. So far, our vast coal reserve is virtually untouched; we have used only 2½ per cent of known deposits. Natural gas may also be converted into petroleum products; a Texas plant will soon be doing just that.

All these advances are expensive—in terms of human labor, and in terms of steel and other materials necessary to build new plants. In most cases, it is far cheaper to obtain oil on the world market, from Canada, Venezuela, the Middle East and elsewhere.

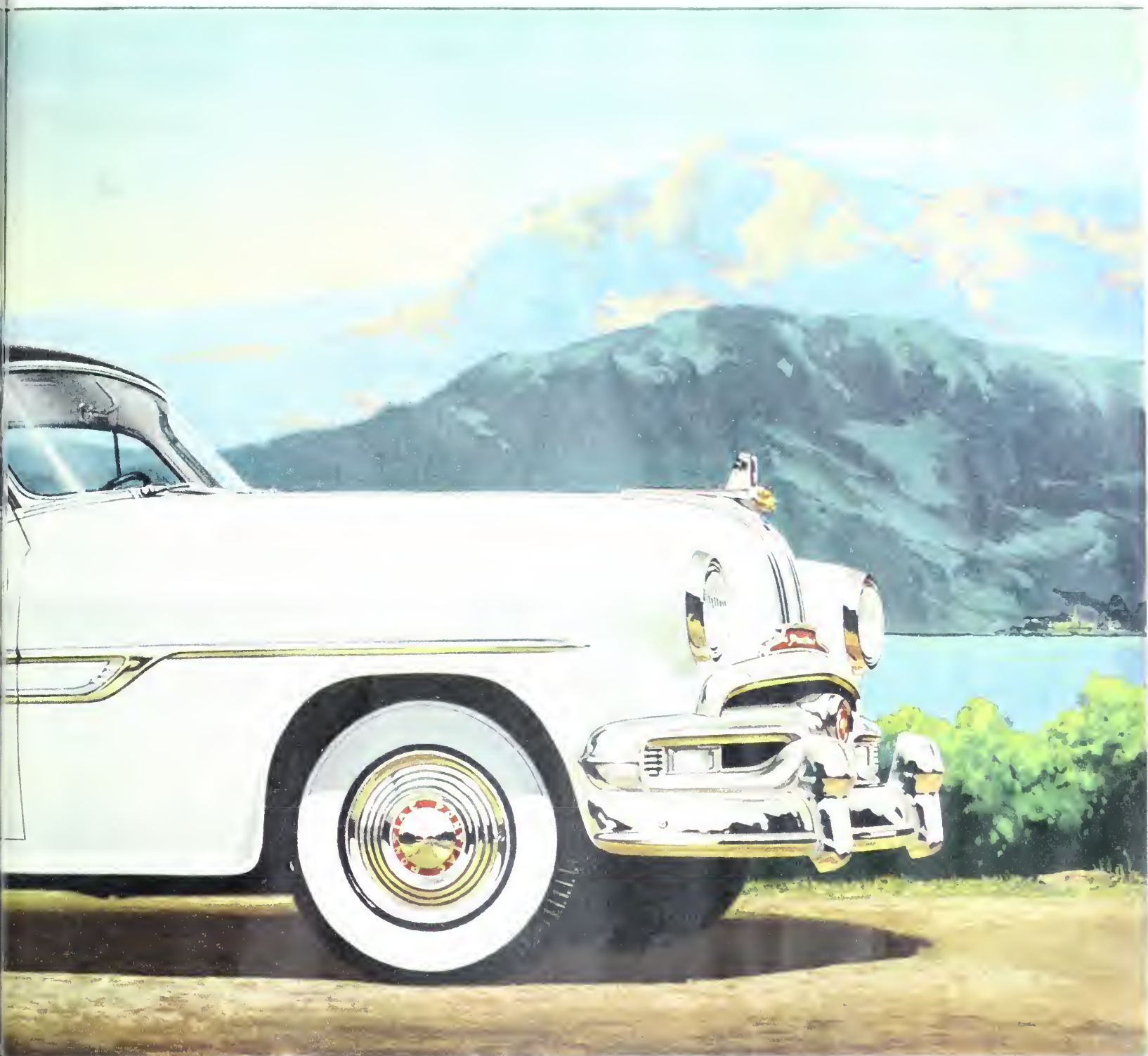
Iron, which provides the basic sinews for any industrial civilization, presents a similar situation. The Mesabi Range, Minnesota's great iron mountain, is about exhausted, a major portion of it



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*Optional at extra cost.

shot away in two world wars. We have an almost endless supply of taconites—low grade iron ores—but while the Mesabi's ore contains about 50 per cent iron, the taconites have only about half as much. Thus, they are more expensive to handle and will mean more costly steel. So, for the time being, the industry is looking elsewhere for the high-grade ore it needs: mainly vast new mining operations in Labrador, Venezuela and Liberia.

Plenty of Aluminum in U.S.

Aluminum is the brightest spot in the metals picture. More and more, it will be used as a substitute for copper and other materials. Although we are importing aluminum ore at the moment, the United States has an almost endless supply of clays and rocks containing the metal. We can, and will, turn to these sources if imported bauxite becomes scarce and expensive.

Magnesium metal, light and strong, is also in potentially plentiful supply. It is extracted from sea water, and there is certainly no shortage of that. A dozen years ago, magnesium metal was an expensive and virtually non-existent article of commerce. Today, we have a production capacity of 130,000 tons a year.

It is curious that America, once an almost unbroken stretch of virgin timber, is today facing a lumber shortage.

The nation's position in timber," the report says, "is like that of a man who has long lived in comfort by drawing on his capital and has realized only recently that he must get along on the interest of a much reduced principal. We have cut most of our original timber, not until lately have we given much thought to replacing it."

Forests, the report concludes, must be put on a permanent basis. That means reforestation—planting new trees where old ones have been cut down, a process forward-looking lumber companies are already engaged in. It also means better utilization; nowadays, about a third of any tree that is cut is left behind in the forest.

Perhaps the most striking shortage found by the commission is the shortage of water. Many industries are having trouble finding the high-grade water they require for washing, cooling and other purposes. The thirst of some industries is enormous: 18 barrels of water are required in refining one barrel of oil, and 250 tons of water are used to make a ton of steel. Currently, industry is using 80,000,000,000 gallons of water a day; by 1975 it will need 200,000,000,000. No one can say with surety where that much water will come from. Many industries can settle in coastal areas and use sea water; some can re-use water, others simply will have to use water more sparingly.

Thus, wherever one looks, shortages loom. In almost every case, we can make up the deficiency—at a price. But the price must not be too high. Just as it would be entirely possible to grow greenhouse oranges in Nova Scotia, we could produce all the manganese we need from low-grade domestic areas, if we had to. But it would be expensive. The problem is to get the materials we need at an economical price.

Chairman Paley of the President's commission observes: "In many ways our thinking has not caught up with events—we still act as if we had a surplus of raw materials. We behave as if we had unemployment for our labor and capital. We are importing large quantities of copper, manganese,



COLLIER'S

REAMER KELLER

zinc, tungsten and mercury—to name only a few deficit materials—but we are making things harder for ourselves by adding import duties. Tariffs range from 9 to 40 per cent of the import value. . . . And we have a Buy American Act which dates from depression days and which is interpreted to mean the government must buy domestic materials if it can get them even for 25 per cent more than they would cost abroad.

"This is a wasteful pattern. By discouraging low-cost foreign producers and encouraging high-cost domestic producers, this policy fosters higher real cost for all of us—the cost increases that can sap our economic vitality. . . ."

The commission recommends three main courses of action to solve our problems: more complete explorations of our own resources; substitution of plentiful for scarce materials; greater expansion of imports. Let's look at these points one at a time.

First, exploration. Not more than 11 per cent of the country is adequately

mapped geologically. To date, most major metal discoveries have been made at points where ore veins outcrop from hills or mountains. What lies under the surface of the land is largely unknown, but all evidence indicates that tremendous hoards of natural wealth may be hidden there. Discovering this treasure is going to be difficult. Core drills can punch their way into the earth and bring up samples of rock, but that process is tedious and expensive.

An Error That We Must Avoid

Recently developed electronic instruments carried by planes are being used in the search for oil and uranium, and will probably help in the discovery of other materials. However we go about it, the job must be done—unless we want to find ourselves hungering for vital materials while sitting on top of massive deposits.

The second proposed solution, substitution, offers almost endless possibilities. Relatively plentiful aluminum

already is being substituted for scarce copper in industrial wiring, gutters and downspouts, and a thousand other products. Plastics may be substituted for lead in many applications, and lacquers can be used for protective coatings now provided by zinc and tin.

It is quite possible that we shall find still more new materials which will substitute for those in short supply. Of the 98 chemical elements, only 30 are widely used. Another 30 are used to a small extent, and the others not at all.

Boom in Titanium Foreseen

Titanium offers a good example of what may be awaiting us. Six years ago, there was no commercial production of this versatile metal, which is corrosion-resistant, almost as strong as steel and 42 per cent lighter. Its qualities open to it a thousand jobs: as piping in chemical plants, in marine uses where salt-water corrosion is a problem, in aircraft where lightness is desirable. Today, production of the metal is up to 5,000 tons a year, and estimates for 1975 production run as high as 2,000,000 tons.

Finally, we must import. The rest of the world may find our manufactured goods desirable; we are going to find their raw materials essential.

Setting up a broader policy of international trade and co-operation will not be easy. Nationalism and a hunger for industrialization are on the increase among the world's underdeveloped areas. Many nations are reluctant to part with raw materials, preferring to build often uneconomic local industry. Ways must be found to meet this situation, perhaps by a two-way swap beneficial to all, in which raw materials are exchanged for finished goods.

The materials commission feels that we should heartily embrace the idea of free trade. We no longer have many infant industries needing protection, but we do hunger for the world's raw materials. Many progressive businessmen support this view. Not long ago, for example, Detroit's powerful board of commerce, which includes most auto makers, proposed that all tariff barriers be abolished, and that the Buy American Act be repealed.

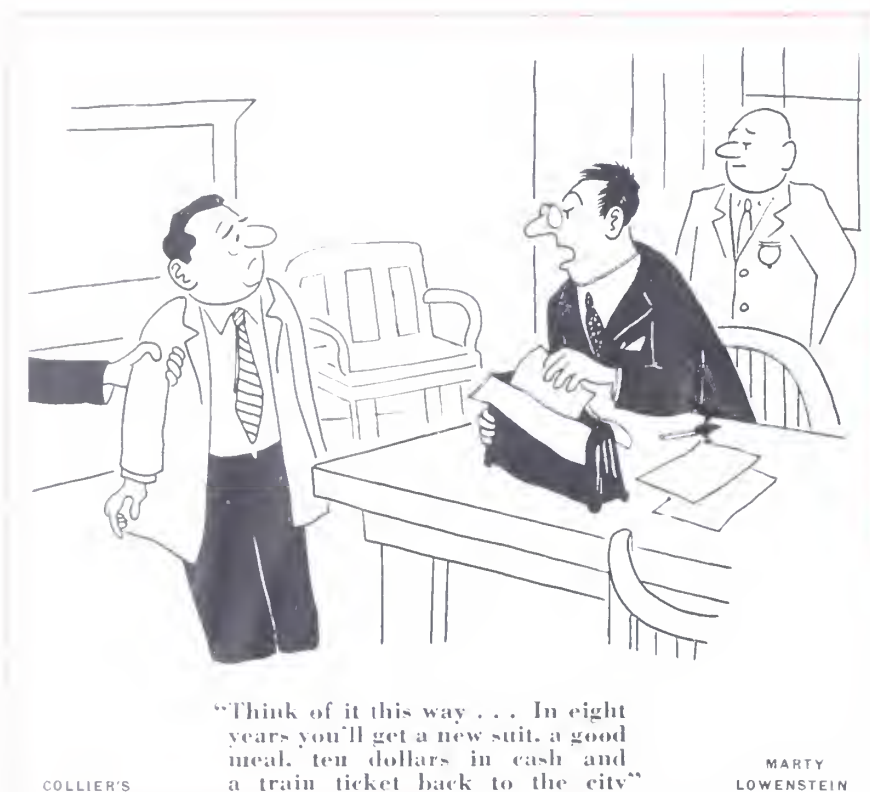
One obstacle to the enormously stepped-up international trade visualized by the commission is the reluctance of American businessmen to invest abroad. Iran's recent expropriation of oil and Bolivia's expropriation of tin are still fresh in investors' minds.

To get around this, we might negotiate trade and raw materials agreements with various nations. And it may be necessary to offer investors some guarantee that they will get their money back in the event that a foreign government decides it would like to own the mines American dollars have dug.

The problems are manifold. But they can—they must—be solved, if America is to stay in business.

Steps have already been taken to put the commission's recommendations into effect. As one of his last acts in office, President Truman asked 22 government agencies to study recommendations made by the Materials Policy Commission and suggest how they might be implemented. It will be the task of the forthcoming resources conference to get long-range planning started—planning on which our national salvation may depend.

"It is high time," as Mr. Eisenhower said recently, "that the conservation conference of 1908 be reborn in a mid-century setting."



"Think of it this way . . . In eight years you'll get a new suit, a good meal, ten dollars in cash and a train ticket back to the city"

COLLIER'S

MARTY LOWENSTEIN

Ruark Shoots a Buffalo

The quarry was just about the ugliest, cruelest, meanest hunk of fauna on the Dark Continent. He looks like he hates you personally . . . like you owe him money . . . like he is hunting you

By ROBERT C. RUARK

Robert Ruark's big-game guide decides the celebrated columnist's New York apartment must be decorated with the head from a mbogo, Africa's juggernaut with horns. The job, of course, fell to Bob. And as the British say: It takes a bit of doing

MY WIFE Virginia was adjusting very well to her new life in Tanganyika. Her fears had given away mostly to fascination. She was happy in her khaki drill pants and her Russell Birdshooter boots. She was getting so she could tell the difference between a leopard's grunt and the bark of a baboon or the growl of a Colobus monkey. She was fascinated by ants and anthills.

She had made friends with all the baboons. She had found a dead cobra in the cook tent and had not screamed. She was taking better pictures all the time, and she had trapped Juma into the job of hairdresser to the queen. Juma, as head boy for safaris for many years, was not surprised at assuming an extra added duty to replace the firm of Ceil et Paul in New York City.

Jinny got along very well with the blacks. When she sat alone in the hunting car with Chabani, the car boy, while Harry Selby, our professional hunter, and I were off crawling after waterbucks or some such nonsense, she and Chabani had long conversations in her sketchy Swahili and Chabani's mission-school English.

Virginia had shot a few things with the rifle—a topi bull for meat, which she shot capably, breaking his neck with the first bullet. She also came in from a photographic trip one day with a fine Thomson's gazelle ram, which was only an eighth of an inch away from the world's record. But after a bit she never hunted but half a day with Harry and me, preferring to sit around the camp in the afternoons, reading some of the whodunits we had brought, watching the baboons and listen-



Ruark (r.), shaky after downing a ton of buffalo, catches his breath with guide Harry Selby



Africa transformed Virginia Ruark, shown on Land Rover's hood, to a real girl adventuress
Collier's for January 10, 1953

ing to the birds and occasionally picking up the little Sauer 16-gauge to pot the odd francolin (an African partridge) or guinea for the pot. She said she was happy enough, just being away from telephones and New York cocktail parties.

But the differences between life in East Africa and New York City were not always pleasant ones for her. One day she, Harry and I were drinking beer in our parked jeep and talking about the customs of the natives. Harry was telling us that an African husband's devotion to his wife could be figured out by observing the quality of the shoulder straps he gave her to carry wood, when Virginia interrupted. "Men," she said, finishing her beer, "where is the ladies' room?"

"Try over there behind that tree," Harry said. "Mind the snakes."

Virginia walked off and I had to laugh, a little. She was wearing dust-stained khaki pants and ankle boots, a belted bush-jacket with empty cartridge loops in the front, and a saucy double-brimmed *terdi* over a gypsy bandanna.

What she wore couldn't have cost 20 bucks, if you forget the Abercrombie & Fitch boots, and this was the girl who used to play the Stork-"21" Club circuit in New York. If she had her mink with her in those days she was worth 20,000 bucks on the hoof, and she wouldn't have thought of walking three blocks if there was a doorman handy and a taxicab to hail. She always needed a quarter to go to the little girls' room and now here is a raw stranger, Harry, directing her to the nearest bush and telling her to mind the snakes. This, the girl who wore a Hattie Carnegie frock and a rhinestone hat to ride a camel after a slightly wet evening in Cairo . . .

We took Virginia back to camp, and then went crawling after buffalo, which I did not really want to do. I am bitterly afraid of buffalo, the big, rope-muscled wild ox with horns like steel girders and a disposition to curdle milk. But I walked through a swamp that was full of water and snakes and rhino. I crawled and stumbled over two young mountains to reach a herd of the beasts that I



A buffalo has to work to look anything but belligerent. He's a wild ox with horns like steel girders and a disposition to curdle milk

didn't really want to associate with. I had already shot a buffalo, and figured that was one thing I wouldn't have to do any more of. But Selby has a mad affection for the *mbogo*, a sort of perverse love and a completely unmanageable fascination for the big beasts.

Adam, the Wakamba gunbearer, pointed. "*Mbogo*," he said, and I could already feel my stomach start to knot. It was the same feeling I used to get during the war when the lookout on the bow would reach for the phones and ring the bridge. "Periscope," he would say. "Periscope bearing so-and-so many degrees off the starboard bow," as if pleased at having done me a favor.

Harry looked at the buffalo through the glasses. "There's a damn' good bull in that herd," he said. "Better than the one you've got by six inches, at least. I think we'd best go and collect him."

I didn't say anything. I just prayed inside me and hoped we would not have to crawl far enough to scare me to death. I don't know what there is about buffalo that frightens me so. Leopards and rhino excite me but don't frighten me. But that bull is so big and mean and ugly and hard to stop, and vindictive and cruel and surly and ornery. He looks like he hates you personally. He looks like you owe him money. He looks like he is hunting you. I had looked at a couple of thousand of him by now, at close ranges, and I had killed one of him, and I was scareder than ever. He makes me sick in the stomach, and he makes my hands sweat and he dries out my throat and my lips.

These bull were a herd of about 200, feeding up the edge of the hills below the escarpment, and following a vague trail that meandered up the side and led eventually straight over the top. They were about two miles away, and it was walking all the way, walking when you could and crawling when you couldn't, and slipping on the loose stones and fighting through the wait-a-bit thorn, pulling and blowing and sweating and cursing in the hot sun in the middle of the day.

And finally wiggling along on your belly, pushing the big gun ahead of you, sweat cascading and burning into your eyes, with your belly constricted into a tight hard kernel and your hands full of thorns and your heart in your throat. And then

the final, special Selby technique, of leaping to your feet and dashing with a whoop into the middle of the herd, running at the bull and depending on that 30-second bewilderment to hold the buffalo stiff, like cattle, before you shot and hoped you hit him good so you wouldn't have to follow him into that awful thick bush he was certain to head for. And wait for you in it.

We were in the herd, now, creeping on our bellies and pulling ourselves forward by digging elbows into sharp rocks. The buffalo were grazing unconcernedly all around us. The herd bull was lying down, resting, and there were a couple of cows obscuring him. It is a difficult sensation to describe, to be surrounded by two hundred animals weighing around 1,800 pounds each, animals as testy and capricious of temper as fighting stud bulls, capable of killing you just as dead accidentally in a stampede as on purpose in a charge.

Candid Close-up View of a Buffalo

A buffalo close up is not handsome. His body is bulking, short-legged and too long for symmetry. He smells of mud and dung and old milk. His patchy hide is scabby and full of flat ticks. Bits of his own excrement cling to him. Dirty moss grows on his horns, which are massive enough to bust everything up inside you if he even hits you a slight swipe with the flat, and sharp enough to put a hole in you big enough to hide a baseball bat in, and dirty enough to infect an army.

As I crawled along, just behind Selby, with Adam and Kidogo, two of the boys, following me, I was thinking these things. I knew a lot about buffalo by now. I knew how fast they are, despite their apparently lumbering gallop, how swiftly they can turn, how they stop cold on a dime, and how they go through bush at a spurt—bush that an elephant wouldn't recommend.

I knew how much lead they would take and keep coming, especially after being wounded. You may kill him easily with one bullet, but if you don't, the next fourteen .470s serve mostly as a minor irritant. And you cannot run away from a wounded buffalo. You have to stand and take him as he is, shooting at his nostrils as he comes at you with his

head high and his horns swept back, his neck stretched and his cold eye unblinking at you. You shoot for the nose and hope it gets into the brain, because if you shoot too high the bullets bounce off his massive horn-boss like rubber balls off walls.

We crept now to a bush and froze behind it and there were the animals, 50 yards away and moving steadily out of range. Harry had his hand palm down behind him and suddenly he lifted it in a curling beckon. I crawled, still puffing, up to his shoulder. He turned his head slightly and whispered. "We're not going to get any closer," he said. "The old boy is nervous. You better bust him now, although he's too far off for my pleasure. Try to take him just where his neck comes down into his chest."

Selby, when he is working with dangerous animals, always wears two stalks of extra bullets sticking like cigarettes from his right hand. Harry had said: *Do what I do*. I had two stalks of extra bullets sticking out between the second and third fingers of my right hand. At this time it had not occurred to me that Selby was left-handed.

I got up on one knee and sighted low into the old bull's chest, and the heavy Westley Richards settled handily in balance, and I squeezed off the trigger, and then the bull was gone, and I was on the ground, my nose full of cordite fumes and my head full of chimes. Away off somewhere a gun exploded and then there came a mournful bellow as morose as a hunting horn.

Selby was standing now spraddle-legged with his hands on his hips and looking down at me. "One of you ought to get up," he snapped.

From this I assumed the buffalo was down, too. It appeared that *right-handed* shooters are not supposed to store their spare ammunition in their shooting hand. In the effort to emulate Selby, it never occurred to me that the guy was a natural southpaw, and that bullets contained in a shooting hand would ride back against the second trigger and touch off the other barrel simultaneously, losing 150 grains of cordite against your face.

"You all right?" Harry asked. "What happened?"

"Both barrels," I said. "At once. Dropped me. Did I hit him?"

"You knocked him tail over tin cup," Harry said. "He turned completely over. Then he got up and departed."

"I thought I heard somebody else shoot," I said. "Away over yonder."

"Me," Selby said. "This buffalo was flat out for the bush. I'd not taken the time to check his blood pressure, you know. I didn't know how good you hit him. I thought I'd best break his back before he got stuck into that patch of bush. Very nasty in there."

We walked up to the buffalo. He was dying, bellowing, making mournful sounds, and trying to drag himself toward us.

"Slip one bullet into the gun," Harry said. "Take him just behind the horns in the back of the head. You know what I always keep saying. The dead ones kill us."

I slid a single bullet into the right-hand barrel of the .470 and squinted carefully at the back of this boy's neck, where the muscle roll humped out like the back of the neck on a retired prize fighter. I was gun-shy. I pulled instead of squeezing, but the bullet went in and poor old *mbogo* stretched his neck forward to its full length. Blood crept out of his nostrils, and he was dead. Dead and ugly. Uglier dead than alive, and four times as ferocious.

He was immense. He was muddy from rolling and the ticks were working on his scaly hide and it was a hot day and the flies were coming down. Maybe he was only 43 inside the horns, but he looked like a hell of a lot of bull to me there, lying in the yellow grass, his ugly face pointed straight out and the long striated lines of his horns and his ax-edged hoofs and the solid butting weight

baseball bat in. He likes to dance on your carcass. Even "dead" he is dangerous

of his heavy casque of boss making him look like a contrived machine of destruction.

This *mbogo* had accepted a .470 bullet, 500 grains of hard-nose bullet powered by 75 grains of cordite. He had taken it through the jugular and into the heart, where it smashed all the major arteries and crushed the whole top of the heart. It had ranged backward through him and destroyed the lungs. When we opened him up about 10 gallons of black lung blood gushed out. Yet he had gotten up off the ground with this terrible wound and taken off blithely for the bush.

"Nobody ever believes it," Harry said. "Sometimes I don't. But these creatures are damned near indestructible."

"I don't ever want to shoot another one," I said. "This is all the *mbogo* I need this day, or any other. Like Virginia says: '*Hapana taka piga mbogo lio.*' Nor any other day. Any man with one buffalo doesn't need another."

A Revolt Against Big-Game Hunting

This buff hunt had been a dirty, unpleasant business, and I needed something happy to make me forget it. So one day I laid down some law and demanded the right to my kind of shooting.

I am a compulsive bird shooter. Therefore, I am accorded to be nuts by people who wish to slay large, angry animals every day. The natives regard a bird shooter as mad. They cannot understand a man spending time and energy blasting away at birds when there is a 1,500-pound eland over every hill and a sleepy topi standing under every bush. Harry was as nearly impatient. He is a trophy man, and considers a six-month hunt worth while if it yields one monumental head.

But I was raised on quail and matured on duck and pheasant, and to me the shotgun is the noblest weapon yet devised. I had a hoary Churchill 12-gauge with me—a lovely piece as only the British make them lovely, the scarred Circassian walnut stock as slim as a girl's wrist, all balance and precision. I was itching to point it at something. There

is more good and variegated bird shooting in Africa than anywhere else in the world, and I was going to have me some.

That day a couple of francolin, those wonderful big partridge with all the meat white, even on the legs, trotted across the path and into a sedge field. I got out and put up both birds simultaneously. I took the cock with the right and the hen with the left, and glanced backward at the jeep, expecting some applause for a very clean double. Harry was looking at Kidogo and Adam, the gunbearers, and all three were shaking their heads sorrowfully, as over the misbehavior of an unruly child.

I had noted that the sand grouse flocked in to drink at the water hole precisely at eight fifteen every morning. The sand grouse is quite a wonderful little fellow. He is a desert bird, and not a true grouse at all. The big imperial is heavier than a teal, and his little cousin, the pintail, is a few sizes smaller and a few knots faster. Both imperial and pintail have long, back-swept wings, more like waterfowl than anything else except maybe hawk. He is closer to the pigeon family than he is to a grouse, but he is stripped for speed and he is beautiful to watch, and also to eat. He is a plump little fellow, decked in brown, buff and black, and while his meat is black I never saw anybody sneer at him when he turned up in a pot roast.

For sheer sport, sand-grouse shooting is on a par with high-pass shooting of teal in a high wind. A pintail coming in with his eye on a water hole is logging 50 knots or better, and when he swoops he makes a white-winged dove look clumsy and slow. Essentially a desert bird, he comes once a day to dip his sharp little bill in the water hole, and then he takes off to squat in the hot sand or among the rocks for the rest of the day.

When he comes, he comes by the thousands, by the hundreds, and if you wanted to wait you could kill a hundred of him as he hunches up over the watering place. But if you shoot him for sport it is quite a different matter, unlike the habits of one particular Austrian nobleman, who shot some 675 in one morning up on the Northern Frontier.

I broke open a couple of boxes of shells and placed one on one side of the tree, one on the other. I addressed Selby as sternly as he had been addressing me.

"You may be able to kill bull dogs at six feet," I said. "You may be the devil's own choice boy on lions at six yards in thick bush. But in the shotgun department you will now pay close heed to the master. We are going to pretend that we are standing under a eucalyptus tree in a maddy meadow in the outback of New South Wales, which is in Australia. We will pretend we are shooting duck, the hard way. We will crouch as the flock of sand grouse approaches and we will let them get within range, and then we will stand up and expose ourselves fully. And we will shoot only at doubles. Nor will we shoot simultaneously. Each in his turn."

The birds came with whistles like policemen summoning help. The sky darkened over the water holes. I shot blind into a couple of the big mobs, hitting nothing, but splitting them up into twosomes and foursomes. They made a great wheel and now began to return in shootable groups. There is nothing you can really do to discourage a sand grouse from his morning drink. Unless there is another water hole in the vicinity he will keep coming back all day.

We would crouch and let them almost in, and then stand straight up. They would veer and climb like frightened mallard, or they would bend into the wind and dart like blue-winged teal. They would swerve and swoop and simply lay back their ears and pour on coal. Under those conditions they made the toughest and sportiest shooting I ever saw. You led a passing shot a dozen feet and got his tail feathers. He took off so fast you had difficulty pulling a gun by him and still keeping him in range.

Getting the Last Laugh on Selby

In 20 minutes my gun was hot. In between attacks I had scuffled my birds into a pile on my side of the tree. I was down to one cartridge from a box of 25. I seemed to see two empty cartons on the Selby side.

"How many birds you got?" I said, rudely.

"Eight," said Selby. "Fast, aren't they? How many for you?"

"Twenty," I said, with just the right degree of condescension. "I only got one out of that last double."

"How many boxes of shells?"

"One," I said.

"Let's go back to camp," he said. "I give up."

On the way back to camp we saw a flock of guinea fowl scratching at the edge of the wet woods. Harry stopped the jeep. I tumbled out and dashed after the flock. They flushed with a great beating of wings and I nailed one. Another whirled and came over my head, flying high, going downwind like a driven pheasant. I took a half twist and belted him. He came down with a thump and barely missed Harry's head as he tumbled dead alongside the jeep. I broke the gun and blew into the barrels, like the fancy pigeon shooters and skeet experts who wear chamouis pads on their shooting shoulders and little badges on their hatbands do.

I handed the shotgun to Kidogo.

I lighted a cigarette, and looked at Harry.

He looked at me, and started the car for home. He didn't say anything. Neither did I. I had forgotten that lousy buffalo.

It was a wonderful morning. ▲▲▲

The third exciting chapter of Robert Ruark's *African Safari* will appear next week. Be sure to get Collier's, so you won't miss it. All three installments are part of a book which will be published this spring by Doubleday & Company, Inc.



Lunchtime for a small-fry zebra. Virginia was one of first in party to hit zebra. But she only wounded it; another hunter polished it off

The Listeners Do All

Out of the mailbag into the script: that's how a Breakfast Club program is born. As



My Work

By DON McNEILL

n.c. Don McNeill says, the fans have been the stars of his show in all its 20 years

HAVE you ever found 73 lemon meringue pies stacked up in front of your mailbox? Or four large crates, each containing one large alligator? Probably not. Come to think of it, I had never received any lemon meringue pies or alligators through the mail, either, before the morning of June 23, 1933, when I became master of ceremonies of a Chicago radio program called the Breakfast Club. Since that date, my mailbox has been literally bulging with all sorts of surprise packages—including a 100-pound watermelon.

For example, the morning the alligators arrived (prepaid, thank goodness!) the mailman also delivered a sack of Florida sea shells, a set of cactus ash trays, a birdhouse, two sets of false teeth, three dolls, a rubber fish and a cowboy hat. Admittedly, that is an exceedingly strange assortment of stuff, but there is a simple enough reason why the content of our Breakfast Club mailbox has run the gamut from ash trays and alligators to lemon meringue pie during the last 20 years.

What's the reason? Well, let's consider those pies for a moment. All I said, during a studio interview with a lady visitor, was: "I like lemon meringue." But that remark was overheard by some 7,000,000 folks listening to one of our hour-long programs, which are broadcast over the American Broadcasting Company network of 352 stations, five mornings a week, every Monday through Friday, at 8 o'clock (Chicago time). Of course, I'm prejudiced, but I believe Breakfast Clubbers are the *friendliest* audience any master of ceremonies ever talked to. What's more, they're the *send-iest* audience in radio or TV. So, when I happened to mention pie, 73 ladies among the millions of listeners just naturally decided to bake a lemon meringue surprise and send it along to Breakfast Club headquarters.

Later, one of those ladies visited Chicago to watch a Breakfast Club broadcast. "You know, Don," she said, "I've been listening to the Breakfast Club for so long—almost 15 years now—that the members of the cast are like old friends. Sending the pie seemed like a neighborly thing to do—same as when I bake a batch of cookies, I always put some on a plate and take them over to the folks next door."

Getting back to those alligators, my secretary, Mary Canny, found a comfortable home for them in a Chicago zoo. However, I've often wondered what would have happened if the mailman had delivered four lemon meringue pies and 73 alligators.

In fact, I mentioned this disturbing possibility several months ago when Peggy Taylor joined the Breakfast Club cast.

"Peggy," I said, "always remember that millions of folks are listening and there's hardly anything you can mention which somebody in the audience can't make, bake or grow. Take my

word for it, if you mention an alligator, the chances are nine out of ten you'll get one.

"However," I went on, more encouragingly, "you shouldn't have too much trouble. Our program format is simple as can be. I interview folks in the studio audience, tell jokes—most of which are older than the folks in the audience—and read bits of poetry and sentimental verse contributed by listeners. Johnny Desmond sings and Fran Allison does her Aunt Fanny monologues. Sam Cowling heckles everybody. It's strictly an ad-lib show—no script except a list of musical numbers for the orchestra. Most of the material we use either comes straight out of the mailbox or from the interview cards which visitors fill out as they enter the studio. Each visitor writes down the subject he or she would like to talk about if called to the microphone—and we select the most promising subjects.

"Matter of fact, Peggy," I concluded, "you'll discover that this program is really written by the Breakfast Clubbers who listen to it and who attend our shows."

And that's no exaggeration. Over the last 20 years, more than 2,000,000 letters from Breakfast Clubbers have poured into our Chicago office, and they're still coming at the rate of 10,000 per month. Without those letters—well, I doubt very much whether the Breakfast Club would now be celebrating its 20th anniversary. At least, I've got a hunch that a master of ceremonies named McNeill wouldn't be with the show. I'd have run out of things to talk about 19 years ago!

When the Breakfast Club first went on the air in 1933, I wrote a complete script for each show. That meant I had to fill five hours of air time every week

with jokes, verse and humorous or whimsical incidents culled from the day's news. That's when I found out that writing was hard work. After two months of pounding out those Breakfast Club scripts, I'd exhausted two joke anthologies, and I was beginning to wonder where my next gag was coming from.

Luckily, that's when the Breakfast Club listeners came to my rescue. The mail—scanty during the first few weeks—suddenly jumped to an average of 100 letters a day. Most of the letters contained a listener's favorite joke or bits of verse clipped from newspapers and magazines. Finally, after Breakfast Club had been on the air about three months, I tried an experiment. Instead of writing a script, I used contributions for a whole program; and afterward, my wife, Kay, remarked: "You know, Don, that was the best Breakfast Club program I've heard so far."

"Yes," I agreed, "and you know why? I've just discovered the folks who listen in can write this show a whole lot better than I can."

That was more than 19 years ago, and I haven't written a script since. Instead, I read as many fan letters as possible and apportion what's left among the Breakfast Club's cast. Then, once a week, usually on a Monday afternoon, the cast meets with producer Cliff Petersen to discuss the ideas sent in.

In the conferences are Peggy Taylor, Cliff Petersen, Sam Cowling, Johnny Desmond and myself.

Over 20 years and almost 6,000 programs, many



Don McNeill the Breakfast Club's top man since 1933



Breakfast Club staff (l. to r.): Ed McKean, Cliff Petersen, Don McNeill, Sam Cowling (in foreground), Johnny Desmond, Ed Ballantine, Fran Allison, Peggy Taylor, Mary Canny

Some of McNeill's favorite Breakfast Club mailbag items

Tell Him Now

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,
If you like him or you love him, tell him now;
Don't withhold your approbation 'til the parson makes oration
As he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;
For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it;
He won't know how many teardrops you have shed:
If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to him,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead!

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and sunny,
And the hearty warm approval of a friend;
For it gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger, braver,
And it gives you heart and spirit to the end;
If he earns your praise, bestow it; if you like him, let him know it.
Let the words of true encouragement be said;
Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead!



When Pa Is Sick

When Pa is sick, he's scared to death,
An' Ma an' us just holds our breath;
He crawls in bed, an' puffs an' grunts,
An' does all kinds of crazy stunts.
He wants "Doc Brown" in mighty quick,
For when Pa's ill he's awful sick;
He gasps an' moans, an' sort of sighs,
He talks so queer an' rolls his eyes;
Ma jumps an' runs an' all of us,
An' all the house is in a fuss,
An' peace and joy is mighty skeerce—
When Pa is sick it's somethin' fierce!



When Ma Is Sick

When Ma is sick, she pegs away,
She's quiet, though, not much to say;
She goes right on a-doin' things,
An' sometimes laughs, or even sings;
She says she don't feel so extra well,
But then it's just a kind o' spell,
She'll be all right tomorrow sure,
A good old sleep will be the cure;
An' Pa, he sniffs an' makes no kiek,
For women folks is always sick;
An' Ma, she smiles, lets on she's glad—
When Ma is sick, it ain't so bad.



Trees

I think that I shall never see
A hazard rougher than a tree,
A tree, o'er which my ball must fly,
If on the green it is to lie.
A tree which stands that green to guard,
And makes the shot extremely hard;
A tree whose leafy arms extend,
To kill the mashie shot I send;
A tree that stands in silence there,
While angry golfers rave and swear,
Niblicks were made for fools like me
Who cannot ever miss a tree.

—A bad little boy is like a canoe—they both behave better if paddled from the rear.

—It is often said that exercise kills germs—but how do you get the germs to exercise?

—It is a well-known fact that high heels were invented by the girl who was kissed on the forehead.

—Women are a lot like money—you have to keep 'em busy or they lose interest.

—Fun is like insurance—the older you get the more it costs you.

—Courtship makes a man spoon, but marriage is what makes him fork over.

—Men who say they are boss in their own home will lie about other things too.

of the brightest stars in the entertainment world have appeared on the Breakfast Club, either as cast members or special guests.

Of all the guest appearances made by hundreds of Hollywood and Broadway stars, two extremely boisterous performances—by Danny Kaye and Jerry Lewis—never will be forgotten by McNeill and Company. Kaye read the commercials, danced with studio visitors and turned the program into a madhouse. Lewis set fire to announcer Bob Murphy's script, causing Murphy to miss an important cut-in cue line for 275 stations.

However, the real stars of the Breakfast Club aren't listed among the cast members or special guests. The real stars are the Breakfast Club listeners, who write the show with their letters and post cards, and the Breakfast Club studio visitors, who come to Chicago at the rate of 100,000 per year to watch the show being broadcast and take part in the studio stunts and interviews.

Somehow, our studio guests always find something interesting to talk about. One week, I remember, I interviewed half a dozen ladies on such diverse topics as sun suits, Clark Gable's mustache, peanuts, the best way to diaper babies, and hamburger. However, my favorite interview took place several years ago when a lady remarked she washed the dishes while listening to the Club.

To make her feel at home, Sam Cowling pro-

cured a dishpan and a stack of dishes from the property room. "But I don't feel right," the lady protested. "I'm all dressed up."

So, I took off my coat and converted it into an apron. Then the lady said, "Don, the dishes don't look natural. They're too clean."

Whereupon, Sam put in a hurry-up call to a nearby restaurant. Finally, when a stack of satisfactorily soiled dishes arrived, the lady washed them, and our whole cast pitched in to help dry them—with Sam's shirt!

Something New in Giveaway Programs

Every Breakfast Club program including tomorrow morning's, is actually a *première*—a brand-new production, because I never know what my audience interviews will uncover. For example, in 1947, a housewife complained, "Don, why doesn't the Breakfast Club give away presents like all the other shows?" I explained the Breakfast Club was not a giveaway program. However, her complaint touched off our giveaway-in-reverse program of November 7, 1947, when 800 Breakfast Clubbers from 24 states packed our Chicago studio—and they came with \$10,000 worth of gifts ranging from washing machines and food to six tons of coal. After the program, the gifts were given to needy families.

Occasionally, one studio interview turns into a running gag. For example, there was the railroad fireman named Elmer Feagins from Texarkana, Texas, who sent his wife to Chicago with this note: "Don, if you interview my wife over the air, I will hitehike from Texas to the Breakfast." So, I interviewed Mrs. Feagins, and Mr. Feagins completed his end of the bargain, arriving in Chicago six days later after hitchhiking 820 miles. Incidentally, he was given numerous lifts along the way by friendly Breakfast Clubbers, who were alerted every morning on his whereabouts and route.

Each Breakfast Club program is divided into four 15-minute "Calls to Breakfast." The First Call (sponsored by O-Cedar Corporation and Bobbi-White Rain) features guest interviews and several lively musical numbers which our musical director, Eddie Ballantine, calls waker-uppers.

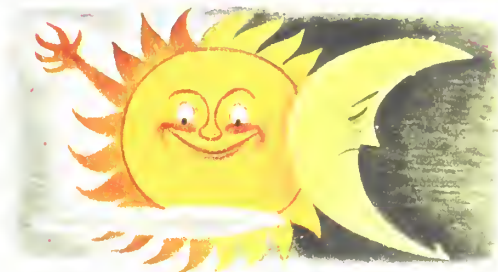
The Second Call (sponsored by Swift & Company) includes Sunshine Shower. Breakfast Clubbers are asked to send a "sunshine greeting" in the form of a letter or card to a patient in the hospital or institution specified for that particular morning. Since 1946, when Sunshine Shower became a regular Breakfast Club feature, more than 1,500 institutions have been showered with 3,000,000 messages. Memory Time (during which I read a sentimental poem), Prayer Time and Hymn Time also are part of the Second Call.

The Family

The family is like a book—
The children are the leaves;
The parents are the covers
That protecting beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
Are blank and purely fair,
But Time soon writeth memories
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust.
Oh! break it not, lest all the leaves
Should scatter and be lost.



Untouched Yet

Honey, jes' listen,
Don't cry and fret;
There's a hull day tomorrow
Ain't been teched yet.

Mought be a sunrise
'Twould make your heart shout,
Look like 'twas heaven
Turned inside out.

Mought turn a corner
Most any place,
Bes' friend a-smilin'
Right in your face.

So heart of mine, listen,
Why do you fret?
God's good tomorrow
Is all untouched yet.



Men

Men are what women marry. They have two hands, two feet and sometimes two wives, but never more than one dollar or one idea at any one time. Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classifications—husbands, bachelors and widowers. A bachelor is a negligible mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded with suspicion. Husbands are of three types—prizes, surprises and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is one of the greatest forms of sculpture.

If you flatter a man, you frighten him to death. If you don't, you bore him. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end. If you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning. If you always believe him, you are a fool. If you don't believe him, he thinks you are a cynic. If you wear gay colors, rouge and startling hats, he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a little beret and a tailored suit, he takes you out but spends all his time staring at other women.

If you are the clinging-vine type, he thinks you have no brains. If you are a modern, intelligent woman, he's sure you have no heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright, intellectual woman. If you are bright, then he wants nothing but a little playmate.

Man is just a worm in the dust. He comes along, wriggles around for a while, and finally some chicken gets him!

The Truth About Women

She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction.
A woman's the greatest of all contradictions.
She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream
at a mouse.
But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house.

She'll take him for better, she'll take him
for worse,
She'll split his head open and then be his nurse,
And when he is well and gets out of bed,
She'll pick up a teapot and throw at his head.

She's faithful, deceitful, keen-sighted and blind.
She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, she's kind.
She'll lift a man up, she'll cast a man down,
She'll make him her ideal, she'll make him
her clown.

You fancy she's this, and you find that she's that,
For she'll play like a kitten and bite like a cat.
In the morning she will, in the evening she won't.
You're always expecting she does, but she don't.



—A boardinghouse is like a game of horseshoes:
the closer you get to the steak, the better.

—Before marriage a man yearns for a woman—
after marriage the "Y" is silent.

—The thing a man likes most about a girl is his
arms.

—Mother Nature is referred to as a woman be-
cause nobody knows how old she is.

Third Call (also sponsored by Swift) gets off to a rousing start with March Time. Then come more interviews and music. The Fourth Call (sponsored by Philco Corporation) features Inspiration Time, during which I read an inspiration or whimsical verse contributed by some Clubbers.

The bulk of Breakfast Club mail contains interview suggestions and jokes (for Sam and me), plus contributions for Memory Time and Inspiration Time. Naturally, over the years, many of the poems contributed have become favorites of Breakfast Club listeners. The most frequently requested of these all-time favorites are reprinted above.

Speaking of favorites, a woman listener in Tacoma recently asked me in a letter: "Don, what's your favorite portion of the program?"

There was only one possible answer. My favorite Breakfast Club feature is the moment of silent prayer. And, because of the mail and comment it receives, I know it is the favorite of our listeners, too.

I'll never forget the morning of October 28, 1944, when I first asked Breakfast Clubbers:

*All over the nation,
Each in his own words,
Each in his own way,
For a world united in peace—
Bow your heads, let us pray.*

For a moment—as the studio audience sat silent with heads bowed—I wondered about the reactions of the millions of people in our unseen audience. Part of my own prayer that morning was that everybody would participate.

Prayer Time was conceived during World War II when millions of Americans were deeply concerned with the safety of their loved ones overseas. I firmly believed that prayer—the strongest force in the world—was urgently needed to provide a feeling of spiritual unity among Breakfast Club families disrupted by war. Even a moment of family prayer, I felt, would make the mothers and fathers in the audience feel closer to their absent sons and daughters.

Continued Need of Prayer for Peace

Frankly, I had no idea in 1944 that Prayer Time would become a permanent peacetime feature of the Breakfast Club program. When the war ended, so I thought, there would be no need for a prayer for peace.

But more than 90 per cent of the 100,000 Breakfast Clubbers who wrote letters commenting on Prayer Time urged that the moment of silent prayer be continued.

One listener commented: "For 12 years, the Breakfast Club family has laughed, sung, marched

and reminisced together. Why not pray together?"

Since the war's end, Prayer Time has been modified, slightly. Now, on Fridays, Breakfast Clubbers offer thanksgiving for all the blessings received during the week.

Another Prayer Time variation is a plea "for better family understanding."

In 1948, a woman with five children wrote: "I had decided to give my husband the divorce he wanted until I heard you offer the silent prayer for broken families. That seemed like it was meant for me and I prayed, Don. The next evening my husband returned. Thank you, Don, for the guiding hand we needed."

Certainly, no family is more appreciative of family prayer than the McNeills. In September, 1947, my wife, Kay, and I prayed as only desperate parents can pray when our twelve-year-old son, Tommy, was stricken with polio. Tommy's younger brothers, Bobby and Don, Jr., prayed, too. Finally, after seven days, the doctor reported that Tommy could move his leg.

Next morning, I told our Breakfast Club audience the crisis had passed and asked them to join with me in a prayer of thanksgiving.

I remember that moment every morning when we pray . . . each in his own words . . . each in his own way . . . and millions of Breakfast Clubbers say, "Amen."



The Kid's in Town

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

If Hollywood wanted authenticity, we'd give them all they could stand. We'd ambush 'em, shoot 'em up, cut 'em off at the pass. After all, we're not in the movie business just for laughs



Guys got up grinning, shaking themselves, and looking around. Stan Hines, the Hollywood Adonis, lay in the dead center of the Silver Slipper

WE'VE been called a lot of things, here in Bad Bend. Old Wax Magoon, the famous movie producer, who got his in the last economy wave, used to call Bad Bend the Hollywood of the Desert. Bad Bend is such a typical Western-movie town, it might well have served as location for a hundred different horse operas. Might well, nothing—it did!

They made North of the Pecos here, and East of the Pecos and South of the Pecos, and Sunlight on the Trail and Sunset on the Trail and Moonlight on the Trail and Sunrise on the Trail, and Desert Sands, Western Sands, and Sands on the Trail. All this ten, twelve, fifteen years ago, before the movies began looking for realism.

Collier's for January 10, 1953

No two ways about it, realism ruined Bad Bend. It was ironic, in some respects, because if there ever was a realistic town for Western movies, Bad Bend is it. The population of Bad Bend lived from movie to movie in those days. A director never needed expensive Hollywood actors when he filmed in Bad Bend. If he wanted a meek-looking guy behind the bar—you know, the guy who always stashes away the expensive bottles and takes the mirror off the wall before the fight begins—then we had Hector Klimhoff, who tended bar at the Silver Slipper.

Wonderful name for a bar, Silver Slipper, or so we thought. Sometimes the movie people even called it the Silver Slipper in the movies they made,

even though they were always changing the name of the town.

We were never Bad Bend. We were Deadwood, Drywood, Dry Gulch, Gulch Canyon, Canyon Creek, Dead Creek, Lead Creek and Red Creek. That's great. You talk about realism: we didn't even get our real name back till the movies went away and left us.

Anyway, there was Hector Klimhoff, the bartender. And there was old Doc Mason, a doctor who also played the part of the judge, the girl's father, and once—in Silver Spurs West—the part of a mortician. We had a big guy named Morgan who played the heavy, with his beard half-shaved. Sometimes he was known as Morgan, but usually,

in the movies, he was named Slade or Larsen.

Then there was a bunch of guys known simply as "the boys." They would all line up at the bar, and Morgan-Slade-Larsen would come in through the swinging double half-doors and say, "The Kid's in town." What happened then depended on who was making the picture. If it was Wax Magoon, the boys would make a mad dash for the door, jump on their horses, and thunder up past the bank and around the corner out of sight. If it was Greenberg, the boys would just stay where they were, and the camera would catch ten hands as they reached deftly for holsters. If it was Neuhoof, a producer who prided himself on the unexpected, the boys would all scurry out the windows and the back door. No matter whose picture it was, though, Hector Klimhoff, the bartender, always took the mirror down. When the Kid got to town there was always a fight.

WE NEVER furnished the Kid for the pictures. He was always a Hollywood product—we had John Wayne once. Usually, too, Hollywood sent the Kid's side-kick along—a guy with whiskers and a heart of gold. Once in a while Morgan-Slade-Larsen would capture the guy with whiskers and hold him for ransom so the Kid could ride into a trap, but usually the guy with whiskers didn't do any more than kill a couple of the boys during the fight, usually in a comical way, such as shooting one of the boys in the back by mistake, and wind up wounded himself but breathing undying loyalty up at the Kid. Just in case, though, we had Harry Tennerman—you can bet his name never got in a picture—who had whiskers and could play the part of the Kid's crony right up to the hilt.

There were two other guys: old Carl Grogan, the grocer, who could play the part of the jailer, the banker or the sheriff with equal aplomb; and Sid Howe, who dealt the cards in the back of the Silver Slipper. You see, when Morgan-Slade-Larsen came in and said, "The Kid's in town," the boys were always lined up at the bar, but by the time the Kid actually showed up at the Silver Slipper, the boys had always come back and were playing cards, so you had to have somebody to deal.

Well, everybody in town had some sort of a job; we did a little pecan farming around there some ten-twenty years ago. But there was no two ways about it, the money was in movies. We had the perfect climate—hot ten months of the year and very hot the other two—and every six weeks, right on the dot, up rolled Magoon or Greenberg or Neuhoof, ready to shoot another Western. The pay was good, the girls were pretty, and after each picture we got to go to Pike City, thirty miles upland, to see ourselves at the Cinema Theater there.

It was fun going to the movies, not only to see ourselves but to see the extra stuff, like Indians, that they dubbed in at the lot hack in Hollywood. I'll say this, nobody in Bad Bend ever got a swelled head from going to Pike City to see himself in the movies, unless it was Hector Klimhoff, the bartender, and with Hector, it wasn't his acting that prided him so much as his timing. I've never seen him miss ducking under a shot glass. . . .

Things got dull when the realists took over Hollywood. Hollywood can sue me for saying that, but as far as Bad Bend was concerned, life got duller



COLLIER'S

"He's so wealthy he hardly has a penny left after paying his taxes"

JEFF KEATE

when that happened. It happened at a bad time, too. There was some talk about putting up a small war plant in Bad Bend, but it was just talk. What's more, old Doc Mason's son Lorry was just going on eighteen then—a real handsome cuss who made us think that pretty soon Hollywood wouldn't even have to supply a male lead. Here was Lorry Mason's movie career finished even before it started. He went away to the war, and when he came back he was more handsome than ever, and all the movie people were gone, so Lorry settled down to cattle raising.

All this, though, was B.K.—Before Katz. You've heard of Jeremy Katz. One of those geniuses. Producer-writer-director. He did that documentary on the Chicago River that won the

Academy Award, and that color film that was done all in green, and Heaven only knows what else. They called him the greatest thing to hit Hollywood since De Mille, and they were probably right. He's only been there three years, and the story about him is that he never saw a movie before he got there.

Anyway, we got interested in him, real interested, when Film Daily came to town on the through bus one Tuesday morning. Ever since Hollywood went away and left us, we've been subscribing to Film Daily. "They'll be back," Harry Tennerman, our guy with the whiskers, always used to say, "and we want to be ready when they come."

This issue of Film Daily gave us the hope. KATZ TO SADDLE, the headline said, and while we pondered over

that, a couple of us looked down into the story and there, big as life, it said that Jeremy Katz was going to do a Western. Never done one before, never seen one before, but here he was, headed out into the desert to find the most typical Western town within traveling range of the studio.

It was, the story went on, to be a budget picture. Katz would bring with him a leading man—Stan Hines, no less; a leading lady—Jill David. And his production assistant, Morris Lefevre. Nobody else. If they approved the town they'd sign up the local citizenry for the other parts, bring in the crew, and start shooting.

Too good to be true, that was the consensus in Bad Bend.

"He's bound to come here," said Hunt Morgan, our heavy. He was heavier after ten years, but he could still play the heavy. "He can't miss us."

"Why can't he?" Sid Howe, the dealer, put in. "You think trains come here? We got one bus a day in each direction. You think Stan Hines or Jill David would ride on it, even if Katz would? Them stars ain't rugged like they used to be. The only plane ever landed here was the one that crashed when they were trying out the mail route in nineteen twenty-seven."

"It was nineteen twenty-eight," old Doc Mason said. "I treated the pilot."

"You see?" Howe said hopelessly. "How they going to get here? Portage?"

"Never mind," said Carl Grogan, the grocer. "The important thing is we have to be ready just in case. What happened to my string tie? Sid, you got a deck of cards?"

"Only new ones," Sid Howe said. Then he cocked his head in sudden cheer. "But we got plenty blank ammunition down in the basement."

"Get the boys," old Doc Mason said.

WELL, you never saw anything like it, such an oiling of pistols, guys scrambling into old cowboy outfits left and right, and Hunt Morgan, the heavy, cursing himself because he'd gotten into the habit of shaving close. It was like a safari into the past, and not even the insistent ringing of the telephone behind the bar could break the spell.

"That reminds me," Hector Klimhoff said as he reached to pick up the telephone. "I got to hide this phone."

"You better take down the neon sign, too," Harry Tennerman advised, "and the—" Then he stopped, and we all watched Hector as he jabbered excitedly into the telephone. He took the receiver away from his ear and put his hand over the mouthpiece. "It's Wally!" he said in a hoarse whisper. Wally was the projectionist at the Cinema Theater in Pike City, an old friend of ours who used to let us in to the movies for nothing. "Katz passed through Pike City twenty minutes ago! He's headed this way!"

Then the scramble was really on. Hector reached down under the bar and came up with a box of toothpicks and handed one to old Verne Hopkins, and Verne stuck the toothpick into his mouth, opened his vest, and sat down at the piano in the back and started playing the old Dawson City music for all he was worth. The boys began to show up, like possessions coming out of storage. Somebody got five horses hitched up outside the Silver Slipper, and I personally threw a shot glass at Hector, so he could practice ducking. He took it on the shoulder. "I'll do it next time," he promised, and set a couple of extra bottles up on the bar. He grinned. "Little out of practice."

Collier's for January 10, 1953



COLLIER'S

"Gee, it must have been some party!"

GARDNER REA

"Listen," Carl Grogan said, "just so I don't feel like too much of a damn' fool, you *sure* this guy never heard of Bad Bend?"

"Don't say in the paper that he ever did," Hunt Morgan said.

"He don't know about—about what we used to do?"

"He never saw a Western."

"Hell," old Doc Mason said, "I saw someplace where it said he never even read one."

"He must have some idea," Carl Grogan said.

"Maybe when he was a kid," Sid Howe said.

"Well, don't start worrying now," Harry Tennerman said. "You want a new car, act right. Just like it was in the old days. We're back in business!"

"Cigars, everybody!" Hector Klimhoff yelled. "Only the piano player smokes cigarettes."

"No, he don't," Grogan said. "He just lets one burn on the side of the piano."

WE WERE a little rusty, you can see, but we remembered fast. We heard a car pull up in front, and the boys reached for their glasses of rotgut, and old Verne Hopkins went to work on the piano so hard he looked like he was inventing it. Hector Klimhoff started polishing a glass furiously.

Now, I don't know whether you realize this or not, but in most every Western movie you ever saw, whenever anybody walked into a saloon the bar was always to his left. You would think that we Bad Bend folks, having played in all those Westerns, would know the reason for that, but we don't. It's just part of the rigid art form. I have always suspected it's so that a man standing at the bar can reach for his gun on his right hip without the entering party's being able to see what he's doing, but that is merely a personal notion.

I bring this up because Jeremy Katz

entered the Silver Slipper and looked to his right. Now, there is nothing to see on the right. Seventeen pairs of eyes had snapped toward the door as he came in. And Jeremy Katz looked the wrong way. He stood there in the doorway, just looking, for what seemed an eternity. He was a short man who wore a multicolored shirt, bright tan trousers, brown-and-white shoes and dark glasses. He looked, in short, like every producer you ever saw. Everybody noticed it.

"I thought he was different," Carl Grogan whispered.

"He is," old Doc Mason whispered back. "I read someplace he decided the height of being different was to look like everybody else." He tapped his temple significantly. "Academy Award winner." Grogan nodded thoughtfully.

Finally, Jeremy Katz swung his eyes toward the bar and looked us over. The only movement in the place was Hector polishing the same glass and Verne Hopkins heating the piano. Then Jeremy Katz hunched his shoulders just a bit, put his hand in a beckoning gesture outside the door, and walked over to the bar. Behind him came the original Tall, Dark and Handsome—Stan Hines. Clutching Hines's arm, almost as if they were the Romantically Entwined Couple that the columnists proclaimed them to be, came Jill David. She wore a summer dress, off the shoulders, and her hair was the yellow of ripe corn, and she was more beautiful in person than on the screen, if that were possible. Two of the boys had to set down their rotgut as she approached.

Behind her, dressed in clothes identical, to the last stitch, to those of Jeremy Katz, came a man we identified as Morris Lefevre, Katz's production assistant. The only difference between the two was that Lefevre was shorter and his dark glasses were bigger.

The four of them walked over to the bar. Then Katz turned abruptly and led the way to one of the center tables.

They all sat down. Verne Hopkins took a good look at them and went on playing the piano. Hector Klimhoff came around from behind the bar and went over to the table.

"Afternoon, folks," he said. "Little something? The lady want to clean up a bit, maybe have a bath? We got rooms upstairs and a nice long-handled brush so she can wash her back."

"Jeremy," the short man named Morris Lefevre said, "let's get out of here. This guy gives me the meemies."

"No need for that," Hector said cheerfully. "You folks must have had a long trip, and the boys might be starting up a game of cards right soon, never can tell." He was still polishing that damn' glass. "Had a little excitement today. Fellow broke out of jail. Cattle rustler." Hector made a clucking noise with his tongue.

"You heard me, Jeremy, I said let's get out of here." Morris Lefevre mopped his brow with a bright blue handkerchief. "There's another town twenty miles down. It's got real people in it. It says so on the road map."

Jeremy Katz put up his hand. "Wait a minute. Bartender, we'll have some drinks. Whisky, and you can mix the lady's. For everybody in the house." He waved his arm expansively. "Drinks on me."

Stan Hines, the handsome one, spoke up. "Drinks for all these slob?" We took an instant dislike to Stan Hines. "You crazy or something, Jeremy?" He made a face. "These guys are right out of William S. Hart."

"Be quiet, Stan." It was the girl, Jill David. "Jeremy never heard of William S. Hart."

"Whisky for everybody," Hector Klimhoff said happily and rustled back behind the bar.

"Listen," Morris Lefevre called from the table, "ask that piano player does he know Clair de Lune. After he finishes six more choruses of Buffalo Gal, that is. Don't interrupt him."

"Shut up, Morris," Jeremy Katz said.

Hector poured the drinks. He had just started back around the bar with the tray when the doors swung open.

THERE stood Hunt Morgan-Slade-Larsen, six-guns jutting from low-slung holsters, cigar clenched between teeth, hat brim pulled down low, blue shirt open at the throat.

He looked slowly around, spat out a chunk of cigar.

"The Kid's in town." He said it slowly, deliberately. It was funny, in a way, because the Kid not only was in town but—if you assumed, as you had every right to, that the Kid would be played by Stan Hines—he was sitting right there in the saloon.

But that minor consideration didn't stop the boys. You should have seen them go. Two of them hurtled out the front door and went pounding away on horseback, just like they used to do when Wax Magoon was in town making a picture. Five others lit out the back and up the stairs, knocking down Hector Klimhoff as they went. The rest, who remembered the Greenberg technique and not Magoon's and Neuhoff's, just stood there, hands at gun belts. It all happened like a flash.

"Listen to me, Jeremy," Morris Lefevre said plaintively, "we got to get out of here. I keep telling you, this is Madman's Gulch; somebody's going to get killed."

Jeremy Katz put up his hand. "Wait a minute. I think I like this. This"—he waved his hand to indicate the entire saloon—"is authentic. This is native

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"Say, Pop, I've started noticing girls. At least I think they're girls"

COLLIER'S

BARNEY TOBEY

American. This is genuine. You understand what I'm saying, Morris, this is rough, undisciplined. It's wild and poetic!"

"This is ridiculous," Lefevre said. "I got to come with you and two actors ninety miles out into the desert, a guy comes over and says there was a jail break, the piano player is held over from Stagecoach, you order drinks, a guy comes in the door and says somebody's in town, and the place goes crazy. You sit there and tell me it's poetry. You got the almighty nerve to tell me it's poetry!"

"You know a better place?" Katz asked.

"Well, all I can say is, another hour in *this* place, and we'll all be crazy. If I wasn't already crazy I'd say there was a guy sitting in the back room dirtying up a new deck of cards." He laughed, a trifle hysterically. "Silly me. You think I can get a drink without ten more guys knocking the bartender down when he turns the corner?"

IN THE back, Sid Howe, our dealer, was in fact scuffling up a new deck. Old Doc Mason meandered over to Katz's table. "Couple of the boys getting up a little card game," Old Doc said, squirting a copious supply of tobacco juice onto Jeremy Katz's shoes. "Care to sit in, stranger?"

"Certainly," Katz said, and got up. "How about you, Stan? Morris?"

"Sure," Morris Lefevre said. He spat out of the side of his mouth. "Nothing like a little red dog to get an hombre in shape. Would you mind telling me why the bartender is taking the mirror off the wall?"

"He was supposed to do that earlier," Doc Mason said. "He's just getting around to it."

"Oh," Lefevre said, and slapped the palm of his hand against the side of his head. "Jeremy, for the last time, the car's outside."

"Never mind," Jeremy Katz said. "Jill, you stay here. We're going to play a little cards with the people."

Morris Lefevre sat down next to Harry Tennerman, our guy with the whiskers. "Hey, there, Gabby," he said to Harry, who hadn't said a word. "How's your canasta?"

"He, he he," Harry tittered. Stan Hines sat on the other side of him, then Jeremy Katz, Carl Grogan, old Doc Mason and Sid Howe, the dealer.

"Five-card stud," Howe said, sitting there erect and alert, the very essence of the river-boat gambler. "Twenty-five and fifty."

"Twenty-five and fifty what?" Morris Lefevre asked. Sid Howe gave him a piercing look and carefully placed on the table in front of him one of the biggest horse pistols you ever saw. "Listen," Lefevre said, "just for the record the only weapon I got on me is a lighter. Let's get out of here, Jeremy."

"Shut up, Morris," Jeremy Katz said. Sid Howe began to deal the cards; he included himself in.

In the intensity of the game, no one seemed to notice that Hunt Morgan and the boys who had fled by various routes a little while before had slipped back into the room. They stood in various poses of pronounced unconcern at the bar, all except Morgan, who sat down at the table with Jill David, ordered her drink refilled, and drained his shot glass at one boisterous gulp. The tableau of the two of them, the movie queen and the renovated villain, was nothing compared to the seven figures grouped around the rear table, playing cards: a flashy gambler, three old men.



an impeccable leading man and two short guys with dark glasses.

Sid Howe gave them the old St. Joe deal—a full house to each of the six men grouped around him, a straight flush for himself. Ten years had not dulled his touch. It was enough, indeed, to bring Hollywood's Stan Hines roaring to his feet, his face red with anger. "You phony!" he yelled at Sid. "You liar! You cheat!"

"Easy, stranger," Sid said coolly. "These are only chips you're playing with. I wouldn't get upset if I were you."

"Chips or no chips!" Hines's voice was breaking. "I pay an analyst two hundred dollars a week to keep me from getting excited, and no phony carban cowboy's going to cheat me. You understand?"

"Sit down, Stan," Jeremy Katz said. "Yeah, Stan, he's got a gun," Morris Lefevre said.

Hines glared across the table at Sid Howe. "I will not sit down. I will not take this from anyone. I'm going to teach this phony a lesson he'll never forget. It's an act, don't you see? An act, this whole thing, this bar, these people. They're phonies, every one of them, trying to make an impression. Well, I'll show them—"

"Sit down, mister!"

THE voice came from just inside the doorway. There stood young Lorry Mason, old Doc Mason's son, dressed up from silver spurs to ten-gallon hat, a deadly six-shooter in each hand, handsome and bold—standing there, playing the part we all had dreamed for him.

The tinkling of the piano stopped. The place was in utter silence. Then, from the table where he sat with the beautiful Jill David, Hunt Morgan reacted. He whipped out a gun, fired at

the chandelier. Behind the bar, Hector Klimhoff flicked the timeworn switch, and the lights went out. The Silver Slipper was in near darkness. There was a stampede from the bar. A chair sailed through the air. Jill David screamed as if she'd been rehearsing it for weeks. Hoarse male cries and the staccato roar of gunfire filled the room.

We'd done it a hundred times before, but it had never gone off so well. Bodies bounced off the banister at just the right time. Hector ducked shot glasses with fantastic enthusiasm. Jill David went right on screaming in excellent terror. Tables were overturned, chairs sailed left and right, fists flew, even the horses outside whinnied in fright.

All the other times, there'd been Wax Magoon or Greenberg or Neuhoff to yell, "Cut!" and break it up, but this time there was nobody. We just kept going until the guns ran out of blanks. Then, finally, there was silence. Hector turned the lights back on.

THE saloon was in an appropriate shambles. Guys got up grinning, shaking themselves and looking around. Jill David was frozen in terror in the middle of the room. Jeremy Katz crawled out from underneath the card table. There was only one casualty: Stan Hines, the Hollywood Adonis, lay in the dead center of the Silver Slipper, comatose.

Jeremy Katz looked around. "Somebody hit him?"

"I did." It was Lorry Mason.

"On purpose?"

"Yes."

"Hard?"

"Not very."

"Why not?"

"It didn't take very much."

"Did he call you a nasty name?"

"Yes."

"Him and his mouth," Jeremy Katz said. "His analyst warned him about it. Look at him—black eye, bloody nose. How we going to get him in shape?"

Old Doc Mason stepped forward. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but if you're looking for a leading man, why—"

Jeremy Katz looked back at Lorry Mason. He turned. "Jill, how about this one?"

There was something more than mere appraisal in the eyes of the golden-haired girl. "I think," she said softly, "that he'll be fine."

"Well," Jeremy Katz said, "just one more thing. You think you can stage another fight like this one? I mean, if we bring in cameras?"

"Possibly," old Doc Mason said cautiously.

"We'll need all you people as character parts," Jeremy Katz went on. "This picture is going to be something new, something different. You know? Something that's never been done before." He looked commandingly around. "What the hell happened to Morris?"

"Here," Morris Lefevre said. He crawled out from behind the piano.

"Make arrangements," Katz ordered. "We'll need the crew out here. We'll need measurements. They'll have to put in tracks for the dolly."

"Maybe they already got tracks," Lefevre said. "Maybe they got them hidden in the long grass out behind the building."

"Quit the smart talk," Jeremy Katz said to him.

After a while, they went away. They'll be back in five days, and we'll be ready for them. Tomorrow, we cut the grass out back.





Who's for Euchre?

By SCOTT CORBETT

Some of the old card games would baffle today's players, including canasta fanatics

IT'S been years since I've played any card games except bridge, poker, samba (a form of canasta), canasta (a form of stupidity) and Zioncheck. In looking through a book of card games, I find that in my time I have played 14 different games, the others being gin rummy with my wife, cribbage with a roommate, seven-up with three grade-school playmates, Michigan with neighbors, Russian bank with my mother-in-law, montebank, blackjack and faro with two elderly maiden aunts and pinochle with beer and Limburger.

I could forget them all except bridge, poker and, of course, Zioncheck. Nobody I know plays much else, and yet scattered through the book are 25 other games for two or more players, most of them with half a dozen variations.

(My authority for this statement is an edition of Hoyle's Official Rules which I bought in the dime store for 10 cents 12 years ago and which you probably could not touch today for under 25 cents.)

What I would like to know is, who plays those 25 other games?

Who plays euchre? Who plays whist or five hundred? Anybody going in for pitch, slough, or scat? How's your bezique? When was the last time you had a big evening of écarté, piquet, gaigel or hasenpfeffer?

Now that samba and canasta, not to mention Zioncheck, have gotten people used to playing with multiple decks of cards, I am surprised a game like *panguingui* has not had more of a vogue. *Panguingui* is played with "eight decks, with the eights, nines and tens of each suit omitted, as in conquin." You know.

Euchre, now—I can understand why I never hear of anybody playing euchre. In two-handed euchre, you use a 24-card pack, ace through nine. Ever try to shuffle 24 cards? Shufflers who have developed canasta hands crumple them right up trying it. So do Zioncheck players. Another bad thing about euchre: it is one of those games that feature a ploppy deal. You are supposed to deal three cards at a time all the way around, then two,

and cards dealt in batches of two or three fall with a plop. First you get poor shuffling because of too few cards, and then instead of a nice one-card-at-a-time deal as in bridge you get plop plop, plop plop. That's in two-handed euchre, of course. In three-handed euchre you get plop plop plop, plop plop plop.

The only hope I see for euchre is in auction euchre for eight people, which calls for a 60-card pack with 11 and 12 spots included. That might appeal to some canasta players I know. The strange thing about this game that nobody plays, though, is that the book devotes a lot of space to describing how to conduct a "large euchre." First you hire the hall, get your tickets on sale not less than three weeks in advance, and then arrange four rows of 16 tables each for 256 players. The layout of a "large," as euchre players affectionately call it, includes five tables to hold the prizes, wide aisles for inspection of prizes, and 14 ladies in attendance.

Personally, I'd hate to try to locate 256 euchre players in only three weeks. Zioncheck players, maybe, but not euchre.

It is also hard for me to believe that a museum piece straight out of the eighteenth century like whist is still lingering on in Hoyle, but I must admit I am entranced by Rule 2, "Forming the Table. Those first in the room have the preference. If, by reason of two or more arriving at the same time, more than four assemble, the preference among the last comers is determined by cutting." I can just see Lady Orkney arriving late in her sedan chair and cutting Lord Finch-Martin dead in her effort to beat him to the gaming room. My wife has just suggested that perhaps "by cutting" refers to cutting cards, in this case. That shows how little she knows about Lady Orkney. Well, anyway, pray do come over for an evening of whist tonight—we're having six people in, and the first four get to play.

Of course, I am well aware of the reaction that remarks such as I have been making always arouse, so I will save a lot of people a lot of letter writing by writing their letters *before* I receive them:

Pebbley, Wyo.

Sir:

Just because a smartalec like you does not know anybody who plays euchre does not mean that thousands of intelligent Americans are not playing it and enjoying it every day of their life. Only last week the Pebbley Auction Euchre Club of this city conducted a Large for which all tickets were sold out well in advance, prizes were donated by leading merchants, and \$123.85 was made for a worthy cause. If it was not for stupid people with closed minds like you, euchre would sweep bridge right off the map where it belongs!

Brewster, Mass.

Sir:

If you think whist is such a museum piece I suggest you come to one of the public whists put on with great success, over \$32 collected last time for the benefit of the Public Library, by our Ladies' Club, and try to beat some of our good players. Maybe you'd find you are not so smart after all!

Denver, Colo.

Sir:

The snide sort of way you brush aside the fine old game of solo, or slough, anybody would think nobody ever played it, but let me tell you it is played all over Denver and by some mighty fine people, too. If you would read your card-game book a little more carefully instead of thinking you're so smart, you might notice that progressive solo is a variation credited to the Denver Athletic Club, which I happen to be a member of. I'd like to see you bid a diamond or heart solo, or even a plain frog, and try to make it! I bet you would sweat!

Biggerstaff, Kans.

Sir:

I guess you think you're pretty smart, don't you? All I can say to you is, I don't believe there is any such game as Zioncheck.

Well, there is.

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Something wonderful has happened in our country during the past 10 years, and you have been a part of it.

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Over a billion and a half dollars in advertising space and time have been given freely by American business to do these vital jobs in the public interest. Hardly an American but knows about them and has had some part in their progress.

Collier's salutes The Advertising Council for its ten-year record as a wonderful example of American teamwork. Its achievements are a tribute to the whole American people—to business that supports its activities—to all those devoted workers, in so many fields, who have helped to tell you what needed doing. But most of all to *you* who *did* it!

**YOU BUY WAR BONDS
—I'LL FIGHT!**



Remember this wartime poster?





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What YOU Can Do . . . MUST Do
To Ease the Critical Iron and Steel Scrap Problem

When scrap is needed quickly to keep our defense plants rolling, ads like this, sponsored by leading business and trade publications, help to make that need known.

What the Advertising Council is ...and what it does

As it starts on its second decade, The Advertising Council is a fine example of the conscience of America in action. It is a voluntary organization—-independent, non-profit, non-partisan—dedicated to the welfare and progress of all our people. The Council donates its services to the causes it aids.

It is composed largely of advertisers, advertising agencies and media, including magazines, newspapers, radio and television, the outdoor and transportation advertising groups.

The Council's budget is contributed by business generally. Space and time for Council programs are donated by advertisers and media. Advertising agencies provide free creative talent for the preparation of campaign materials.

As the first organized, systematic method of getting important messages to the public quickly, the Council annually reviews hundreds of requests for help from government

agencies and leading non-profit organizations which have learned that advertising—through simplification, dramatization and repetition—gets things done.

Closely associated with the Council is an Industries Advisory Committee consisting of 38 business leaders and a Public Policy Committee which evaluates requests for campaigns. The latter includes 20 leading representatives of management, labor, education, agriculture, religion, medicine and journalism.

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The messages you hear and see over radio and television on behalf of national causes such as CARE, Fight Inflation, Government Reorganization, Racial and Religious Prejudice, March of Dimes and United Nations, are scheduled by the Council. Advertisers, networks and local stations give the time.



The posters along the thoroughfares and in your transportation vehicles often carry messages in the public interest. The space is given by the Outdoor and Transportation advertising industries.

The Council also serves American Cancer Society, American Heritage, Boy Scouts, Brotherhood Week, Christmas Seals, 4-H Clubs, Flag Day, Girl Scouts, Heart Fund, Religion in American Life, Salvation Army, United Negro Colleges, and many other projects in the public interest.



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You learned of the nurse shortage from ads like this, many contributed by daily, weekly and labor newspapers. In five years, 418,000 young women have responded.

We must increase productivity all along the line if we are to meet our defense needs and maintain a strong civilian economy. House magazines of leading companies carry ads like this regularly.

Dark Hour

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

alive and well, and she had a happy, exciting marriage, satisfying in every respect. When, after two years of marriage, she had become pregnant, she had had an easy time, followed by the comfortable delivery of a healthy, normal, beautiful baby. She had never known poverty or hunger or fear—or real illness, until now.

I'm not prepared, she thought, panic-stricken; how can I face what I now have to face without going to pieces, without making life unbearable for Harry and Elizabeth? And myself?

Perhaps prayer would help? But, although she was deeply religious, she had never been able to pray for herself; what little disappointments and troubles she had had were not worth troubling Him about. It had been easy enough to pray for other people in trouble—a mother losing a child, or parents with a sick baby, or some fine person critically ill or injured or in some other kind of distress. She would send a silent prayer out, asking Him to help and comfort them, feeling sure her prayer was answered, feeling somehow that that was almost the only kind of prayer *sure* to be answered.

I CAN only pray that things will be made easier for Harry and Elizabeth, she decided, and yet the only way I can be sure of that is to make it easier for them myself. It was becoming harder every day to hold her child, dress her, play with her, tuck her into bed, without bursting into weak tears. Sometimes in the long, still, sleepless, pain-filled night, she would get quietly out of bed, after making sure Harry slept, and slip into Elizabeth's room and sit by her crib, weeping softly and hopelessly in the dark, until she would finally return to her place by Harry, and, comforted by his warmth and nearness, she would fall asleep.

Now she must force herself to talk and laugh and sing and go about her work these last few days as if everything were all right. How could she do it, how could she do it? But she had to. There were only seven more days for her to be with Harry and Elizabeth, to help Elizabeth to do without her.

Dr. Hollister was right, of course; she should have gone to him long ago, when she first noticed that something was wrong. As a doctor's daughter she certainly knew better, but there was always something to interfere with getting away from the ranch—roads washed out, sick cows to take care of, truck broken down, water gaps torn out, always something, and she hated to bother Harry; he was so busy, so overworked.

Somehow she had managed to hide her trouble from Harry until four days ago when he had seen her in a sudden spasm of pain, worse than any that had gone before. Alarmed, he had insisted on her going into town to the doctor right away, and she had finally given in to him. How could I have been such a fool, she wondered, back there at the beginning? It's just as hard now to get away, and yet I have to do it, and it will be far worse, far more inconvenient, and so much harder on Elizabeth. But the truth was, she realized now, she simply hadn't been able to believe that something bad could finally be happening to her. She still found it hard to believe, but she had to. It was too real, dear God, the pain was too real.

Far off in the mesquite thicket an elf owl called, its funny little Morse-code whistle sounding over and over, a kind of SOS, never answered, yet never sounding hopeless of help. And then he was quiet—his little ship sunk? No, there was no reason to be morbid, now; more likely he had found himself a cricket.

She sat there in the deep black bed of silence. Will it be like this? she wondered. Afterward? Just silence? Always self-sufficient, never minding solitude, she had liked silence, the desert silence, yet it seemed such a waste—just silence—for an eternity. Or would she live again, in some other guise, still finding happiness in another life, not with Harry and Elizabeth, but with others? She was sure this life she had known wasn't to be all for her, and she had

things—butterflies; lizards and horned toads; the tiny leaves of the mesquites and paloverdes and ironwoods, folded to conserve moisture in the heat of the day; the miniature cactus plants with their small, bright, perfect blossoms; the hummingbirds and canyon wrens and cunning baby quail.

THERE was so much to show her. Would Harry show her? Could he? The ranch took all his time. He would need help. His mother would be there, but she was old, full of her housekeeping and her books and letter writing to relatives and old friends. She would love Elizabeth and be good to her, but would she answer all her questions, give her the response she needed to make her mind and spirit grow and expand? It's up to Harry, Carolyn decided,

want her to buy for herself with it. Carolyn herself had never liked presents of money; she preferred chosen gifts, no matter how small; and she wanted Elizabeth to have gifts her mother had chosen, even though she wasn't there to buy them for her personally.

And now she began to plan the gifts: a book, a doll, a scarf, a small vase for desert flowers, a little wooden box for trinkets, a silver ring, a copy of a favorite picture—nothing big or expensive, but things she could keep and look at and use, and remember her mother had wanted her to have them. Am I being maudlin? Carolyn wondered. No, she decided. It was what she herself would have wanted most of all if anything had happened to her own mother.

Mother, Carolyn thought now, oh, Mother, how can I tell you? They had always been so close, were still close even though they were hundreds of miles apart. Please don't grieve too much, Mother. You and I had good years together. If only you could be here with Elizabeth. But Carolyn's father couldn't leave his patients, they were his precious responsibility, so it was out of the question for him to come and settle way out here in a useless, unproductive life in the desert.

The real solution, Carolyn knew, would be for Harry to find someone else to take her place, not to wait too long—but her mind and heart shrank at the thought. Harry had good sense. When the time came, he would choose someone who would be good to Elizabeth and probably love her dearly, but Carolyn could hardly bear to think about it. Anyway, that would be up to Harry; she couldn't tell him how to run his life after she was gone, any more than she told him how to run his life now.

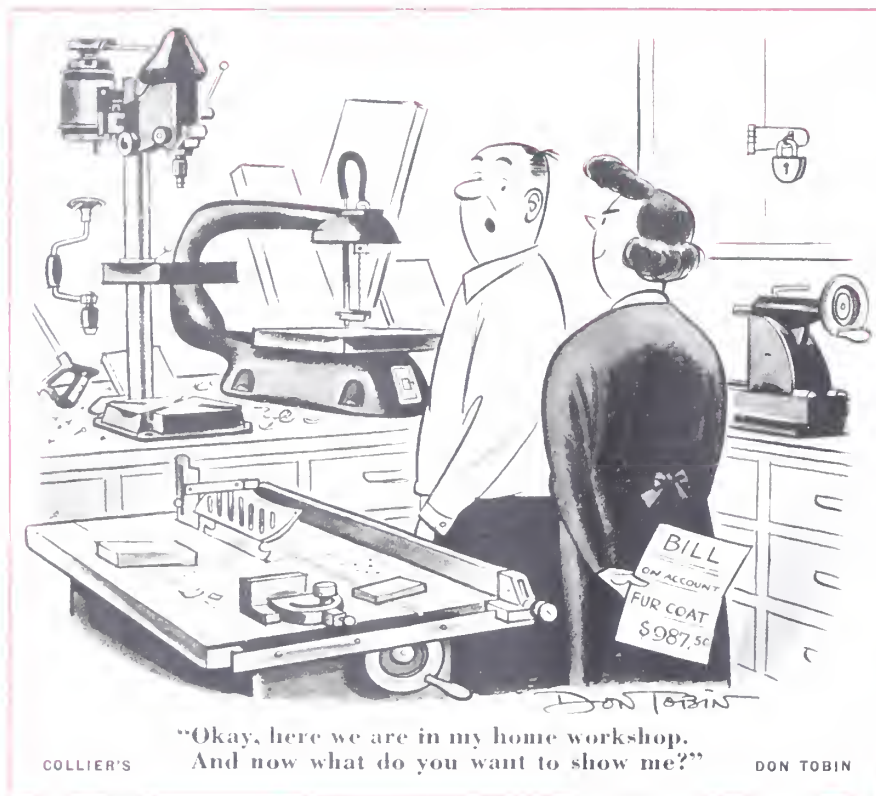
That had been one of the best things about their marriage: the way they had allowed each other to retain their own identities, to remain individuals. It kept them interesting to each other. What lively talks they had had, at night and at mealtimes and on horseback rides in the hills before the advent of Elizabeth. Even their arguments had been friendly. They had had so much to say to each other, so much of life and living to share.

THEY had met six years before—just think, only six short, beautiful years—when, run-down after a siege of flu, Carolyn had taken a vacation from her teaching job and had spent a month on a local guest ranch. Harry had stopped by one Sunday for dinner—his place was three miles up the winding mountain road from the dude outfit—and Carolyn had suddenly felt a strange stirring in her breast when she placed her small hand in his big, brown one, and their eyes had met.

There had been two other Eastern girls present, however, pretty, self-assured girls, and Carolyn had sat quietly apart, smiling and listening to their teasing banter, letting them monopolize Harry at the dinner table.

Later she had slipped quietly out to the barn for her usual afternoon ride alone in the hills, and, to her surprise, Harry had shortly followed, waiting until the wrangler had saddled her horse; then, tightening the cinch on his own horse, he had mounted and ridden beside her to the gate.

"Which way you headed?" he had asked when they were out on the road.



never minded the thought of death when she was younger, but that was before Harry and Elizabeth. How could she leave them; how could she bear it? She wept again, bitterly, and lay in the sand, her head on her arms, weeping until she was exhausted and numb.

She pulled out a handkerchief. I must get back, she thought in despair, drying her face and blowing her nose; there's so little time left to be with them.

SHE got up and started home down the creek bed, but she had worn herself out with weeping, and she sank down again, her back against the bank.

She moved one hand through the granite sand, scooping it up, sifting it through her fingers over and over, thinking of nothing now, for these few moments, just hearing the soft sighing of the grains of sand in the darkness. She could see the colors of them in her mind's eye: the opaque pink ones, the white ones and yellow ones and red ones and black ones, the flat shiny bits of mica, and the tiny clear crystals, like miniature boulders to her, like giant boulders to an ant.

Elizabeth loved the sand. She would cup it in her hands and study it and talk about the tiny shapes and colors. She was so tiny herself, and she loved tiny

somehow he must find the time. I must make him see that before I leave.

I must also make a list of things—about Elizabeth's diet, and where things are so Harry can find everything without trouble; and then I'll write him a letter telling him how I feel, how much I have loved him and how happy he has made me, how thankful I am to have had this much; and the same kind of letters to my mother and father.

And then a letter to Elizabeth. No, a series of letters, she decided, one to read each year until she is sixteen, telling what I hope for her and some things I want her to read and do and learn each year. That way she'll never, never forget me, and somehow I'll still live for her in spirit, and she'll know how much I loved her. Love her, she amended, thoughtfully, wonderingly. No matter what else, she knew that her love was the one thing that would never die.

Carolyn became calm and almost happy as she began to plan the letters. She would write each one by hand rather than use the typewriter, and she would seal each one in a separate envelope, marked to be opened on Elizabeth's fourth birthday, fifth birthday, sixth and so on. And I'll enclose a brand-new dollar bill in each one, she decided, and tell her exactly what I

"I never know when I start out," she had replied, smiling faintly, pleased and excited in spite of herself.

"Good," he had said then. "Let's go up past my place—there are some things I'd like to show you."

As they rode off, Carolyn couldn't help saying, with a glance toward the house, "You're forsaking some gay company."

Harry had grinned. "They're trying too hard," was all he had said.

A simple beginning.

And she had gone with him, and he had shown her Indian ruins and graves he had discovered and left untouched, picture writings which they had laughingly tried to decipher into some ancient gossip, and finally from the top of a high mesa he had named the far mountains for her and shown her the magic of his beloved desert.

During the week he was too busy for social calls—he worked his spread alone—but he had urged her to ride the range and help him work cattle and fix fences; and in the afternoons she would sit on the corral fence and watch him do chores, helping him when she could, listening to the pleasant sounds of the cattle and horses and the sweet, insistent calls of Gambel's quail in the mesquites or the chatter of cactus wrens. How she had loved the life and responded to it!

THEN there was that last day. She knew he would speak, would ask her to come back, yet when he did, there in the dusty, warm, fragrant hush of the barn, it had been so wonderfully sweet and beautiful, she could hardly bear it. She, the rather plain grade-school teacher, he, the lonely rancher hungry for an understanding companionship, drawn together by their interest in the strange and wonderful life of the desert, had come to love each other deeply through the sharing of that interest.

Carolyn had no illusions about herself; she knew and accepted herself for exactly what she was; she dressed simply, wearing her long, shining brown hair in an old-fashioned knot at the back of her neck, using only a little lipstick and never pretending to be someone not herself. But she never felt plain or commonplace with Harry. He made her feel completely desirable and lovely in all the ways a woman in love and loved for the first time should feel.

Although at thirty-three Carolyn had never been in love, she had not been unhappy about it. She had always felt that love would probably come to her someday, but if it didn't, no matter. She could still find happiness and satisfaction in her work. A woman didn't have to become bitter and frustrated if she never married. Carolyn had certainly never wanted to marry just anyone, simply to be married. What use was a marriage, Carolyn had often wondered, if people were impatient and critical and dissatisfied, nagging and fussing at each other? Yet those seemed the very ones who showed a pitying condescension toward the unmarried older woman. To Carolyn, a marriage was no marriage at all if it hadn't been made for love, no matter what the world thought.

I have had the perfect marriage, she thought now; I have been perfectly happy. How many women can say this? Even if I do have to die, she decided, I have really lived to the limits of my being. I have been spared the torment of wishing that I could live my life over, live it differently. How many other people, faced with the end of life, could say the same thing?

She lay back against the sand and looked up at the stars. "Thank You," she whispered.

A kangaroo mouse or pack rat rustled the dead leaves under a bush on the bank, and Carolyn lay there, hardly breathing, listening to the scampering of the tiny feet.

She thought of the baby pack rats she and Elizabeth had found when Harry cleaned out a nest in a corner of the barn. Harry had fixed a box for them with poultry netting and a dark, enclosed secret place for a nest. What cunning mites they had been with their clean white feet and big, shiny, dark eyes. Bummie and Sissie. Carolyn smiled to herself. What a toughie that Bummie had been, shoving his smaller companion away from the choicest morsels of food, making her wait while he had his drink of water first, and Sissie meekly letting him get away with it.

What fun she and Elizabeth had had, watching the tiny creatures play, and drink from the toy saucer, and eat the scraps of bread and fruit, and carry inside for their nest the bits of string and cloth and feathers and leaves the little girl poked through holes in the netting.

When the pack rats had grown to their full size, they had moped around and seemed to pine for their freedom. Elizabeth had agreed to let them go, and so they had released them one day in a protected place in the mesquites, up out of flood danger.

She'll have her pets, thought Carolyn now, her kittens and the good and faithful dog Alex, her chickens and ducks, and later her own horse to care for and ride, and before long she could ride the range with Harry; she was already riding in the saddle with him for short distances. She'll have a happy, busy time and not grieve too long. Carolyn reassured herself.

But the first few days—they would be hard on Elizabeth. She was still too young to understand being abandoned by her mother, her loving friend and constant companion, so suddenly. If only, in these last few days, I can get her used to being left, Carolyn thought bleakly. Will it work? Or will it make things harder? Will she cling to me more than ever each time I go off? Her heart turned over at the memory of the agonized wails and clutching hands, the

pitiful, brimming eyes. I hope Harry holds her and cuddles her close and talks to her and kisses her tears away. How much easier it would be if there were other children for her to play with, a brother or sister. If only they could have had other children. Her arms hungered to hold a tiny baby again, but never again, never again. She mustn't even think about it.

NOW she was anxious to get back and see how things had gone in her absence. She groped for her flashlight, but when she started to get up, she heard a soft whispering sound—like what?—like a rope being dragged in sand? She froze. Now she knew why the pack rat had scurried through the leaves.

When she forced herself to snap on her light to see where the snake lay, there was, abruptly, a buzzing noise like a child's toy car unwinding as it lay on its side. The rattler was coiled under a bush on the bank of the wash, two or three feet from her head, his tail a sounding blur behind his wedge-shaped head. He was too close. If she got up, he would strike.

She snapped off the light, and at the click, the snake moved. In the dark, the snake's cool, smooth, dry body brushed harmlessly against her cheek. It landed singing in the sand, ten feet away, so that when she shined the light again, she had the advantage. Thank goodness desert rattlers were slow-moving and seldom aggressive, preferring escape to fight whenever possible. If they could move like the red racer she had found stealing eggs in the chicken house, she'd have left the country long ago.

Carolyn rested the flashlight on the bank of the wash so that its beam took in the coiled rattler and the ground surrounding him, then, moving slowly, cautiously, hardly breathing, she picked up a large flat stone, stepped closer and heaved it squarely on the snake. But the sand was too soft, and the snake, still alive, writhed and began to work its way out from under the rock. Carolyn snatched up a piece of dead branch from a pile of flood debris and began to pound the snake's head with the large end, but the paloverde wood was old and rotten and kept breaking until finally she held only a foot-long piece.

When at last the snake stopped moving, his body was almost clear of the rock.

Only when Carolyn started for the house did she feel a rush of fear at what had happened—but the fear gave way shortly to a growing feeling of wonderment. It was almost as if the snake were a symbol she thought—or perhaps some kind of a messenger? No, that was being foolish. She was worked up, her imagination was running away with her, that was the trouble with too much silence and solitude, you had too much time to think. After all, this mountain-desert country was full of rattlers, which, no matter how afraid you were, had to be killed if they were found in trails or washes where people would be passing.

Still, it made one think. She walked slowly, her burning face turned up to the cool stars, feeling pain within herself again, yet hardly noticing it now with this new sensation gripping her.

I faced certain death, she thought, yet I fought; I didn't run. I never thought of running. Life was full of hazards that you had to fight, that you couldn't run away from, and fear was the greatest of these. Why, then, was she giving in to this—this other thing, without a fight? Didn't she owe it to Harry and Elizabeth, and herself, to put up the best fight she knew how? What could she have been thinking of?

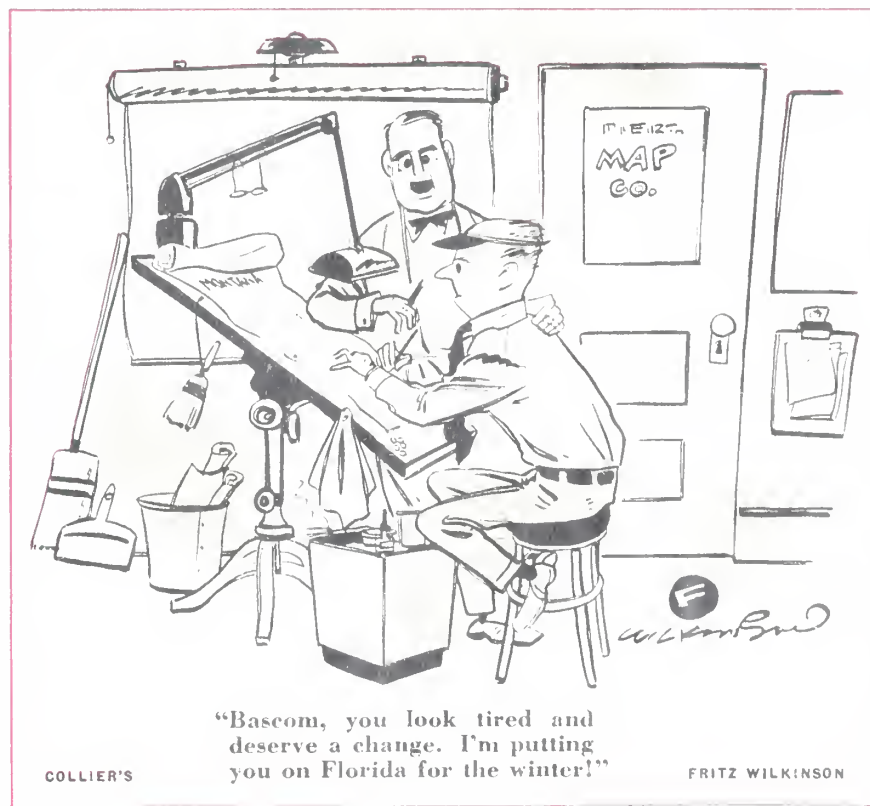
After all, Carolyn said to herself there in the quiet peace of the desert night, you're still not sure your trouble is cancer. (She thought the word now without shrinking.) A little knowledge can be a dangerous thing. Even if she was a doctor's daughter, she certainly didn't know everything. Even the doctors admitted that they didn't know everything.

WHAT was that man's name? . . . O'Brien, that was it; her father had thought his case hopeless: a day laborer, untrained, ignorant, he didn't know he was supposed to die; he knew only that he wanted to live and work hard and drink beer and have a good time with his wife and kids, so he had fooled them all and had his operation and other treatment and had lived and was still living, her father had reported happily only last spring. Still living, ten years after he was supposed to be dead.

And now that she stopped to think about it, there were other cases she had heard of, supposedly hopeless cases, but the people had lived, upheld by a faith and hope and determination she could only guess at until now, when that same faith and hope and determination began to flood through her own being. Maybe she, too, had a chance. Science had made great strides in the last few years. Only science couldn't do it alone; you had to co-operate, let them help you, and as soon as possible. Her heart pounded with an excitement and exhilaration she hadn't felt in her battle with the snake.

She made up her mind quickly. She would go into town to the hospital as soon as she could, just as soon as Harry's mother arrived to care for Elizabeth; she would not wait any longer than she had to. Oh, she would go ahead with her plans, the letters and all, just in case, but she would fight for her life; she wouldn't give in, and that was the way she would make the next few days (she no longer thought of them as "the last few days") bearable for all of them.

There was so much to do. Carolyn saw the lights of the house and began to hurry toward it. ▲▲▲



"Basecom, you look tired and deserve a change. I'm putting you on Florida for the winter!"

COLLIER'S

FRITZ WILKINSON



Sheila half turned her back to the door to the hallway. "This is Police Chief John Wentworth," a harsh male voice said over the telephone

ICE STORM

By JEROME BARRY

The conversation was civilized and quiet. With an effort of will, Sheila played the part of a charming hostess, smiling, concealing her knowledge that one of these men was a murderer

SHEILA PENNELL looked out of the library window and watched the freezing rain turning the bare, spreading branches of the huge willow trees into crystal chandeliers. The telephone wire had become a glass rope. Mead, Simeon Barrington's aging butler, who was bundled in a dark overcoat and hat and a red plaid muffler, was scattering ashes with little futile gestures on the steep, curving drive.

Sheila was glad that she had been able to get back to the house before this ice storm had set in. After lunch, in response to a telephone call, Mr. Barrington had had her take him to the railroad station to catch a local train into the city. Bill Gurney, who would ordinarily have driven him, had gone to town that morning with the station wagon, to pick up some new slip covers for one of the guest rooms, and then, later in the afternoon, to call for the three men who were coming to din-

ner that evening. During the last month the three had written at different times, each asking to see part of the celebrated Barrington collection of prints and manuscripts. Each had a specialty and each was interested in only a portion of the collection. They were strangers—from different parts of the world—and Mr. Barrington had decided to lump their visits into one, ask a few other guests, and have a small dinner party.

At the shrill insistence of the bell, Sheila picked up the telephone on the library table. Probably another guest, she thought, calling to say he wouldn't be able to come because of the storm, perhaps one of the three from the city. Those who lived nearby had already made their excuses.

It was Simeon Barrington himself. "Sheila, pay close attention," he said.

She noted a strange urgency in his usually unruffled voice. Listening to the precise enunciation,

she seemed to see the lean, calm New England features beneath the neatly parted silver hair. Mr. Barrington's life, like his person, was as orderly and well planned as the collection that Sheila, as his secretary-librarian, had the task of cataloguing.

"I'm listening carefully," she said.

The unusual inflection in his voice was unmistakable now. "I've had an unpleasant shock, Sheila. I've learned something that leads me to believe that one of the men I've asked to dinner may be an impostor."

"But why should anyone—?"

"Sometimes psychopaths get a twisted pleasure out of impersonating some distinguished person. Or there may be a more formidable reason."

Sheila said, a little breathlessly, "The collection, of course. Which one is the impostor, Mr. Barrington?"

"My information isn't complete yet. However,

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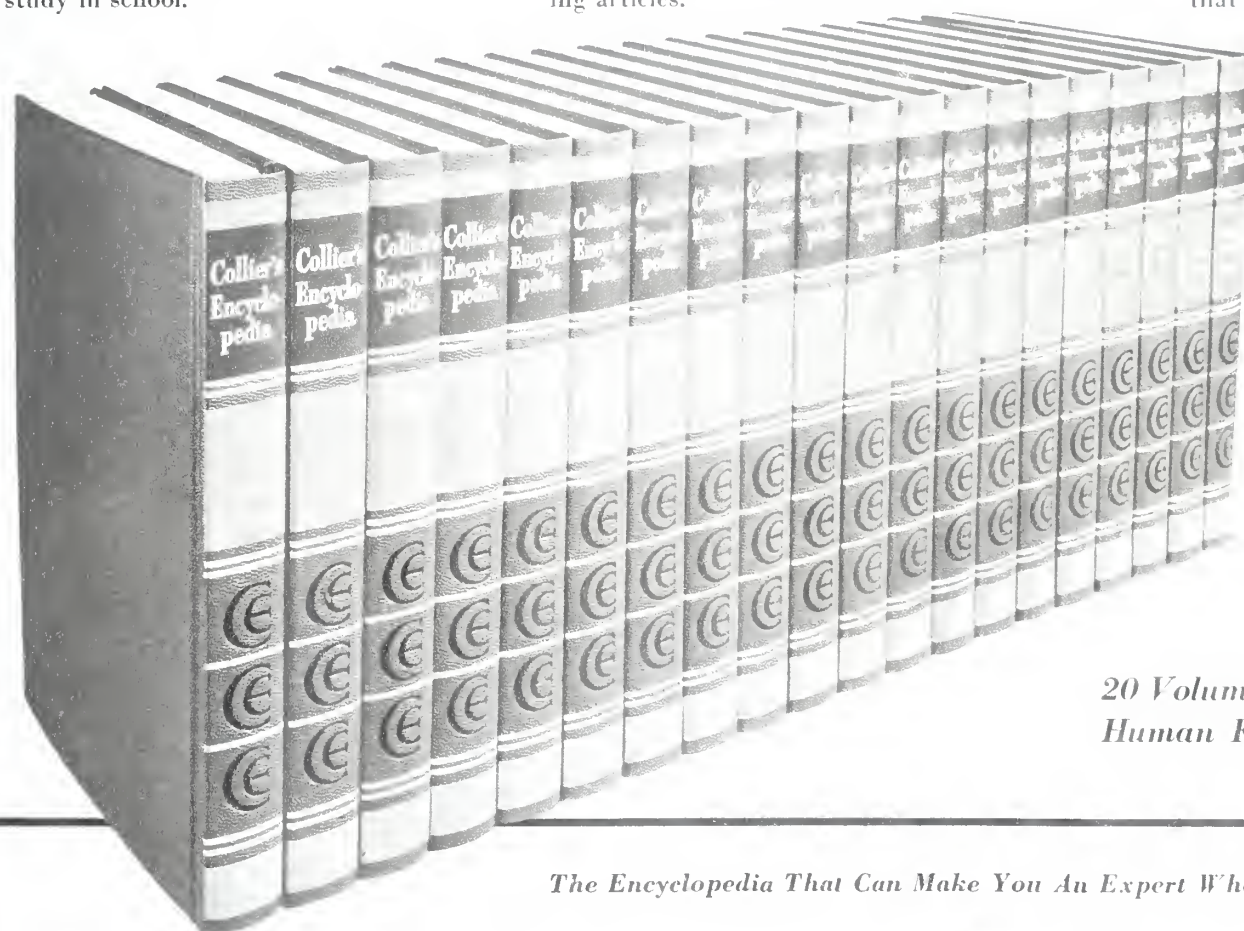
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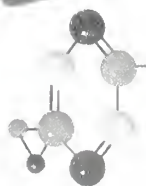


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I'm following it up. I called to alert you. I'll be moving about unpredictably for the next hour or two. I shall call from time to time to see if there are any messages. If you receive any peculiar communications, you'll know now what they're about."

Sheila frowned with misgiving. "The weather has gone bad up here. Everything is icing over. The Newcomes and Mrs. Dell have called to say they're not coming. Wouldn't it be wise to tell your three guests from down there in the city that the dinner is off? That would avoid all danger."

"That's just what I shall do, Sheila—as soon as I have evidence to turn the fraud over to the police. That may be any minute now. Then I shall make my excuses to the other two, meet Bill at the University Club, where he was to pick them up, and drive back with him in the station wagon. Please tell Mead and the cook about the change in plans."

Sheila carried out his instructions and then busied herself in the library, sitting at the heavy fumed-oak table before the window. Behind her, solid tiers of bookshelves rose to the beamed ceiling. Lost in the task of bringing the catalogue up to date, she forgot the passage of time until the daylight waned and she put her hand out to the switch of the gooseneck lamp.

It did not light. The storm had apparently cut off the power. She glanced out at the blue-gray glitter of the landscape.

THE station wagon, chains churning, was slithering slowly up the drive. Before it reached the spot where Mead had strewn the ashes, it faltered and skidded sidewise. Then a big branch from a willow tree broke off with a loud report and crashed down across the hood of the car.

Sheila ran into the hall, snatched a coat from the closet, and hurried down the driveway. Needles of sleet stung her face. Bill, darling, she thought, are you hurt?

To her intense relief, she saw the doors of the car open and Bill Gurney ease himself from the driver's seat, hobbling, as a man emerged from the other side. Mr. Barrington had come too, apparently, as he said he would.

But in a moment she realized that the man was someone she had never seen before. Another stranger emerged, and then a third, to stand by the station wagon and hold on to it for support against the slippery footing. Drawing nearer, she could see that there was no one else in the car.

A shiver ran along her skin, colder than the sleet. These were the three guests who should not have come; one especially should not—the pretender, the cheat.

Or perhaps—she reassured herself with the thought—it was possible that Mr. Barrington had discovered his suspicions had been groundless. Perhaps he would arrive later on the train, quietly amused at the whole incident.

The tallest of the three hooked an arm under Bill's and helped him along the icy slope. "Crocked up your leg, clobber?" he asked, and by the idiom Sheila ticked him off mentally as an Australian.

Bill grimaced with pain. "Forgot about my bad ankle. When the tree fell on us, I automatically tramped hard on the brake and twisted—" He ended in a grunt of anguish.

The big man helped Bill into the house, where Sheila made him comfortable in an easy chair in the living

room, with his injured foot resting on an ottoman.

"Where's Mr. Barrington, Sheila?" Bill asked.

"He took a train into town after lunch. He'll be back in time for dinner." She wanted to tell him of her employer's curious telephone call, but the big Australian stood near them, listening.

"How's he going to get up from the station?" Bill asked. "We barely made it ourselves. Another half hour and there won't be a thing stirring on the roads."

"I'm sure he'll call and tell us what to do." Sheila turned then to the Australian. With a hand on his arm she urged him toward the great entry hall, hoping to get rid of him and have a word with Bill, but as she turned him over to Mead and started back, a slight man with gray-blond hair tagged along with her.

"American ways puzzle me," he said. "You won't mind if I ask a question or two, will you? The chauffeur chap—he doesn't wear a uniform, and you've installed him in the best part of the house. I say, is he a servant or a friend of the family? He told us he was the chauffeur. Was he having a bit of fun with us? Of course, you Americans do these things differently."

"He's Lieutenant William Gurney," Sheila said. "He was badly hurt by anti-aircraft while he was piloting a Sabre jet over the Korean mountains, and he's back in civilian life now, getting over it. In February, he is starting as an instructor in a city high school. He's as poor as a churchmouse, and I'm going to marry him. Mr. Barrington invited him to stay with us until his job begins. He eats with us and helps out with this and that, and I'm sure I don't know whether you'd call him an underpaid servant, or an honored guest. We're proud to have him here. Does that cover the high spots of your inquiry?"

As they reached Bill's side, the man smiled down at him. "I say, Gurney, your fiancée's a remarkably interesting young woman."

Bill's frank face twisted into a rueful smile. He moved his leg and winced. "I don't know why a smart girl like Sheila ever got engaged to a dumb lug like me. Knocking myself out—"

"The name should tell you, old boy. Sheila's Irish for Cecilia, and that's the feminine of Cecil, from the Latin, meaning 'dim-sighted.' Quite pat, I mean to say." He chuckled.

"Nothing dim-sighted about Sheila, Professor Beecham—except what she sees in me. She was an honor student in college. If Mr. Barrington can't get here, he might give her permission when he calls to show the collection. By now she knows it as well as he does."

SHEILA thought of the vault where the most precious of the Barrington items were stored, protected by a heavy steel door and a lock to which only she and her employer knew the combination. I'm sure that everything is all right, she thought, but I do wish Tom hadn't said that.

"Could he give permission at this time?" The third man—dark, spectacled, and round-bodied—spoke with a faint accent. "Are the wires not down?" He gestured toward the butler, who was setting lighted candles about the room.

"The telephone was still working when last I tried it," Sheila said. "Mead, may we have cocktails now?" She knew that the butler had prepared Martinis earlier in the day and left them in the refrigerator to blend and chill. "Now that we've caught our breath, shall we introduce ourselves?"

"I told you I was dumb!" Bill exclaimed. "Gentlemen, this is Miss Pennell, Mr. Barrington's secretary-librarian. Sheila, may I present Professor Percy Beecham, who is an

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

eminent authority on the Shakespearcan drama?"

"I've been looking forward to seeing the folio of King John, Miss Pennell. There are a few points—"

"I read ze reviews of your book about zat play," the stout man said to Beecham. "Zey were complimentary—on ze whole. You are supposed to have done a definitive study." He grunted. "Definitive studies have a habit of being upset before ze ink is dry."

Beecham's blue eyes crinkled at the corners. "I take it that you've read the reviews but not my book."

The stout man shrugged. "A musicologist is too busy wiss his own field to do more zan skim about in ozzers."

"This is Dr. Hans Ten Hagen of Amsterdam, Sheila," Tom explained. "Historian of music and a composer in his own right."

"Very little composition," Ten Hagen said. He seemed the testy sort of man who likes to contradict others about small details. "I am more interested in examining ze manuscripts of Jan van Ockeghem's canons zat Mr. Barrington has in his collection."

"It's a pity," the tall, sandy-haired Australian said, in a deep bass, "that a chap can't get a bit of recognition before he's centuries dead like Ockeghem. I'm Arthur Trench, Miss Pennell—curator of prints at the Melbourne museum. I was thinking particularly of Hugh Ramsay. He was one of our few great Australian artists. Mr. Barrington has found some engravings that he thinks may have been done by Ramsay, I understand. If they were, this is a happy pilgrimage for me."

"Ah! Engravings?" The Dutchman's round face, behind his thick horn spectacles, promptly puckered in a frown of challenge. "I have only read of his paintings. But zen I am not an ausority on art."

"Ramsay managed to get to Paris in the 'nineties. I understand these mezzotints turned up in an old shop there."

"They're signed 'H.R.'," Sheila said.

"If it can be established that they're by Ramsay," Trench told her, "we'd very much like to acquire some for the museum."

THE telephone bell shrilled. "I'll take it in the library, Mead," Sheila felt suddenly completely at ease. Mr. Barrington was calling, of course. He would clear up the situation, if there was really anything to clear up. She turned back for a moment. "If you'd like to freshen up before dinner," she said, "Mead will show you the way."

As Sheila picked up the telephone, she half-turned her back to the door to the hallway. Ten Hagen and Beecham, cocktail glasses in hand, had wandered

out of the living room and stood chatting not twenty feet away.

"Who's this speaking?" a harsh male voice said.

"Mr. Barrington's secretary."

"This is Police Chief John Wentworth, Miss Pennell. We've received word from the city that they found Mr. Barrington's body this afternoon. He'd been shot. Have you any idea who might have killed him?"

The flame of the candle on the table wavered and danced before her eyes. She thought wildly: The murderer is here now—and he must not know that I know. Perhaps he is one of those two, looking at me. He killed Mr. Barrington to escape discovery, and he is here now because he didn't expect the body to be found so soon.

She forced her lips into a polite smile. "You can't come tonight? I'm so very sorry." Covering the mouthpiece with her hand, she made a little face toward the men at the door, whispering loudly, "The last of our guests, washing out on us."

THE chief went on: "No, Miss Pennell, we can't get over there tonight. We'd like to start investigating right away, but both our squad cars are stranded on the icy hills, and I don't think we could get out to your place on foot. I'll see you tomorrow."

The dial tone indicated that he had hung up.

"Thank you for calling," she said graciously to the dead telephone. "I do hope you can come another time."

She walked back through the hall. Her heart was pounding. The men turned away and started up the stairs. She must give them a few minutes to get out of hearing; then she would call the police chief back.

She made her way at an even pace to Bill's chair. She dropped to her knees beside him and put her lips close to the side of his head. He started to slip an arm around her shoulders. That solid, reassuring pressure brought a wonderful relief. Once Bill knew, they could plan together. She whispered, "Bill, one of these—"

Someone was coming across the hall. Sheila rose slowly, avoiding a hasty motion that would indicate alarm. She said casually, "If your ankle swells any more, we'll put cold applications on it at intervals."

Trench, the Australian, came in, followed by Mead, who beckoned to her. She went out into the hall with him.

"The cook is quite out of hand, miss," he said. "She says first a dinner, and then no guests, and now—"

Sheila's heart slowed its pounding. "I can't talk to her, Mead. Surely she can prepare something quickly. Canned soup. Fried chicken."

"She's gone temperamental, Miss Pennell."

"Handle it as well as you can, Mead. We shan't be critical under the circumstances. Anything will do."

"Not for her, miss," Mead said. "Her pride as a craftsman—"

"I have not time to discuss it, Mead."

"Thank you." The butler retreated, shaking his head.

She must telephone now, before the others came downstairs. She would have to tell Bill the next chance she had. She went into the library

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and picked up the instrument, keeping her eyes on the door and her ears alert.

There was no dial tone. She jiggled the bar impatiently, but there was only dead silence. Sleet ticked against the window. Through the glass she heard the deadened sound of a falling tree, or a giant ice-sheeted branch.

Replacing the telephone, she went to the front door, opened it softly, and stepped out onto the porch. The telephone line, which had hung like a glass rope among the candelabras of the trees, was down. On the ground, plain in the ghostly gray light, lay the shattered crystals of its icy coating. Her eyes went to the bathroom window; near it, the line had entered the house. There was no tag end of wire hanging down. The break had taken place close to the window.

As she stepped indoors she found herself shivering as if the freezing rain that pelted down were peppering her naked skin. She was certain that the wire had been cut. It would have taken the killer only a moment to raise the bathroom window and hack through the line—the last line of communication with the outside world. He would know that the ice would be blamed.

She must tell Bill! at once. Even though he was lamed, he was a man. He had seen violence and killing. He would know what to do.

AS SHE crossed the hall, the visitors came downstairs, arguing. "How can you say zat?" Ten Hagen exclaimed. "Of course zere are American folk songs. I have heard zem myself."

"Name one, old boy," Beecham showed his prominent teeth in irritation, rather than good humor. "Not the Old Kentucky Home sort of thing. That was written by Foster, you know. Name one real folk song."

"Red River Valley," Ten Hagen countered promptly. "Zis was sung for me ze ozzer night by my hostess. It grows up in ze western parts a great many years ago."

"None of the characteristics of a true folk song," Beecham declared flatly. "No simply stated tragedy or down-to-earth humor. Nothing but sickly sentimentality."

"You judge by words," the Dutchman retorted, nettled. "I judge by music. Ze air is typical folk melody. My ear tells me. You may be omniscient asuricity on Shakespeare, Professor Beecham, but—"

"Don't try to gild the lily, old fellow," the Englishman snapped. "I'm just a run-of-the-mill scholar, but I do have a feeling for words. The Red River Valley is no more a folk song—"

"Folk music is not your field," Ten Hagen almost shouted. "What do you know about it?"

The words beat against Sheila's ears, only half heard. Would she never get a chance to talk to Bill? And if she did, what could he do against a gun? There was only oneway: someone must slip off to get the police. Bill was lame; Mead and the cook were too old. She herself must go.

"You're both bluffing," the big Australian said contemptuously. "You're stating unsubstantiated opinions. Very unscholarly. Miss Pennell, what has your library got on folk song?"

Sheila shook her head and said, "I'm sorry."

Tom, following the argument with a grin, spoke up. "How about that history of popular music by Spaeth, Sheila? I was looking through it the other day. Would it help settle this argument?"

As she fetched the book, she was un-

sure what to do. The crash of a falling branch came dully through the window. If she didn't break a leg on some icy slope, her head might be caved in by a falling bough. But was she losing vital time by agonizing over the risks in going? Why was the killer waiting? What sort of cat-and-mouse business was this? Why didn't he go about his looting at once?

The men huddled by a candle, leafing through the book.

"Here!" Beecham crowed. "Originally called In the Bright Mohawk Valley and written by a man named Kerrigan in eighteen ninety-six! Right out of 'Tin Pan Alley,' my dear Ten Hagen! There's your folk song!"

The Dutchman's fat face slowly turned a deep red. "It is not really in my field. After all, most musicologists do not concern zemselves very much wiz zis sort of—"

Sheila did not follow Hagen's lame explanation. She was too absorbed in trying to think things through. If she was held prisoner by the ice, so was the killer. He could not get away as long as the storm lasted. For a little while, surely, she had nothing to fear.

Mead served dinner by candlelight. As Sheila tried to take part in the conversation that rippled around the table, she found herself checking over her reasoning with growing doubt. The storm had made temporary prisoners of them all, but it had not brought safety. As she ate and chatted, she tried to follow, with unflinching logic, the course the impostor's reasoning must take.

He had had to kill Simeon Barrington. He was already a murderer and so had little to lose. Now he must get away with all that he could carry of value. He must leave nothing behind to set pursuit in motion before he had a good start. Anyone left here must be tied up—or killed. Tying up would not be feasible. Too many to keep under gun point while the roping went on. But a quick volley of shots at an unexpected moment would take care of Bill and the two guests. She would be spared until she could be forced into opening the vault. Then Mead and the cook could

be hunted down at leisure. The killer need get only as far as the railroad station, and the first train would take him to safety.

She looked at Bill's powerful shoulders. If she could tell him which of these three was the killer, and he could get his strong hands on the man . . .

There was no way of knowing which was Simeon Barrington's murderer. Certainly he would not be kind enough to announce himself. Murderers usually don't.

HER breath caught in a sharp little gasp of excitement. Mightn't he announce himself unknowingly? Two of these men were experts in their own fields—the third was only pretending. If she could get him to talk enough, he might give himself away. Even if he had learned a few pat facts to impress everyone, he might betray himself by some little blunder.

"You were speaking of unusual greeting cards, Mr. Trench," she said, joining the conversation with a show of bright interest. "Do you really mean everyone should make his own? Take me. I'm utterly hopeless at drawing."

"I do mean everybody," the big Australian declared. "Then the messages would be truly personal. Gay, colored prints to suit the occasion. Very simple designs, of course."

"Linoleum cuts?" Sheila suggested. "Woodcuts?"

"I recommend potato cuts."

"How does the process work, Mr. Trench? I've heard about it."

"Slice a potato in half, cut a design into it, and use that as a stamp to pick up wet color from a pad and transfer it to paper."

"At least," said Beecham, the gray-haired Englishman, "you advise using a simple pattern. Nowadays so many paintings are puzzles. Sculptures are enigmas. And in your field, Ten Hagen, it's no better. I've often thought that most contemporary music would be lovely if it only didn't sound so horrible." He chuckled over his little joke.

The Dutchman allowed himself a half-smile. "Trench would probably



"She's remarkably well-preserved for being as old as I know she must be"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

protest if we told him zat his most advanced artistic possessions would be charming if zey only didn't look so ugly."

The Australian's mouth twisted. "Your modern poets, Beecham, are no better. Why do so many of them use chopped-up meter?"

"We call it sprung rhythm."

"I'm afraid," Sheila said, "that the rest of us are dreadfully ignorant about the technical aspects of poetry."

Beecham glanced at her shrewdly. "Methinks the lady doth protest too much," as Hamlet said to his mother. Gurney tells you're a very clever girl. I'm sure you know as much about these things as we do."

"I've never heard of sprung rhythm, Professor," Bill said.

"Every craft has its own jargon," the Englishman remarked lightly. "You and I, Trench, wouldn't be able to follow our musical friend through one of his compositions. Not technically, that is."

"Do you write in the atonal manner, Dr. Ten Hagen?" Sheila asked quickly.

The Dutchman frowned. "I am steeped in ze older music. What little composition I have done is not Schoenbergian but on ze conservative side. I do not care for ze twelve-tone system. I sooner make melodies in ze five-tone scale."

The others broke in, and the talk went on and on. Above the sick excitement that Sheila hid with an interested smile, the question kept pounding through her mind: Which is the fraud? The grave Australian? The cheerful little English scholar? Or the careful, didactic Dutchman?

THE after-dinner coffee was soon finished. She rose, and the men stood up too, and all moved toward the big living room. A crash outside the windows marked the fall of another tree.

"Seems a pity we can't be looking at the collection," Beecham suggested, running slender fingers through his gray hair, "after venturing out into this beastly storm."

"You'll stay the night, of course," Sheila said, "and tomorrow Mr. Barrington will return and—"

"I must leave as soon as possible," Ten Hagen objected. "I have ozzier appointments."

"I, too," the Australian said. His manner was almost bullying, Sheila thought. "Didn't Gurney say you could show the collection if your employer approved? Surely our presence here is a sign of approval, or are your American ways different from ours?" His wry smile was angry.

Voices joined in a protesting trio. Two were innocently eager; the third man, she knew—and the knowledge set the blood pounding in her veins—had the means and the will to force her into obedience. He could threaten her, hurt her in ways she would not let herself think about, until she opened the vault. Afterward, he would leave no witness. Even as she told herself that her only hope was to stall for time, to postpone as long as possible the inevitable moment, she knew that she was drawing near the end of her resources.

She said, "Bill, perhaps our guests have a point. Come into the library with me, please. I'd like to talk it over with you."

There was a pleased murmur from the three as Bill hobbled after her.

She leaned against the oaken table. "Darling, no matter what I say, look pleasant and undisturbed," she said. "Mr. Barrington was shot in the city today. That telephone call I had before

dinner was the police chief. Beyond any doubt, the murderer is here now, intending to loot the collection. He's cut the telephone line."

Bill kept his eyes on hers. His voice was low and even. "Which one is it?"

"The last message I had from Mr. Barrington was that one of the three is an impostor; which one, he didn't know. I hoped the one who was pretending to be an expert would give himself away, make some mistake in what's supposed to be his specialty."

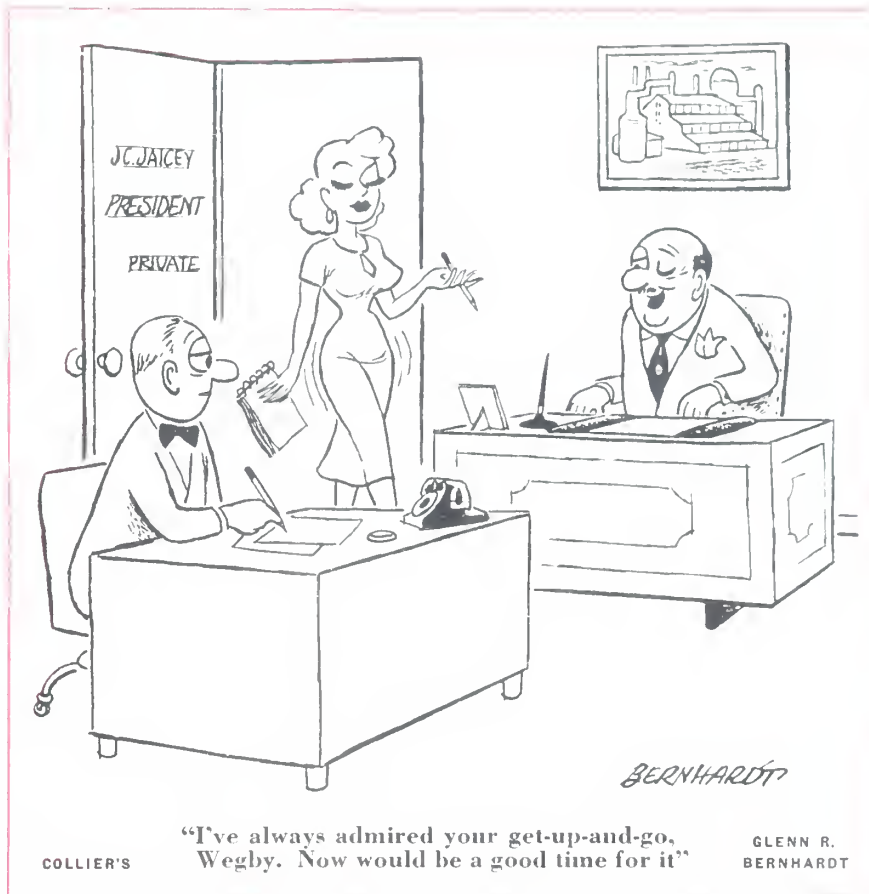
"Have you spotted anything phony?"

She glanced desperately around at the dark shelves of books. "No," she said. "Have you?"

"They all sounded off the beam to me. Potato cuts are okay?"

She nodded. "I've seen them."

"Sprung rhythm? Sounds as if Beecham made it up."



"I've always admired your get-up-and-go, Wegby. Now would be a good time for it"

GLENN R. BERNHARDT

She made a gesture toward the big dictionary on its stand. "You'll find it in Webster. It's a meter built up of different kinds of poetic feet."

"Then Ten Hagen's your man! Five-tone scale! There are seven tones in the scale—do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, and ti. Everybody knows that. That pins it right on him."

She restrained him with a hand. "That's the pentatonic scale. Deep River is written in it, and lots of Scottish and Irish songs. They leave out the fourth and seventh of the scale."

His face suddenly brightened. "We forgot! Why, we've got him! Before dinner he blundered. The Red River Valley—remember? He's supposed to be a musician, but he didn't know his stuff on that one. Come on."

She held his arm. "Wait, Bill! We don't dare make a mistake. If he'd blundered about Bach or Beethoven, we'd be really sure. But he was right when he said that folk songs aren't very important to most musicologists. They're a special field."

Bill gave a little grunt of defeat. In the silence that followed, she heard the laughter and talk of the three guests, but behind that, her sensitive ears became alert to a sound that was softer and infinitely menacing.

Bill saw the change in her face. "What is it?"

She pointed toward the window. There was no ticking of sleet against it now—only the rush of rain. She raised the sash a little. A branch outside, already weakened by the weight of ice, clattered to the ground, but the breeze had grown perceptibly warmer. In a few hours the ice would be off the roads. At any moment, the killer would realize the situation had changed and act.

Her gaze swept the room frantically. Books, books. In them she could check everything that had been said this evening—if she had weeks to recall each word and verify its accuracy in these volumes. Surely somewhere the impostor had made one tiny mistake that might give him away. But she had not heard one. He had been too clever, too well prepared. Apparently, anything

The picture window broke with a crash. Glass cascaded over the carpet and the top of a wet, ice-encrusted tree fell across the sofa, smashing the back down into the cushioned seat. A length of drapery, torn from its rings, hung from the end of a branch.

Sheila grabbed the heavy red cloth, as the men stood motionless with surprise. Then quickly she flung the drapery over the head of one of them, wrapped it tightly around his body with her arms, and clung to him with the sharp-clawed tenacity of an enraged alley cat.

"Grab him, Bill!" she cried.

And Bill Gurney made a diving tackle at the man.

WHEN they had removed an automatic pistol from his shoulder holster, they lashed his hands with a curtain pull and pulled the drapery from his disheveled gray head. All the twinkle was gone from Professor Beecham's eyes, and the English accent gone from his speech, too, as he demanded sullenly, "How'd you know?"

Sheila's knees buckled. She sat down quickly on the edge of a chair. "You were clever enough to make sure beforehand of anything unusual you intended to say about your supposed specialty. But I realized you might make a mistake in something that seemed usual and ordinary and safe. And then I remembered. When you were arguing with Dr. Ten Hagen before dinner you spoke about 'gilding the lily.'"

"What's wrong with that?" Bill asked. "People say it all the time."

"People often misquote. When I looked back on it carefully, there was something about lily-gilding that bothered me. It took only a moment to check in a book of familiar quotations. The line is from Shakespeare's King John, Act IV. 'To gild refined gold, to paint the lily.' The real Professor Beecham had written a scholarly work on that play. He would never have fallen into that common error."

"A thief caught by a single slip of the tongue," the big Australian said.

"Not just one," Sheila said. "Perhaps I wouldn't have noticed the lily-gilding if I hadn't suddenly remembered what he said at the dinner table. 'Methinks the lady doth protest too much.'"

"Everyone says that too, Sheila," Bill Gurney said.

"Everyone who does is wrong. I looked it up in Bartlett, too. The quotation is: 'The lady doth protest too much, methinks.' And it wasn't Hamlet who said it. It was his mother, the queen, speaking of one of the company of players."

"I sink ze greatest error of zis man," said Ten Hagen, "was neglecting to foresee so clever and charming a hostess." He bowed with precise courtesy and added wistfully, "We could see ze collection now? I would help keep everying safe by sitting on zis rascal robber's head."

Trench awkwardly copied the Dutchman's bow. "My homage also, Miss Pennell. I suggest we follow Ten Hagen's suggestion." He glanced at the Dutchman's broad beam. "He has the perfect equipment for sitting on a thief, hasn't he?"

Sheila put her hands over her face. Bill said grimly, "Let's forget the collection for now, if you don't mind. This man is not only a would-be thief. He murdered Mr. Barrington this afternoon. And he might have murdered all of us tonight—if it hadn't been for Sheila."

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

FLASHY BOB COUSY

Basketball sleight of hand is

THE true basketball star can't afford to be a specialist. He must be able to pass and dribble the ball and guard against enemy baskets, as well as rack up points himself. When Bob Cousy, a slim, dark-haired scoring sensation in high school, enrolled at Holy Cross College in 1946, he knew that it would take more than accurate shooting to win a place on the Cross's great varsity. So he spent long hours perfecting the ball-handling phases of the game that don't show up in a box score.

The intensive practice paid dividends. At Holy Cross, Cousy became famous as one of the trickiest players in basketball history. Crowds were so fascinated by his sleight-of-hand playmaking they often failed to realize that he was still a tremendous scorer from any place on the floor.

In a multiframe sequence which consumed less than two seconds, Bob Cousy dribbles the ball with his right hand, then passes it behind his back to left hand, and switches again to the right as he leaps in air shooting for basket

the specialty of the great star of the Boston Celtics

After his graduation, however, there was some question as to how the six-foot two-inch native New Yorker would fare in the professional National Basketball Association. "The fancy stuff won't go in a league where everybody's an All-American," the skeptics said. Cousy quickly proved them wrong. Last season, his second with the Boston Celtics, he scored a remarkable 1,433 points in 66 games to rank third in the league.

Cousy started the present season with even higher scoring totals, and his ball handling has been trickier than ever. Within 25 seconds in a game against Fort Wayne, for example, he (1) made a right-handed set shot from 20 feet out; (2) scooted past the entire Fort Wayne team to drop in a left-handed lay-up; and (3) took an opposition rebound off the backboard and set up

a basket with a lightning-fast pass to teammate Bob Donham who flipped the ball in.

Red Auerbach, the Celtics' coach, says that Cousy's long arms, flexible wrists, quick reflexes and great visual perception "enable him to do things in a game I never thought possible."

In order to capture the "impossible" pictorially, Collier's asked photographer George Woodruff to work with Dr. Harold E. Edgerton, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology professor who has pioneered in electronic lighting for high-speed photos. The results are the two multiple-exposure pictures on these pages. Each taken on a single piece of four-by-five film, they carry Boston's Bob Cousy progressively through two plays, and graphically show why he's known as the flashiest basketball player in the world. ▲▲▲



By speeding up flashes, photographers got interesting pattern when Cousy passed ball

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DR. HAROLD E. EDGERTON WITH GEORGE WOODRUFF



Fighter

By JAMES A. MAXWELL

George was a fighter, the natural kind. I didn't think anything could get him down. I didn't know there are memories a man can't live with

SEVERAL years will often go by without my thinking of George Schumacher, and then one day, for no apparent reason, something I see—a youngster skipping rope, a man with fear etched into his face like an ugly mutilation, any of a hundred unrelated encounters—will bring him vividly, painfully to mind. Since I have neither seen George nor heard about him for over thirty years, I've often wondered why I remember him so clearly. He was, it's true, the first prize fighter I had ever known, and I was of an age to be impressed with the experience. Also, it was through him that I had my first, if indirect, brush with tragedy.

Probably, however, my memory of George Schumacher is sharp because of the tortured uncertainty of my feelings about him during the time I knew him, and long afterward.

I first saw George one Saturday afternoon in June of 1921, when he and his parents moved into a two-room flat on the third floor of our tenement building in the West End of Cincinnati. They brought their red plush overstuffed chairs, brass bed, heavy oak table and other furniture on a borrowed truck, and George, who did most of the work, handled everything as though it were made of papier-mâché. He was about eighteen and an inch or so below average height, but the symmetry of his body made him seem taller. He had close-cropped blond hair, an open, Teutonic face, a thick neck, powerful, slightly sloping shoulders, impressively muscular arms and legs, and negligible hips and waist. He wore an old pair of blue trousers which, however, were sharply creased, and a gray work shirt, apparently fresh from the laundry.

His mother remained upstairs to arrange the furniture while his father, a huge, fat man with a heavy, untrimmed black mustache, spent most of his time on the truck, fussing ineffectually with the household possessions and shouting meaningless directions at George in a German accent. There was never any indication on George's face that he heard his father.

Our building, which occupied a corner lot, was L-shaped, and within the angle was a fairly large, concrete yard. It was there that I saw George the next morning. When I came out of the back door of our first-floor flat, I was startled to find him dressed in trunks, undershirt and gym shoes, busily skipping rope. Since I had always looked on this as a pastime exclusively for girls, I would have probably laughed had it not been for his skill. The rope circled about him so rapidly that it was almost a blur, and it created an odd rhythm of hisses and slaps as it alternately swished through the air and struck the ground. His feet, scarcely seeming to leave the pavement, provided a counterbeat.

George looked at me, neither annoyed nor pleased at my presence. After a few minutes he stopped, consulted his watch, quickly but carefully folded his rope, and laid it down next to a bathrobe which was lying a few feet away. Then he unfurled the robe, spread it flat on the cement, lay down on it, propped up his hips

There were only a few cheers as George left the ring. I tried to capture the exultation that I had always had when George won, but I couldn't rid myself of a sense of shame

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN



LSG



WHAT TEEN-AGERS WANT TO KNOW ABOUT SEX AND MARRIAGE

At last, the vicious taboo of silence about sex is being broken in our schools. And our teen-agers are being taught healthy truths about love, the art of mating, and the secrets of a successful marriage. Why do boys want to neck all the time? How old should you be before you go steady? Do parents interfere too much? What is the case for chastity? What should you look for in a mate? When do you love enough to marry—and what do you need to know beforehand? How should you explain sex to your own children?

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and legs with his arms, and began "bicycle riding."

"What are you doing that for?" I asked.

"To make my legs strong," he said, as he continued to thrash them in the air. He spoke in the impersonal manner of a man giving directions to a stranger on the street. His tone would probably have discouraged me from further questioning if I hadn't been so curious about his antics.

"Why do you want to make your legs strong?" I asked.

HE DIDN'T answer me for several moments, and I thought he had decided to ignore me. "A fighter needs strong legs," he said at last. I couldn't talk for a while. The thought of living in the same house with a prize fighter was only slightly less exciting than being neighbors with a player on the Cincinnati Reds.

He glanced at his watch several times as he continued to work his legs. Finally he completed his allotted time, lowered the upended part of his body to the ground, and permitted himself a minute or two of relaxation. Sweat poured from his body and turned the gray robe black around him. He was frowning slightly, because the bright sun struck his face.

"Who do you fight?" I asked.

"Anybody," he said, "so long as they're middleweights."

"Do you win?" I said. "Do you knock guys out?"

"Sometimes I win, sometimes I lose," he said, and he started to get up.

"Will you teach me how to fight?" I asked, suddenly overwhelmed by the memory of countless injustices that could be avenged if I became proficient with my fists.

"Why should I?" he asked. He didn't speak unpleasantly; he asked the question as though he expected a reasonable answer. He was on his feet now, and he made a tidy bundle of his robe and placed it next to the rope. Again he looked at his watch, and then he began to shadowbox, moving easily, with a curious kind of stolid grace.

I stared miserably at him, simultaneously hating him for presenting me with a problem I didn't fully understand, wishing that I had something to offer so that he would teach me how to box as he did, and desperately trying to think of something to say that would break through his detachment. He stopped after a while and looked at me. "Want to help me train?" he asked.

"Sure," I said, with an enthusiasm that was difficult to express because of the tightness of my throat. He asked my name in a businesslike manner, and, when I'd answered, he told me his.

"I don't do nothin' for other people free," he said, "and I don't expect them to do things free for me. You could maybe rub oil in my fighting shoes and show me places around here to run and watch the time when I'm exercising; and I have to build a frame for my punching bag. If you want to do stuff like that, I'll give you some lessons and maybe some tickets to my fights. We'll keep track of time. You help me work out for an hour, I'll give you, say ten minutes of lessons. Okay?"

"Sure," I said, thrilled as much by being treated as an adult as I was by the opportunity he gave me.

He went to his bathrobe and pulled a slip of paper out of a pocket. "Here's the training schedule my manager gave



me," he said. "When I get good enough so's I can give up my regular job and fight full time, he'll take over. Now, I only see him when I go to the gym on Saturday and just before fights."

I looked at the handwritten list of exercises and the time opposite each. "You did the first two," I said, feeling more important than I ever had before in my life. "I don't think you did the last one ten minutes."

"I ain't finished yet," he said. He took his watch off and handed it to me. "Don't drop it. I did four minutes. Tell me when it's six minutes more."

I held the heavy timepiece in my cupped palm, the two pieces of damp leather strap curling clammily around my hand, and stared hard at the dial. He resumed his shadowboxing. George, I soon found, followed his schedule as literally as a religious rite.

He had been doing calisthenics for about a half hour when his father's voice boomed, "Hey, box-fighter, stop that dumb kid business and come upstairs. Mama's got breakfast ready."

I looked up and saw Mr. Schumacher on the small porch that adjoined the flat. George was on his bathrobe again, alternately lying flat and rising to a sit-

ting position to touch his toes. As he had done the day before, George completely ignored his father.

The older man looked down at us contemptuously. "Dumm-kopf," he shouted. "Cut out that monkeyshines and come right away upstairs. You think we wait all day for you?"

But the rhythm of George's movements didn't change. I looked back and forth from father to son in embarrassment. "Your father..." I finally said.

"I can hear," George muttered between deep breaths. "How much time?"

I looked at the watch and then up at the glowering face of Mr. Schumacher. "Four more minutes," I said unhappily. The belligerent man on the porch frightened me, and I felt that I was partially responsible for his growing anger.

"You going to make like jumping jack all day," he bellowed. "Kid stuff, all the time, kid stuff." Faces began to ap-

pear at various windows to see the cause of the commotion. "You think we wait all day till Mister Box-fighter is ready to eat? Come up right away or I throw your eggs in the garbage." He spat over the porch rail and stomped indoors.

George didn't halt his exercise until I had told him that the proper time had elapsed. Then he methodically dried the sweat from his face and arms with a ragged, but clean towel that he had carried in his robe pocket, put on the bathrobe, and picked up his rope. "What time do you eat supper during the week?" he asked.

"About six thirty," I said.

"Good," he said. "I get home from work a little after five. That gives us an hour to work out. See you tomorrow." I handed him his watch, and he turned and started briskly for the steps.

A NEW and tremendously exciting period of my life began. The fact that George and I did exactly the same thing every evening did nothing to lessen my enthusiasm, since I felt certain that he would become a world champion, and each session seemed another step toward that goal. Our routine called for a half hour of exercise in the

back yard, and then we'd go to Lincoln Park, which was two blocks away, for the road work. Afterward we'd return to the yard, and George would give me my ten minutes—never more nor less—of instruction.

It must have been dull, frustrating work for him to teach the basic elements of boxing to a nine-year-old boy who had only average co-ordination and no real desire to endure the discipline of learning. Yet he never attempted to avoid what he considered his obligation, and I was too afraid of upsetting our tenuous relationship to suggest omitting lessons, even though I often grew enraged at his constant demand for perfection. Both of us, I'm certain, were grateful for the brevity of the period.

HIS teaching was put to almost immediate use. Soon almost every boy in the neighborhood heard about George and wanted to join his circle. I had to fight to maintain my prerogatives. On most evenings, he had an audience of anywhere from eight to twenty boys in the yard, and I can still recall the ecstatic sensation I had when I'd yell, "Time's up! Punching bag next!" and the other boys would look at the watch in my hand with all the envy of gem merchants staring at the Kohinoor diamond.

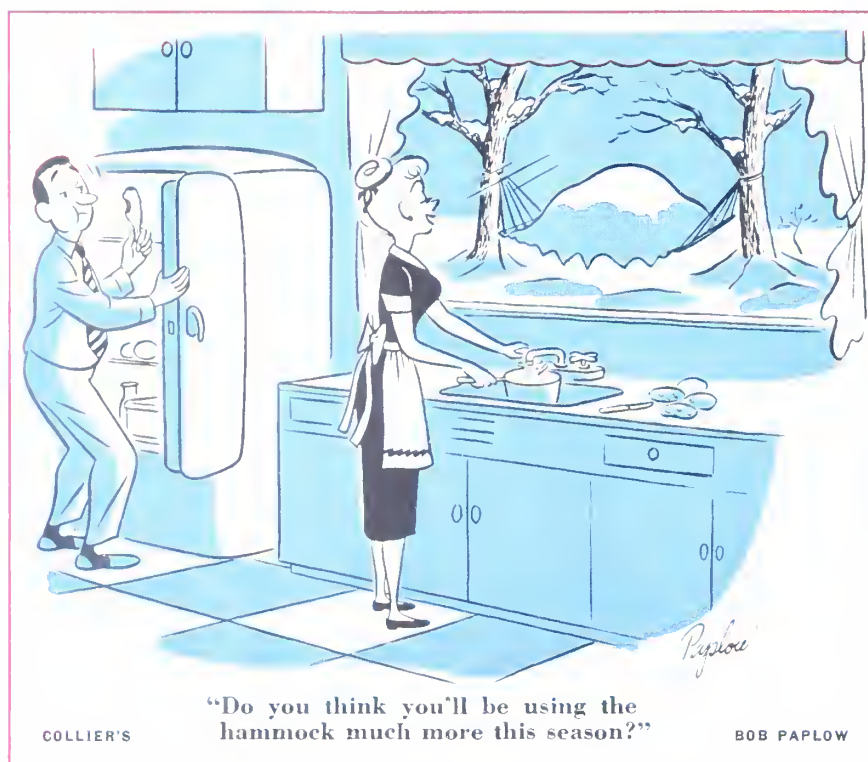
In retrospect, it's difficult to see why we were so faithful to him. Certainly he did nothing to encourage hero worship. He tolerated the boys, I believe, not because of any sympathy with them but rather because his icy concentration made him almost totally unaware of their presence. He never spoke to any of us except to warn someone not to come too close to the area of activity or to ask me about the time. I suppose that all of us were impressed with a man so obviously dedicated to his craft.

I would probably have learned almost nothing about George if it hadn't been for the evenings I spent in the Schumacher flat. He always accepted my excuses when I said that his fighting shoes needed treatment with saddle soap or that the punching bag required inflation from my bicycle pump, so I frequently saw him in what was, for him, a relaxed atmosphere. Even then he was not especially talkative, but he did tell me a little about himself.

He worked, I found, crating parts in a nearby machine shop, but he looked upon his job as only a stopgap until he could devote his full time to fighting. His plans, however, didn't stop with the ring. He hoped to make enough money with his fists to go into business when he was too old to fight, and, with this end in view, he was taking a high-school correspondence course.

On most evenings Mr. Schumacher left the flat almost immediately after supper and played pinochle until bedtime with some cronies in a nearby pool hall. Sometimes, however, he'd spend the night at home, and on those occasions I usually shortened my visit with George. The older man talked almost constantly in a loud, complaining voice. He found fault with his wife, a pale, drab woman who always worked at a feverish, disorganized pace, but he directed most of his vituperation at his son.

Boxing, according to Mr. Schumacher, bred only bums, crooks and thugs, and the constant blows on the head made a man crazy. He pretended to find evidence of mental regression already apparent in his son's behavior. The fact that Mr. Schumacher expressed the same thoughts in almost exactly the same words each time he



COLLIER'S

BOB PAPLOW

head like that, and started a hemorrhage in his brain."

"Sure," I said, and for the first time since the fight there seemed to be a lessening of the pressure on my chest, you didn't hit him hard."

"It's just one of the chances a guy takes when he fights," George said, "like anything else. Bricklayers fall off buildings and cabdrivers get in wrecks, don't they? It could happen to anybody." He said, I think, forgotten that I was there. He sounded like a lawyer presenting a logical, unemotional argument before a court. But there was a slightly tentative quality to his voice, too, as if he expected someone to attempt to refute his evidence.

"Look at ballplayers," I said eagerly, "or even guys who just go to the games. Sometimes even *they* get hit with a foul tip or a wild throw." I wanted George to go on; I wanted everything to be as it had been before the fight.

"It's like that with anything you do," George said, and his tone was stronger now, more certain. "It could of been me instead of the other guy. I was just doing what I was gettin' paid for. I was in there taking a chance, too. He just wasn't lucky."

I began to feel good again. As George continued to talk, the memory of the previous night became dimmer, and Flannigan's death became more and more a remote, unavoidable mishap, like a newspaper account of a man tripping on the stairs.

I don't know how long Mr. Schumacher had been standing in the doorway between the hall and the yard. I happened to look up and see him there, and a queer hollowness seized my stomach. He seemed strangely shrunken in the shadows, and he looked at his son with a kind of fear I had never seen.

George didn't see his father until the older man started to walk slowly, laboriously, toward us. George's body became taut, and a dark red flush started below his collar and spread over his face. His hands began to tremble uncontrollably; he made lists of them and held his arms rigid by his side. After he had glanced up to see who was coming, he shifted his gaze to his feet stretched

out before him and stared at them.

Mr. Schumacher didn't stop until his knees were almost touching his son's arm. He looked down at George for at least a minute without saying anything. When he did speak, his voice was gravelly. "It was accident, Georgie," he said. "It was accident." Then he turned and walked back the way he had come.

For several moments after Mr. Schumacher had gone, George remained in his frozen position. And then he gave a short brutal laugh. "It was accident, Georgie," he said mockingly. "That's all I need, that big dumb ox feeling sorry for me." He began working his hands again, and a note of desperation came into his voice. "Instead of yelling his brains out, he's gonna sit across the table every damned night looking at me and making me feel like I got drunk and run over a kid with an automobile." Suddenly he began to pound on his leg with his right fist, harder and harder, as if he were driving a nail into the flesh. "The dirty—!" he said; then his voice broke into a sob. "The dirty son of a—!" His face contorted, and I knew he was going to cry like a child. In panic, I ran across the yard and into the house.

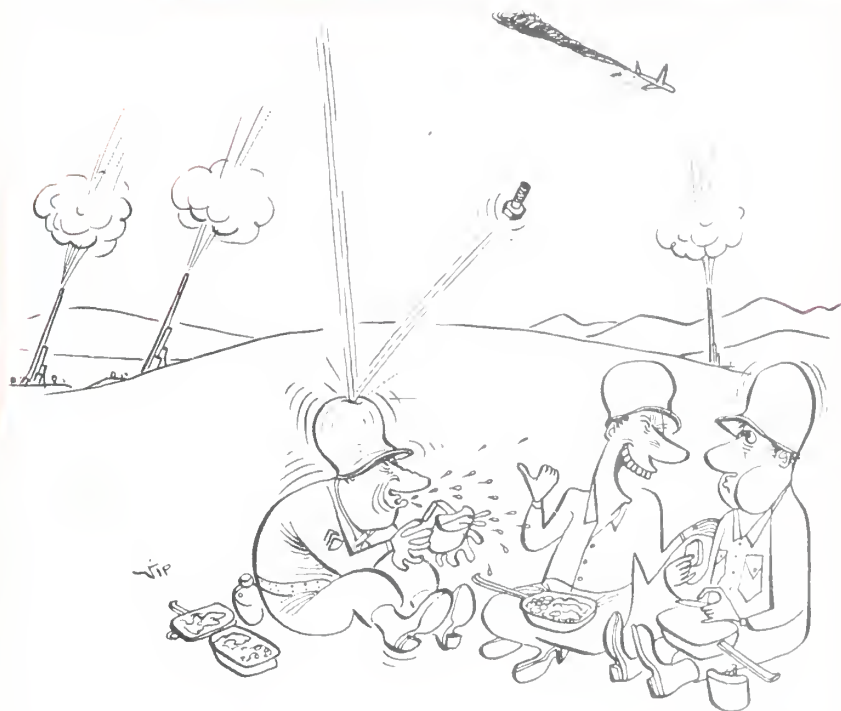
A WEEK went by after that, and I didn't see George although I looked for him through our front window every day about the time he usually came home from work. Then one morning, I gathered my courage and stopped Mr. Schumacher as he came down the steps. "Where's George?" I asked.

Mr. Schumacher at first looked at me in bewilderment as if he didn't recognize me. "He went," he said slowly. "I don't know where. He just went." Then he walked past me.

For a long time after that, I used to look at the sports page every night, but I never saw George's name again except for a single story which reported that he had left town. If he continued to fight, he did so under another name. Somehow, I don't think he did.

About a month after George had gone, Mr. and Mrs. Schumacher also left our building. But this time, professional movers handled their furniture. ▲▲▲

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S

"There's a bolt from the blue"

VIRGIL PARTCH

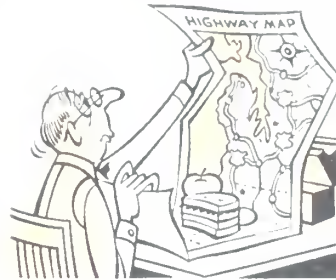
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STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Although the light was red and traffic on Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, had stopped, one driver four ranks to the rear toot toot-tooted his horn. "Pardon me, sir," said the cop, approaching the horn tooter. "But did you get anything else for Christmas?"

And no, Perplexed of Salem, Oregon, we don't believe your wife is necessarily getting tired of you merely



because she wrapped your lunch in a road map two days in succession.

Nothing new in these 48 about moon dancing. But a friend of ours recently returned from Scotland says it's suddenly all the rage there. In moon dancing the couple doesn't shuffle around. Merely stand cheek to cheek and sway. Very saving on the shoes.

Joe Beamish of the Syracuse Herald-Journal informs us that about the close of the Adirondacks hunting season one deer hunter rushed up to another yelling: "Hey, you almost hit my wife." Said the other: "Sorry, old man. Have a shot at mine over there."

But you never thought of it but it's possible your shoulders aren't in the right place. If so, here's a bit of advice just received. It says here that your shoulders should be in line with your ear lobes. If they aren't you merely shrug your shoulders "high enough to touch your ears." Then pull them down. Don't forget that part. Very important. Do this often enough and you're all set. Let us know how you get along with that shoulder-to-ear business. Our problem is that the right shoulder won't come down.

In our new Congress the state of Washington has a delegation of seven members in the House—six of them Republicans, one Democrat. This latter statesman is Don Magnuson, a newspaper reporter who decided to run for congressman at large. Oddly enough for a guy of his trade, he had no money. Therefore he spent none. But he talked fast, and the name Magnuson is valuable in the Northwest. However, Mr. Magnuson won't have to worry about re-election in 1954, because redistricting will wipe out that at-large job. But he'll have nice clean work at fifteen

grand a year, and a couple of years in Congress might help him be an even better newspaper reporter.

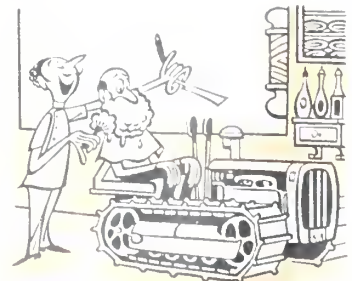
"Challenge me. Arouse me. Force me to think. Heat my blood. Stir my intellect. Stop feeding me these illogical mutterings of mediocrity." Thus we are machine-gunned by a reader of this column who fails to sign a name or give an address, leaving us helpless to arouse, challenge, force, stir, heat or stop feeding him or her. Rest of customers seem pretty docile for the nonce.

If you don't produce something unusual in California, nature becomes impatient and does it for you. For example, prapples have come to Susanville, Lassen County, and almost any time now your radio and TV will be warning you of the dire consequences of not eating them. Prapples just happened without human urging. Half pear and half apple. An apple tree married a pear tree. Taste just like prapples.

There's a shortage of diparadiamidodiphenylamine. If you should have more than you need, you might notify Mr. Everett L. Cole, of Hamilton, Montana. He's a biological engineer for the United States Public Health Service and says his supply is very low. It is, as you know, used in the treatment of timber wolves that suffer from streptocardiopneumococcus.

At dinner this guy got to talking to the lady on his right. Subject: Can a woman keep a secret? Original, you've got to admit. Lady insisted she could. For example, she said, she'd kept her age a secret for twenty-nine years. Ever since she was twenty-one in fact.

On the theory that as long as a barber insists on talking he should have something to talk about, the Caterpillar Tractor Company of Peoria, Illinois, decided to do something about it. So recently it invited the town's 202 bar-



IRWIN CAPLAN

bers to lunch and afterward showed them through the plant. No figures yet on how many citizens got the yen to buy a tractor while reclining in a barber's chair, but customers agree that at least Peoria barbers now know more about tractors than politics. ▲▲▲



HARRY DEVLIN

Would That It Were So

WELL, THANKS to Leo Durocher, we had to throw away a clipping that we'd hung on to for weeks in the hope that it would make a piece for this page. The clipping was a column by Bill Corum, sports writer and impresario of the Kentucky Derby, and it concerned a conversation that he had had with Horace Stoneham, the president of the New York Giants.

Seems that Mr. C. had spoken to Mr. S. about the then-current rumor that Leo would quit managing the Giants after the 1953 season and contribute his talents and rhubarbs to the movie industry. Mr. S. is reported to have dismissed the rumor with this airy answer, "Oh, that's all right. I'll hire Tallulah."

Since then, of course, Mr. Durocher has let it be known that his heart and hand belong to the Giants as long as they want him. So that spoiled our piece about Mr. Stoneham's new manager. And while we've nothing against Leo, we can't shake off that feeling of disappointment in the fact that Miss Bankhead didn't get a chance at the job.

Tallu, we feel, deserved to manage the Giants for reasons of sentiment, drama and dollars and cents. In the first place, her love for the Polo Grounds will probably go down in history along with the story of Darby and Joan as a classic of pure and unshakable devotion. We wouldn't say that her devotion has been as placid as Darby's and Joan's, for Miss Bankhead is not

exactly a placid person. But she's always stuck by the Giants, even in their worst days—and those worst days for several seasons were mighty bad.

Perhaps sentiment has no place in as hard-headed a business as baseball is today. But Mr. Stoneham must realize that he lost himself a gold mine when Mr. Durocher decided to forsake the cameras and return to the coach's box. For Tallulah would have been the first manager in baseball history with both sex and box-office appeal. She'd have been a bigger thing than night games and television, and she would have outdrawn Musial, Mantle, Satchel Paige and Bill Veeck's midgits, combined.

Tallu in a Giant uniform—what a picture that would have been. We can almost see and hear her, stalking the third-base coaching line, shouting maledictions at the opposing pitcher, exhorting the Giant batters or sulking in her best Shakespearean green-and-yellow melancholy when her boys came up in the ninth, needing six runs to win.

We can imagine the dramatic moment when, with a Giant pitcher in trouble, she would stride regally out to the mound and then summon the reliever by waving at the bull pen and yelling, "Yoo-hoo, da-a-ah-ling!"

No, there'd never be a dull moment in the neighborhood of Coogan's Bluff with Tallulah running things. Only thing, she might have cre-

ated a little trouble for Mr. Warren Giles in recruiting a National League umpiring staff. The present crop of umpires may think they have run into some temperament and heard some choice invective in their time. But we are confident that the first time one of them called a close one against the Giants, Manager Bankhead's critique would have made any of Manager Durocher's earlier comments seem like the cooing of a dove. This would have created a considerable problem for the umpires, who, under the circumstances, would have to behave as gallant gentlemen as well as aggrieved human beings. We aren't sure their blood pressures could have stood the strain.

Don't Smoke—Unless You Like It

ACCORDING TO recent estimates and our own slightly fallible arithmetic, between 70 and 75 million Americans smoke. Most of them smoke cigarettes. Most of them also read magazines. And we figure that a good many of those readers may have seen and been unduly worried by a couple of articles in publications other than this one.

Actually, the two articles were really one. The original was called *Smokers Are Getting Scared!* A condensed and reprinted version was titled *Cancer by the Carton*. The theme was that cigarette smoking causes cancer of the lung.

We don't pretend to be any more medically learned than the layman-author of the original piece or the editor who condensed it. But we do think we know a little something about reporting. And we can't say we regard these scare pieces as models of the journalistic trade.

Our quarrel with the man who confidently asserts that smoking causes cancer is that he didn't get the whole story. We've compared his recent article with a piece that Albert Q. Maisel wrote for Collier's more than two years ago, and we find that Mr. Maisel had practically all of the "new" and sensational evidence that was adduced in the later story. The only difference is that Mr. Maisel presented both sides of the question. And he found that there is no unanimity of medical opinion on the subject.

On the other hand, the more recent tobacco and cancer researcher virtually ignores all who disagree with his apparently preconceived conclusion. He throws on the scale only those statistics which support his premise, and disregards the possibility that other factors besides cigarettes might possibly cause the disease of which he writes.

He points out that deaths from bronchogenic carcinoma increased over 10 times between 1920 and 1948. But he neglects to mention, as Mr. Maisel did not, that cigarette smoking increased 11,775 per cent between 1900 and 1950; that, in spite of the horrors of tobacco, the life expectancy of Americans is steadily rising; that insurance actuaries do not penalize smokers—even chain smokers; that the figures on the rise of smoking and the decline of tuberculosis refute the equally confident theory of some ye ago that smoking caused T.B.

As a member of the 65- or 70-million group of smokers, we would recommend a trip to the nearest library for any other smokers who have broken out in a cold sweat after reading the recent treatises on the danger of cigarettes. Get out the bound volume of Collier's containing the issue of November 4, 1950, and read the article called *Don't Smoke—Unless You Like It*. We believe you'll feel better about the whole thing.

Collier's for January 10, 1953



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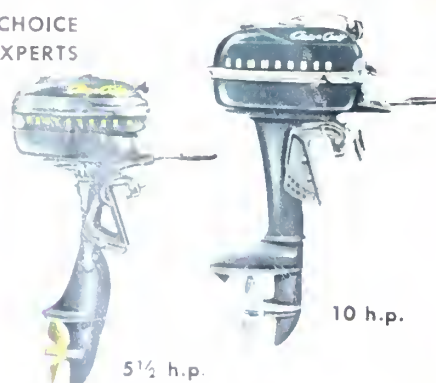


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WHERE WILL YOUR CHILDREN LIVE IN 1973?

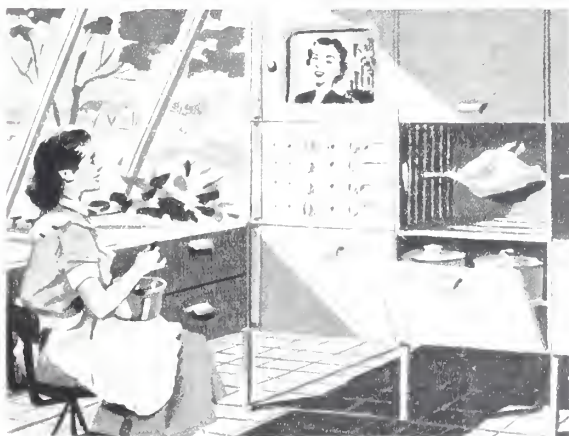
What kind of homes will your children have twenty years from now? The nation's electric light and power companies are thinking about them — *and getting ready for them.*

Part of the answer can be found in the new electric appliances still in the early stages of development.

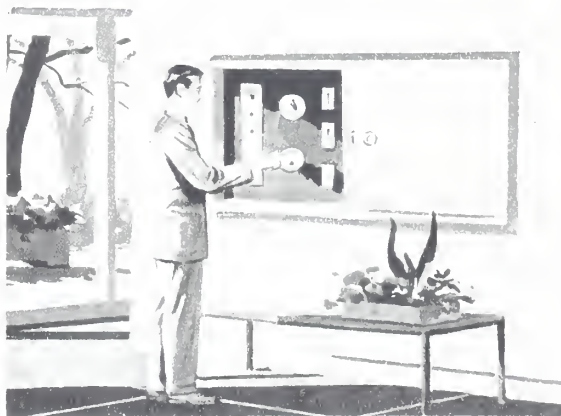
There will be new ways of heating and cooling homes with the help of electricity. Glareless lighting will come on automatically as darkness falls. There will be electric equipment to kill germs in the air.

Most people will have electric kitchen equipment in units which can be arranged in different ways. They will be able to talk electronically to any room in their homes. They will have color television — several sets. They will need many times as much electricity as you use today.

To supply this extra electricity, the electric companies are making tremendous strides. They've doubled the postwar supply of electric power. By 1960, they'll triple it—with more to come. This is one more reason why there is no real need for new federal government electric power projects.



COLOR TELEVISION. There will be almost as many sets in 1973 as there are radios today. That means most homes will have several units.



HOME CONTROL. Central electric "heart of the home" will control heating, cooling, lighting, communications — maybe even doors and windows.



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January 17, 1953

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The Cover

Grass is said to be greener in other fields, which is undoubtedly why the traveling salesmen for Mac and Bill prefer the outdoorsy, locked-in-goodness of Tony's hot dogs. Artist Jim Dwyer is interested in people like Tony; so when he saw this frankfurter wagon, patronized by meandering and hungry sandwich-board men in downtown New York, the idea of painting this cover occurred to him faster than you could say, "Mustard or relish?"

Week's Mail

Epic Road Show

EDITOR: It was indeed a thrill to read your article, John Brown's Body Hits the Road (Dec. 6th), for I had the privilege of seeing this great production.

I can honestly say—and I know I speak for hundreds more—that I have never been so deeply moved by any dramatic enterprise before.

Miss Judith Anderson, Messrs. Raymond Massey and Tyrone Power, together with the chorus, held a huge audience spellbound for two hours. And we could gladly have heard it over again!

We must have more of this type of production. The people are ready for it, want it, need it. A dramatic interpretation of this type demands thought and imagination of its audience, and we are proud of the compliment paid us by Charles Laughton and the others. They assume that the American people don't want premasticated bilge tossed at them, that they are capable of thought. And it's true. We don't—and we are!

MRS. K. J. HENSELER,
Brandon, S.D.

Curtailed Campaigning

EDITOR: I have read your editorial entitled Now You Know What We Meant (Dec. 6th), and let me say that I knew what you meant back in April when you said it the first time. I do believe, as you, that if a shorter campaign were possible, the two candidates of this past Presidential campaign would have had none of the "mudslinging" that did finally occur. As you said, they were both intelligent and well-brought-up men and I'm sure, if given a chance, they would have campaigned in a fashion of which the United States could have been proud.

CONSTANCE ANN MADEIRA,
New Bedford, Mass.

... I should like to disagree with your editorial. A candidate must be given enough time to show himself to the people. As it is now the candidates do not have enough time to make a thorough tour of the country.

A candidate cannot expect to win if he only makes speeches in the big cities; he must go out and sell himself to the rest of the American people. Certainly a month is not enough to accomplish this large task.

J. G. HINKLE, Southborough, Mass.

Annual Second-Guessing Game

EDITOR: I have seen many All-America football players during the past 25 years, including the almost immortal Dutch Clark, and never have I seen a



What about your heart?

PERHAPS no other part of the body has been studied as intensively as the heart. Today new techniques are being developed to reveal more and more facts about how the human heart works.

A great deal has been learned about the sources of energy which enable the heart to perform its Herculean task. The heart must drive five to ten tons of blood through the arteries and veins every day—365 days a year—for the 68 years of the average individual's lifetime. In this period, the amount of blood pumped may reach the impressive total of 250,000 tons. Moreover, the heart must function continuously—resting only a fraction of a second between beats.

Studies in the diagnosis and treatment of heart disease have also led to improvements in the interpretation of heart murmurs, electrocardiograms, and X-ray photographs of the heart and blood vessels. In addition, these studies have brought about a better understanding of the action of heart drugs so that

they may now be used with greater benefit to patients. Many other advances have also helped make it possible for doctors to diagnose and treat heart trouble more effectively now than ever before.

Encouraging as this progress has been, the fact remains that heart disease is still the leading cause of death. It is wise for everyone to take certain simple precautions to protect the heart so that it may continue to do its job as one grows older. Here are some of them:

1. Do not wait for the appearance of symptoms that may indicate heart trouble—shortness of breath, rapid or irregular heart beat, pain in the chest—before seeing a doctor. It is wiser to arrange now—while you are feeling well—to have a thorough health check-up. Such check-ups often reveal heart disorders in their earliest stages when the chances for control—and possibly cure—are best. It is wise to have a complete health examination *every year*—or as often as the doctor recommends.

2. Keep your weight down. Excess pounds tax

both the heart and the blood vessels. Doctors are now stressing the importance of diet in the treatment of various heart and blood vessel disorders. For example, restricted diets have benefited many patients.

3. Learn to take things in your stride. Avoid hurry, pressure and emotional upsets that may be brought about by overwork, too much and too sudden physical exertion, and other excesses. These can cause your heart to beat faster and put an extra burden on your circulation.

Even if heart disease should occur, remember that most people who have it can live just about as other people do—but *at a slower pace*. In fact, when patients follow the doctor's advice about adequate rest, weight control, and the avoidance of nervous tension and strenuous physical exertion, the outlook is reassuring.

Doctors can now say to many heart patients: "If you live within your heart's limitations, your chances for a happy and comfortable life are good."

The Life Insurance Medical Research Fund—financed by 140 Life Insurance companies—is devoting its full resources to the study of heart disease. Since its organization in 1945, the Fund has made available about \$4,700,000 for 185 different research projects. As a result of the work which the Fund and other agencies have supported, the chances of winning the fight against heart disease have improved materially.

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better ball carrier than Oklahoma's Billy Vessels. I am not from Oklahoma and I am damn' tired of Oklahoma winning the Big Seven title, but no fair man who had seen Vessels in action could leave him off the All-America team.

L. F. CUSHENBERY, Oberlin, Kans.

Vessels wasn't entirely left out. The board of coaches picked him as an offensive back among the All-America Specialists.

... I imagine you must be slightly embarrassed in finding out that Billy Vessels was awarded the Heisman Trophy. Previous Heisman winners such as Doak Walker, Leon Hart and Dick Kazmaier were All-Americans, but poor Billy couldn't make it.

IRVING M. RACHLIS, Washington, D.C.

... In my opinion you sure missed the boat in not placing Paul Giel of Minnesota on your All-America team.

I realize that it is a tough job filtering top talent from all over the nation, and that you cannot possibly satisfy everyone. However, Giel was without a doubt the finest back in the Big Ten and he had a chorus of Midwestern sports writers singing his praises.

RICHARD W. CONKLIN,
Minneapolis, Minn.

... I notice that Buddy Leake and Thurlow Weed are named as the Extra Point Specialists for 1952. With all due respects to these men, Tennessee Teeh has a truly All-America Specialist in Bobby Holloway.

In the game with Memphis State he booted five for five to surpass the former leader, Oklahoma's Buddy Leake, who booted 28 before missing.

Bobby wound up the regular season with a record of 32 consecutive conversions.

E. WITT COMPTON, JR.,
Cookeville, Tenn.

Paraplegics, Inc.

EDITOR: Norman Calhoun's Paraplegics, Inc. (Dec. 6th), is one of those inspirational articles that appear only once in a lifetime. And the initiators as well as the staff and working crew of Paraplegics Manufacturing Company, Inc., in Franklin Park, Ill., deserve and should receive all the credit in the world for their courage in facing difficulties known to but few of us.

If anybody represents the spirit of America, they do.

TIP BLISS, Coral Gables, Fla.

... Congratulations for publishing the interesting and inspiring article, Paraplegics, Inc. I am pleased to know that one company will employ paraplegics. There should be one in each large city. Of the 35,000 different kinds of jobs in this country (Collier's Feb. 9, 1946) handicapped persons can fill 2,000 of them. But they never get many opportunities.

I am a paraplegic too. When I was seven, I was hit by a car which broke my back and paralyzed the lower half of my body. I've never walked since, but get around everywhere in my wheel chair—which I propel myself.

I've never had a job but hope to get one someday. My occupations are printing and journalism. I have a 6x10 printing press and I personalize stationery, Christmas cards, and do small jobs. Next May 25th will be the 25th anniversary of my disabling accident.

LE ROY BURNETTE, Lima, Ohio

More About Plastics

The plastics industry has developed so far, so fast and in so many directions that even the article in our December 6th issue, as encompassing as it was, failed to cover the subject completely.

For example, we did not report that the Firestone Plastics Company, a division of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, controls its products from the earliest stage of resin production through the printing or embossing of its finished Velon materials.

These materials are a boon to housewives—especially to those with chocolate-éclair-loving children. In the past, ladies often bought dark, drab draperies and sofa upholstery that wouldn't show dirt. The modern housewife uses light, attractive plastic house furnishings which she can clean instantly with a damp cloth.

Incidentally, Firestone recently completed a \$5,000,000 addition to its resin plant in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, making it one of the largest and most modern in the country.



Bright plastic materials also are made into house furnishings and into yard goods for women who sew their own

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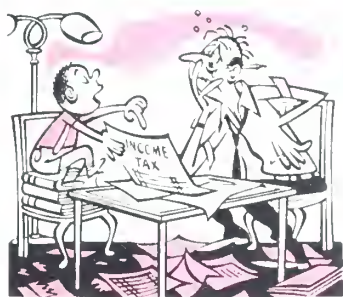
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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

From here and there in these United States come demands for our opinion on what would happen to an income-tax official if he agreed with a professional model who claims a depreciation tax allowance because of age and obsolescence. We don't know and it would serve him right.

Incidentally, the Internal Revenue Bureau must be more weary than we



thought of errors in our income-tax returns. It is plugging a plan to teach children to help their parents.

Colorado's highway department has served notice on snow and ice accumulations in Loveland Pass, west of Denver, to stay where they are or be shot. To prove it isn't fooling, the department has borrowed a 75-millimeter howitzer and a 105-millimeter howitzer from the National Guard and warns avalanches not to make any funny moves.

Freshly sprung by a large university, a newly drafted young man was being interrogated by a sergeant in Los Angeles. "Can you read and write?" demanded the sergeant. "I," began the about-to-be rookie, "am a bachelor of—" The sergeant looked bored. "I don't care if you never get married," sighed he. "Can you read and write?"

Fellow in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, says his doctor told him the ear is man's only physical accessory that acts independently of the brain. We wouldn't have mentioned this except it sounds funny to hear of a doctor who never heard of the tongue.

Just as we were about to ask someone what had become of the Townsend Clubs, news trickles in from Milwaukee. In that city the Townsends are feuding with the Golden Agers. Townsends say the Golden Agers are frivolous, thinking only of having fun—like a good game of checkers. . . . Just occurs to us that some child of thirty is going to ask us who the Townsends are. Well, kiddies, they are the old folks organized away back in 1934 by Dr. Francis E. Townsend to urge the government to grant pensions of \$200 a month to all American citizens sixty years old or more. Money to be raised

by such two per cent levies as a national sales tax. Townsend Clubs used to have several million members. Sort of petered out. Golden Agers are just old folks who want to have as much fun as they can while they last.

Industrious Oklahoma house rifler, having confessed to 19 burglaries, was asked about a twentieth. He thought hard for a moment, then said indignantly: "No, sir, not me. That was on a Sunday. I was in church."

Nebraska lady's car inflicted minor fender damage to a parked car as she parked her own. On the accident report she came to the most controversial question: "What could the operator of the other car have done to avoid the accident?" But it didn't stump her. She wrote: "Well, he could have parked somewhere else."

Fred Jones of the Pittsburgh (Pennsylvania) Press has made a survey that may indicate something. A cat (tom) of the younger generation hits the barber's chair and demands a "New Yorker with a backsweep." This, Mr. Jones finds, means the lad wants his hair cut about an inch long on top with the sides left long enough to sweep to the nape of the neck, where the hair is split vertically. Or he may call for a Hollywood Box. Tony Curtis, movie actor, is said to have originated this one. Much like the New Yorker, except that the hair is cut straight across the back of the neck. There are of course slight variations. If you'd like a tail to your Hollywood Box, the barber will permit a short V of hair to fall below the horizontal clip. If, says Mr. Jones, the barber doesn't know what the hepcat is talking about, he's "stunned" or "stunted" which is to say "not hep to the sharp haircut." The girl friend doesn't seem to mind. Mr. Jones concludes: "In some cases she will adopt the same hair style as that worn by the current boy friend. However, it is still easy to tell them apart. The girl wears lipstick."

Some talk of equipping the police of Kansas City, Missouri, with ladders. Otherwise, the police protest, it is go-



IRWIN CAPLAN

ing to be difficult to enforce that new municipal ordinance making it a misdemeanor to smoke in bed. ▲▲▲

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Top left: General's L-K Model S-550 makes complete Kitchen-With-Oven in 48" by combining with any 20" apartment range! 4 cu.-ft. capacity, storage drawer, inner door shelf, horizontal freezer, and topped by 1-piece porcelain sink, drainboard and back-splash.

Middle: General Chef combines 4 cu.-ft. refrigerator with 3 electric burners, 220 volt, in only 4.1 sq. ft. of space. Also available with 3 gas burners or 2 electric burners for 110 v. plug-in use. Range heats do not affect refrigerator temperatures.

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NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

Japan's Balloon Invasion Of America

By DR. LINCOLN LAPAZ with ALBERT ROSENFELD

The balloons had us scared, reveals a scientist who worked on the project—especially when word came the Japs were planning germ warfare. Here, for the first time, is the full story

BALLOONS aren't just toys any more. They're weapons, terrifying and effective. They could wreak havoc on the United States—as our military experts and scientists learned during World War II. Few people realize that the balloons cast adrift over North America by the Japanese gave our authorities a bad scare which lasted right up to the day the war ended.

Scientists studying the balloons in this country (I was one of them) believed that the next step on the Japanese war plan, scheduled for the fall of 1945, was to be a balloon-borne bacteriological attack which almost certainly would have hurt us greatly.

We were extremely vulnerable to balloon warfare. To a great extent, we still are. It's time the full story was told.

It was on a crisp fall afternoon in 1944, while I was serving as a wartime consultant with the Second Air Force, that I interrogated a tall, red-haired Colorado ranchwoman who had something unusual to report.

"The thing just suddenly appeared up there in the sky," the woman told me. "It came out of nowhere—just blazed out there in one place, stood for a moment without moving, then vanished. I can't describe it as anything but a big brilliant ball of fire, about the size of the moon.

"I hope you won't use my name. When I tell my friends about it, they think I'm having hallucinations."

Major General U. G. Ent and other officers of the Second Air Force were rather inclined to agree with the lady's friends. But in the next few weeks, people all over Western North America seemed to be having exactly the same hallucination. More and more reports poured into Second Air Force Headquarters in Colorado Springs, and I investigated many of them personally. All the stories sounded just like the ranchwoman's.

I remained the scientific skeptic. Fire in the sky obviously meant meteors. But in order for a meteor to seem to be standing still, it would have



Dr. Lincoln LaPaz is director of the University of New Mexico's Institute of Meteoritics and also heads that school's department of mathematics and astronomy. In World War II he served as technical director of the Second Air Force Operations Analysis Section, receiving letters of commendation from Secretary of War Patterson, Gen. Henry H. Arnold and others—including one approved by the commanding general, Second Air Force, which specifically praised his "contributions . . . on Japanese balloon warfare"

U. S. AIR FORCE



ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Jap balloons, 33 feet across, landed all over Northwest forest country, started many fires

to be coming directly at the observer. This phenomenon happens rarely, and I simply couldn't believe that so many brilliant, stationary fireballs could appear in such a concentrated area in so short a period. In all my years of looking at the skies and studying the literature of meteoritics, I had run across nothing to compare with it.

While I was tracking down fireball reports, an apparently unrelated series of events was taking place in scattered parts of the world.

Off Hawaii, a Coast Guard vessel found a deflated paper balloon of impressive size floating on the surface. Shortly afterward, a similar envelope was discovered near Kalispell, Montana.

About a hundred miles off San Pedro, California, a Navy destroyer recovered another giant balloon carrying a complex assemblage of what appeared to be weather instruments. (Mighty clever, these Japanese, thought the Navy men; they're launching weather balloons from submarines to get information about places they can't otherwise reach.)

Big bomb blasts were heard in several towns—among them Thermopolis, Wyoming, and Ventura, California—and there were reports of great, silvery, drifting balloons that suddenly blew themselves to smithereens. Odd bits of rice-fabric paper were picked up in the streets of downtown Los Angeles, and people in scattered parts of the Northwest sighted giant spheres which seemed to be releasing objects from high in the air.

At about the same time, Western forest fires suddenly became so numerous and so bad that military personnel had to help fight them.

Near an Oregon beach, a group of picnicking children under the care of a pastor's wife investigated a strange-looking bundle. It exploded, and the lady and five of her young charges were killed.

Officials quietly launched a word-of-mouth campaign advising people all over the West to keep children away from unfamiliar objects.

During this period, B-29 crews coming back from raids over Tokyo started talking about a novel "antiaircraft" device consisting of huge, shining spheres which rose up to meet the American planes. Puzzled, one of my Second Air Force associates went along on a bombing mission.

He came back even more puzzled. He had

seen the spheres, all right. But he couldn't understand why the Japanese were releasing them so soon—much too early to damage the approaching Superforts, or why they were foolish enough to let the balloons rise to heights that even B-29s couldn't reach, or why they permitted the supposed weapons to drift out over the ocean, where there was practically no hope of recovering them.

Those were the bits and pieces we had to work with: flaming objects in the sky, mysterious explosions, an epidemic of forest fires, deflated balloons, some scraps of rice paper, shining spheres over Japan.

The pattern was becoming clear. Huge balloons were being launched in large numbers over the Japanese mainland. Huge balloons were drifting in large numbers over the American mainland—by now, reports had come in from Mexico, Canada and Alaska; in the northern territory, up to 17 balloons were sighted in one day—and they were dropping incendiaries, explosives and booby traps.

To the scientists working on the balloon project, who knew all about the west-to-east air circulation caused by the earth's rotation, it seemed obvious that the balloons floating in over North America were the same ones as those seen rising over Japan. But the nonscientists in our group were not easily convinced. They stubbornly maintained that the balloons appearing in the American skies were inflated and launched by submarines off our West Coast. The only way to settle the argument was to capture a balloon. All the recoveries to date had been fragmentary. We needed a whole balloon, complete with instruments. Catching one, we were soon to discover, was no simple task.

The main difficulty was that the balloons were self-destroying. Each went up in a great burst of flame (the Colorado ranchwoman's fireball) after performing its mission.

Various schemes were concocted and rejected. We even considered tearing holes in the spheres with airborne grappling hooks, but then we decided that a pilot lucky or skillful enough to snag a balloon in this fashion might find it impossible to disengage the hook.

We tried shooting down the balloons. They remained defiantly buoyant, even after the fabric had been peppered with holes.

Military Pilot's Dangerous Exploit

Finally, one January afternoon in 1945, a military pilot found one of the balloons over Crater Lake, Oregon, at the unusually low altitude of 28,000 feet. Although the sphere was as big across as a city street, the pilot, flying with extraordinary skill and courage (he might have been burned to a crisp in a split instant), started maneuvering the balloon to earth.

His scheme was simple, but difficult to execute. He flew over and around the balloon again and again, whipping so close that the flow of air from his wings and propeller forced the sphere downward. It took hours, but it worked. The balloon landed on a mountainside near Alturas, California.

Ground crews hurried to the scene and captured the bloated mammoth. Everyone rejoiced. At last we had in our hands a complete specimen, intact to the last detail, for study.

Then we almost lost it again!

The balloon had been taken to Moffett Field, California, then our main West Coast antisubmarine base, whose enormous dirigible hangars provided the only space big enough for the captive giant. Military photographers wanted a picture, so several soldiers and I held the balloon's ropes just outside the hangar. Suddenly, a strong gust of wind roared around the hangar, and we felt ourselves being lifted off the ground.

By the time our feet touched earth again, the wind had become a howling fury. We pulled with all our strength, desperately fighting the gale that threatened to sweep our hard-won prize back into

the upper atmosphere. We finally brought the balloon under control, but I still remember how angry I was at the men who kept snapping pictures of our struggles, instead of giving us a hand.

The captive balloon answered many of our questions. A chemical analysis of its hydrogen proved that the envelope had been filled at a large, land-based factory—the submarine theory was definitely out. Furthermore, the sand in its sandbags was of a type found on Japanese beaches. We were even able to determine which beaches, so bombers were able to strike the launching sites. In any case, there was no doubt that the balloons were coming from across the Pacific.

We could not help admiring the ingenuity that had gone into the making of the balloon and its intricate cargo. Most amazing of all, perhaps, was the cheapness of the materials, which obviously made it possible to produce the weapons in quantity with no strain on Japan's national budget.

The balloon envelope was made of five layers of long-fiber rice paper glued together with hydrocellulose—as inexpensive a combination as could be imagined. Yet those thin paper envelopes leaked less than one tenth as much as our own costly rubberized-fabric balloons!

The sphere was 33½ feet in diameter. Around its webbed center was a strong, flexible band from which hung long shroud lines. A small rubber shock absorber, located where the ropes came together, supported the assemblage of gadgets that did all the damage.

On its eastward voyage, the balloon floated somewhere between 25,000 and 50,000 feet above the Pacific. It would descend at night, as the cold air contracted it. When it got low enough, increased air pressure, measured by a barometer, would close a circuit setting off blowout plugs that would drop a sandbag. The loss of weight would send the balloon up again. All the way across, the balloon would move up and down in great leapfrog arcs. By the time it reached the North American continent, the sandbags, about 20 in all, would be gone, and it would start dropping its cargo—usually 16 incendiary bombs, and, in some cases, high-explosive antipersonnel bombs.

When the last missile had been released, a two-pound block of picric acid would explode, blasting all the instruments to bits. Then, when the weight-free hydrogen bag had soared up to great heights, a pouch of magnesium flash-bulb powder would flare, setting off the "fireball" that so many people had reported seeing. Japanese agents in this country, we later learned, were to use these sightings to give Tokyo some idea how many balloons were reaching the United States.

As it happened, our project was kept so quiet that the Japanese only slowly came to realize how many of their devilish packages were reaching North America and how much damage they could do. Otherwise they might have started sooner on plans which I shall tell about in a moment.

The Japanese scientists, with German assistance, tried to overlook nothing. Every sandbag and bomb was supported by two blowout plugs, with circuits wired in parallel. Unless both circuits failed simultaneously, everything worked. The picric-acid block and the magnesium powder were meant to ensure that no one would recover anything of value.

But the Japanese made one miscalculation. They used a wet-cell battery to power the balloon's electrical circuits. Had they used dry cells, we might even yet be wondering what hit us. The below-zero temperatures at high altitudes often froze the wet cells, rendering all circuits inoperative, and making it possible for us to capture enough balloons intact to give us a good idea of what we were up against. (Some of the catches were quite dramatic. One man was carried back and forth across a valley from one hillside to another several times, hanging stubbornly to the balloon's shroud lines until help came.)

We're working on defenses—but the Pacific winds still blow in one direction: ours

As our collection of balloons grew, a newer and bigger worry began to keep us awake nights. The first balloons we recovered had been handmade affairs. The balloons we began to find in the spring of 1945 were unmistakably machine-tooled. Apparently the first balloons had been sent across for test purposes; now the Japanese obviously were mass-producing the spheres in preparation for a large-scale offensive.

But what kind of offensive? We knew that the balloons were designed to carry much heavier pay loads than any we had seen. But we feared there might be more than just bigger incendiaries and explosive bombs in the new cargoes.

By the middle of 1945, no less than 900 of the Japanese balloons were estimated to have safely made the transpacific voyage, although we had sighted or recovered fewer than 300, in whole or in part. Most of the balloons had clustered in the Northwest, but some had drifted as far as Detroit.

In June, 1945, the balloon offensive tapered off. But that did nothing to allay our suspicions. We knew the halt was only temporary, due partly to the damage our bombing crews had inflicted on the launching bases, but mostly to a normal summertime wind change which would have carried the balloons off course.

In that lull period before the expected storm, we anxiously tried to figure out what might be in store for us when the autumn winds began to blow steadily our way again. Our worst fears were confirmed at secret conferences of top officials.

As technical director of the Second Air Force Operations Analysis Section, I received a number of reports based on these conferences. They contained factual evidence such as prisoner-of-war statements, digests of captured documents and intelligence summaries—all apparently completely authentic—which could only mean that the Japanese were planning to use bacteriological warfare.

Many types of diseases, according to these documents, were being considered, infectious to animals and human beings alike. The reports indicated that the biggest project was in Nanking—now in Red China—where a Japanese major general was said to be supervising the growth of certain germs (if I remember correctly, the verdict of our experts was that he was growing anthrax spores in potato cultures) to be launched in balloons.

I'm sure the knees of many brave men were shaking at many a hush-hush meeting which I attended in those harried days during the summer of 1945. Conferences with veterinarians at Ohio State University, men who had had firsthand experience with anthrax epidemics, did nothing to put our minds at ease.

We learned, for example, about the dread "wool-sorters' disease," a swift, deadly pulmonary infection which often afflicts people who handle the wool or hides of anthrax-stricken animals. If anthrax had been dropped in quantity over America (penicillin was in its infancy in those days, remember), it would have taxed our medical resources to the utmost.

If the Japanese used the full arsenal of dangerous animal diseases available to them, one alarmed veterinary expert said, perhaps with some exaggeration, within six months there might not be a hooved animal left between the Arctic Circle and the Panama Canal. And those were only the beginnings of the dread possibilities.

Our anxiety was further heightened when an authoritative report was placed before us indicating that the Japanese were planning to launch literally thousands of balloons in the coming fall offensive, expecting at least one tenth of them to reach the target. It was a frightening prospect, but those of us who saw the report had to assume it was correct.

Countermeasures?

There seemed to be almost none—except to fight the bacteria when they came. The balloons

contained almost no metal, so chances were slim that any might be picked up on the relatively crude radar of 1945. Besides, with thousands of them coming our way, even the most elaborate precautionary networks of aircraft and anti-aircraft probably could not prevent some from getting through. And not many would have to get through to give us a very hard time.

Then came the great reprieve.

The first A-bomb exploded at Hiroshima, and the second was dropped at Nagasaki. (Some people talked about how inhuman we Americans were. If they had only known what we avoided! I don't know how much influence the anticipated Japanese balloon offensive had on President Truman's decision to use the bomb, but it seems reasonable to guess it was a factor in his consideration.)

The Japanese quit the war. The balloon threat was ended, and there was peace in the world—we thought. We could all sit back and relax.

Cold War Follows Illusory Peace

As everyone now knows, the peace was illusory: we had merely gone from a hot war to a cold war that threatened at any moment to get hot again. I am not one of those people who believe a third world war is inevitable. But there seems to be no question that it is a definite possibility.

The Russians most certainly know all about the Japanese balloons and their capabilities. So do the German and Japanese scientists who are captive workers—perhaps willingly, perhaps unwillingly—for the Soviet cause. The Russians, whatever else one may say about them, have some excellent bacteriologists. And the wind over the northern Pacific is still blowing just as steadily from China, and still in one direction: ours.

Those phony germ-warfare charges now being brought against us by the North Koreans and Russians—are they efforts to convince the world that we started it before the Reds launch a bacteriolog-

ical offensive of their own? We have no way of knowing.

But we do know something about the dangers we might face in such warfare. And we also know that balloons can carry more than bacillus bombs. They might carry atomic pay loads—and either photoelectric cells or heat-homing devices that would set them off over a big city.

Our enemies could not, of course, send over 10,000 A-bombs a day. But they could send over that many balloons, some of which might carry fissionable materials. There would hardly be a time of day when a balloon was not visible somewhere in the vicinity of our Western cities, and—not knowing which were the lethal ones—people might be forced to spend entire days in shelters. Can a more diabolical kind of psychological warfare be imagined?

But couldn't we retaliate by sending balloons across Europe?

We might, but it would not be easy. Over land masses like western Europe, all winds are extremely variable. I have heard, for example, that during World War II the British sent up balloons which carried long, trailing copper wires. The idea was to hit and short-circuit German power lines and create a nuisance by temporarily halting production wherever they might roam. But they roamed erratically. They cut out as many power lines in France and Belgium as they did in Germany, and some are reported to have returned to harass the British themselves. The project was soon abandoned.

Suppose we were at war with China and our balloons were to drop their missiles on Afghanistan or India? We might do more damage to neutral and friendly nations than to our enemies.

Western Germany offers a partial solution. It's well inland, almost next door to Russia, and pamphlet-bearing balloons now being released there are undoubtedly getting over the Iron Curtain. But the vast plains of Russia and China present almost too large a target. Striking specific cities within that huge area would not be easy.

A much better solution is being developed by our military scientists. I understand that we now have a balloon which can seek out the most favorable altitude for winds which will lead it to the target area.

Nevertheless, though our potential enemies may be somewhat vulnerable, so are we. And we may be sure that Russia at war will never make the mistake of going only halfway.

The defense picture isn't entirely a gloomy one. We now have jet planes which can fly much higher and faster than anything we had during World War II. Our new radar is sensitive enough to pick up even raindrops, and our scientists have developed an impressive array of new wonder drugs which thwart diseases previously capable of striking us down overnight.

What specific steps can we take to meet the threat of balloon warfare?

We can mobilize all our medical resources to fight any epidemic that might come our way.

We can, by meteorological studies of air patterns in the upper atmosphere, be prepared to predict the probable launching sites for a potential balloon offensive.

We can maintain our present friendly relations with Western Germany—and with South Korea and Japan, which are potential launching sites in the hands of our enemies, and potential attack bases in the hands of our friends.

We must keep our scientific research programs moving full steam ahead in order to hold our lead in the atomic race, and we must maintain an air force strong enough to convince our foes that we can retaliate against any kind of warfare.

Finally, and most important, we must do all we can to prevent any weapons from ever being used again, by striving for a lasting and honorable peace—while there is still time.



ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

This device, slung to balloons by Japanese scientists, dropped incendiaries, explosives

The Case of THE IRATE WITNESS

Perry Mason refused to believe the proof against his client. The district attorney was too smug. The evidence was too good

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

THE early-morning shadows cast by the mountains still lay heavily on the town's main street as the big siren on the roof of the Jebson Commercial Company began to scream shrilly.

The danger of fire was always present, and at the sound, men at breakfast rose and pushed their chairs back from the table. Men who were shaving barely paused to wipe lather from their faces; men who had been sleeping grabbed the first available garments. All of them ran to places where they could look for the first telltale wisps of smoke.

There was no smoke.

The big siren was still screaming urgently as the men formed into streaming lines, like ants whose hill has been attacked. The lines all moved toward the Jebson Commercial Company.

There the men were told that the doors of the big vault had been found wide open. A jagged hole had been cut into one with an acetylene torch.

The men looked at one another silently. This was the fifteenth of the month. The big, twice-a-month payroll, which had been brought up from the Ivanhoe National Bank the day before, had been the prize.

Frank Bernal, manager of the company's mine, the man who ruled Jebson City with an iron hand, arrived and took charge. The responsibility was his, and what he found was alarming.

Tom Munson, the night watchman, was lying on the floor in a back room, snoring in drunken slumber. The burglar alarm, which had been installed within the last six months, had been by-passed by means of an electrical device. This device was so ingenious that it was apparent that, if the work were that of a gang, at least one of the burglars was an expert electrician.

Ralph Nesbitt, the company accountant, was significantly silent. When Frank Bernal had been appointed manager a year earlier, Nesbitt had pointed out that the big vault was obsolete.

Bernal, determined to prove himself in his new job, had avoided the expense of tearing out the old vault and installing a new one by investing in an up-to-date burglar alarm and putting a special night watchman on duty.

Now the safe had been looted of a hundred thousand dollars, and Frank Bernal had to make a report to the main office in Chicago, with the disquieting knowledge that Ralph Nesbitt's memo stating that the antiquated vault was a pushover was at this moment reposing in the company files. . . .

Some distance out of Jebson City, Perry Mason, the famous trial lawyer, was driving fast along

a mountain road. He had planned a week-end fishing trip for a long time, but a jury which had waited until midnight before reaching its verdict had delayed Mason's departure and it was now eight thirty in the morning.

His fishing clothes, rod, wading boots and creel were all in the trunk. He was wearing the suit in which he had stepped from the courtroom, and having driven all night he was eager for the cool, piny mountains.

A blazing red light, shining directly at him as he rounded a turn in the canyon road, dazzled his road-weary eyes. A sign, *STOP—POLICE*, had been placed in the middle of the road. Two men, a grim-faced man with a .30-30 rifle in his hands and a silver badge on his shirt and a uniformed motorcycle officer, stood beside the sign.

Mason stopped his car.

The man with the badge, deputy sheriff, said, "We'd better take a look at your driving license. There's been a big robbery at Jebson City."

"That so?" Mason said. "I went through Jebson City an hour ago and everything seemed quiet."

"Where you been since then?"

"I stopped at a little service station and restaurant for breakfast."

"Let's take a look at your driving license."

Mason handed it to him.

The man started to return it, then looked at it again. "Say," he said, "you're Perry Mason, the big criminal lawyer!"

"Not a criminal lawyer," Mason said patiently, "a trial lawyer. I sometimes defend men who are accused of crime."

"What are you doing up in this country?"

"Going fishing."

The deputy looked at him suspiciously. "Why aren't you wearing your fishing clothes?"

"Because," Mason said, and smiled, "I'm not fishing."

"You said you were going fishing."

"I also intend," Mason said, "to go to bed tonight. According to you, I should be wearing my pajamas."

(Continued on page 39)

Mason turned to Paul Drake and Della Street. "It would be suicidal to put Corbin on the stand," he said. "He has a record of prior criminal conviction, and he lied"





What We Doctors Must Do

Simply shouting against socialized medicine isn't enough, warns this famous surgeon



It takes expensive equipment and highly trained personnel to offer adequate medical service in a community. Too many doctors are hampered by a lack of facilities, but they needn't be

THE American people want better health protection. If the medical profession fails to provide it, the government is sure to try. Like most doctors, I'm against government medicine; I'm convinced it would lower the quality of medical practice. We doctors can forestall that—but not by merely yelling frantically about socialized medicine. Some people are getting the idea that doctors are against *any* change. We must be constructive. We must do whatever we can to make you, the patient, satisfied at last with the medical service you are getting.

I grew up in the days of the old-time doctor. I was graduated by the University of Pennsylvania in 1908, before common use of the automobile, paved roads, rural telephone service and scientific medicine. At the time of my graduation, the family physician was perhaps the best-loved character in America. Older people remember him as a friend and comforter, ministering to their physical, mental and spiritual ills; as the father confessor, adviser on family relations, psychiatrist and dispenser of medicines.

Yet, no matter how warmly he fitted into the life of his times, he was not the kind of doctor we now need. The kind of man, yes; but not the kind of doctor. His training didn't compare with that required today. Perhaps he spent two years in the study of medicine. The medical student today studies at least eight years; he is usually around thirty before he is ready to begin practicing medicine—and it may be another five years before he begins to make a living.

The old-time family physician could buy all the equipment he needed (including his horse and buggy) for three or four hundred dollars, but the doctor of today must have many thousands of dollars' worth of equipment available for his use, if he is to give you the kind of diagnoses and treatments that will maintain your health.

How many of you would swap a modern diagnostic examination for the old method: a few thumps on the chest, a look down the throat and a little listening to the heart—often without a stethoscope?

Here's what I'm trying to say: to the old-time doctor, the practice of medicine was an art, partly because not much was known about science. Today, the science takes precedence over the art. Both ways are wrong. The time has come when we doctors must bring the art and the science of medicine into sensible relationship. It can't be done by law. But it can be done.

I happen to be an orthopedic surgeon, but there is no reason why I can't recognize the ills of a whole patient while I am taking care of his bones and joints. His attitude, environment, frustrations and worries may affect any part of his body. We older doctors used to say that we could tell whether the stock market was going up or down by the stomachs and the colons of our patients.

Medical students and young doctors may find this talk of the art of medicine bewildering. How can a man possibly learn all a doctor must know and still take time to listen while a patient unloads his worries? I understand the bewilderment, and sympathize with it. Last autumn, I read a Collier's article by Red Grange, the great college football player of a generation ago. He said he couldn't make the varsity today. I feel the same way about medicine. I doubt if I could pass the sophomore examinations.

Today's young doctors have studied harder and longer than I did. They have vastly more knowledge than I had. I understand why, in the always widening field of medical science, so many of

to Stay Free

By DR. PAUL B. MAGNUSON

with JAMES C. DERIEUX

Americans want better health services, and if medical men don't act, the government may

them decide to become specialists.

But it often is a mistake, I think, for a young man to begin to specialize while still in the early stages of training, before he has had experience in the broad field of medicine—or with patients. It is important to know not only what disease a patient has, but what patient has the disease. People do not like to be passed from one specialist to another, like anonymous specimens—and I don't blame them. When it is necessary to send a patient to another doctor to get the right diagnosis or treatment, I have found it a good idea to tell him why, so he will not feel that he has lost his identity.

When I was teaching at Northwestern University Medical School, I tried to make my students understand that medicine cannot be a precise science, because human beings are not identical. One approach I used was to tell a class, the first time it met, that before proceeding we would have to choose a member who had a normal face. The students would look at me blankly.

"Can't you do that?" I'd ask. "Has the admissions committee let in a class without a single normal face? Are all of you deformed? Or"—and then I would come to the point—"are you *all* normal?"

"If you don't learn anything else from me," I'd continue, "I want you to remember that every patient you meet is different from any individual you ever saw before. His skin is different, his disposition is different, his metabolism is different, his body chemistry is different, his fears and his family history are different. You will never find a 'normal' stomach or 'normal' spine, any more than we can find a normal face in this classroom. When you have learned that, you will know the basis on which you must practice medicine."

Too much specialization may make a doctor forget the individualism of the individual. I once had a patient with swollen knees. He had been to many doctors, but still his knees would sometimes swell until he could hardly get his pants on. I suspected an allergy and had him list every item of food he ate. Then we started cutting first one item then another off his diet. But still, every now and then, his knees would swell. Finally spinach was the only food left; so he stopped eating it.

The man went away, and I did not see him again for six months. I supposed he had got tired of me, and had moved on to another doctor. Then one day he came to my office.

"Doctor," he said, "you hit the mark! I haven't had swollen knees since I cut out spinach."

We talked about his trouble for a while, then I asked him, "How would you like to be a guinea pig? I want you to eat big helpings of spinach three times in the next few days. Let's see what happens."

He tried it—and got swollen knees again. Something happened in his chemical plant when he ate spinach, but don't ask me what, or why the swelling was always in his knees. I don't know the answer.

That man's problem was solved by the trial and error method, which at times is the only method



Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, one of America's top orthopedic surgeons, headed the Presidential commission which reported on America's health needs last month. He's also known for his fight, as VA medical director, to maintain high standards of veterans' care

to use. But treating patients as individuals isn't enough. Science must be the partner of art. Unfortunately, the scientific facilities available to many of our doctors are far from satisfactory.

The modern doctor must have hospitals, or medical centers, or diagnostic clinics where proper examinations of patients can be made. He cannot carry radioisotopes in his little black bag. His automobile isn't designed for an X-ray machine. Biochemical tests can't be made in the patient's kitchen. Diagnosis and maintenance of health will never be as good as they can be, unless the doctor has electrocardiographs to check the condition of the heart, blood-pressure readings to learn the condition of the circulation—and the ability to interpret the tests.

The Flaw in the Old-Timers' Logic

If some old-timers rise to say they lived without all this, I'll tell them yes, they did, but too many of their neighbors did not. The life expectancy of a man today is about 20 years longer than it was 50 years ago, when we had only the art of medical practice. Many of the infectious diseases of a generation ago—typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, whooping cough—have all but disappeared, or have been reduced to minor illnesses. Tuberculosis is coming under control. Infant mortality is only about one third of what it was in 1915. These advances have been accomplished by the *science* of medicine.

Even if there were enough doctors to make home calls on every family needing them today, this country would not have adequate health services unless scientific equipment and trained personnel are available to the doctors to aid in diagnosis. There is no reason why most communities should

lack these facilities. Practically every town in America today has good roads, schools and churches, and most of them have good libraries. If a community wants the best of health maintenance, it can get that, too. It is up to us private practitioners, to medical schools, to state and local boards of health to tell the people how to get the facilities, how to use them, and how to get the trained personnel to staff them.

Under the Hill-Burton Act, passed by the Congress in 1946, 1,900 hospital projects have been approved, of which 1,010 have been completed, with federal aid, in every state and territory. More than half the new hospitals have been built in towns of less than 5,000 population. The projects will add 90,000 hospital beds, 360 public health centers and 15 state health laboratories to the nation's total. We need 800,000 more beds. But we are moving to meet that great shortage, which developed in the depression and war years, when there was very little construction done for civilians—and when the practice of medicine was changing rapidly from home-bedside to hospital treatment.

The initiative in efforts to get a Hill-Burton facility is taken by the local community. After completion, the facility belongs to the community. The federal government makes its contribution, then gets out.

Under the act, a community can have a modern clinic which would provide free, part-pay or full-rate medical examinations and health advice to all citizens who want them. But the clinics should not provide free *treatment*. The family physician, nearby hospital or specialist would treat the patients at the usual rates, graded to the patient's economic status.

It is unreasonable for a community to demand that its doctors give service out of all proportion to the service demanded of bankers or grocers or plumbers. The doctor has spent more time, effort and money preparing himself than any of the others, and he has a right to receive fair pay. Of course, he will accept nonpaying responsibilities, but he has his own family to feed, in most cases, and a limited number of years for earning.

Doctors should face the question of fees honestly and realistically, and explain the problem to the public. I think we should encourage private insurance companies to move more and more into the field of complete family health insurance. Fees would tend to become standardized, because the insurance companies would have to operate on an actuarial basis, certain that the premiums are enough to pay the claims. I believe firmly that private insurance can do a better and less costly job than would be possible under government insurance—although the government might establish a reinsurance corporation to protect private companies against catastrophic losses. Most families can afford insurance coverage, and there would be only a small number of needy cases for doctors and hospitals to take care of.

Widespread insurance coverage, assuring doctors of reasonable fees in nearly all cases, would

Federal control is one matter, federal aid another, says the author. With government

have another good result. It would help the medical profession cleanse itself of fee splitting between practitioner and surgeon, which often results now from economic urgency.

Supposing we provide adequate health facilities for all Americans—are there enough doctors to take care of everybody?

In the United States today there is one doctor to approximately 850 persons. No other country has that many. But our doctors are not distributed as we would like, and that's why you hear talk of a "doctor shortage." Yet we are making progress. There are now 72 full status medical colleges in the United States, with more than 26,000 students. Several of these colleges are expanding, and some new ones are coming into being.

We won't eliminate the "doctor shortage" in all localities for years to come; quality simply cannot be sacrificed for quantity in medical education. But the shortage can be made less acute almost everywhere, even without more doctors, by a better distribution of the doctors already in practice.

For years, young doctors have been going to cities to practice, because that's where the facilities, the people and the money are. (New York State, largely urban, has 205 doctors for each 100,000 of population, while mainly rural Missis-

sippi has but 70 per 100,000.) As a result, there has been a serious breakdown of medical services in hundreds of rural communities, and neglected patients have begun to wonder whether American free enterprise is working in the health field.

Some steps are being taken to clear up the rural health situation. In Kansas, Dr. Franklin D. Murphy, chancellor of the University of Kansas Medical School, met with officers of the State Medical Society and Board of Health. They worked out the Kansas Rural Health Plan, a three-part program designed (1) to expand the faculty, hospital and laboratory of the medical school so the number of students could be increased by 25 per cent; (2) to help rural communities set up well-equipped "medical workshops" to attract good doctors; and (3) to provide circuit lectures and university refresher courses for physicians all over the state, to keep them abreast of medical developments.

The Kansas legislature, at the urging of doctors, farmers and others, appropriated almost \$4,000,000 in 1949 to put Dr. Murphy's plan into operation. Since then, rural medical workshops have become common in Kansas. They aren't equipped for surgery, but they don't have to be. If there's a hospital within 100 miles, it usually is possible to get a major surgical case there by passenger automobile or ambulance.

Another illustration of the kind of medical leadership we need is Dr. George F. Bond, who has practiced at Bat Cave, North Carolina, for some years. He was wearing himself out, and still he could not give his patients the kind of treatment he wanted them to have. Finally he called together the leaders of the community and said he could not go on for long at the kind of day-and-night saddlebag medicine he was compelled to practice.

The Bat Cave people were aroused at the prospect of losing their doctor. In less than a year, the

community raised enough money for a 12-bed hospital, later expanded to 16 beds. Some surgery is done there; some is passed on to larger hospitals and specialists. Dr. Bond estimates that about 90 per cent of the community's medical needs are now being met. He is doing the work of several doctors, because he can care for so many more patients.

A third illustration of good spark-plugging by a doctor is that of Dr. H. C. McCoy, in Gordonsville, Virginia. Dr. McCoy returned to Gordonsville from military service in 1945, eager to stay—but only under satisfactory conditions. He took the lead in organizing the Gordonsville Medical Aid Fund, which, without any state or federal help, expanded a small, inadequate hospital to a modern 40-bed establishment. Wealthy persons in the area contributed to the fund, on condition that there be beds for the needy; others loaned money to it. Doctor McCoy brought in a partner, Dr. J. G. Bruce, Jr.; later a dentist opened offices in the hospital.

Improving facilities is only one answer to the rural health problem. Small towns also need more doctors. Most medical students today are from cities, and they generally return to the cities when they finish their studies. Somehow, we must get more country boys into our medical schools—and then lure them right back to the country by supplying them with proper facilities.

Dr. W. C. Davison, dean of the Duke University School of Medicine, tells of another reason why country boys have trouble becoming country doctors. "We practice a kind of discrimination against them," he says. "They can't qualify for medical school because their high-school and college background is weak." That's a problem for the state educators. Meanwhile, Dr. Davison hopes tutoring courses may be provided for rural boys of first-rate ability but deficient education, so more of them can enter medical schools. He also says boys



Dr. George F. Bond (l.), concerned at quality of medicine he was forced to practice in Bat Cave, N.C., got townsfolk to build hospital below. Result: better care for more patients

EWART BALL



help, physicians can meet the nation's health needs—and without sacrificing freedom

who may practice in the country should marry country girls, but I don't know how he intends to work that out. City girls, he says, generally protest against their husbands' going to the country.

The steps I have been discussing in this article seem to me to offer a practical, middle-of-the-road solution to the shortage of medical facilities which has been plaguing many localities in recent years. My suggestions would avoid the two extreme viewpoints which have developed, one favoring a sort of do-little, or *status quo* policy, the other going all the way to national health insurance (and a long way toward socialization of health maintenance).

The *status quo* advocates say this nation's medical facilities are far better than those of any other industrialized people and that government action of any kind is sure to be contrary to individual initiative, harmful to patient-doctor relationships, expensive and bureaucratic.

The group at the other extreme seems to think that illness can be handled by law; that Washington can serve the diversified needs of regions, states and localities better than these areas can serve themselves; that state and local governments and agencies are ineffective; that national health insurance will solve all our medical problems; that another agency in Washington need not weaken our American system of individual initiative.

One of these extremes is as far off base as the other. Members of the first group are right when they say America has good health, but they overlook several facts. Unless we maintain continuing improvement, we will deteriorate. Action by the federal government is not necessarily incompatible with the private enterprise system; the federal government can help without controlling. Co-operation between government and private agencies is an effective way for government to serve the people, without becoming their master.

The advocates of national health insurance ignore a few facts, too (or, at least, take a far more optimistic attitude than the facts justify). In my opinion, a law designed to eliminate illness will be no more effective than a law designed to eliminate war. There is little doubt that bureaucratic control is damaging to individual initiative; under a national health plan, the controls would tend to become more important than the patients. Furthermore, the nation's health problem is too complex to lend itself to any single solution; how about the shortage and maldistribution of doctors and the professional personnel needed to help them?

Most important, everywhere a compulsory scheme of medical aid has been tried, the results have been disappointing.

Last summer I visited England to study that nation's socialized medicine setup. I found that the British family doctor devotes two thirds of his office time to 28 varieties of official forms (including 18 basic forms which must be filled out for every patient). These physicians can't really practice medicine because they lack both facilities and time. I sat with one doctor while he saw 18 patients in 90 minutes; all he had time to do was ask a few questions, then reach for a form.

This is not my idea of good health maintenance. It is contrary to American ideals and to the methods which have given such fine results up to now. I don't think this country will go the socialist way in medicine—but I want to make certain it will not, by arousing doctors to take the lead in seeking solutions to our undeniable problems.

If we are to keep the medical profession, and America, free, we must combine medical science with the humanities of practice, educate the public to its own medical needs, encourage private health insurance programs, expand facilities for medical education, increase our ability to serve more people per doctor by stimulating communities to acquire health centers of one kind or another, and, in summary, shatter all the arguments for government control of medicine by demonstrating that our free way is the better way for the patients. ▲▲▲

Collier's for January 17, 1953



RALPH R. THOMPSON

At urging of Dr. H. C. McCoy, Gordonsville, Va., expanded its small, inadequate hospital to modern establishment with free beds for needy. Hospital now has two doctors, one dentist



COURTESY UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS

University of Kansas professors and fieldworkers start on circuit tour to inform country doctors of medical advances—part of state-financed program to improve rural health care



ROBERT BUGG

"When the Lord's Dollar went in," I said, "I went out. I didn't like the look in Harry's eyes"

The Lord's Dollar

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

REVEREND MEEKER'S money-raising plan would have gone off without a bobble if Harry Tate just hadn't been in the congregation that morning. The scheme was this: instead of putting money in the collection plate, the congregation was supposed to take money out.

But not to keep, the reverend explained real fast; the church was in bad enough financial shape as it was. What he wanted was for everybody to take one of the crisp, new dollar bills he had put in the plate and invest it for the Lord. The proceeds were to be returned to the plate the next Sunday morning. For example, some lady might invest her dollar in apples and sugar and convert them into apple pies for selling. He thought the returns on the Lord's Dollar would be pretty handsome.

Well, the whole thing was based on the parable of the Good and Faithful Servant, and everybody thought it was a whale of an idea. The ushers passed the plates, and we all took out a dollar. There were some mighty poor risks in the crowd, but nobody got excited until they saw Harry Tate, sitting on the back pew all by himself, dip his long, bony, white fingers into the till.

Nobody had realized he was there, and you could hear women gasping all over the place. My wife, Edna, punched me. "Blasphemy, that's what it is!" she whispered loudly.

Well, I wanted to punch her back but not with my elbow. If there was ever a Christian gentleman, it was Harry Tate. Didn't drink, didn't cuss, didn't chase women, and wherever he was, he went to church every Sunday. What put the Lucifer label on him was his gambling. He played poker for a living, a very high-tone living. He operated up East, but every fall he came back home to our town for a couple of weeks of bird hunting. That's what made our wives rise up in their wrath. He had a room at the hotel, and every night we could, we'd slip down there and take him on.

That's when he'd really prove he was a gentleman. He knew we were all out to cut his throat—show him what sharks we were—but he'd never let on. Every trip, he'd drop a couple of hundred, and then say he was awful glad he was getting back to the Eastern amateurs: we pros had really cut him up. Joe Craig, Charlie Burkes, Tom Bagshaw and the rest of them really went for that stuff, but I knew when I was being toyed with.

WELL, after church, the morning we heard about the money-raising scheme, the ladies really got wrathful. Mamie Craig, Joe's wife, said to the reverend: "It's downright shameful. A fine Christian project like this being ruined by that heathen. Right on a poker table, that's where Harry Tate's dollar is going!"

The reverend just smiled. "I sure hope not, Mamie. I hear Joe and the boys clean him every time he comes to town."

He had her. Joe was really a missionary's nightmare—along with Charlie and the rest of them. They didn't even belong to a church. The reverend—and their wives—had been trying for ten years to herd them into the fold, but every Sunday morning they were off hunting or fishing or lying around their camp down on the river calling me a hypocrite.

Mamie knew it was so, but she got all insulted. "I really think he wants that tainted money!" she said to my wife. "If he does . . ."

That's the way it went all week. When they weren't investing the Lord's Dollars in cakes and pies, they were grumbling about Harry's unholy offering. The situation had its compensations, though. Every night my wife forced me down to Harry's room. She figured it was her Christian duty to keep abreast of all the local sinning. Every morning at breakfast I'd get the same sneering question. "Well! Did the Lord's Dollar get in the game last night?"

I told her I'd let her know when it showed up. I did. It got in the game Saturday night. At five o'clock Sunday morning I was shaking her awake. "It showed up," I said. "The Lord's got seventeen thousand, four hundred and twenty-four dollars and twenty-three cents coming!"

She bolted up in bed, but it took her thirty seconds to get her mouth in gear. "Seventeen thousand dollars!" she shouted.

"Not all in cash!" I said. "Mostly in IOUs, bad checks and mortgages on stores and farms!" Her mouth wouldn't work again. I put it back in gear. "I didn't lose a cent!" I said. "When the Dollar went in, I went out. I didn't like the look in Harry's eyes."

That took the hysterics out of her voice, when she spoke again, but she still had plenty of volume. "He cheated! Nobody could win like that and—"

"Nope," I said, "he just quit pampering them. He played with them like he plays with the boys up East. He checked a few cinches into 'em, bluffed 'em a few times, and they started crowing and saying they could be just as big time as he could. They bet mad; Harry bet 'em when he had 'em. That was all it took. He—"

She wasn't interested in the technical details. "Seventeen thousand dollars!" she said again. "They'll be the rest of their lives trying to pay off the—"

"Well," I said, "he was offering to settle with them when I left. Drives a pretty hard bargain though."

"That heartless, godless creature!" she said. "He'd better not dare come near that church!"

She waited till about eight o'clock, and then she headed for the telephone: the Ladies Aid Paul Revere.

BY THE time church started, the reverend and everybody in the congregation had heard about it. And everybody but the reverend and I was trying to look shocked instead of fascinated. By the time the hymns and the responsive reading were over, though, they really were shocked. No Harry. My wife was like all the rest of them—so disappointed she could spit.

"This church will never see that dollar again!" she said. "He's not only a swindler, he's a common thief!"

They had one hope. All the Investors for the Lord had to make their reports. Harry might come in while that was going on. At the end of an hour, though, every dollar but his had been accounted for. They were ready to form a posse and go after him. He had no business getting off with a dollar sin. They wanted seventeen thousand tainted dollars' worth of sin.

The reverend was determined to cheat them out of it. He made a short but impassioned report on the project, and then he got ready to wind things up. He raised his arms and issued his usual invitation. "If there be those present who would join the church of the Lord, will they please come forward!"

Well, there was this stir in the vestibule and then this wholesale gasp. Harry Tate was coming down the aisle. That was sensation enough, but following in his wake was the primest bunch of sinners in all captivity: Joe, Charlie, Ed and Tom. Their faces looked like tomatoes. Harry's was right appropriate. He was wearing his poker face.

He led them down to the railing around the altar, sort of bowed to the reverend, handed him a dollar, stalked back up the aisle, and was gone. No church had ever gotten such a bargain: four lost souls for a dollar. That's the way he had settled with them. They could either pay up, he told them, or they could join the church—and stay joined. He'd be back checking on them.

I was the only one who knew the details, but there wasn't a soul in church who wasn't putting two and two together and coming up with the answer. My wife got real red and hung her head. Not the reverend. There wasn't a happier shepherd in all the fields of the Lord. He knew those stray sheep at the railing had been forced into the fold, but they were his for the taming. And the taming wasn't going to be too hard. ▲▲▲



"Mother's Night Off," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 77 in the series "Home Life in America"

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How Marciano Can Be Beaten

By CHARLEY GOLDMAN with TOM MEANY

The trainer of the great undefeated heavyweight admits his boy someday probably will be defeated. But it will take a lot to make The Rock crumble—and he explains why

ASKING me who is going to take the heavyweight title from Rocky Marciano is like asking a Republican who's going to succeed Eisenhower as President. After all, the guys have just moved in.

The question before the house is: What kind of a fighter will beat Marciano?

That's a tough one to answer because you have to remember that nobody has licked Rocky—yet. It is logical to suppose that somebody will someday, because virtually every fighter has been beaten somewhere along the line.

One reason it is difficult to pick out a man who will defeat Marciano is that I, as Rocky's trainer, don't believe he has reached his peak yet. He's still coming up and, while I don't look for him to add any new stuff, I'm certain that he'll improve the weapons he already has.

Marciano has had only about half the experience of any other boxer who has been in the ring for the same length of time. That sounds screwy until you remember that most of Rocky's fights ended in early-round knockouts. He averaged only four rounds a fight until he took the heavyweight title from Jersey Joe Walcott in Philadelphia last September.

Everybody, fans and experts, raved about Marciano's knockout of Walcott, but take it from me, Rocky was not at his best. He was daydreaming against Jersey Joe, not concentrating on the business at hand as he did against Joe Louis or Kid Matthews. He wasn't overconfident, careless or anything like that, but he just couldn't believe that he, a kid from Brockton, Massachusetts, was really fighting for the heavyweight championship of the world. If he hadn't been wearing boxing gloves he'd probably have pinched himself to see if he was awake.

I can appreciate how Rocky felt that night. The same thing happened to me when I had a great deal more experience under my belt than Marciano. Back in 1912, I boxed 10 rounds in New York against Johnny Coulon, who was then the bantamweight champion of the world. I stayed the 10 rounds with Johnny, but I was fighting in a trance. Any time a fighter meets his first champion it's bound to have an effect on him. Lots of fellows, of course, win the championship first crack out of the box, as Rocky did, but rarely is the fight one of their best.

Rocky's daydreaming is over now. The title is a reality and you'll see Marciano a much improved fighter. The fact that he is the heavyweight champion is bound to make him a better fighter. And his confidence in himself certainly wasn't jarred when the New York Boxing Writers Association's last month voted him the Fighter of the Year.

When I say Marciano will improve I'm not shilling for him just because I'm his trainer. He went into the Walcott fight with only 176 rounds of boxing experience. The record books had Jersey Joe with close to 500 rounds of experience—and maybe many more rounds which weren't in the books. It also was the first time in Rocky's life that he ever fought longer than 10 rounds. Out of 42 fights before he beat Walcott, Marciano had only five which went to a 10-round decision and one in which he scored a knockout in the tenth.

But let's get back to the fighter who's going to take Marciano, if anybody ever does.

First of all, it won't be a fighter who resembles

anybody fighting currently. The guy will have to be versatile, for Rocky has beaten all kinds of fighters, which makes picking the fighter who will eventually lick him a tough proposition. He stopped a smart, experienced fighter, a sharp hitter and a good ring general in Walcott. He beat boxers like Roland LaStarza and Kid Matthews, punchers like Joe Louis. Whatever type they threw against him, Rocky took care of them.

Ahead on Points When He Landed KO

A thing everybody overlooks about Marciano is that he not only beat everybody he ever fought but of those he knocked out—38 out of 43—he was ahead of every one of them on points when he hung up the kayo, with the exception of Walcott. Jersey Joe was leading on points when Rocky hung the equalizer on him but there was an excuse for it.

I already mentioned that Marciano was daydreaming in the Walcott fight, but don't forget, too, that he suffered a temporary blindness in the fight. Some ointment, or something, got into his eyes and

he had to fight three rounds in darkness. It was an accident, of course, but it didn't help our guy any.

The first asset you'll have to look for in Marciano's conqueror is durability. He'll have to have a chin of granite, like Jim Jeffries had in his prime. Big Jeff was about as rugged a man as I ever saw. He was past thirty-five and hadn't fought in six years when Jack Johnson knocked him out. And it took big Johnson 15 rounds to finish him off. It was, incidentally, the only time anybody ever knocked Jim out.

I don't think there ever has been a fighter who can dish it out like Marciano, so the first thing the man who will beat him must have is the ability to absorb plenty of punishment. I don't know if people even today realize what a murderous hitter Rocky is. Just before he knocked out Matthews in New York, he belted out Bernie Reynolds in Providence, Rhode Island. Reynolds actually floated through the air in a horizontal position and his shoulder blades and the back of his heels hit the deck simultaneously.

Giving a man the chin and stamina of Jeffries is

A bemused Rocky gazes at the composite portrait Goldman has dreamed up of the next heavyweight champion. He will be a tough guy to tangle with, all right, but he will find Rocky a rough one too



GRANITE JAW
AND STAMINA
OF A
JEFFRIES

JAB OF A
TUNNEY OR
LOUGHRAN

LEFT HOOK
OF A
KETCHEL

FIRE POWER
OF A
LOUIS OR
DEMPSEY

BOBBING
WEAVING
STYLE OF A
DEMPSEY

FOOTWORK AND
SPEED OF AN
O'BRIEN





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Dramatic new styling and advanced new features in seven models: 2-Door Sedan, 4-Door Sedan (illustrated), Club Coupe, Sport Coupe, Convertible, and two Station Wagons—The Townsman and the "Two-Ten" Handyman.



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An entirely new kind of Chevrolet to be compared only with higher-priced cars. Four models: 2-Door Sedan, 4-Door Sedan (illustrated), Sport Coupe, Convertible.



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Lowest priced of all quality cars. Five models: 2-Door Sedan, 4-Door Sedan (illustrated), Club Coupe, Business Coupe, and the "One-Fifty" Handyman.

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and upkeep . . . entirely new Powerglide* with faster getaway, more miles per gallon . . . entirely new safety with finer brakes, greater visibility . . . entirely new durability with heavier, stronger construction . . . entirely new Power Steering,* exclusive to Chevrolet in its field.

*Optional at extra cost. Combination of Powerglide automatic transmission and 115-h.p. "Blue Flame" engine available in "Two-Ten" and Bel Air models. Power Steering available on all models.



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chines protected by Alemite Lubrication Systems.

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Lubrication—Serves the Great
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It was Alemite's invention, in 1918, that marked the end of the crude, unsure grease-cup method of lubrication. Perfected the tiny Fittings that gave the world of industry its first high-pressure lubrication method and opened new horizons to lubrication science.

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asking a lot, but that's only the start of it. The man who would beat Marciano must be able to hit like Jack Dempsey or Joe Louis, or even Rocky himself, who I believe hits harder than Jack or Joe. Dempsey and Louis beat their opponents to the ground with a series of punches, but it takes only one with Rocky. Louis is one of the very few of the 38 guys Marciano stiffened who needed a second punch to finish him.

In addition to having the fire power in his fists of a Dempsey or Louis, Marciano's theoretical conqueror would have to be able to jab like Tommy Loughran or Gene Tunney. Both had accurate left jabs which they used effectively to keep their opponents off balance. A really good jab would be necessary to prevent a puncher like Rocky getting his right hand across.

Ketchel's Deadly Left Hook

Another weapon anybody who hopes to take Marciano would need would be a left hook like Stanley Ketchel's. He had a really explosive hook. Any time Ketchel missed a right, he'd shift and come in with a left hook that was dynamite. Ketchel had Johnson on the mat when big Jack was at his peak and outweighed Stanley by 25 pounds.

That gives the man who succeeds Marciano exceptional physical ability to take punishment and to dish it out. And he'll need more than that—he'll have to be a whale of a defensive fighter, too.

Any stand-up fighter is a dead pigeon against Rocky. To give him trouble, his opponent must fight out of a weaving crouch like Dempsey, which will make him hard to hit. Although Jack had the reputation of sacrificing defense for offense, his crouch made him a difficult target. Rocky, who is five feet eleven inches, is no sitting duck, because of his crouch.

Not only will the man who beats Marciano have to present the barest of possible targets for Rocky to shoot at, but he'll have to have elusiveness and clever footwork. Here he would have to resemble Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, who, to my mind, was the classiest boxer we ever had.

A crouch like Dempsey's and footwork like O'Brien's are essential for anybody meeting a puncher like Marciano. His opponent can't afford to be nailed, because once he's hit, he's gone. I've been watching boxing for over 50 years—ever since as a kid I used to follow Terrible Terry McGovern around the streets of south Brooklyn—and I've never seen anybody stiffen guys as emphatically as Rocky.

Now let's add up all the parts and see what it takes to make the man who's going to take Marciano. He'll need the iron chin, the endurance and stamina of Jeffries; the punching power of Dempsey and Louis; the jab of Tunney and Loughran; the left hook of Ketchel; the bobbing, weaving style of Dempsey and the speed and footwork of O'Brien. That would make him a superman—and that's just what he would have to be.

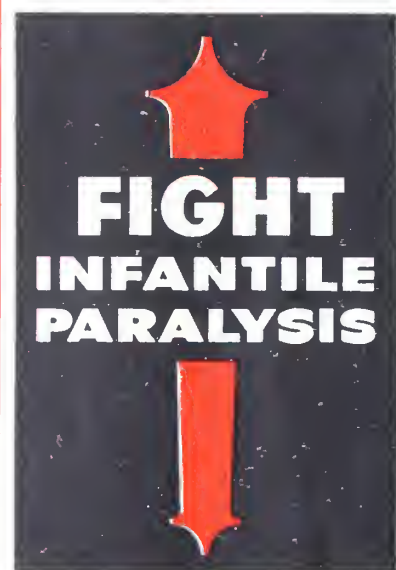
One thing I'll bet on right now—the man who takes the crown from Marciano isn't going to outgame him. Rocky has a great heart and that's something no trainer can give you. You have to be born with it. He'll never fold—you can lay odds on that.

Perhaps the reason that I have such

great faith in Marciano is that I can see how far he has come since I first saw him back in 1948. That we ever met at all was due to a story written by Jack Cuddy, the boxing editor of the United Press, which appeared in a Brockton paper.

Cuddy did a piece about me and my boss, Al Weill. Weill (who was formerly the matchmaker for the International Boxing Club in Madison Square Garden) and I have known each other for nearly 40 years. Al managed three world's champions before Marciano, and I served as trainer for all three—Lou Ambers, the lightweight champion; Joey Archibald, featherweight; and Marty Servo, welterweight.

MARCH OF DIMES



JANUARY 2-31

Cuddy wrote that Weill had a knack of bringing young, green fighters along, that he was a shrewd manager and that I could teach youngsters boxing, provided they were willing to learn.

The article was seen by a lifelong pal of Rocky's, Al Colombo, and he wrote and asked if we could spare the time to look over Marciano. Al wrote back to Colombo and told him to bring the fighter to the Catholic Youth Organization gym in downtown Manhattan. Anybody connected with boxing is always willing to inspect an unknown heavyweight—for one look, anyway.

Green—But Could He Punch!

Al and I have often looked over green kids who thought they could become fighters but I'll eat my derby hat if I ever saw anyone cruder than Rocky. There is no point in wasting time with a kid who can't fight, no matter how ambitious he is. The sensible thing for the manager and the trainer, and for the boy as well, is to tell him to go home and learn a trade and forget all about boxing. We would never have taken a chance with Marciano except that right off the reel he showed he could punch with authority.

To start with, Marciano was pretty old to learn to be a fighter. He was twenty-four when we first saw him and the time to start out young fighters is

Collier's for January 17, 1953

fighter. Marciano murders that kind

when they're about eighteen. As a kid, Rocky had been a good rugged athlete at Brockton High, taking the work-horse jobs, catcher on the ball club, center on the football team. He had done no boxing at all until he got into the Army, and then he started fighting at Fort Lewis, Washington.

Because he could punch, Rocky was able to win in the camp bouts, and when he got out of the Army he did some amateur fighting around Brockton, and his showing prompted Colombo to believe that he could get somewhere with the proper handling and training.

His Left Jab Was All Wrong

It was the fact that Marciano was able to get leverage behind his right-hand punches that prompted Al to take a chance on him. The body was behind every punch and that meant something, even though Rocky was so green that he used to try a left jab with the palm of his glove facing upward.

The first thing we had to do with Marciano was to speed up his arms, to get him to punch faster. You couldn't speed up his legs because they were too heavy and we didn't try to change his style for fear it would detract from his punching power. There is no accounting for the boxing style of an individual. Take Sammy Angott, for instance. No trainer would dare to teach Angott's style to a boy, for Sammy did everything wrong, according to the book, yet he won a championship and was the first fighter to defeat Willie Pep, after Willie had won 62 straight fights.

Weill is a smart manager and knows how to bring a young fighter along, by not throwing him with men who have too much experience for him or boxers who have styles that will upset him. One thing I want to get on the record here and now is that there were never

any tank jobs for Marciano, as some people hinted. That's no way to bring a boy up. Even the greenest fighter can sense when his opponent has been fixed to take a dive, and it destroys his self-confidence.

Marciano improved with every fight, which is one reason for my belief that he hasn't reached his peak yet. He just started to develop his left hand when he knocked out Louis. He was always magnificent with his right but now he carries an equalizer in either hand. And he's learned to shorten his punches, too, to shorten them without sacrificing any power. The right-hand wallop that put Walcott away traveled no more than 10 inches.

One worry I had with some fighters that I've never had with Rocky is the bright lights. He's wrapped up in his wife and their new baby and his family back in Brockton, Massachusetts. He watches his body carefully and is always taking some sort of exercise, even when he is not training for a fight.

Still an Underrated Fighter

It is only natural that I should be prejudiced about Rocky because I have been so close to him, but I honestly believe that he still is an underrated fighter, which makes picking the man who will eventually beat him such a difficult job.

I don't think anybody around today has the equipment to lick Rocky Marciano, which is why I picked as the man who would eventually dethrone him a composite of seven different champions.

The Rock has great physical assets packed into his 185 pounds and I have a hunch that he will keep those assets a long time. And, as long as he keeps those assets, he'll keep the heavy-weight crown, too. ▲▲▲



"Is all this necessary? I just want them so I'll look more intelligent"

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

Collier's for January 17, 1953

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35 YEARS OF LUBRICATION PROGRESS

Susannah and the Elders

By HARRIET FRANK, JR.

My father is a movie star, and we have a big house with a swimming pool. The trouble is, the pool is mostly always empty, and I need a mother, and my father needs a wife

THE trouble is that my father is a little bit too old to be a movie star. This is my personal opinion, because I see how tired he gets riding the stationary bicycle we have in the playroom. Mr. Mishner, who is his agent, tells everybody that he is in the pink, but Mr. Mishner spends all his time at the studios and his office, so I don't see how he knows how my father feels. All Mr. Mishner says is that Bogart is giving out his right age to the press and Gable is letting his hair go white, so why is my father worrying?

Mr. Mishner got very angry when my father told Les Carew he was tired of pretending to be a kid and maybe Les ought to keep that in mind. Mr. Carew is a producer at the studio where my father has a contract, with an option coming up in December. For this reason, Mr. Mishner says Father ought to watch his step and just do whatever scripts the studio sends him; but that's kind of silly because the last one was a bosom-and-sand epic (that's a desert picture with a native girl in it), and they were going to do it in Palm Springs where my father always gets sunstroke. Also, he'd put on a little weight, and he said he'd look damn' silly in a burnoose.

Mr. Mishner came over to our house the minute he heard what my father had said, and he brought the writers on the picture over too. In fact, they're friends of Father's because their specialty is swashbuckle and that's what my father does the most of. I've known them ever since I was a little girl. In fact I call them Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted. They always write together as a team, Moffit and Morris, and one year they got an Academy Award for a picture called Sand. Uncle Alan is married to a lady who likes to spend all her time in France, and Uncle Ted is divorced, so they're around the house quite a bit to keep Father company when he's not shooting. When Father is feeling real good he shouts out, "Mishner, Moffit and Morris, Murder, Inc.," and they all laugh like it was the first time they'd ever heard it.

Father doesn't do anything without talking it over with them. In fact, when my mother died they came over and moved in with us for a few weeks. I don't remember much about it except that my father locked himself in his room and wouldn't come out for about three days, until Uncle Ted went in and had a good talk with him. It was Uncle Alan who found the girls' school I go to in Beverly Hills, and he takes me shopping all the time when I need school clothes and stuff, because he's had quite a lot to do with girls and knows all the buyers all over town.

Anyway, the day my father told Les Carew he was getting too damn' old to go around saying, "All right, men, this is it," Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted came over to the house with Father and Mr. Mishner. First they went swimming in our pool—which is usu-

ally empty and dirty because our gardener doesn't bother with much except sprinkling the lawn—and then they got themselves some beer and sat down for a heart-to-heart talk. The first thing Mr. Mishner said was, "Susie, why don't you go inside and look at television?"

"Let her stay," said Father. "If anybody in this godforsaken town gives a hoot in hell for me, it's Susie."

"She's a woman now," said Uncle Ted. "Let her stay." It was nice of him to say "woman" because I'm pretty young yet. Uncle Alan offered me a sip of his beer, but I didn't take any. I just sat down and listened.

"Fellows," said my father, "here it is. I went to my doctor the other day. I've got an ulcer and an incipient varicose vein. And I've got high blood pressure. In short, I'm more buckle than swash, and it's high time I faced it."

Uncle Ted and Uncle Alan looked at each other. They weren't smiling like they usually do. "Is this on the level?" Uncle Ted asked.

"He doesn't like the script," Mr. Mishner explained.

"Who does?" Uncle Alan asked. "It's a clinker. I ought to know; I wrote it."

"I'll tell you who likes the script," Mr. Mishner said hotly. "Mr. Les Carew likes the script, that's who. He liked it well enough to let you two work on it for sixteen weeks."

"The money was fine; the script isn't," Uncle Ted said.

"So you're advising him to walk out?"

"It sounds like it's walk or crawl," said Uncle Alan. "I vote for walk."

MR. MISHNER shrugged. "I'm not an undertaker," he said. "I'm an agent. I just have this to say: Our friend, Mr. Joshua Cane, here is not exactly loaded. He's got this house to pay for, and he's got Susie to think about. He says he's no spring chicken. I'm not arguing. I'm only saying that he'd better make hay while he can. They could have had Flynn for this picture. Carew handed it to you, Joshua. They're getting Laslo Frenese to direct and budgeting for Technicolor. You'd better grab."

My father just sort of sat there. He looked around at the house and the garden, and sighed. "You know," he said quietly, "I'd like a little house on the beach beyond Malibu. I'd like to build Susie a boat and slop around in ducks and sneakers and get a paunch."

Uncle Ted, who has a penthouse apartment and a red M.G., shook his head. "You'd go crazy," he said.

Uncle Alan, who has a white Jaguar and a bar in his house that lights up, said, "Look, son, that isn't for you. If you want to knock off for a few months and get into shape,

fine. Great. But this back-to-the-land stuff is for the birds. What would you do for laughs, huh?"

"I'd grow some tomatoes," said Father, "and maybe buy a dog." He sounded so serious that all three of them began to look worried.

"Before old rockin' chair gets you," said Uncle Ted. "I've got an idea. Did you ever meet Mitzi Wallace?"

"They call her Rocket," said Uncle Alan reflectively. "Rocket Wallace."

Mr. Mishner looked at me and frowned. "Susie, dear," he said, "I could use an aspirin."

I KNEW they wanted to get rid of me and I knew why. Every time my father talks about quitting and doing what he wants to, this happens. Uncle Ted or Uncle Alan tries to get him to go out with some girl. They keep telling him that what he needs is a hobby, like collecting blondes. They just don't understand my father. Oh, they put in the gossip columns that he goes out with Sandra Laurel or Phyllis Frost, if he is making a picture with them, but he really doesn't. He just lets them say so, because the studio wants everybody to think he's a great lover. In fact, he doesn't go out with girls at all.

It's terribly sad, because he really is awfully lonesome, and when I'm at school he just sort of pots around the house. He has a little woodwork shop fixed up and he makes a few things down there when he gets blue. If that doesn't work he comes over to the school and brings me home for a few days. The reason I don't live at home is that my father says it isn't the kind of a home for a growing girl. For one thing, we've got this houseboy, Jerico, who doesn't like to clean up, and the whole place gets in a terrible mess. Jerico orders a lot of expensive things from the grocery store, but when we want to eat at home there's nothing in the house but anchovies or sauerkraut or stuff like that.

If you ask me, the whole place is just like in that picture Sunset Boulevard. Our lawn is all patchy and sunburned, and the pool never gets cleaned out, and the rooms are all dusty and kind of stuffy and gloomy. Also there are the bills. They're awful. I was home once when they came, and my father put on his glasses and took a good look. He almost fainted. Jerico charges at the grocery store, and there were all kinds of items we couldn't figure out. There was a great big bill from the drugstore and one from a tailor

Just then—just when my father and Miss Adams were beginning to be friendly—in came Moffit and Morris. It made me feel crummy to see them come in like tramps



and one from a garage, and a lot more we didn't look at because my father isn't very good about money and looking at bills depresses him.

Actually, what my father needs is a good wife. A person thinks because a person is a movie star he isn't a human being. I mean, everybody gets so used to seeing my father swinging around by his hands and giving people orders and making love that they sort of get the idea that he's some sort of a superman or something. Even the kids at school think so, and most of them are in the business. I mean their fathers are producers or directors or something like that. I think my father's pretty good-looking, but he wears a little hair piece, which Max Factor made for him, and he needs glasses like anything, even if he only wears them to read with.

ACTUALLY, glamor makes him sort of sick to his stomach. Lots of times he tells me about when he was a fisherman up in Astoria, Oregon, with his own boat. That's what he was before he was a movie star. Then some big director, who died before I was born, came up there and saw him. That is, the leading-lady friend of the director saw him and said he would be a marvelous movie star. The director came down to the wharf where my father kept his boat and hired it to go fishing. When they got out beyond the breakwater, this director put away his line and told my father that he ought to be in pictures. My father said that sure handed him a laugh because he couldn't act for sour grapes, but the director said that all he'd have to do was move around and wave his arms and look handsome. That was before sound, see, so he wasn't going to have to talk at all. Well, that sounded pretty easy to my father because he worked hard being a fisherman and he wanted to get married to my mother and he couldn't because he was broke. They talked it over, my father and my mother, and they decided that if this director was dumb enough to pay my father as much money as he said he would for just making faces, my father should take the job. My mother and father got married right in Astoria and came down to Hollywood together.

My father said it was just plain damn silly what happened after that. I mean, he made this picture called *Deep Sea* and right after that, he was a great big star. He said he never could figure out why just the sight of him running around without his shirt on made him a star, but that's the way it happened. He told me that this was some crazy town in those days. Everybody acted silly and lived in very fancy places and gave real wild parties, except my father. He bought our house, though, because the studio said he had to stop acting like a fisherman and get some glamor. He never should have done it, because he doesn't have much sense about money, and there's a big mortgage on it which he has never paid off.

The trouble is that after my mother died my father didn't do so well taking care of himself, and all kinds of people tried to help him out. Actually, they found out that he was sort of dumb about money and before he turned around, he didn't know where his money had gone. I can remember a lot of people who sort of hung around our house, eating all their meals with us and calling long distance on the telephone and ordering things up and letting my father pay for it. I guess he would have gone on like that forever if Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted hadn't helped him. They



COLLIER'S

"Couple of complaints, chief. One for a house with two kitchens and no bath, the other for two baths and no kitchen"

ALFRED ISLER

saw all the moochers (that's what they called them), and they saw that my father was a patsy (that's what they called him), and they got Mr. Mishner to take him on as a client and see that he wasn't so stupid about himself.

Mr. Mishner is kind of cranky because he has stomach ulcers, but I guess down deep he really loves my father. He won't admit it, though. In fact, he says my father is just another work horse to him. He tries to act like he means it, but I guess he doesn't. The reason I know that he is a friend is that when I got diphtheria he was the one who had a real famous doctor flown in from Philadelphia to take care of me, and when I was getting well he moved me into his house in Bel-Air so his wife could see that I did everything I was supposed to. Mr. Mishner doesn't have any children of his own, and he told my father that any time my father couldn't pay him his ten per cent he'd take me instead. My father says if it weren't for Mishner, Moffit and Morris, he

wouldn't have ever gotten over my mother's dying. Just the same, they are men and not what my father needs.

What he needs is to be happy and have some nice woman married to him who won't care about the Max Factor hair piece or that he wants to live out beyond Malibu in a little house and have a dog. Oh, there are plenty of ladies in this town who would have married him. I guess I know more about them than anybody, because I'm the one they fuss over when they want to have my father pay attention to them. Only last year, there was this movie actress who decided that she would like to marry my father. You'd know her name if I said it, but I think it's better to keep it private. Anyway, this lady is a very big star who always plays nervous women in her pictures, but she does it very good. She played a nervous woman in a picture with my father, in which she got my father to kill her husband, but then my father went straight and confessed everything, and she was left

out in the cold. It was a pretty good picture.

Anyway, they saw a lot of each other, and she started in asking him some personal questions about himself. He right away told her about me, because he tells everybody about me, even the columnists. He says that I'm the best thing he ever did, and by Heaven he wants the world to know about it. He has Irish blood and is kind of sentimental. Well, she wanted to know where was I, and how old was I, and everything like that. He told her how I go to this very expensive girls' school in Beverly Hills and how I look like my mother.

The very next day she came around to school in her car and took me out for the afternoon. She took me for a ride, and she bought me ice cream, and she asked me about a hundred questions about my father. She didn't pay any attention to me except to listen to what I answered. She wanted to know what my mother was like, and what my father liked to eat, and did I ever hear Moffit or Morris talking about her. I knew what was worrying her. Everybody in this town knows that Moffit and Morris are my father's best friends, and they usually tell my father just what they think about everything and everybody. She'd had a fight with them when they wrote her last picture, because she said they gave all the big scenes to Rocket Wallace. I felt kind of sorry for her, because she was trying so hard to get my father, and I knew she was wasting her time because Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted had already told my father that she was an old broad and that he ought to run for his life. She gave up after about three weeks and didn't come to see me any more.

THAT'S mostly how it was with all of them, but that didn't change the fact that my father was lonesome and getting old pretty fast. He just had to get a nice wife because if he didn't he wouldn't have anybody but me to take care of him, and when I get my braces off I expect to get married someday myself. Of course, he could live with me and my husband, but I don't think he would like that.

It was a big problem. I thought about talking it over with Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted, but all the ladies they know are like Rocket Wallace, and Uncle Ted doesn't think much of marriage anyway because his wife only comes home from Europe when she has to go to the dentist or to get new clothes.

Even so, I decided I'd better see how they felt about it before I made any plans, because my father discusses everything he does with them. Once he made a picture without them, and their feelings got so hurt they didn't come over to drink beer for a week. That made my father feel terrible.

When they're not at the studio, they hang around the West Side Tennis Club a lot watching other people exercise, so I went over there to see them. They bought me a chocolate soda, but I couldn't drink it, I was so nervous. Finally I just blurted it all out. They looked at each other when I was finished and started shaking their heads.

"Don't you worry, baby," Uncle Alan said.

"Leave it to us, cooky," Uncle Ted said. "We'll fix him up."

"Yep," said Uncle Alan, patting my hand, "we'll get him a bird and all the trimmings. He won't be lonesome any more."

That really scared me. I knew they'd come up with all sorts of crazy ideas



COLLIER'S

"What inexpensive cuts have you that sherry will help?"

BARNEY TOBEY

that wouldn't be good for my father, but he was getting so lonesome he might just do what they said out of desperation. I heard my father say once that Uncle Ted had gotten married out of desperation, and his wife took all of the furniture and went to Las Vegas four months later.

I certainly didn't want anything like that to happen to my father.

WELL, I have one friend, Midgie Carew, whose father is a producer at the studio where my father works, and I decided to talk it over with her. We room together at school, and I've known her ever since I was born. She's a pretty smart girl. She writes poetry. She says when she grows up she's going to go to Paris and write poetry. There isn't very much else for her to do because both her father and her mother are going to an analyst and they don't have much time for her. So I bought a couple of Hershey bars and some Cokes, and we settled down for a good heart-to-heart talk. "The trouble is," I said, "finding the person for him to marry!"

"If you make a mistake," Midgie said, "he'd have to go through analysis, so you better be careful."

She was right, because that's what happened to her mother and father. "Well," I said, "I'm not hurrying. I've just begun to look around. Do you know anybody?"

She thought about it while she ate her Hershey and drank her Coke. "Gee," she said, "everybody I know, you know. They're all in the business." "That's right," I said, "and I kind of would like somebody who wasn't in movies at all. Somebody plain."

"How about Ginny Thomas?" Ginny Thomas is a movie star who always acts the part of a nice girl in her pictures.

"She only acts plain," I said. "Uncle Alan says she's as big a bag as he's ever seen. He takes her out."

"Oh!"

"Anybody else?"

"I can't think of anybody. We have people over to the house all the time but they're mostly neurotic. They all go to Dr. Wexben."

"I know one person who would be keen," I said, "but I don't think she'd want to mess around with marrying a movie star."

"Who?"

"Miss Adams."

Midgie's eyes kind of bulged out. "You mean Miss Adams who teaches us English literature?"

I nodded. "She's awfully nice and sweet and plain," I said, "and she's not married. Also, she's very refined, and she smells very good too."

Midgie thought it over and nodded her head up and down. "She'd be keen, all right," she said. "And as far as she's concerned Hollywood is just a town in California. The trouble is, how could you work it?"

"Well," I said, "I've got an idea. It's sort of corny, but if you ask me, adults don't mind corny things."

Midgie nodded. "What's your plan?"

"Well, you told me all about being neurotic and everything so I've decided I'm going to be neurotic. Just temporary neurotic."

Midgie looked surprised. "There are all kinds of neurotic," she said. "Which kind are you going to be, and why?"

"Maladjusted," I said, "with crying and moping around."

"I don't see what that's got to do with your father marrying Miss Adams."

"That's where the corny part comes in. I'm going to start being neurotic

in Miss Adams' classes." Whenever you act mopey or anything in this school I go to they right away ask your parents to come and talk to your teachers.

Midgie got a real pleased look on her face when I told her my plan. "Go on," she said, "tell me more."

I ate a little bit more of my chocolate bar, because eating chocolate bars helps me when I've got something to figure out. "I thought maybe I'd do a lot of sighing right where she could hear me. That's just to start off with. Then after a while when she sees I'm getting pretty gooey and blue she'll ask me to stay after class. Then's when I'll do the crying and moping part, see? 'Well,' she'll say, 'what are you crying and moping for, Susie?' And I'll say, 'It's my home life, Miss Adams.'" I had to catch my breath because I was talking pretty fast.

"Then what?" asked Midgie. She likes stuff like this. It appeals to her poetic nature.

"I'll tell her that I'm very unhappy because my mother died and my father, who is a very attractive man, is not paying any attention to me because he is grieving like mad about my mother. I'll say that I want to live at home but I can't, because Jerrico is such a lousy housekeeper and runs up the bills. I'll say that my father drinks too much beer with Moffit and Morris and it isn't good for his health, and unless some kind, good woman marries him and helps me out, I'll just have a nervous breakdown. How does that sound?"

"Marvelous," said Midgie.

"I think so," I said, feeling pretty good.

"But do you think she'll do anything about it?"

"Sure," I said, "because I'll ask her to come over to the house and see what a mess everything is in. My father can do the rest."

"What if Moffit and Morris don't like her?" Midgie knows all about Moffit and Morris, and how my father listens to every word they say.

I THOUGHT about Miss Adams and her pretty blue eyes and soft neat hair and nice figure. "They just got to," I said. "If they throw a monkey wrench into this I'll just die."

"I'd better show you a few things before you start in," said Midgie. She knows a lot about being neurotic, so she got down off her bed and began to sigh and twist her hands and make faces. "That's the way my mother does it," she said, "when my father asks her why the house has to cost a small fortune every month, or when she charges a new fur coat."

I watched her and then I tried it out. I think I was pretty good, because Midgie just went bug-eyed. "You've got a lot of talent," she said.

"Thanks."

"You going to start today?"

"Yes. Right after she reads to us out of *Ivanhoe*."

Midgie thought I ought to fix up a little bit so I'd look like I was nervous. I have this old green dress which is sort of a terrible color on me, and I put that on. Then I washed my face a lot till it looked sort of scratchy, and Midgie said I should take a hanky along to kind of twist every once in a while. Then we went to class.

There was Miss Adams, looking just as nice and plain as she always does, only she was wearing a little bunch of violets on her blouse and it made her extra pretty. I sat down right in front of her, and Midgie sat down across the way. Miss Adams asked how we all

Barometer Falling!

By PARKER CUMMINGS



Seasonal gales are designated by the code name Bill

WEATHERMEN have developed an interesting custom. When they discover a severe storm brewing in some far-off locale, they immediately give it a name, such as Albert or Mary. The reason is obvious. When watching how it develops, and discussing it, it's much simpler to describe it as Albert than "the storm that started brewing 600 miles off Cuba."

In fact it struck me as such a good idea that I've taken a cue from the meteorologists and used the same system to designate arguments or hassles that periodically break out in this family—usually between the adult members thereof.

One I'll never forget is Baker, a real mean one that struck about two years ago. It blew up rather suddenly on a Saturday night, and was apparently caused by my dancing too many times with one of our host's weekend guests—a stunning brunette in a green strapless creation. Words reached a velocity of over a hundred a minute, and for a while it looked doubtful whether I'd be able to survive. However, the storm was luckily of short duration, due to our host's tactful suggestion that we stop dancing and start a quiz game instead.

I still tremble when I think of Delia, although it taught me a much-needed lesson. This was a real down-pour, occasioned by my forgetting our wedding anniversary. It was featured by a tremendous precipitation of tears (three handkerchiefs were bristled) and was accompanied by brisk-to-violent "You don't love me any more's." A mighty costly one too. By the time the atmosphere had cleared I had committed myself to a wrist watch, a dinner at El Gougo and two theater tickets.

Frankie was one I had carefully charted in advance and for which I fully braced myself. Just after emerging from my office building on the way home to dinner, I happened to encounter an old college pal. Well, one thing led to another, and it was 2:30 in the morning before I got

home, trembling at the thought of the mighty storm that would inevitably break over my unprotected head. I explained the situation, and my spouse murmured sweetly: "It's good for you to get out with the boys once in a while," turned over and went back to sleep. It just goes to show. Sometimes you get all set for a hurricane, then it veers away.

It was different with Harriet, though. My better half was reading an article, gave a shocked gasp and said: "Listen, in some primitive lands they sell wives for five dollars!"

"Well," I retorted (too quickly), "a good wife's worth it."

The air immediately became deathly still and the temperature dropped 50 degrees in less than a moment and remained that way for 24 hours. Perhaps a sudden cold wave doesn't technically qualify as a storm, but I won't forget Harriet.

My wife has been reading this over my shoulder, and now requests the privilege of making a few comments.

Mrs. C. taking over: To hear this alleged authority rant, one would assume that all storms around here arise from only one quarter and that he is the sole victim of them. Nonsense! He has completely neglected to mention seasonal gales which I have designated with the code name Bill, and further classified into January Bill, February Bill, March Bill, etc., for identification. These are at the height of their fury on the first of every month. They consist of extremely violent blasts against expenditures. Great masses of air are churned up, the whole house trembles, and the windows sometimes bend outward from the fury. Not only I, but the children quail before these storms. Sometimes the pressure on our eardrums is such that we fear they will burst. April Bill was one of the worst we ever faced, breaking on the first of the month, but continuing through the second and third with the arrival of each new mail. Before May Bill bursts upon us I'm going to install a storm cellar. ▲▲▲

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER WYMA

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were and everybody said fine, but me. I just sighed and looked at my shoes. Miss Adams didn't see that, so I decided I'd have to ham it up a little. Well, she read *Ivanhoe* and all the kids listened and I sighed about a hundred times. Just before she stopped I gave a little snuffle and blew my nose very loud. That did it. She looked at me and her eyes got all soft and troubled.

THE bell rang. I got up very slowly, like I was sick, and started to shuffle out, but Miss Adams called after me.

"Susie," she said, "stay a minute, will you, dear?" I could tell she was hooked. I shuffled back and sank into my chair. She came down and sat beside me. I could smell the violets and I could feel her nice soft hand as she patted mine. She's really a doll.

"What is it, dear?" she asked. "You don't seem very happy today."

"It isn't only today," I said, making my voice squeaky.

"Oh? Do you feel you could tell me about it?"

I guess I should have waited a minute like I was thinking it over, but I just nodded and started in. I told her the whole thing, with a lot of sniffing in between the sentences, and a little crying just before I finished up. Miss Adams is the type who is very soft-hearted and since this was a pretty sad story she began to look very sympathetic and upset.

"It's a big problem for a little girl," she said slowly. "Perhaps I could have a little talk with your father one of these days."

"That would be keen. When?"

"Do you think he could come over to school and visit with us?"

I thought very fast. If she talked to my father at school it would be pretty businesslike, and I didn't think it would lead to anything. If she came to our house it would work a lot better. "He doesn't go out much," I told her. "He mostly pots around making things in his woodshop." I said that because I didn't want her to think my father was any glamorous lover or anything like that, because I knew she wouldn't care for that type.

"You ask him if he'll be kind enough to see me tomorrow afternoon," she said. "You and I can drive over and have a little visit."

"Oh, thank you," I said.

"Don't brood about it, will you?"

"Well," I said, "I'll try not to, but what I need is someone to mother me like you've been doing."

She gave me a real nice hug and told me to go and take a little nap—she'd see what could be done.

I knew right then and there that I'd been right to be so crazy about her. She was kind of new at the school but I'd loved her from the first day she came. She always has time to be nice to the kids and the gardener and the cook and everybody around the place. I looked into her background, too, and it was real nice and plain. She was born and brought up in Springfield, Ohio, and she taught school there. She was engaged to a boy who was killed in the war and she wasn't very interested in love, but I could tell she was lonely. The reason I know that is that she sort of acted like my father. I mean she pots around the school doing knitting and painting little post cards and stuff, and she never goes out. Like I told Midgie, she was practically perfect for my father if I could get them together, and if Moffit and Morris said okay.

I guess I acted neurotic so hard that by the time Midgie and I got ready for

bed that night I felt a little bit neurotic. "I hope I didn't overdo it," I told Midgie. "It's sort of sticking to me."

"Don't worry," said Midgie, "you'll get over it."

"It would be wonderful if Miss Adams fell in love with my father," I said. "She's good at mathematics and she'd straighten out all the bills." I was getting sleepy.

"What she'll have to straighten out is Moffit and Morris," said Midgie. "They don't believe in marriage something fierce."

"If they spoil this one," I said, "I'll do something desperate. I might have to go all the way and have a breakdown. Could you show me how?"

Midgie didn't answer. She was already asleep. . . .

The next day I called up home and told Jerrico I wanted to talk to my father. Father was there because he was on suspension for turning down the desert picture. I told him I was



... GREGORY, RICHARD, THELMA.
... The little scamps are sure having
fun. . . . GREGORY, RICHARD . . .

COLLIER'S

MARTIN GIUFFRE

coming home and bringing one of my teachers who wanted to talk to him. My father right away asked if I was sick or anything because he's very nervous about my health, but I said, "No. It's something mental."

That really got him excited. He said, "Susie, what's happened?"

And I said, in a kind of faint voice, "It's about my adjustment."

He said he'd be home and to hurry up. Midgie was in the phone booth with me and she said that all I had to do was leave them alone together but if I was smart, I'd listen in on the conversation. I said, "Leave it to me."

MISS ADAMS and I had an awfully nice ride to our house. She knows an awful lot about girls and their problems and I really told her a lot of things that had been worrying me. I mean about boys, and if I really looked like a sack with my braces, and things like that. She said she'd worn braces and she told me a lot about boys that I hadn't known, and it was very helpful and educational.

When we got to the house my father came out on the driveway to meet us. My father doesn't go around in Hawaiian shirts and scarves like most movie stars. He usually wears a shirt and a tie like he was a businessman, be-

cause it embarrasses him to look like he's in the movies. Anyway, he looked very nice and sweet like he always does, and when I saw him my heart just melted, and I knew the best thing I could do for him was to get him a nice wife like Miss Adams.

He gave me a great big bear hug and then said, "How do you do," to Miss Adams and asked her if she wouldn't come inside and have some tea. He'd tried to get Jerrico to clean up the den but it was pathetic how lousy it looked. I mean, it's a nice den but it needs to be neat and clean. Anyway, he gave Miss Adams a chair and then asked me would I please go ask Jerrico to make us a tea party. I said sure because I wanted them to get started. I rushed out to the kitchen like mad and told Jerrico about the tea. Then I went out the back way and came around so I could listen under the window in the garden and take a peek once in a while. They were talking loud enough for me to hear and it was pretty interesting. My

In fact, that's the whole trouble. She feels responsible for you."

"Gee," said my father.

"Yes, she does. She worries about your being—" Miss Adams stopped. "May I speak frankly?"

"Sure."

"Well, she thinks you're lonely. I hope you don't think I'm being tactless or pushing."

My father shook his head. "She's right," he said. "I am."

Miss Adams' blue eyes got real soft and tender. "I know how you feel," she said. She paused, and I could tell she was thinking of her own fiancé and how he was killed. Then she said, "I think that sometimes we don't do the right thing when we're grieving for someone. We shut ourselves away and brood."

"That's right," said my father. "I've done a lot of brooding."

"I guess," said Miss Adams, "that we ought to try to live in the world. To find new interests."

My father looked at her like he was just really beginning to see how nice and plain she was. "It would help a lot," he said, "to have someone around who understood."

It was Miss Adams' turn to get red in the face, but it made her look like a nice red apple. "Yes," she said, "it would."

JUST then, right when they were beginning to be friendly, in came Moffit and Morris. I thought I'd die. They were wearing kind of duck-hunting caps and they had a big paper sack full of beer cans. Honestly, it made me feel just crummy to see them coming in looking like a couple of tramps in their old sneakers with their beer cans and everything. Uncle Ted looked around and said, "If it isn't a tea party!"

That remark could only mean one thing. They were going to be cute, and when those two were cute, they were horrible. That meant they'd gum up the works for sure, with Miss Adams starting to like my father fine, and him liking her plenty, too.

Uncle Alan was bending over and peering at Miss Adams, saying, "And who is *this* colleen?" That's when I started for the door in a hurry.

My father was introducing Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted as his two best friends when I came in. They both turned toward me.

"It's the darling of our heart," said Uncle Ted, giving me a kiss on the forehead. "A real little mother to all of us."

"All the woman any little house needs," said Uncle Alan, and he looked sideways at my father.

"Susie's a fine girl," said Miss Adams. She stopped a minute and then went on. "Susie," she said, "we've had a talk about your problem, and I don't think it's quite as bad as you do."

"Just look at this house," I said loudly. "Look how patchy it is!"

"Well, yes, it could stand a woman's hand, but you see—"

Uncle Ted spoke up. "I know where I can get a great Hungarian cook for you. Great!"

"She loves kids," said Uncle Alan.

"And company," echoed Uncle Ted.

"All hours of the day or night." They were so obvious. They were afraid that if my father got married they couldn't come over any time they wanted to and drink beer and drop ashes on the rug and play poker. What did they know about the holes in my father's socks, or how he needs somebody around to rub him with liniment when he gets neuralgia? A person just

can't go all his life drinking beer and talking about the movies. A person has to have someone around who knows if you're allergic and who feels sorry for you when the stock market isn't good. I watched my father to see if he was listening to them, and he had a sort of undecided look on his face. First he took a good long glance at Miss Adams, and then at Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted, and then at me.

"I suppose a housekeeper would be a good idea," he said, in a low voice.

Miss Adams got up and put on her gloves. Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted got up. Miss Adams shook hands with them and said, "I know you all love Susie and want what's best for her."

Then my father began to look like a puppy in a dog kennel. "I'll walk you to the car," he said.

The minute they left the room, Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted began to talk to me.

"You'll love this housekeeper," Uncle Alan said. "Makes the greatest strudel in the world. The greatest."

"It'll be a ball, honey," said Uncle Ted. "You'll live at home instead of at school and have the run of the place."

"And we'll be around all the time. We won't let you down. Your old man will think he's triplets. Never a dull moment."

I could feel tears beginning to sting in my eyes. Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted are fine. I really love them, but they aren't the same as having a nice wife for my father. I knew my father would listen to them the way he always did, and have a very lonely old age.

They didn't even give him a chance to talk about Miss Adams. The minute he came back into the room Uncle Alan said he'd gotten tickets to a fight at the Legion Stadium, and didn't my father think that Casey would take that bum Goralik? I didn't want to sit around and listen to any opinions on boxing when my heart was breaking, so I just ran out of the room.

Pretty soon I heard the front door slam and then everything was quiet. I supposed that my father was beginning to pot around the way he always does when he feels miserable, but all of a sudden I heard some whistling and singing. I know that my father enjoys the boxing matches, but not enough to go around whistling and singing about

them. It got closer and closer, and then he came into the room where I was just using up the last piece of Kleenex, and he had a big smile on his face. He kind of jumped across the floor and scooped me up in a bear hug. "She's going to have dinner with me, Susie," he said.

I stared at him. "But what about Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted and the Hungarian housekeeper?" I asked.

"She can keep house for them," he said, and he smiled a kind of foolish smile. Right then and there I knew my worries were over, because there are some things a grown-up man can do for himself, and one of them is to ask somebody to marry him.

I SUPPOSE I could have let them take it from there by themselves, but I thought I'd better keep an eye on them until they went out on their first date. I hung around while my father got all slicked up. He started about two hours before he was supposed to get Miss Adams. Then he called in Jerico and told him to slick up the house because if he didn't, he'd be turned out to pasture. He said it like he meant it, too. Then he kissed me about four times and said to watch out the window because he'd be back in a flash.

I was pretty nervous until they came back, but the minute I saw Miss Adams I knew I'd done it. A girl just doesn't get all fixed up like that for nothing. She looked like she'd been doing a little whistling and singing herself. My father made her a Martini and gave me a Coke, and we all sat around for a little bit. Then my father said very bashfully, where would she like to eat, and she said she didn't care. Anyplace he liked, she would like. They got up and both of them kissed me good night like I was a little baby. In fact, my father said, "Bless you, Susie," but that's the Irish and sentimental in him. I must have a little Irish and sentimental in me too, though, because when they walked out of the house together I had a funny lumpy feeling like I get when I read *Cyrano de Bergerac*. It was lovely.

I waited till they drove off and then I ran like mad to the phone and called up Midgie. All I had to do was tell her it came out like one of my father's movies. She understood, because she's in the business and she knows they all have to have happy endings. ▲▲▲



"There's something fishy going on around here. We haven't had a riot in months!"

COLLIER'S

BILL YATES

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A SERENADE TO THE

It's no critter for work. It makes awful noises and eats the most unlikely things. But it's great for laughs, and that's why the donkey is fast becoming a popular household pet

By JOHN O'REILLY



Bea Lillie awoke in Helen Hayes's home to see a donkey staring at her over the foot of the bed. Naturally, she said, "Good morning"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY DEVLIN

DONKEY

DON'T get the idea that donkeys have fallen into disrepute in this country, just because of what happened in last November's election. These somber comedians with the dead pans and long ears are becoming a national, instead of merely a political, institution. They're all over the place.

The donkey, once identified as the faithful pack animal of Western prospectors, is moving East in rapidly growing numbers, and taking up residence in the back yards and back lots of suburban and country homes. He is also moving west; numbers of donkeys are being shipped to this country from Sicily, Sardinia and other donkey centers around the Mediterranean.

The critters are impractical for purposes of serious transportation. You can't rely on them to get you anywhere, physically or socially. They would create a scandal at a horse show. Their voices sound like French fire engines, and they are too smart to work hard.

Then why the growing donkey fad?

I have undertaken considerable research into this question. I interviewed donkey owners and lovers, I quizzed donkey dealers and finally I took the obvious step. I got a donkey. Now I know the answer.

Donkeys are wonderful. First, they are always good for laughs; the very sight of one of these placid clowns amidst our frantic modern atmosphere makes people chuckle. They also fill the combined role of family pet and riding animal for the children (children are pleased to ride a donkey because they usually don't care whether they get anyplace or not). And they fit into modern living because they cost no more to feed than a couple of cats and are less trouble than a goldfish.

Some folks have more than one donkey. The reason is that there is nothing cuter than a baby donkey. When people acquire a donkey, they begin thinking how nice it would be to have a young one. If their pet is a jenny, or female (the males are called jacks), they get her bred, and a year later the whole neighborhood is smiling.

One retired broker in New Jersey imported eight



Donkey Mary was given to Penny Dell and "Pie" Meyer by their engineer dad. But the time he himself spends with it is amazing. "If you feel run down," says Meyer, "get a donkey."

donkeys from Sardinia, intending to keep them as a hobby. Time went by, nature took its course, and he found himself with a herd of 56. He hadn't intended to go into the donkey business, but there he was. He put one advertisement in a magazine and promptly sold 35 of them at \$150 each.

There are even larger herds around the country, but most persons have room for only one. In that case, the animal generally becomes a member of the family. Donkeys, you see, are comparable to electric trains. Father buys one for the children, and soon the old man is playing with it as often as the kids.

Joseph A. Meyer, an engineer whose home is in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, has three donkeys and is expecting another. Mr. Meyer also has three small daughters. He insists that the donkeys are for the children, but the amount of time he spends around the barn with the donkeys is astonishing.

Engineer Meyer has named his place the Bonnie Brays Donkey Farm, and he likes nothing better than to sit around swapping donkey anecdotes with other lucky donkey owners.

A Short Course in Managing Burros

"Now, when I got my donkeys," he will start out, "we had a rough time. I borrowed a truck from a farmer and went after them, but the donkeys were averse to that type of transportation. I guess they had grim memories of the long trip up from Texas, and they wanted no more of it. Anyway, they wouldn't go up the ramp into the truck. It was a hot day, and we hauled and pulled and pushed. But once we got 'em in, they were as quiet as lambs. You see, they weren't afraid. They were just being sensible."

"When I took the truck back to the farmer, he said the way to load a donkey is to back him up to the truck and then try to put a peach basket over his head. Donkeys don't like to have their heads in peach baskets, and they'll back away, right into the truck. They're wonderful animals. But I wish that farmer had told me about the peach basket before, instead of after."

Mr. Meyers isn't the only donkey owner who loves to talk about his undersized livestock. We all do.

"Would you like to see a picture of my donkey?" one businessman asked me, reaching into his pocket. He had just overheard me discussing the subject with a friend at a bar. You never know when you're standing next to a donkey owner these days.

Helen Hayes, the actress, enjoys telling about Suzie, an accomplished donkey she owned. Suzie was delivered to her home at Nyack, New York, on a Christmas Day and soon became a privileged member of the household. Miss Hayes claims Suzie was one of the few housebroken donkeys on record. Although Suzie's official quarters were in a tool shed at the bottom of the garden, the animal had the run of the playroom and even made trips upstairs.

"I would sit in the garden reading," Miss Hayes told me, "with my two French poodles on one side of my chair and Suzie stretched out on the other side. It made quite a scene."

One evening, Miss Hayes said, Beatrice Lillie, the dead-pan comedienne, came to visit the family for the week end. The next morning, Miss Hayes and her husband, Charles MacArthur, decided to see if they could get the normally imperturbable Miss Lillie to register surprise, just once. She was still asleep, and she hadn't seen Suzie. So they took the donkey upstairs and placed it in a strategic position, peering over the foot of Miss Lillie's bed. Then Miss Hayes went over and shook her guest gently by the shoulder.

Miss Lillie opened her eyes to find herself confronted by a gray, solemn face and a pair of towering ears. Without batting an eye, she nodded toward the donkey and said matter-of-factly, "Good morning." And turning to Miss Hayes she said, "Now as I was saying last night, dear—"

It must be recorded that the donkey didn't show any surprise, either.

Suzie would get out periodically and wander around town, so everybody got to know her. One day she got hold of some moldy hay, developed colic and died. "The whole county was sad," Miss Hayes said.

Where do all these people get their donkeys? Well, Miss Hayes bought hers at Macy's department store in New York City. Macy's took a fling



Author O'Reilly's donkey, Cookie, is a very affectionate animal and a fine bird watcher Collier's for January 17, 1953

Again for '53...

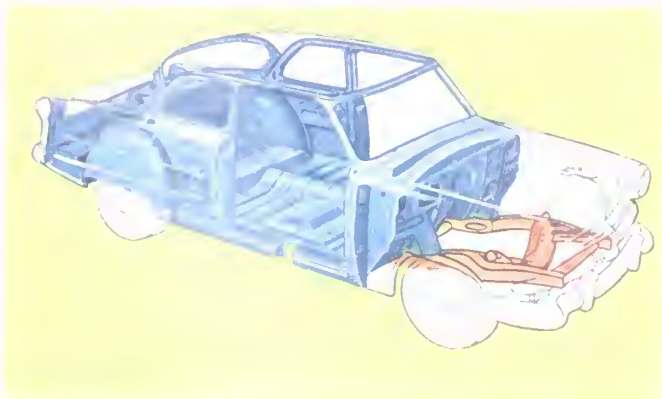
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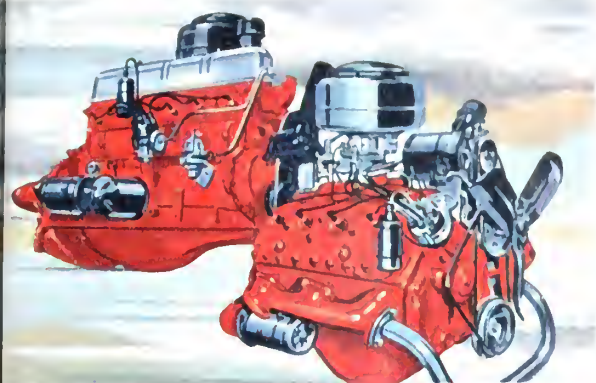
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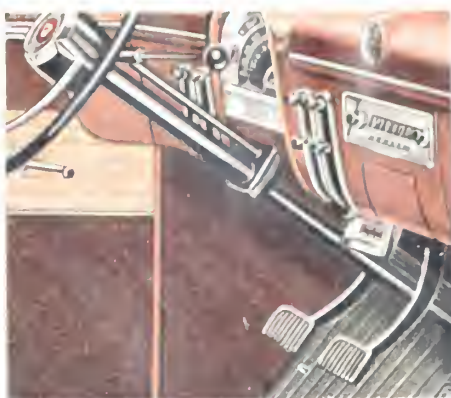
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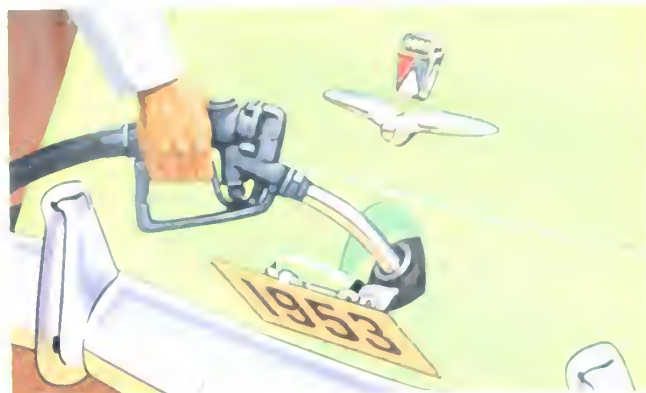
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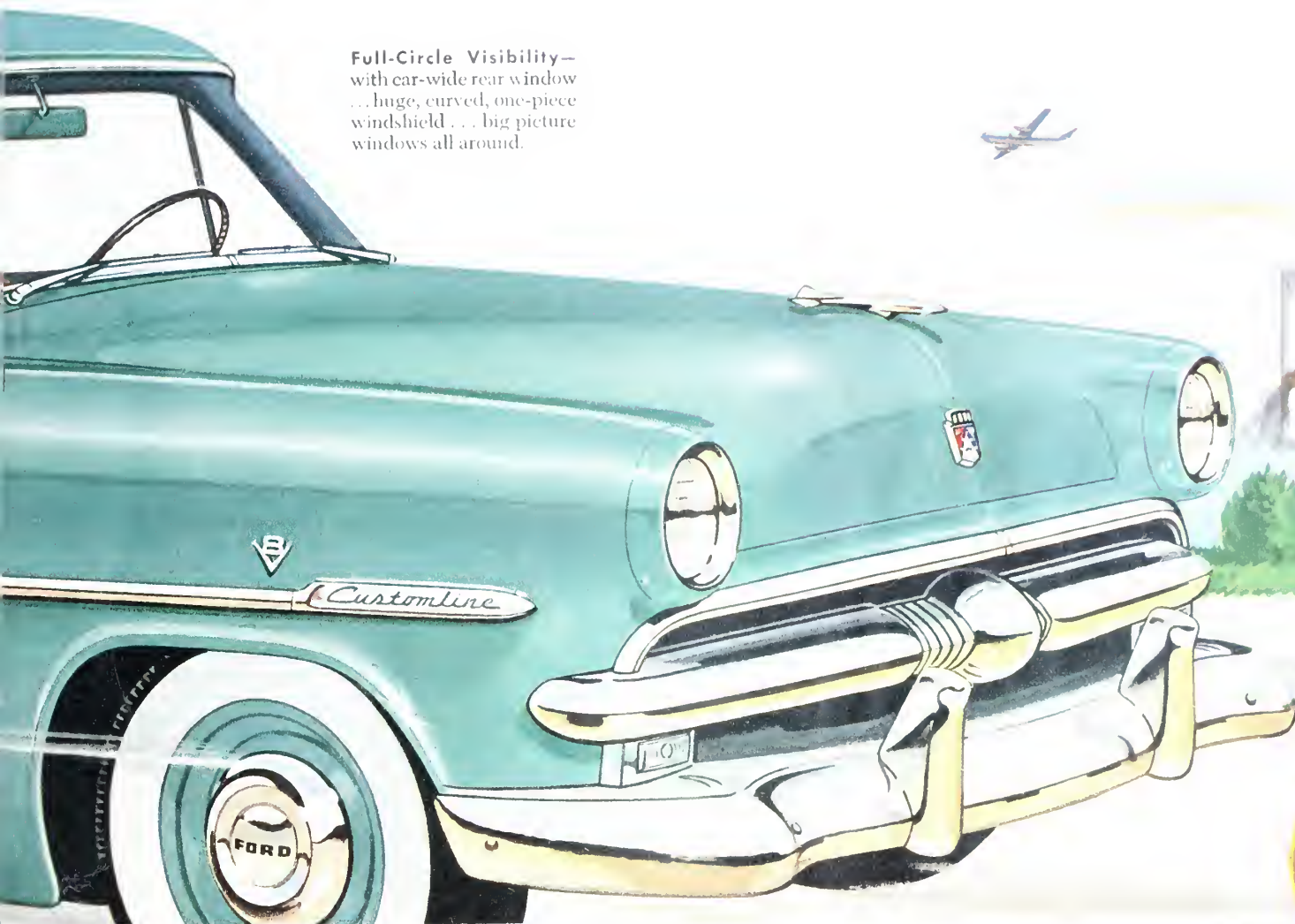
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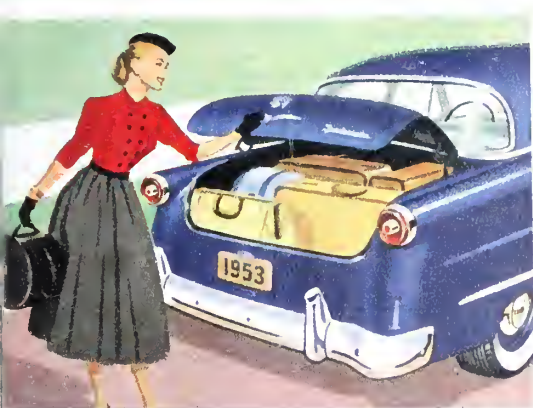


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See the big '53 Ford. Value Check its 41 "Worth More" features. Test Drive the '53 Ford. You'll agree that *here* is the New Standard of the American Road!



No wonder the swing is to **FORD!**

at donkey merchandising in 1944. Their method was the same used for other large items. They had a floor sample near the toy department, a live donkey that was petted by thousands. If you decided you liked the floor sample, they would take your order and ship you one from the warehouse—or farm, in this case. At night, they exercised the floor sample by letting it run up and down the aisles of the store. On Sundays they would take it up on the roof to get some sunshine.

Two types of donkey are now in vogue in Eastern states: the Southwestern or Mexican version, usually called a burro, and the Sicilian type, which is sometimes only 30 inches high.

The greater New York Council of the Boy Scouts of America get theirs from the Southwest, usually Texas. Donkeys are comparatively cheap in the Southwest, but the cost of shipping them East often is more than the original price of the animal. Charles P. Emmeluth, official donkey buyer for the Boy Scouts in New York, solved the freight problem in 1951 by shipping up a whole carload from Texas. The donkeys were parceled out among various scout camps in New York and New Jersey. The boys learn to throw the diamond hitch, and then the Eastern hills echo to the shouts of the youthful donkey drivers.

Mr. Emmeluth, like many another man, has developed a weakness for the beasts.

"It breaks their hearts to be alone," he told me. "And how the boys love them! It's a big thing for a city boy to be able to make friends with a burro."

For the guidance of their novice burro skippers, the Boy Scouts have a leaflet called *Tips on Burros*. Besides information on the care and feeding of donkeys, the leaflet contains such advice as, "If overloaded or abused it is quite possible that they will just sit down or act up." Another paragraph says, "They will eat darn' near anything, including ice-cream cartons, candy wrappers, et cetera. A few of these items are okay, but try to keep this kind of food to a minimum."

The eastward movement of donkeys for scouting purposes is a comparatively new thing, although at Philmont, Arizona, their 127,000-acre national camp, the Boy Scouts have several hundred donkeys.

Back in the effete East, three Sicilian donkeys appeared this fall at (but not in) the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden. The animals, which were kept in the basement, were a jack named Bud, a jenny named Queenie and her three-and-a-half-month-old foal, Mickey. They were the mascots of the eight massive Clydesdale horses which pulled the big Budweiser wagon around the arena at each performance. Their caretaker, Harold Naab, a lanky Texan, maintained an air of tolerant amusement toward the hoofed small fry.

Walter Brady, driver of the big team, brought out the baby donkey and one of the Clydesdales to pose for a picture. He said the Clydesdale weighed 2,070 pounds. Then he looked at the donkey. In answer to the unasked question, the six-foot Texan bent over, scooped the donkey up in his arms and



Asked what his donkey weighed, the big Texan hefted it. "Runs about 55 pounds," he said

hefted it. "Runs about fifty-five pounds," he said.

The donkey family, like the big team, belongs to August A. Busch, Jr., president of Anheuser-Busch. On his farm near St. Louis, he maintains a herd of 70 or 80 of the little donkeys.

In Busch's herd there is an elderly sire known as the General, who was brought to this country in 1924. Barring accidents, donkeys seem to live forever. I know one man who has a female more than thirty years old.

One reason donkeys live long is that their wants are few. They eat grass and hay and relish certain types of weed. Like middle-aged men, donkeys develop a paunch when fed too much; and once they do, it is almost impossible to get rid of it.

Should you acquire one of these animals, there is one annoyance that will plague you. Practical-minded people are always asking donkey owners why they keep donkeys, which is like asking

an art collector, "Why do you have oil paintings?" One donkey *aficionado*, tired of giving a reasonable answer, now has an unreasonable one. "I keep donkeys," he says, quietly, "because you don't have to milk them."

Well, donkeys actually aren't often confused with cows. But they're sometimes mistaken for other animals. On December 10, 1949, a man brought a donkey into the Key West Naval Station at night in a sedan and tethered it on President Truman's bathing beach.

When word was rushed to the President that a donkey was tied to his shower stall, he was not perturbed. "Let him stay there, I don't give a darn," he told an aide.

Investigation disclosed that the guard at the gate who had permitted the car to pass thought there was a dog sitting in the back seat. A dog, indeed!

Donkeys are often transported in automobiles. Robert Emmet Kennedy, a New York businessman, likes to tell how he brought his pet home in a station wagon. When other motorists started to pass him, they would notice a vision from *Midsummer Night's Dream* standing behind the front seat and would fall back discreetly.

"That grizzled pan was too much for them," Kennedy says.

I started out to tell why donkey lovers love donkeys. Do you see why now? As Mr. Meyer, the donkey-owning engineer, says: "If you feel run down and worried and don't know where your next atomic bomb is coming from—get a donkey. You won't make any money out of it, but I'll guarantee you'll start laughing."

I think Mr. Meyer is right. My donkey, Cookie, likes to dash around the dam of my pond in Bucks County. I clocked her at twenty-six miles an hour one day.

Cookie has strange tastes. She got into the living room one day and ate a Japanese print. She's also fond of pheasants. Last summer, a cock pheasant would show up in the lower field every day. Cookie would stand with her ears at the alert and watch him for many minutes at a time. She's absolutely the only donkey bird watcher I ever heard of.

A couple of months ago, I built a cart so that the children could drive the donkey around the place. First I got one of those big wooden spools that electric companies wind heavy cables on. Then I took some parts off an old threshing machine in the barn to use as an axle and braces. When I got it finished it was a beautiful thing. The wooden wheels made it look like something out of Peru.

The first time I tried to ride in it, we had a crowd of visitors and they all cheered as I set off gaily. Then everything happened at once. One wheel came off, the harness broke in three places and there were ghastly cracking sounds. Luckily I hit rolling. The donkey turned around and looked at me as though I were a pheasant.

Now a funny thing about this donkey is that—But don't get me started on donkey lore. We'll be here all night.



O'Reilly built a cart for Cookie and staged a trial run. The harness broke. A wheel came off. Luckily, he hit the ground rolling

The Case of the Irate Witness

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

The deputy frowned. The traffic officer laughed and waved Mason on.

The deputy nodded at the departing car. "Looks like a live clue to me," he said, "but I can't find it in that conversation."

"There isn't any," the traffic officer said.

The deputy remained dubious, and later on, when a news-hungry reporter from the local paper asked the deputy if he knew of anything that would make a good story, the deputy said that he did.

And that was why Della Street, Perry Mason's confidential secretary, was surprised to read stories in the metropolitan papers stating that Perry Mason, the noted trial lawyer, was rumored to have been retained to represent the person or persons who had looted the vault of the Jebson Commercial Company. All this had been arranged, it would seem, before Mason's "client" had even been apprehended.

WHEN Perry Mason called his office by long-distance the next afternoon, Della said, "I thought you were going to the mountains for a vacation."

"That's right. Why?"

"The papers claim you're representing whoever robbed the Jebson Commercial Company."

"First I've heard of it," Mason said. "I went through Jebson City before they discovered the robbery, stopped for breakfast a little farther on, and then got caught in a roadblock. In the eyes of some officious deputy, that seems to have made me an accessory after the fact."

"Well," Della Street said, "they've caught a man by the name of Harvey L. Corbin, and apparently have quite a case against him. They're hinting at mysterious evidence which won't be disclosed until the time of trial."

"Was he the one who committed the crime?" Mason asked.

"The police think so. He had a criminal record. When his employers at Jebson City found out about it, they told him to leave town. That was the evening before the robbery."

"Just like that, eh?" Mason asked.

"Well, you see, Jebson City is a one-industry town, and the company owns all the houses. They're leased to the employees. I understand Corbin's wife and daughter were told they could stay on until Corbin got located in a new place, but Corbin was told to leave town at once. You aren't interested, are you?"

"Not in the least," Mason said, "except that when I drive back I'll be going through Jebson City, and I'll probably stop to pick up the local gossip."

"Don't do it," she warned. "This man Corbin has all the earmarks of being an underdog, and you know how you feel about underdogs."

A quality in her voice made Perry suspicious. "You haven't been approached, have you, Della?"

"Well," she said, "in a way. Mrs. Corbin read in the papers that you were going to represent her husband, and she was overjoyed. It seems that she thinks her husband's implication in this is a raw deal. She hadn't known anything about his criminal record, but she loves him and is going to stand by him."

"You've talked with her?" Mason asked.

"Several times. I tried to break it to her gently. I told her it was probably nothing but a newspaper story. You

see, Chief, they have Corbin dead to rights. They took some money from his wife as evidence. It was part of the loot."

"And she has nothing?"

"Nothing. Corbin left her forty dollars, and they took it all as evidence."

"I'll drive all night," he said. "I'll be back tomorrow."

"I was afraid of that," Della Street said. "Why did you have to call up? Why couldn't you have stayed up there fishing? Why did you have to stop and get your name in the papers?"

Mason laughed and hung up.

PAUL DRAKE, of the Drake Detective Agency, came in and sat in the big chair in Mason's office and said, "You have a bear by the tail, Perry."

"What's the matter, Paul? Didn't your detective work in Jebson City pan out?"

"It panned out all right, but the stuff in the pan isn't what you want, Perry," Drake explained.

"How come?"

"Your client's guilty."

"Go on," Mason said.

"The money he gave his wife was some of what was stolen from the vault."

"How do they know it was the stolen money?" Mason asked.

Drake pulled a notebook from his pocket. "Here's the whole picture. The plant manager runs Jebson City. There isn't any private property. The Jebson company controls everything."

"Not a single small business?"

Drake shook his head. "Not unless you want to consider garbage collecting as small business. An old coot by the name of George Adley lives five miles down the canyon; he has a hog ranch and collects the garbage. He's supposed to have the first nickel he ever earned. Buries his money in cans. There's no bank nearer than Ivanhoe City."

"What about the burglary? The men who did it must have moved in acetylene tanks and—"

"They took them right out of the company store," Drake said. And then he went on: "Munson, the watchman, likes to take a pull out of a flask of whisky along about midnight. He says it keeps him awake. Of course, he's not supposed to do it, and no one was supposed to know about the whisky, but someone did know about it. They doped the whisky with a barbiturate. The watchman took his usual swig, went to sleep, and stayed asleep."

"What's the evidence against Corbin?" Mason asked.

"Corbin had a previous burglary record. It's a policy of the company not to hire anyone with a criminal record. Corbin lied about his past and got a job. Frank Bernal, the manager, found out about it, sent for Corbin about eight o'clock the night the burglary took place, and ordered him out of town. Bernal agreed to let Corbin's wife and child stay on in the house until Corbin could get located in another city."

"Corbin pulled out in the morning, and gave his wife this money. It was part of the money from the burglary."

"How do they know?" Mason asked.

"Now there's something I don't know," Drake said. "This fellow Bernal is pretty smart, and the story is that he can prove Corbin's money was from the vault."

"The nearest bank is at Ivanhoe City, and the mine pays off in cash twice a month. Ralph Nesbitt, the cashier, wanted to install a new vault. Bernal refused to okay the expense. So the company has ordered both Bernal and Nesbitt back to its main office at Chicago to report. The rumor is that they may fire Bernal as manager and give Nesbitt the job. A couple of the directors don't like Bernal, and this thing has given them their chance. They dug out a report Nesbitt had made showing the vault was a pushover. Bernal didn't act on that report." He sighed and then asked, "When's the trial, Perry?"

"The preliminary hearing is set for Friday morning. I'll see then what they've got against Corbin."

"They're laying for you up there," Paul Drake warned. "Better watch out,

and you'll see." Flasher nodded grimly.

"Go right ahead and answer," Mason said to the witness.

Bernal assumed a more comfortable position. "I did three things," he said, "to safeguard the payrolls and to avoid the expense of tearing out the old vault and installing a new vault in its place."

"What were those three things?"

"I employed a special night watchman. I installed the best burglar alarm money could buy, and I made arrangements with the Ivanhoe National Bank where we have our payrolls made up, to list the number of each twenty-dollar bill which was a part of each payroll."

Mason suddenly sat up straight.

Flasher gave him a glance of gloating triumph. "Do you wish the court to understand, Mr. Bernal," he said smugly, "that you have the numbers of the bills in the payroll which was made up for delivery on the fifteenth?"

"Yes, sir. Not all of the bills, you understand. That would have taken too much time, but I have the numbers of all the twenty-dollar bills."

"And who recorded those numbers?" the prosecutor asked.

"The bank."

"And do you have that list of numbers with you?"

"I do, Yes, sir," Bernal produced a list. "I felt," he said, glancing coldly at Nesbitt, "that these precautions would be cheaper than a new vault."

"I move the list be introduced in evidence," Flasher said.

"Just a moment," Mason objected. "I have a couple of questions. You say this list is not in your handwriting, Mr. Bernal?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whose handwriting is it, do you know?" Mason asked.

"The assistant cashier of the Ivanhoe National Bank."

"Oh, all right," Flasher said. "We'll do it the hard way, if we have to. Stand down, Mr. Bernal, and I'll call the assistant cashier."

Harry Reedy, assistant cashier of the Ivanhoe Bank, had the mechanical assurance of an adding machine. He identified the list of numbers as being in his handwriting. He stated that he had listed the numbers of the twenty-dollar bills and put that list in an envelope which had been sealed and sent up with the money for the payroll.

"Cross-examine," Flasher said.

MASON studied the list. "These numbers are all in your handwriting?" he asked Reedy.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you yourself compare the numbers you wrote down with the numbers on the twenty-dollar bills?"

"No, sir. I didn't personally do that. Two assistants did that. One checked the numbers as they were read off, one as I wrote them down."

"The payrolls are for approximately a hundred thousand dollars, twice each month?"

"That's right. And ever since Mr. Bernal took charge, we have taken this means to identify payrolls. No attempt is made to list the bills in numerical order. The serial numbers are simply read off and written down. Unless a robbery occurs, there is no need to do anything further. In the event of a rob-

Letter Perfect

The scientists who make the bombs
Have only gone, as yet,
From A to H—they still have left
Much of the alphabet.

And as they go from H to Z
And start each testing fuse,
We tremble just a bit and hope
They mind their I's and Q's.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Perry. That district attorney has something up his sleeve, some sort of surprise that's going to knock you for a loop."

IN SPITE of his long experience as a prosecutor, Vernon Flasher, the district attorney of Ivanhoe County, showed a certain nervousness at being called upon to oppose Perry Mason. There was, however, a secretive assurance underneath that nervousness.

Judge Haswell, realizing that the eyes of the community were upon him, adhered to legal technicalities to the point of being pompous both in rulings and mannerisms.

But what irritated Perry Mason was in the attitude of the spectators. He sensed that they did not regard him as an attorney trying to safeguard the interests of a client, but as a legal magician with a cloven hoof. The looting of the vault had shocked the community, and there was a tight-lipped determination that no legal tricks were going to do Mason any good *this* time.

Vernon Flasher didn't try to save his surprise evidence for a whirlwind finish. He used it right at the start of the case.

Frank Bernal, called as a witness, described the location of the vault, identified photographs, and then leaned back as the district attorney said abruptly, "You had reason to believe this vault was obsolete?"

"Yes, sir."

"It had been pointed out to you by one of your fellow employees, Mr. Ralph Nesbitt?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did you do about it?"

"Are you," Mason asked in some surprise, "trying to cross-examine your own witness?"

"Just let him answer the question,

the numbers and the numbers and the numbers in your hand-
writing, you know?"

"Yes, Mr. Mason, more than that, you will find that at the bottom of each page I have signed my initials."

"That's all," Mason said. "I have no further more to introduce from your evidence." Flasher said.

"I object," Judge Haswell ruled.

"Mr. witness is Charles J. Os-
borne, the district attorney
represented."

THE sheriff, a long, lanky man with
a quiet manner, took the stand.
"You're acquainted with Harvey L.
Corbin, the defendant in this case?"
the district attorney asked.

"I am."
"Are you acquainted with his wife?"
"Yes, sir."

"Now, on the morning of the fif-
teenth of this month, the morning of
the robbery at the Jobson Commercial
Company, did you have any conversa-
tion with Mrs. Corbin?"

"I did, Yes, sir."
"Did you ask her about her hus-
band's activities the night before?"

"Just a moment," Mason said. "I ob-
ject to this on the ground that any con-
versation the sheriff had with Mrs.
Corbin is not admissible against the
defendant, Corbin, furthermore, that in
this state a wife cannot testify against
her husband. Therefore, any statement
she might make would be an indirect
violation of that rule. Furthermore, I
object on the ground that the question
calls for hearsay."

Judge Haswell looked ponderously
thoughtful, then said, "It seems to me
Mr. Mason is correct."

"I'll put it this way, Mr. Sheriff,"
the district attorney said. "Did you,
on the morning of the fifteenth, take
any money from Mrs. Corbin?"

"Objected to as incompetent, irrele-
vant and immaterial," Mason said.

"Your Honor," Flasher said irritably,
"that's the very gist of our case. We
propose to show that two of the stolen
twenty-dollar bills were in the posses-
sion of Mrs. Corbin."

Mason said, "Unless the prosecution
can prove the bills were given Mrs. Cor-
bin by her husband, the evidence is in-
admissible."

"That's just the point," Flasher said.
"These bills were given to her by the
defendant."

"How do you know?" Mason asked.
"She told the sheriff so."

"That's hearsay," Mason snapped.

Judge Haswell fidgeted on the bench.
"It seems to me we're getting into a pe-
culiar situation here. You can't call the
wife as a witness, and I don't think her
statement to the sheriff is admissible."

"Well," Flasher said desperately, "in
this state, Your Honor, we have a com-
mon-law principle. Mrs. Corbin had
the money. Since she is the wife of the
defendant, it is community property.
Therefore, it's partially his property."

"Well, how, then?" Judge Haswell
said. "I don't know, I agree with you. You
introduce the five-dollar bills. I'll
overrule the objection made by the de-
fense."

"Produce the twenty-dollar bills,
Sheriff," Flasher said triumphantly.

The bills were produced and received
in evidence.

"Cross-examine," Flasher said curtly.

"No questions of this witness," Ma-
son said, "but I have a few questions
to ask Mr. Bernal on cross-examina-
tion. You took him off the stand to lay
the foundation for introducing the bank list,

and I didn't have an opportunity to
cross-examine him."

"I beg your pardon," Flasher said.
"Resume the stand, Mr. Bernal."

His tone, now that he had the twenty-
dollar bills safely introduced in evi-
dence, had a gloating note to it.

Mason said, "This list which has been
introduced in evidence is on the sta-
tionery of the Ivanhoe National Bank?"

"That's right, Yes, sir."

"It consists of several pages, and at
the end there is the signature of the
assistant cashier?"

"Yes, sir."

"And each page is initialed by the
assistant cashier?"

"Yes, sir."

"This was the scheme which you
thought of in order to safeguard the
company against a payroll robbery?"

"Not to safeguard the company
against a payroll robbery, Mr. Mason,

available to us at that time. The pay-
roll is received from the bank in a
sealed package. Those two twenty-
dollar bills were in that package."

"And the list of the numbers of the
twenty-dollar bills?"

"That's in a sealed envelope. The
money is placed in the vault. I lock
the list of numbers in my desk."

"Are you prepared to swear that
neither you nor Mr. Nesbitt had access
to these two twenty-dollar bills on the
night of the fourteenth?"

"That is correct."

"That's all," Mason said. "No fur-
ther cross-examination."

"I now call Ralph Nesbitt to the
stand," District Attorney Flasher said.
"I want to fix the time of these events
definitely, Your Honor."

"Very well," Judge Haswell said.

"Mr. Nesbitt, come forward."

Ralph Nesbitt, after answering the

"Very well. Make it brief," the judge
agreed.

Mason turned to Paul Drake and
Della Street. "Well, there you are,"
Drake said. "You're confronted with
the proof, Perry."

"Are you going to put the defendant
on the stand?" Della Street asked.

Mason shook his head. "It would be
suicidal. He has a record of a prior
criminal conviction. Also, it's a rule of
law that if one asks about any part of a
conversation on direct examination, the
other side can bring out all the conver-
sation. That conversation, when Corbin
was discharged, was to the effect that he
had lied about his past record. And I
guess there's no question that he did."

"And he's lying now," Drake said.
"This is one case where you're licked.
I think you'd better cop a plea, and
see what kind of a deal you can make
with Flasher."

"Probably not any," Mason said.
"Flasher wants to have the reputation
of having given me a licking—wait a
minute, Paul, I have an idea."

Mason turned abruptly, walked away
to where he could stand by himself, his
back to the crowded courtroom.

"Are you ready?" the judge asked.

Mason turned. "I am quite ready,
Your Honor. I have one witness whom
I wish to put on the stand. I wish a
subpoena *duces tecum* issued for that
witness. I want him to bring certain
documents which are in his possession."

"Who is the witness, and what are
the documents?" the judge asked.

Mason walked quickly over to Paul
Drake. "What's the name of that char-
acter who has the garbage-collecting
business," he said softly, "the one who
has the first nickel he'd ever made?"

"George Addey."

The lawyer turned to the judge. "The
witness that I want is George Addey,
and the documents that I want him to
bring to court with him are all of the
twenty-dollar bills that he has received
during the past sixty days."

"Your Honor," Flasher protested,
"this is an outrage. This is making a
travesty out of justice. It is exposing
the court to ridicule."

Mason said, "I give Your Honor my
assurance that I think this witness is
material, and that the documents are
material. I will make an affidavit to
that effect if necessary. As attorney for
the defendant, may I point out that if
the court refuses to grant this subpoena,
it will be denying the defendant due
process of law."

"I'm going to issue the subpoena,"
Judge Haswell said, testily, "and for
your own good, Mr. Mason, the testi-
mony had better be relevant."

GEORGE ADDEY, unshaven and
bristling with indignation, held up
his right hand to be sworn. He glared at
Perry Mason.

"Mr. Addey," Mason said, "you have
the contract to collect garbage from
Jobson City?"

"I do."

"How long have you been collecting
garbage there?"

"For over five years, and I want to
tell you—"

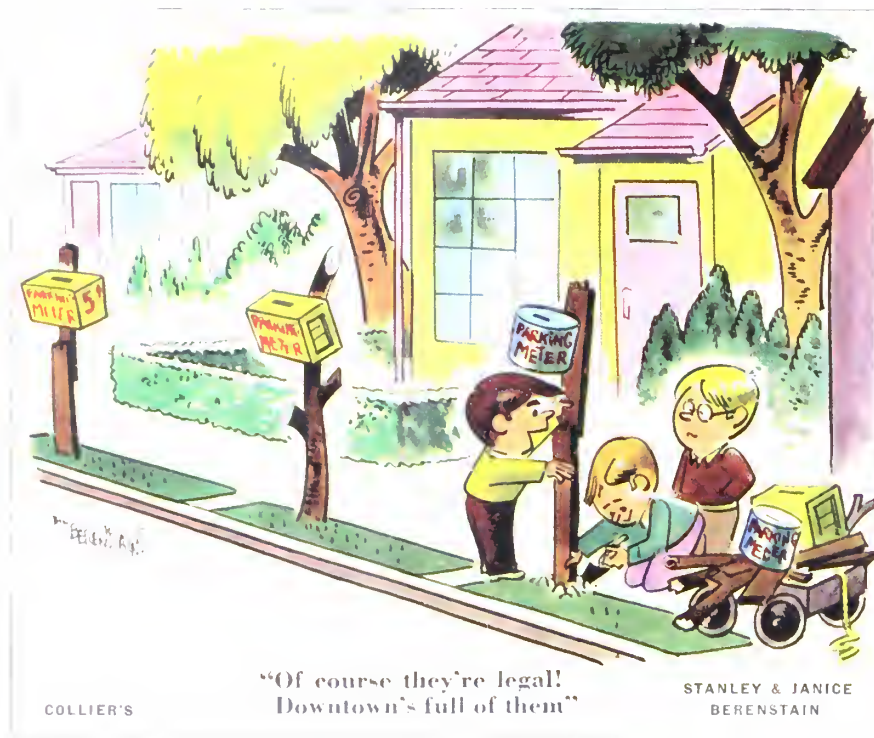
"Judge Haswell banged his gavel.
"The witness will answer questions and
not interpolate any comments."

"I'll interpolate anything I dang
please," Addey said.

"That'll do," the judge said. "Do you
wish to be jailed for contempt of court,
Mr. Addey?"

"I don't want to go to jail, but I—"

"Then you'll remember the respect
that is due the court," the judge said.



but to assist us in recovering the money
in the event there was a holdup."

"This was your plan to answer Mr.
Nesbitt's objections that the vault was
an outmoded model?"

"A part of my plan, yes. I may say
that Mr. Nesbitt's objections had never
been voiced until I took office. I felt
he was trying to embarrass me by mak-
ing my administration show less net
returns than expected." Bernal tight-
ened his lips and added, "Mr. Nesbitt
had, I believe, been expecting to be ap-
pointed manager. He was disappointed.
I believe he still expects to be manager."

In the spectators' section of the court-
room, Ralph Nesbitt glared at Bernal.

"You had a conversation with the
defendant on the night of the four-
teenth?" Mason asked Bernal.

"I did, Yes, sir."

"You told him that for reasons which
you deemed sufficient you were dis-
charging him immediately and wanted
him to leave the premises at once?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"And you paid him his wages in
cash?"

"Mr. Nesbitt paid him in my pres-
ence, with money he took from the
petty-cash drawer of the vault."

"Now, as part of the wages due him,
wasn't Corbin given these two twenty-
dollar bills which have been introduced
in evidence?"

Bernal shook his head. "I had thought
of that," he said, "but it would have
been impossible. Those bills weren't

usual preliminary questions, sat down
in the witness chair.

"Were you present at a conversation
which took place between the defend-
ant, Harvey L. Corbin, and Frank Ber-
nal on the fourteenth of this month?"
the district attorney asked.

"I was, Yes, sir."

"What time did that conversation
take place?"

"About eight o'clock in the evening."

"And, without going into the details
of that conversation, I will ask you if
the general effect of it was that the de-
fendant was discharged and ordered to
leave the company's property?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he was paid the money that
was due him?"

"In cash. Yes, sir. I took the cash
from the safe myself."

"Where was the payroll then?"

"In the sealed package in a compart-
ment in the safe. As cashier, I had the
only key to that compartment. Earlier
in the afternoon I had gone to Ivanhoe
City and received the sealed package of
money and the envelope containing the
list of numbers. I personally locked the
package of money in the vault."

"And the list of numbers?"

"Mr. Bernal locked that in his desk."

"Cross-examine," Flasher said.

"No questions," Mason said.

"That's our case, Your Honor,"

Flasher observed.

"May we have a few minutes indul-
gence?" Mason asked Judge Haswell.

"Now you sit there and answer questions. This is a court of law. You're in this court as a citizen, and I'm here as a judge, and I propose to see that the respect due to the court is enforced." There was a moment's silence while the judge glared angrily at the witness. "All right, go ahead, Mr. Mason," Judge Haswell said.

Mason said, "During the thirty days prior to the fifteenth of this month, did you deposit any money in any banking institution?"

"I did not."

"Do you have with you all the twenty-dollar bills that you received during the last sixty days?"

"I have, and I think making me bring them here is just like inviting some crook to come and rob me and—"

Judge Haswell banged with his gavel. "Any more comments of that sort from the witness and there will be a sentence imposed for contempt of court. Now you get out those twenty-dollar bills, Mr. Addey, and put them right up here on the clerk's desk."

Addey, mumbling under his breath, slammed a roll of twenty-dollar bills down on the desk in front of the clerk.

"Now," Mason said, "I'm going to need a little clerical assistance. I would like to have my secretary, Miss Street, and the clerk help me check through the numbers on these bills. I will select a few at random."

Mason picked up three of the twenty-dollar bills and said, "I am going to ask my assistants to check the list of numbers introduced in evidence. In my hand is a twenty-dollar bill that has the number L 07083274 A. Is that bill on the list? The next bill that I pick up is number L 02327010 A. Here's another one, number L 07579190 A. Are any of those bills on the list?"

THE courtroom was silent. Suddenly, Della Street said, "Yes, here's one that's on the list—bill number L 07579190 A. It's on the list, on page eight."

"What?" the prosecutor shouted.

"Exactly," Mason said, smiling. "So, if a case is to be made against a person merely because he has possession of the money that was stolen on the fifteenth of this month, then your office should prefer charges against this witness, George Addey, Mr. District Attorney."

Addey jumped from the witness stand and shook his fist in Mason's face. "You're a cockeyed liar!" he screamed. "There ain't a one of those bills but what I didn't have it before the fifteenth. The company cashier changes my money into twenties, because I like big bills. I bury 'em in cans, and I put the date on the side of the can."

"Here's the list," Mason said. "Check it for yourself."

A tense silence gripped the courtroom as the judge and the spectators waited.

"I'm afraid I don't understand this, Mr. Mason," Judge Haswell said, after a moment.

"I think it's quite simple," Mason said. "And I now suggest the court take a recess for an hour and check these other bills against this list. I think the district attorney may be surprised."

And Mason sat down and proceeded to put papers in his brief case. . . .

Della Street, Paul Drake and Perry Mason were sitting in the lobby of the Ivanhoe Hotel.

"When are you going to tell us?" Della Street asked fiercely. "Or do we tear you limb from limb? How could the garbage man have—?"

"Wait a minute," Mason said. "I think we're about to get results. Here comes the esteemed district attorney, Vernon Flasher, and he's accompanied by Judge Haswell."

The two strode over to Mason's group and bowed with cold formality.

Mason got up.

JUDGE HASWELL began in his best courtroom voice. "A most deplorable situation has occurred. It seems that Mr. Frank Bernal has—well—"

"Been detained somewhere," Vernon Flasher said.

"Disappeared," Judge Haswell said. "He's gone."

"I expected as much," Mason said.

"Now will you kindly tell me just what sort of pressure you brought to bear on Mr. Bernal to—?"

"Just a moment, Judge," Mason said. "The only pressure I brought to bear on him was to cross-examine him."

"Did you know that there had been a mistake in the dates on those lists?"

"There was no mistake. When you find Bernal, I'm sure you will discover there was a deliberate falsification. He was short in his accounts, and he knew he was about to be demoted. He had a desperate need for a hundred thousand dollars in ready cash. He had evidently been planning this burglary, or, rather, this embezzlement, for some time. He learned that Corbin had a criminal record. He arranged to have these lists furnished by the bank. He installed a burglar alarm, and, naturally, knew how to circumvent it. He employed a watchman he knew was addicted to drink. He only needed to stage his coup at the right time. He fired Corbin and paid him off with bills that had been recorded by the bank on page eight of the list of bills in the payroll on the first of the month."

"Then he removed page eight from the list of bills contained in the payroll of the fifteenth, before he showed it to the police, and substituted page eight of the list for the first of the month payroll. It was that simple."

"Then he drugged the watchman's whisky, took an acetylene torch, burned through the vault doors and took all the money."

"May I ask how you knew all this?" Judge Haswell demanded.

"Certainly," Mason said. "My client told me he received those bills from Nesbitt, who took them from the petty-cash drawer in the safe. He also told the sheriff that. I happened to be the only one who believed him. It sometimes pays, Your Honor, to have faith in a man, even if he has made a previous mistake. Assuming my client was innocent, I knew either Bernal or Nesbitt must be guilty. I then realized that only Bernal had custody of the previous lists of numbers."

"As an employee, Bernal had been paid on the first of the month. He looked at the numbers on the twenty-dollar bills in his pay envelope and found that they had been listed on page eight of the payroll for the first."

"Bernal only needed to abstract all twenty-dollar bills from the petty-cash drawer, substitute twenty-dollar bills from his own pay envelope, call in Corbin, and fire him. His trap was set."

"I let him know I knew what had been done by bringing Addey into court and proving my point. Then I asked for a recess. That was so Bernal would have a chance to skip out. You see, flight may be received as evidence of guilt. It was a professional courtesy to the district attorney. It will help him when Bernal is arrested." ▲▲▲

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Julie's week of one-night shows began on a train bound for Davenport, Iowa



In Davenport the next morning, she visited a local gift shop to choose presents for friends back home



Before show she was nervous, giggly about acting in 3,000-seat house. "I'll have to yell," she said



At late supper she shared a pizza with leading man, Charles Cooper (at right)



On train out of Cedar Rapids next night, she told actor Bill Allyn: "We're like gypsies skipping town"



At seven in morning, tired and hungry, she was in Omaha. "Touring is great," she told reporters

Collier's **COLOR CAMERA**

On the Road



FOR its audience, a touring Broadway play is a glamorous spectacle bearing no reality beyond the footlights. What happens when the stage magic is done—how the players eat, sleep, travel and spend their hours in a parade of strange cities—is a question audiences rarely consider.

Until recently, Julie Harris, star of the prize-winning Broadway play *I Am a Camera*, had little idea herself of what lies behind the bright façade of a traveling show. Julie is a star born and nurtured on Broadway. Her career has taken her on several short, leisurely tours. But she had never come face to face with real trouping until *I Am a Camera*, which is touring the country until late spring, embarked on the most grueling experience an actor can know: a run of one-night stands.

It began on a recent cold, wet night in Daven-

Collier's for January 17, 1953



After buying gifts she'd bought that afternoon, Julie went to theater to watch crew set up the scenery



Wearing hat she uses in first scene of play, she did limbering-up exercises between acts



After Omaha show, friends gave her a party. "Home cooking," she said. "It's wonderful!"



late next day, troupe came to Des Moines. Julie had an hour for sight-seeing before curtain time



When given her salary by company manager Manning Gurnian, she quipped: "Is it worth it?"



As she studied worn face after show, a train already waited to take her to Salt Lake City

with Julie Harris

The young star of *I Am a Camera* discovers what the old-timers mean whenever they talk about trouping

port, Iowa. In the hectic week which followed her performance there, Julie faced an average of eight long, weary hours each day traveling on trains and busses. She spent two nights on sleepers and occupied six different hotel rooms. She grabbed hurried meals in coffeshops and all-night diners. She was homesick. Every night she called her husband (Jay Julien, a New York lawyer) and wrote home to friends. Her days began to get mixed up: there came a morning when she awoke, looked at the ceiling and wondered aloud: "Where am I today?"

Following the Davenport performance came Cedar Rapids, Iowa. They arrived there late in the afternoon. That night, after the final curtain, Julie learned how fast a show can move: the troupe had one hour in which to remove make-up, dress, pack and catch a midnight sleeper for Omaha.

They made the train three minutes before departure time: it didn't pull out for almost two hours.

In Omaha at seven the next morning, a reporter wanted to know how she liked touring. "It's wonderful," she told him, straining to keep her eyes open. Then she went to her hotel to sleep. She awoke at noon. And suddenly there was time to spare. She read a book. She found some shoes that needed fixing and took them to a cobbler. She stayed out in a forbiddingly cold afternoon, exploring Omaha until dinner.

With the troupe slated to spend the night in Omaha, there was time for a rare break in the routine: after the show, the parents of a friend of Julie's held a party in her honor. It was a small, informal affair. "Most exciting time we've had in ages," she said afterward, and meant it.

I Am a Camera hit the road again the next morning. First a train and then a bus, and then Des Moines. There wasn't time to do much more than rest and eat before the show; by midnight they would be on a train bound for Salt Lake City.

The performance was given in a half-full, 4,000-seat movie theater, in which the actors' voices ricocheted off the walls. Afterward, Julie studied her tired face in the dressing-room mirror. "I'm beginning to wonder," she said, only half seriously, "what I'm doing here." And then a young couple knocked at her door. "We just wanted to thank you," the man said. "We don't get much theater around here. It was a wonderful experience."

Julie watched in her mirror as they left. "And there," she said, "is my answer. Salt Lake City. here we come!"

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New control of PITCH — freedom from "rocking-horse" motion when you go over a bump →

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← **New control of JOUNCE — protection against the bump-and-bounce of road shocks**

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Bean and Bacon



Cream of
Tomato



Chicken
Noodle



SUPERS

They're tops as an appetizer or the main course

By HARRY

THERE'S no more tempting dish on a cold winter evening than a steaming bowl of soup. It's welcomed equally by rich man and poor man, by gourmet and trencherman. A good soup will titillate and stimulate the most pedestrian of appetites at the start of a formal dinner. Or it will serve as the main course for a hungry and impatient family. It is the pride of a dinner hostess, the refuge of a busy and thrifty housewife.

Many soups have become solid favorites over the years. Here's how to make some of the best of them:

Waterbury Soup

An expensive and famous New York restaurant has established and embellished its prestige by offering a tasty soup, smooth as silk. It can be made quickly and should bring you an accolade. I have served this soup so many times and noted the reaction it gets that I now keep copies of the recipe on hand to give to those who request it. The demand is usually equivalent to the number of guests at the table. Here is the recipe:

Canned consommé, 1 quart
Egg yolks, 2
Curry powder, 1 teaspoon
Heavy cream, ½ cup
Tart apples, finely diced



Chicken
Gumbo

SOUPS

or a meal. Here are some taste-tested recipes

BOTSFORD

Make a paste of some of the consommé and the curry powder, stir into the balance of the consommé, bring it to a boil, let the volume reduce a little. Remove from the fire, add the cream and egg yolks beaten together, but do it slowly while beating. Replace over low heat, but do not permit to come to a boil. Place a tablespoon of the diced apples in each soup plate, pour in the hot soup and serve. Ample for eight. If you like a well-flavored cold soup, let the mixture cool, then chill. Excellent on a hot day!

Chicken and Mushroom Soup

The addition of a little wine to canned soups creates a minor miracle, especially when you blend two soups. This combination will serve six:

Condensed chicken soup, 1 can
Condensed cream of mushroom soup, 1 can
Dry sherry wine, ½ cup
Milk, 1 cup
Water, ½ cup
Salt and pepper to taste.

Heat soups, milk and water in a double boiler. Add wine 10 minutes before serving. Season with salt and pepper. Dust each serving lightly with paprika.

(Continued on page 48)

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Soup will warm you in winter, cool you in summer—and temp

Soup Sauterne

Another happy combination is cream of pea soup and consommé Madrilène. The end result is called soup sauterne. Here is how it is done, and there is sufficient for six or seven:

Cream of pea soup, 2 cans
Sauterne, ½ cup
Consommé Madrilène, 2 cans
Pinch of thyme

Blend ingredients, heat thoroughly in a double boiler, add salt and pepper to taste. Garnish each helping with a sprig of parsley.

Tomato Bouillon

This light, flavorful and invigorating soup is one of the best preludes to a dinner. It is easy to make.

Tomato juice, 3½ cups
Oregano, ½ teaspoon
Dried basil, ½ teaspoon
Parsley flakes, 1 teaspoon

Heat together, season to taste with salt and pepper, serve very hot. Enough for six servings.

Basque Soupe a l'Oignon

A Basque artist taught me how to make onion soup. If he could paint as well as he cooks, he would be rich and famous. As it is, he's a mediocre man with the brush, but very happy. Here is the formula—and don't deviate from it, I pray you:

Onions, medium, 5
Flour, ¾ tablespoon
Pinch of thyme
Salt and pepper to taste
Bacon fat, 2 tablespoons
Garlic, 2 cloves, mashed
Tarragon wine vinegar, 1 tablespoon
Water or vegetable broth, 2 quarts, hot

Slice and chop onions finely, sauté in fat over a low flame. Add flour, stir well, then add the garlic and let cook until light golden color. Add thyme and vinegar, and water or broth, simmer for about 45 minutes, by which time the volume should be reduced to 1½ quarts. Pour into individual crockery casseroles, top with a slice of French bread capped by a thin slice of Swiss cheese. Pop under the broiler until the cheese melts and the bread toasts. Here is a rich and lively brew, enough for six to eight hungry people. If it's for luncheon or supper, a salad of sliced cucumbers and radishes in a vinegar sauce teams up very chummily with the magnificent onion soup.

Bean Soup

A sturdy companion to the onion soup of France is the hearty and enormously good American Navy bean soup. I've eaten it in camp and cabin, in penthouse dining rooms, in farm kitchens and in Army mess halls. It is always good, a prime masculine favorite. It is seldom made the same way, but in spite of the deviations, it always has been better than good. A bean-soup addict from youth, I prefer my own method of making it. It is a formula that has been in my family for over three centuries. The fact that it has survived is clear evidence of its virtue. We used a leftover ham butt, although you can get the same wonderful flavor by starting with an uncooked ham butt.

Try it, and see if I am not right:

Ham butt, 1½ pounds
Navy beans, 4 cups
Onion, large, 1
Celery, finely diced, 1 stalk
Potato, finely diced, small, 1
Tomato juice, ½ cup
Thyme, ½ teaspoon

Skin and cover the ham with cold water, boil until tender, let it cool and skim off fat. To the beans, which have been soaked in cold water overnight, add onion, celery and potato. Simmer about three hours until beans are soft, adding about eight cups of hot water to get a volume sufficient to serve eight people. Add tomato juice about one half hour before serving, the thyme 15 minutes

Light cream, 1 cup

Parsley flakes or finely chopped chives

Clean, remove tough green parts of leeks, dice with the onion and sauté over low heat in half of the butter or margarine. Cook until tender but do not brown. Add chicken stock, cook for 15 minutes, then rub through a coarse sieve. Add potatoes, balance of the butter or margarine, salt and pepper. Stir or beat until the mixture is silky smooth. Cool, add cream, stirring constantly, and chill well. Garnish with parsley or chives when served. Sufficient for four. The flavor is delightfully delicate, as elusive as a flying saucer. This soup offers an ideal way in which to launch a summer luncheon or dinner.

Vichyssoise also may be served hot, but in the opinion of settled eaters the soup loses some of its flavor when eaten hot.

Iced Borsch

Another summer soup of undeniable excellence is chilled borsch. Originally a Russian dish, the traditional recipe calls for a small roast duck, a cracked shin of beef, a knuckle of veal and seven vegetables, among other items. Probably not a popular dish in Red Russia in these days of austerity meals in the average Soviet home! But borsch, American style, is simple to make, contains only economy ingredients and, when it is served chilled, its delicate nuances of flavor are indescribably good. Here's the recipe:

Beet juice, 2 cups
Sour cream, ¾ cup
Lemon juice, 1 tablespoon
Salt, 1½ teaspoons
Pepper, ¼ teaspoon
Scallions, finely minced, 2 table-

spoons
Beets, finely diced, 1 cup
Water cress, 1 bunch
Sour cream for garnish, ¼ cup

Add water to canned beet juice to make the necessary amount, blend with sour cream, lemon juice and seasonings in a bowl and beat smooth with a rotary beater. Add scallions, diced beets and coarsely cut water cress leaves, discarding the stems. Chill thoroughly, serve with a topping of sour cream. The scarlet and white makes a pretty picture, and it is as good as it looks. Plenty for four.

Shrimp Bisque

Down in New Orleans, where so many famous dishes were born, the cooks produce a *bisque d'écrevisses*, a shrimp bisque so good that it has been cheered by generations of solid eaters. Happily, the formula has now become national, and it is shared by all:

Shrimp, raw, 1½ pounds
Butter, 1 cup
Tomato paste, 2 tablespoons
Flour, 2 tablespoons
Fish stock, 5 cups
Light cream, 1½ cups
Dry sherry, 4 tablespoons
Parsley, minced, 2 tablespoons
Croutons, fried in butter, 1 cup
Salt, cayenne pepper, paprika

Fry shrimps in ½ cup butter; when they become a brilliant red, cool, shell, devein and cut into small slices. Place in a bowl and add remaining ½ cup

Collier's for January 17, 1953



COLLIER'S "Well-I-I? Was it a boy this time, Dad?" TOM ZIB

before serving. Stir from time to time to prevent burning. Just before removing from the heat, lift out the ham butt, discard the bone, cut the ham in bite-sized pieces. Put about half of the beans through a ricer and return to the pot along with the diced ham. Thick and nutritious, the soup is distinctive and filling. The servings should be on the liberal side, and there is sufficient for eight. There are those who stoutly and enthusiastically maintain that the soup is better on the second day, a fact I cannot dispute.

On a cold and blustery night, with the wind shaking your windows, there's nothing better for a homespun dinner than a big bowl of steaming bean soup, toasted pilot crackers, a robust salad, a fruit pie for dessert—and plenty of coffee, strong and valiant.

Vichyssoise

But when the temperature soars, there is nothing more delectable than a dish of icy-cold Vichyssoise, a soup of French origin, but perfected in this country. I am going to speak of the homemade variety, but the canned soup is also excellent. Here's how you can make your own Vichyssoise:

Leeks, finely diced, 4
Onion, finely diced, medium, 1
Butter or margarine, 4 tablespoons
Chicken broth or stock, 3 cups
Potatoes, mashed, ½ cup
Salt, ½ teaspoon
Pepper, ¼ teaspoon

butter, 1 tablespoon of the tomato paste and crush until thoroughly mixed. To the pan in which the shrimps were cooked, stir in the flour, balance of tomato paste and shrimp mixture. Replace over low heat and stir in fish stock. When the mixture boils, remove from heat, add cream, parsley and sherry. Correct seasonings, serve in heated bowls with croutons. The fish stock is compounded by cooking fish bones (obtainable from your fish dealer), peppercorns, a little butter, 1 chopped onion, carrots, celery, a bay leaf, ½ cup white wine and 8 cups of water. Simmer for 3 hours; strain before using.

The recipe produces about eight generous servings, perfect prelude to a dinner of thinly sliced baked ham, a water-cress salad, a green vegetable, toasted rolls. A lemon sherbet for dessert, or fruit in season, is indicated.

Philadelphia Pepper Pot

If you have ever lived on Philadelphia's Main Line, or dined in one of its clubs, you will remember Philadelphia pepper pot, an American regional creation, generated in a sector which still places great stress on tasty victuals. The soup is smooth, unctuous and enormously good. Here's how it is made:

Tripe, 4 pounds
Veal joint, 1
Bay leaves, 2
Onions, diced, 2
Herbs, 1 bunch
Potatoes, diced raw, 4
Parsley, minced, 2 teaspoons
Salt, 2 teaspoons
Pepper, ground, 1 teaspoon
Cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon
Whole sweet red pepper, diced, 1
Beef suet, 1 cup
Flour, 2 cups

Philadelphia cooks place scant value on time, for this is a two-day job. But, when you savor it, you acknowledge that the time has been well spent. Scrape and clean tripe, wash in 3 or 4 waters, cover with cold water and simmer rather briskly for 8 hours, adding water from time to time. Cool and cut in ½-inch squares. The following day,

simmer the veal knuckle in 3 quarts of water, skim off scum as it rises. Separate meat from the bones, cut into dice. Strain the broth, add bay leaves, chopped onions and diced meat and simmer for 1 hour. Add potatoes, herbs, parsley and red pepper cut into thin strips. Follow this with the tripe and the seasonings. Compound small dumplings of diced suet, a little water and flour—tiny affairs no more than ½ inch in diameter. Roll each in flour, gently lower into the seething pepper pot for 5 minutes. Serve piping hot, and let the bowls be generous. There should be ample servings for eight. Pepper pot, a salad of sliced tomatoes and some toasted English muffins will constitute fare that is at once robust and stimulating. Ever notice how well fed the citizens of Philadelphia appear? I strongly suspect that part of it is due to pepper pot, and perhaps some of it is due to their incomparable red snapper soup. Incidentally, both soups are now available in cans and are uniformly palatable.

There was a time when the average housewife looked upon all canned soups with deep suspicion. Then an alert soupmaker started to invite members of women's clubs to visit his plants. They saw premises as neat as their own kitchens, they saw vast and shining caldrons equipped with temperature controls, they saw critically inspected ingredients go into the soups, and they saw the rigid tests for butter, cream, meats, condiments and herbs. They went back home converts to canned soup and they told other women what they had seen. Canned soups leaped into popularity.

There was a time when the soup addict also viewed dehydrated soups with suspicion. However, several types of great merit have been put on the market in the last few years. These soups are a compact concentrate which may be quickly transformed into a steaming brew so good it will please an epicure. Just add water and bring to a boil for the time specified on the package.

Homemade, canned or dehydrated, hot or cold, soup will give you and your guests a real mealtime treat. ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S

EDWIN LEPPER

Collier's for January 17, 1953

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THE BRIDGE

By ALAN WYKES

Here, in this country village, she had spent her childhood. Here she had first been in love. Now she was a visitor—grown, married, changed. And where was her love now?

THE letter was addressed to her personally: *Mrs. Mary Gresham, 35 Warburton Close, Cargill, Birmingham.* Alex watched her with mild amusement from across the table as she opened it.

It was just a sheet of paper with a newspaper clipping stuck on it. There was a note appended below the clipping, in Jeff's oddly formed handwriting that, until that moment, she would have sworn she'd forgotten: *Thought this would interest you.*

The clipping was a paragraph from a local newspaper. It seemed that a bridge called Apple Acres Culvert was to be demolished, and would, under the new rural development scheme, in time be replaced by a wider bridge, of more modern construction.

Mary didn't look at Alex; she didn't look at anything for a moment. Then she passed him the clipping. "It's just a bit of local news from home," she said. She tried to keep her voice steady as she lied quite unnecessarily: "I can't imagine who sent it. Probably old Sprogg, the news agent."

Alex rose and gathered up his pipe and matches from the mantelpiece. "Knowing," he said, smiling, "that, with the sentimentality of your sex, you'd probably be quite prepared to travel three hundred miles to have a last weepy look at the old rustic bridge before it's finally torn down?" He turned, stuffing his pockets, taking the paper from the breakfast table. "Hey! I believe I've got something there. Is that a nostalgic tear I see?"

"Certainly not," Mary said. She clattered the dishes onto the tray.

"No?" He tilted her face. The light brown hair fell back from her shoulders. "You're lying to me, woman," he said. "This bridge, this cul-

vert, whatever it is—it means something to you, doesn't it?"

"We used to play on it as kids—dare each other to walk the parapet. There's a stream with tadpoles. We used to catch them and put them in crocks—"

"We?"

She looked down, away from him. "The kids in the village. The road runs over the culvert, and there're some acacias on one side, and the other side drops to Butter Row, and you can see the post office because it's the only building with a red roof, and farther past that there's McLaughlin's garage and—"

He watched her seeing the things of which she was speaking. Yes, it meant something to her all right. "Could you do it in three days?" he said. "A day there, a day back and a day to stand on the bridge and weep?"

"Alex," she said, "you don't really mean it?"

"Well, considering that if it hadn't been for me, you'd probably have married old Sprogg and never left the place—well, I guess I can do without you for three days. In seven years you haven't moved from my side. I think a nostalgic adventure would probably do you good."

"Darling," she said. "I do like you. I do like you so much."

"You're not bad yourself," Alex said. "You're not bad at all."

MARY made the journey on Thursday, so that she could return for the week end. She wished desperately that she did not have such a longing to go. It was cheating Alex in a way, and herself too. But when someone crops up out of the past . . .

At the tiny station she was the only passenger to alight—she had been almost the only passenger in the single-coach local train.

The station was deserted; there wasn't even anyone to collect her ticket. She paused on the dirt

road that led from the station to Aunt Lou Flagg's, set down her dressing case, and breathed deeply. It was very easy to convince herself that everything was as wonderful as she'd known it would be. The scents and the scene were precisely as they should be—as if she had never for a moment left the place of remembered childhood.

The road turned and rose, and at the top, like a ship at anchor, the turreted house rode the sea of orchards in the thin sunlight. It wasn't the sort of house you bought: it was the sort of house you came by.

Jeff had inherited it. He lived there now. Once, brandishing a wooden sword and wearing a pyramid hat made out of newspaper, he'd said as they stood on Apple Acres Culvert, "You'll live there with me, see?"

She looked at the clipping again. . . . *To be demolished to make way for a wider, modern bridge.*

They were ten then. The bridge was the place where they always parted—he to walk stolidly, and without looking back, up the hill to the house; she to return to Aunt Lou Flagg's cottage. She always turned to wave, perhaps a dozen times; but he never looked back and she would never injure her pride by asking him.

Always, at the bridge, at parting, there had been his inevitable question: "Why don't you come on up? Nobody'll eat you."

"No. I like it from here best."

"But you can't see it properly, silly."

"Yes, I can. I can see it as I want to see it." Something would be spoiled if she saw the house before the right time—she knew that; it was an ever-present knowledge.

Later, years later, Jeff said, "I know why you've never wanted to go up to the house. It's because you're waiting for me to carry you over the threshold."

That was on the bridge too. "What a quaint idea," she said, and made herself laugh. But she

She was aware of his tenseness. "What did you come back for?" he said suddenly, urgently. He looked puzzled, but he didn't really care

knew it was true. "You needn't think I want to marry you, so there," she added. "Marry?" Jeff said. "Huh! That's all a lot of rot."

Within six months, though, he had asked her. That night she told Mrs. Flagg; it was something that *had* to be told.

"Jeff Colvin's asked me to marry him! He really means it, too. He asked me on the bridge, and that's a sort of sacred place. Whatever you say on the bridge is cross-your-heart—"

AUNT LOU looked up, not startled, certainly not cross, perhaps not even amused: just accepting, nodding her head. "Nothing unusual in that. People do it every day." Behind her the flowered bag of knitting swung on the chair. "The thing is—when?"

"When I'm twenty-one," Mary said. "I won't have to mind you any longer, then. I can do what I like. You're only my guardian till then."

The older woman looked up. "My dear, I wouldn't stop you doing what you wanted, what you really and deeply wanted, at twenty-one or now or any time. But is it what you really want?"

"Of course," she said with unnecessary vehemence, and ran from the room.

She had believed it. She had believed Jeff and she were made for each other because she needed to. She liked being with him; she liked the way he openly—believing it to be secretly—admired her; and the way that sometimes, if she wasn't looking directly at him, he'd murmur lines of verse. She liked most of all the thought of living with him in the anchored ship that would be his one day. They wouldn't part on the bridge: they'd go straight up the hill together that day, for the first time.

Then Alex had come.

He'd come right out of nowhere and set himself down in the post office one morning when Mary was buying some stamps for Mrs. Flagg.

"Cold in this part of the world," he said. He was tall, with brown hair and a pipe that seldom left his mouth.

He was staying for three weeks, surveying a possible site for a provincial depot for his firm. "I suppose you wouldn't know anywhere I could park?" Mr. Sprogg tells me there's a Mrs. Flagg—"

"Yes," Mary said. "I live with her."

"Well, that decides me," Alex said. Mary couldn't help being amused. Later, she decided Alex was the kind of man who could get away with it; he was, as a matter of fact, rather lovable.

"I like him," she said to Mrs. Flagg, a few days later.

"I can see you do," Mrs. Flagg said, dryly.

At the end of the second week Mary's birthday came. Alex had not known about it till the very afternoon. When he came in from the site with his portfolio under his arm, he saw the cake on the table. "Twenty-one candles," he said, standing there and counting them deliberately. "And you never told me."

Jeff was not there. He'd been up in London for most of that winter. When Alex asked her to marry him that night, it seemed that Jeff had been away, right out of her life, for years.

She said, smiling, "I feel like a Victorian maiden. I want to say, 'This is so sudden.'"

Alex said, "I expect it seems like awful cheek on my part."

"It doesn't, somehow. It should, but it doesn't." That was true.

"I've nothing much to offer you," he said. "A regular job, promotion possible but not probable, a bit put by, a chance of a house through a building society, and enough left over to furnish a couple of rooms in it. It'd have to be in Birmingham—my firm's there, and there's no possibility of getting shifted." He looked at her thoughtfully. "You mightn't like it after Devonshire, Mary. Besides, just because I'm free, I'm tak-



COLLIER'S

STAN HUNT

ing it for granted you are too. And I daresay you're not."

She never even hesitated a second. "Yes," she said. "I'm free"; and later: "Yes. I'll marry you."

It was as brief and sudden as that, like the pain of a wound. Aunt Lou, tilting in her chair, said, "You're not thinking, you're not using your brain."

"No," Mary said. "Not my brain—my heart."

ALEX went away at the end of the week. When he had gone, she realized that, though he had not whispered a single endearing word, though his love was unspoken, she could think of nothing but the day he'd send for her.

She told Jeff. That had to be on the bridge too: Where else could she make the disclosure?

Wearing a green dress, not looking at Jeff or at the stream or at the winter landscape, she told him.

He didn't say anything for long minutes. Then, looking away from her, he said, "Did you tell him about us?"

"No," she said. "I didn't. Suddenly it seemed to me there wasn't anything to tell really."

After a moment he said, "You really believe that?"

She felt frightened, chilled; dusk was coming on. In the frightened voice of her awareness she spoke again. "Well, why not? After all, I'm free." She thought: You can't claim me because you've known me all your life, because we played kids' games together; you can't—

"Yes," Jeff agreed. "You're free."

She remembered a kind of anguish possessing her after that; but through it Jeff spoke again—one of his bits of verse, one she'd never heard before, as if all along he'd been keeping it secret, knowing, perhaps fearing, that the moment would come for it to be spoken.

"Free is the girl in green, broken my dream; Careless, my stream glides by; Beneath the bridge my stream goes by." . . .

. . . To be demolished, to make way for a wider, modern bridge.

Mary looked up from the clipping. Ahead lay the bridge, arched and nar-

row, its red bricks chipped and scratched and initialed. So many people . . . so many times . . . Beyond it the acacias bloomed in wild abandon; the heady scent filled the air as though it were already evening. She turned off to the left, down Butter Row, without giving the bridge another glance.

Aunt Lou was as unchanged as the scene. She had a dress for summer and a dress for winter. It was the summer one she wore now—dark as old port, with carefully laundered lace at neck and cuffs and a black band encircling her throat.

"My dear," she said. "I knew you'd be along about now. I heard the train's whistle." At her shoulder the flowered knitting bag (it might have been the same one) swung gently from the back of the chair. "And how is Alex?"

"Alex is wonderful," Mary said. "But I had to come. I just *had* to. You do understand, don't you, Aunt Lou?"

The question was evaded, the knitting put carefully in the bag. "You must be tired, dear. Your room's quite ready. Jeff's expecting you in the morning. He and Sonia—"

"Sonia?" Mary felt her heart leap.

"Yes, dear. Sonia." Aunt Lou busied herself with blue plates from the dark dresser. "Surely you didn't expect Jeff to spend the rest of his days in bachelor pining, simply because you—"

"No, I suppose I couldn't have. It was just that—well, I didn't know."

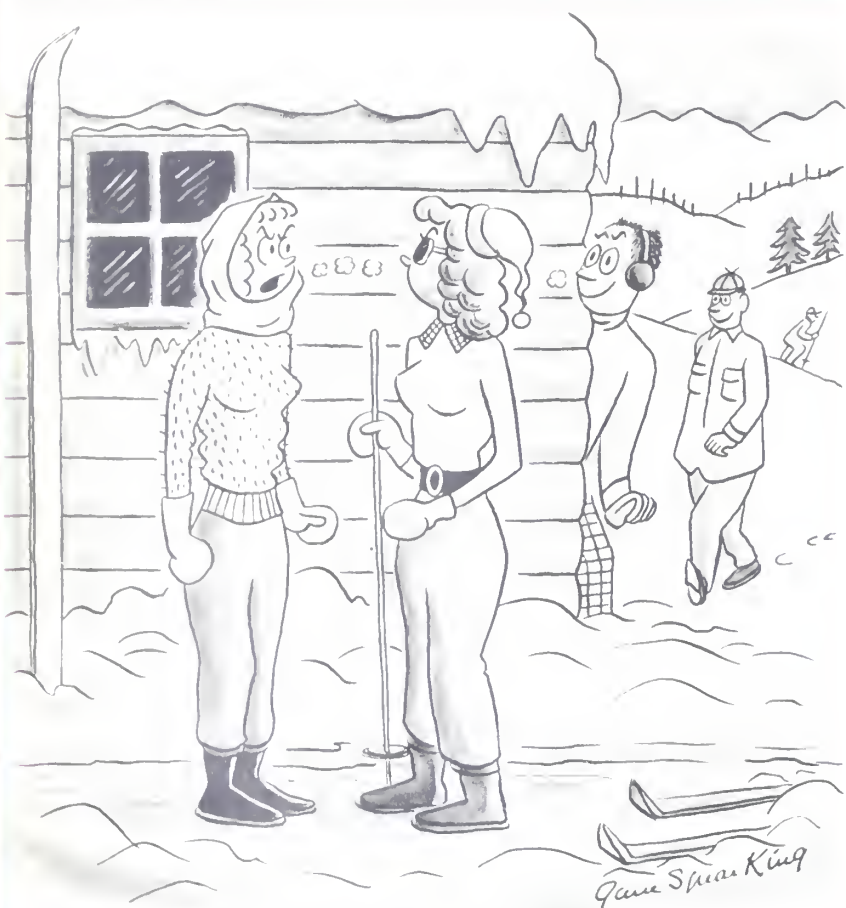
"Five years," Aunt Lou said. "They were married the year Jeff inherited the house. There's an old saying about water flowing under bridges. But since you never asked about Jeff in your letters, I never mentioned him in mine. Most people don't like a part of their lives they've lived interfering with the part they're living now."

Mary looked out of the diamond-paned windows—McLaughlin's Garage and Mr. Sprogg crossing the road with a hoe on his shoulder. The familiar scene.

"No," she said, "but somehow it always does." . . .

Lying in the cool, narrow bed in the remembered room, she thought: Jeff married. Jeff married to a girl named

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COLLIER'S

JANE KING

"I like winter sports if they don't try to get too fresh"

Sonia. Jeff with three children. The thought echoed, through her waking or sleeping mind, the whole night long.

By morning she was aware of a sense of urgency about her visit. She no longer concealed it. "When he sent that clipping telling me about the bridge," she confessed to Aunt Lou, "I thought it was just a sentimental journey I wanted to make. But now—"

Aunt Lou looked across the sunny breakfast table. "But now you're afraid it's something more serious. There's a little doubt in your heart; you're not absolutely sure that marrying a man you knew three weeks and living in a suburb of Birmingham in a semi-detached villa is just what you wanted. Be honest with yourself, my dear. Isn't that so?"

"Yes," Mary said quietly. "As long as I thought Jeff had forgotten, I was prepared to forget too. But I know now that he hasn't. And I'm afraid—afraid he may have made a mistake too."

"You must go and see. I could tell you. But whatever I told you, you'd have to confirm with your own eyes."

MARY went up to the house slowly, deliberately slowly, like a child going to meet an expected punishment.

It was cool; she crossed the bridge without lingering and went on up between the orchards where a little of the fallen blossom clung to the ground like spindrift. He might be reproachful, she thought, steeling herself for possible bitterness.

The garden was walled all the way round and had a green gate with a brass bell. She pulled the bell, and almost immediately heard quick footsteps.

The gate opened and Jeff stood there, apparently on his way out, for a trench coat was slung over his shoulders. He did invite her in, but came out to stand in front of her, pulling the gate gently shut behind him.

"Mary," he said.

He'd broadened, and she thought with sudden shock: Why, being rich has made him fleshy. But his clothes were good, if slightly ostentatious, with rather too many pleats at the waist of his expensive flannel slacks. He took her arm and steered her back down the road toward the bridge.

"Sorry, old girl. Sonia and I had a bit of a brawl. It wouldn't have been a nice atmosphere to ask you into. You probably don't approve of that sort of thing in Warburton Close."

Mary ignored the implied sneer. "Do you often quarrel?" she asked.

"Us? Lord, yes. Life's one long gory fracas. We heave things at each other sometimes." They came to the bridge, passed over and beyond it. "About time they widened the thing," he said casually.

JEFF looked straight ahead as they walked out of the village. He no longer held Mary's arm. She thought: He's changed, become bitter. All the time, all the morning, she was aware of his tenseness. They came to a place where they'd played as children, but she knew he had not chosen that place for any reason but its convenience at that moment. "What did you come back for?" he said suddenly, urgently.

As she looked up at him she could see a momentary puzzlement in his glance, as though he really wanted to know; but it passed in a second, and she knew the question need never have been asked, just as the clipping need never have been sent. He might even have forgotten that he'd sent it. He didn't really care, either; it was another kind of life he was leading now. She saw just how it was—how brief flashes of the old one came back and touched him sometimes, like needles. In such a moment, he must have sent the clipping. She saw how, in a little while, he would no longer be troubled by any memory of her. He would remember her with cool detachment.

"Tell me about life in the suburbs," he said. Somehow he made it sound patronizing.

Color flushed in her cheeks. "I don't like you this way," she said. "You're not the same person I remember at all." Then, more quietly, she said, "'Free is the girl in green, broken my dream—'"

Jeff laughed, quite unnecessarily loud. "That tommyrot! I've got past all that. Sonia and I live an intelligent life. It's the sort of thing I've always wanted—"

Mary listened to him speaking of the

cocktail parties, the houseboat they had on the river somewhere, the coed school they were going to send the children to, the housemaids and grooms who came and went, the *pied-a-terre* in Jermyn Street, the valuable contemporary water colors he was collecting the fashionable young composer who had written a symphony . . . She watched the dark face from which something of youth had departed, and thought with momentary pain: It's because of me he's changed like this.

But it wasn't true; she knew that. People went different ways, they came to a bridge and crossed, or they stayed on this side. You went a bit of the way together, then . . .

"Well, I'm glad to know you've been so successful," she said.

"Me? Yes, indeed. A few solid investments I inherited from the old man, beside the house." He jingled keys. "All in all I can count on three to four thousand pounds a year."

"That's nice," she said. "Well, isn't this where we say cheerio?"

"The bridge? May as well. Getting latish, I suppose. I don't know if you'd care to come up for lunch?"

Mary smiled. "I don't think so really, Jeff," she said.

"No? Well, some other time perhaps. Always glad to have you. That reminds me, I've been telling you all about my life—and I haven't heard a thing about yours."

"My life." Mary said, "you would call very dull: getting meals, peeping from behind the lace curtains, queuing for the groceries—"

"Ha!" Jeff said. "Looking after the old man's inner man, eh?" While he was laughing, she thought that she had been fighting off all day recurrent: In a year or two he'll be fat, run to seed, a bore.

"Well, Jeff," she said. "I'm glad I came, glad I've seen you."

They shook hands almost formally on the bridge.

"Like when we were kids, eh?" Jeff said. "You never would come up to the place, remember?"

"Yes," she said. "I remember."

SHE walked back to the cottage and repacked her suitcase. "I really think I ought to get back, Aunt Lou. I'd forgotten there was an afternoon train. I'll wire Alex from the junction. He'll be so pleased. I know exactly what he'll say—he'll make a joke about the bridge being too far gone to stand on by the time I got there."

"And was it?"

"I think it was," Mary said softly.

On the way to the station she did not look back. She felt no regret save for the scene, the scents, the remembered words of childhood and early love. I'll always remember and love those, she thought. But she knew she wouldn't come again.

The new bridge will be there soon, she thought—wider, safer, with no scratched hearts and initials, no sentiment at all. For her, that was in another place now.

In the speeding train she thought faintly, as if through gauze, of Jeff and Sonia measuring out their lives in cocktail glasses and belligerent argument. She thought of Alex meeting her at the station, saying, "Glad to be back?" and her own, heartfelt reply, "Yes. I am glad to be back."

She thought of the walk to the suburban terrace, the rooms that he would have tidied to please her, the curtains billowing at the opened windows—the place where love was.

Looking for Something?



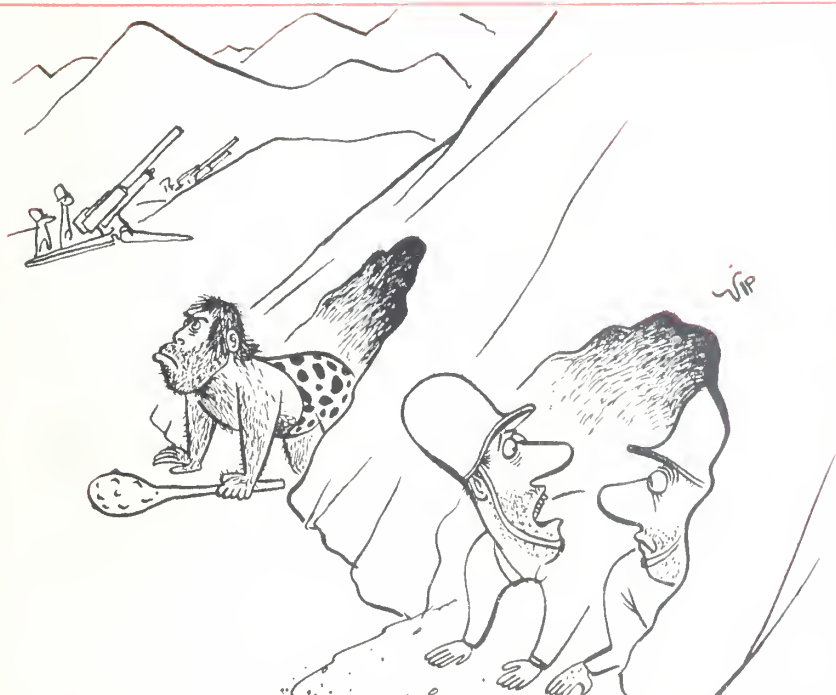
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VIP'S WAR



"Is he in our outfit?"

VIRGIL PARTCH

COLLIER'S



Ships lie at anchor off Thule, Greenland, during construction of U.S.'s northernmost air base. Huts at left housed workers and supplies. Water

color is typical of 73 Bernt Balchen paintings now on display in New York. Many depict historic events in which Balchen played major role

Col. Bernt Balchen's

The renowned explorer, pioneer pilot and swashbuckling Medal of Honor winner discloses a new facet to



Balchen's crashed plane lies on Greenland icecap above another downed craft after both were wrecked seeking lost C-53 in '42. Balchen won fame leading party 100 miles overland to safety



Col. Bernt Balchen

BERNT BALCHEN is a living legend. During the last quarter century he has become a symbol of the man adventure and daring. He flew the antarctic with Byrd (and won the Congressional Medal of Honor for it) in the wire and-strut days when most people considered travel by air either for the foolhardy or for those in a life-and-death hurry. In the pioneer days of aviation

he was described as the greatest pilot in the world by Clarence Chamberlain, the first man to fly transatlantic mail. Balchen has logged more hours over ice and snow than any other human. But during these years of derring-do, he has kept his eyes open—and they are the eyes of a sensitive, sentimental artist.

Often, in pencil sketches done from quick notes on the scene, or from memory, he recorded the details of his most exciting adventures. During the last four years he has set his hand to painting those scenes in water colors. Thus, visitors to New York's Grand Central Art Galleries currently are viewing a lifetime of swashbuckling exploits in 73 of Balchen's paintings

Collier's for January 17, 195



ing long arctic flights, Balchen was fascinated by the warm-weather
kup of ice fields into bergs. He made sketches, later did painting



Solitude of Alaska, where Balchen often serves as expert for the Air
Force, is expressed in water color of mammoth Kadiak bear on glacier



chen was key figure in dropping supplies to Finnish and Norwegian
ops mopping up Germans in 1945. Painting captures the intense cold



Weird lighting effect is produced in Norway's Sundal Valley by sun's
rays diffused by overhanging clouds. River and mountains are in shadow

Arctic Art

onality—as a water-color artist

The water colors enable the viewer to see—
ough Balchen's eyes—the rescue of fliers lost in the
ic; the establishment of the U.S.'s northernmost
base at Thule, Greenland; a parachute drop to
ply the Norwegian underground, and dozens of
er perilous undertakings.

Although Balchen became interested in art as a
d in Norway, he never has had any formal instruc-
. When he decided to make a permanent record
his years in the Far North, he bought some books
art and became his own teacher.

But so keen is his feeling for the scenes he paints,
so vivid are his recollections, that the viewer
es the emotion Balchen wishes to express.

Balchen himself says that his reawakened interest
rt has increased the love and appreciation he has
the arctic and its startling beauty. "One must ab-
," he says. "There are so many things I see now
I never saw before."

In style, Balchen's work reflects the vast bleakness
he North. Typical of his work is a water color of
iant Kadiak bear. Under Balchen's experienced
d, the bear attains its full stature as a behemoth of
north country when he paints it as a solitary figure
inst a glacial background.

After 25 years in the arctic, Balchen, both as ex-
per and artist, is still thrilled by its splendor.
"There's so much to find," he says.

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Striking contrast of light and shadow is created on Greenland mountainside by low-lying arctic
sun at high noon. Mountain is near Ikatek, a Far North air base Balchen helped to construct



Long Trail

By N. B. STONE, JR.

It was Clay's job to go thousands of miles to arrest his friend. It was no part of the job to take him away from the girl he loved

CLAY WALDON left Salem in the late afternoon and rode north on the Oregon-California trail, through the soft sunlight that lay over the flat stretches of the Willamette Valley like golden mist. He traveled slowly; for his paint horse was jaded, thin at the withers, and his ribs were bunched under his hide like a washboard.

It had been an overlong trip. Clay had been in the saddle for five months, all the way from Three Forks in the heart of Texas, through the Arizona Territory and California, and now into this new state of Oregon. Even so, the trip was not half completed, for there was still the ride back to Texas to be considered. Somewhere on the trail back, after he had picked up Sam Gates in Portland and made the summer passage through the mountains, he planned to stop over for a week or so, while his horse fattened up and worked the kinks out of his leg muscles.

The trail cut a brown gash through the valley floor. On either side were fields green with unripe wheat and oats, and in the distance the Willamette River snaked over the land, slate-blue in the sunlight. Bees droned in the fields, and the still air was sweet with the savor of sun-warmed earth.

Clay rode with slack-jointed ease: a wiry man, with skin the color of old leather. Beneath a wide-brimmed Stetson his face tapered to a blunt, determined chin. An old break flattened the bridge of his nose, curving the tip down in a pronounced hook, and a handle-bar mustache curved down around the corners of his mouth. From the shade of his hatbrim, eyes as gray as a thundercloud looked out on the world with uncompromising boldness. He wore range clothes: his jeans were tucked into high-heeled boots, and a battered buckskin jacket hung loosely on his shoulders.

The trail rounded a clump of alders, swinging toward the river, and ahead a log farmhouse broke the lonely pattern of the valley. Behind a rail fence, a herd of fat cows grazed in knee-deep grass. An elderly man with tobacco-stained whiskers and dirt-stained coveralls leaned on the fence and watched the horse and rider approach. "Howdy," the farmer said.

Clay Waldon reined in his horse. "Afternoon," he said.

The farmer looked at him with open curiosity, and his eyes rested speculatively on the long-barreled Colt revolver, holstered against the rider's thigh. "Stranger in these parts, hey?"

Clay Waldon reached for the makings and rolled a cigarette. "I'm a stranger," he said.

"Horse looks plumb tuckered out. Don't see them fancy Mexican saddles much around here. Come a goodly way, did ye?"

Waldon nodded.

The farmer plucked a stem of grass, chewed thoughtfully

Amy nodded and smiled at Clay. Then she saw the gun on his hip, and her smile vanished. Her eyes froze a little, as she looked at the stranger. "Is something wrong?" she asked

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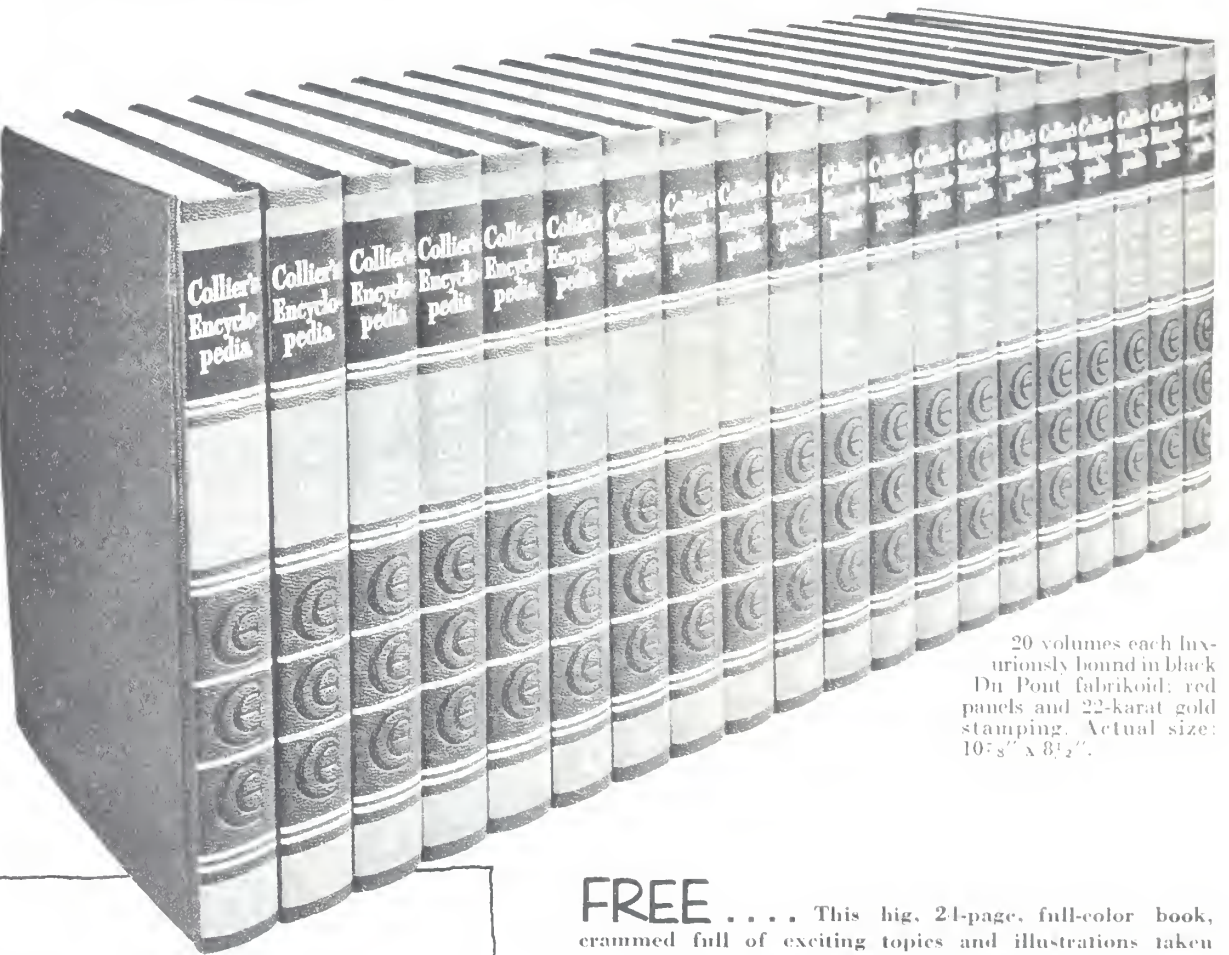
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on it, and said, "Might ye be a man of the law?"

Clay Waldon shrugged. "Might be." His star was in his pack behind the saddle—along with the warrant, and the extradition papers issued him in Salem—but twenty years of tracking down lawbreakers had evidently left their mark on him.

"No offense, stranger," the farmer said. "Don't see much of the law in Oregon. We're mostly peaceful here."

Clay Waldon looked out at the valley, all soft and pretty to the eyes. "It looks peaceful enough," he said.

The farmer waved a hand to the north. "Cale'lute you're headin' for Portland," he said. "No more'n thirty mile on down the river."

"Much obliged," Clay Waldon said. He nodded to the farmer, and rode on.

AT DUSK he was following the trail along the riverbank, and on a beach of white sand he made camp for the night. He unsaddled and turned his mount loose to graze. Driftwood cast up by the spring floods was plentiful. He built a fire in a bed of rocks and cooked up a meal of beans, bacon and pan bread. By sunset he was in his blankets.

He woke up an hour before dawn and rekindled the fire. Breakfast was the same fare as supper the evening before, with the addition of coffee, which Clay hoiled in a lard pail. Finished, he washed the tinware and made up his pack. Then he squatted on his heels before the fire and rolled his first cigarette of the day. When dawn came, he was still in that position, smoking and staring into the coals, thinking about the events that lay ahead.

According to the records of the land office in Salem, a Sam Gates had filed claim to a hundred acres of timberland west of Portland. The clerk's description tallied with Clay's, and now all that remained was the arrest and the return to Texas. Arresting Sam would be no problem. The ride up from Texas, while wearing enough, had been merely routine, magnified beyond its usual limits. No, the problem would be the ride back; that would wear him down, if anything would. He remembered Sam Gates as a young giant, strong as a wild steer, and with a great deal of patience. Taking a man like that back to jail in Texas would be something of a chore.

Clay Waldon sighed and rose to his feet. The months ahead would test him. He was fifty years old, and for the first time in his life, he felt the weight of his years. Of late, he had been bothered by things that had never bothered him before. It seemed now that, whenever he was soaked through by a rain, somehow an ache settled in his bones. There were times, too, when he was wrapped in his blankets at night, that the cold came up from the ground and bit into the small of his back.

He whistled up his paint horse, saddled, lashed the pack behind the saddle and swung stiffly up. Just like he had been thinking, lately his legs seemed a mite touchy in the mornings.

He reached the settlement of Oregon City at noon. Here the river plunged over a falls, and clouds of spray flashed back the sunlight. Beyond the settlement the trail plunged into deep timber, emerging finally on the bank opposite Portland, where a ferry waited.

Down-river a sailing ship lay at anchor, swinging idly in the current. Two men with long poles guided a log raft along the bank, and from somewhere upstream came the sound of a steamboat's whistle. The paint horse shied skittishly, and Clay Waldon dismounted

and led the horse up the ferry ramp. A bearded farmer and his bonneted wife moved to one side, and he led the horse to the offshore end of the ferry, stopping beside a horse and buggy. The steamboat whistled again.

A portly gentleman in the buggy held the reins tightly in one hand, and with the other flicked the ash from a cigar. "That'll be the Caly-ope," he said.

Clay Waldon looked up the river and saw the steamboat rounding a bend, her black funnel spouting smoke and her decks lined with passengers and cargo. The ferry waited until the Calliope swept by and the wash from her stern wheel subsided, before proceeding across the river.

"She's been to Oregon City," the man in the buggy volunteered. "This evening Captain Love will take her up the Columbia to the Cascades. Hear there's a new bunch of pioneers just come over the trail, waiting to get to Portland."

"She leaves tonight?" Clay asked.

"Seven o'clock. I got a shipment of Boston-made furniture going on her to some settlers in The Dalles. Come in yesterday on the clipper ship anchored yonder." . . .

The ferry pulled in to the Alder Street landing, and Clay Waldon led his horse down the ramp and onto the hard mud street. Here on the water front were the majority of Portland's buildings, for the most part one- and two-story frame structures. Wooden quays lined the water front, and at one of these the Calliope was berthed, discharging passengers and freight.

Across the street from the quay a

sign above a door identified the office of the Two Rivers Steamboat Company. Clay Waldon made his reins fast to the tie rail in front of a saloon and went along the boardwalk to the office, where he bought two tickets for the trip that night to the Cascades. Returning to the saloon, he stepped in through the swinging doors, found a place at the bar and ordered a whisky.

THE saloon was crowded, hot with the sun beating against the fir shakes on the roof, and smelling strongly of sweat, whisky and tobacco smoke. Clay sipped his drink slowly and with relish. Usually, he denied himself pleasures of this nature. His profession was a demanding one; he could only rarely permit himself the comfort of a drink in the company of others. But here he was a stranger, comfortably anonymous, subject to stares and conjectures but not to criticism. He drank and listened to the hum of voices in the room, all American, but with a variety of accents.

Beside him at the bar a man spoke to another in a folksy drawl about the Kaintuck hills, and at a table, a clipped New England voice was raised in sudden anger. "Abe Lincoln carried this state, and, by God, we stand behind him!"

Clay Waldon looked around at the others in the room. These were all big men, with big, work-calloused hands; farmers and loggers, judging by their clothes. They were hard-looking men, too, like most men found in saloons in the West; but in these cases it was the hardness that came with fighting the ele-

ments and the Indians, and in hewing a home out of the wilderness.

When he finished his whisky, he went out to the street to find the town marshal's office. This consisted of a desk in a one-room building on Oak Street. The marshal was Jay Calliston, a white-haired man with a pair of benign and twinkling eyes gazing out of a wrinkled face. Clay Waldon produced his papers and explained his mission.

Jay Calliston frowned and shook his head. "Hate to hear you come after young Gates," he said. "Figured he was on the dodge when he blew in here six months back. Still, the frontier is chockablock with fellows like him. Young fellows full of vinegar. Sometimes they gets out of line, but then generally they settle down and grow old and become good citizens." His eyes were suddenly tired. "Seems you come a goodly distance to take the boy back."

Clay Waldon nodded. "It's been a long trail," he said.

"Young Gates ain't caused any trouble since he come to Oregon. He got himself a nice place outside of town, and appears to be the sort of young man this community could be proud of. Seems to me that justice ain't worth a hang if you don't mix it up with a little common sense. Your papers state Sam Gates maybe killed a man accidental. Well, it seems foolish to traipse more'n a thousand miles to take him back to prove maybe he didn't. You must want him pretty bad for that."

"It's the state of Texas that wants Sam Gates," Clay Waldon said.

The marshal sighed wearily and ran a hand over his face. "Can't say I favor what you're doing," he said. "But I reckon I can't stop you."

"I'm much obliged," Clay Waldon said coldly. He nodded briefly and went out the door.

HE RODE west on Alder Street. Plank walkways crossed from sidewalk to sidewalk at intersections; the mark of Oregon rains showed in the gutted streets. But now the black mud was caked and crumbling to dust under the sun. Away from the water front the buildings were scattered, and the street narrowed to a path that entered the forest, deep-shaded here, and carpeted with green moss. Sunlight broke through the pattern of high branches overhead. The sound of an ax biting into wood rang clearly in the air, and Clay Waldon dismounted, making the reins fast to a bush, and went ahead on foot. He left the path and moved cautiously through the firs, finally coming to a clearing where a young man was splitting fence rails—a big young man, with arms like the erostrees of a covered wagon.

Clay Waldon stepped into the clearing. "Hello, Sam," he said.

The young man paused, his ax in mid-air, looked at the visitor and tossed the ax to his feet. He stood there, staring dispassionately at the other. His face was square, and his shoulders were square, bulging under a too-small denim shirt. His lips broke in a sudden grin.

"You're a long ways from home, Clay," he said.

Clay Waldon nodded. "We're both a long ways from home, Sam."

Sam Gates shook his head. "Not me, Clay," he said. "This here's my home, now." He made a gesture around the clearing. Stumps dotted the land, and at the far end was a log cabin—new, from the looks of it, for the peeled ends of the logs were still sap-wet.

Sam Gates was wearing Texas boots and work-soiled dungarees. Clay Wal-



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lon looked at his waist, where a gun belt should be. "Forget your guns, Sam?" he said.

"Hung 'em on the wall the day I finished the cabin. Don't need guns in this country. Folks here are peaceable."

"Not like Texas, eh?"

"Not like Texas. Even if I did have a gun, I wouldn't be fool enough to draw against you."

Clay Waldon acknowledged the compliment with a dry smile. "Never knew you to worry about another man's hand with a gun, Sam," he said. "It didn't bother you none the night you shot Webb McGilvey."

Sam Gates spoke in an even voice. "Twenty-three men was in the saloon and seen Webb draw first, Clay."

"So we heard. But it isn't Webb's dying that brung me here, Sam. There was a saddle bum standing by the bar, took a slug in his belly. Some says it was Webb's. Some claims it was yours. However, that's for a jury to decide."

Sam Gates smiled thinly. "You ain't takin' me back, Clay?" he said.

"Reckon that's what brung me here. This Oregon is a state now, and Texas is a state. I got the warrant, all made out legal, and papers to extradite you back to Texas."

"I sure didn't mean to shoot that hombre, Clay—if it was me that done it. It was an accident, like."

"The state of Texas wants you to stand trial, accident or not. If they don't prove you done it, like as not you'll go free."

Sam Gates frowned and scratched his head. "I figured some of Webb's boys might be after me," he said, "which is why I hightailed it out of Texas, but I never reckoned on the law being on my trail. Why, when I was just a little shaver, they was having a man for breakfast back in Three Forks every single, solitary day. Murders, most of them killings were; and

the law didn't stop those goings on."

"Those were the old days, Sam," Clay said; and he thought about the old days, and how different life was now.

THOSE were the days of the necktie parties, and of the nightriding vigilantes, who, more often than not, were a bunch of 'border thieves out for no one's good but their own. Now, except for a few wild sections, the frontier was pushed back clear to the Pacific Ocean. The reign of terror and bloodshed that, like some dread plague, had always accompanied the settlers and pioneers in their honest search for land was dying out, sent to its grave by the guns of a thousand marshals in a thousand Western towns—quick-thinking men, whose tenure on life was in direct ratio to their speed and accuracy in drawing and firing a gun. And where the wilderness disappeared, and the courts—the only foundation on which a land can grow and prosper—appeared, the marshals went out now with warrants and extradition papers. In the West, law and order were finally coming into their own.

"We'll be going tonight," Clay Waldon said. "There's a steamboat leaves at seven for the Cascades."

Sam Gates looked carefully at the other before speaking. "You couldn't wait maybe a few days, Clay? I got reasons for asking," he said.

Clay Waldon shook his head. "Won't have the time, Sam," he said. "The ribs on my paint horse are nigh bustin' out of his skin. From the Cascades we backtrack on the Emigrant's Trail far as Kansas, then head south. We'll have to push on slowly. Winter sets in early in the Rockies, and I figure to be well clear of them come September. There's good grazing on the other side, and we won't stop till we get there and give my horse a chance to fatten up."

"But two-three days won't make no

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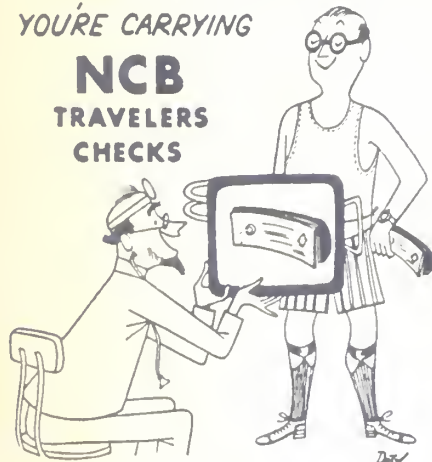
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never mind, Clay. You figure gettin' me back to Texas?"

"I do."

"You wait two-three days while I finish up what I been planning on, and I'll give you the promise not to pull a powder on you."

Clay Waldon sighed. It was a tempting offer, and would make the trip back that much easier. But every day counted, and he shook his head. "No, Sam. We leave tonight," he said.

The young man smiled, but his eyes were cold. "You'll never get me back then, Clay," he said.

"I reckon to."

Sam Gates laughed shortly. "Sure, you can rope me to my horse like a sack of meal," he said, "and you can tie me up real solid every night when we make camp. But sooner or later I'm busting free. When that happens, I'm off, and there won't be any catching me."

Clay Waldon nodded somberly and said, "Even so, we leave tonight."

THERE was movement at the far side of the clearing. Clay swung quickly about. Then he saw it was a girl, sun-bonneted and wearing a calico dress. She picked her way between the stumps toward them. Even at that distance Clay Waldon could see she was a looker, slender, and with black curls peeking out from under the bonnet.

"That's what I was speaking of, Clay," Sam said, and he sighed heavily. "I been thinking of asking her to marry up with me."

"You haven't spoke for her yet?"

"No. I reckoned I shouldn't ought to rush her. Still, now you're set on taking me back, I figured I might hurry things up a mite. Maybe in two-three days I could convince her."

Clay Waldon watched the girl approaching. He saw the quick flush of her cheeks, and the way her eyes lighted up when she looked at Sam Gates. There was a basket on her arm, and she handed it to the young man. "Here's some fresh biscuits, Sam," she said, and then she turned soft, brown eyes on Clay Waldon. "There's enough for your friend, too."

"This here is Clay Waldon, come up from Texas to see me," Sam said. "Clay, meet Amy McDougal. Her folks got the homestead next to mine."

Clay Waldon took off his hat. "Good afternoon, miss," he said.

She nodded, and a smile touched her lips. Then she noticed the gun on his hip, and the smile vanished. Her eyes froze a little as she looked at the stranger. "Is something wrong?" she asked.

A right smart girl, Clay Waldon thought. She's read my brand, and there won't be any fooling her. She reminded him of a girl he had known thirty years before, back in Ohio. Same tilt to her nose, same full red lips, same firm look to her, that would turn soft if the right man came around. He had been the right man for that girl in Ohio, but then he went away for two years; and when he came back to ask her to marry him it was to find that another right man had taken over in his absence. An old sense of loss touched him, and he shrugged it off. A man should never look back.

He glanced from the girl to Sam Gates and felt vaguely troubled. At the best, Sam wouldn't be back for close to a year, providing the jury saw fit to acquit him. There was a possibility that the girl might not wait even that long. Girls were peculiar about such things, especially girls on the frontier, where eligible men outnumbered them twenty to one. To Clay Waldon, adherence to

duty was a form of religion. It was his duty to take Sam Gates back to Texas, to stand trial according to the due processes of law. But he saw no cause why he should stand in the way of Sam's and the girl's future happiness, providing it didn't interfere with his duty.

He looked up at the sky, saw the sun was about at three o'clock and he came to a sudden decision. "Sam tells me," he said to the girl, "that he was planning to ask you to marry him."

Her eyes opened wide at this, and her lips set in a prim line. "Why, Mr. Waldon," she said, "if that was his intention, don't you think it would also be his business?"

Clay Waldon nodded and said, "Most cases, yes. However, time is getting short, so if you'll be excusing me, miss, I would like to ask if you would consider taking your vows with Sam this very afternoon?"

"Well, really," the girl said in a shocked voice, "I don't think I ever have heard the like." She looked at Sam, and her eyes were angry. "Sam, if you can't—if you couldn't speak for yourself, at least you might have spared me this—this humiliation."

Sam had been staring openmouthed at Clay Waldon. The truth was, he was a little afraid of Amy—shy, maybe the word was—and for several months he had been working up his courage to ask her this question that Clay put so bluntly. He was flabbergasted.

"Now, Amy," he said, "don't be fretting yourself. Clay only thought he was maybe—maybe helping me along."

"Can't you speak for yourself, Sam?" the girl interrupted.

Sam scratched his head uncomfortably. "Fact is," he said, "I done whit-tled these trees down to stumps and built this place with maybe that idea in mind. That is, that you and me—providing you was willing—well, that we might—" He stopped then, at a loss for words, and scuffed a big shoe over the ground in silent embarrassment.

"Yes, Sam?"

There was a look of quiet desperation on his face. "All right," he said in a husky voice, "I'll speak my picce. I'm right fond of you, Amy, and I figured soon to ask you to marry me."

"Well, then, now that you have asked,

even with the help of Mr. Waldon, I'll give you my answer," she said. She smiled, and there was a curious moisture in her eyes. "I've wondered how long it would take for you to make up your mind, Sam."

"Well, I'll be dogged," Sam said, grinning, and then his face darkened. "Only one thing, Amy. Like Clay, here, says, we need to get married this afternoon. You remember I told you about that gun fight I had, which is why I came to Oregon?"

She nodded, looking sideways at Clay Waldon. "I suppose Mr. Waldon is a deputy sheriff," she said.

"They sent him after me," Sam Gates said. "They want me back in Three Forks to stand trial."

Amy looked at him searchingly. "You said you shot that man in self-defense, Sam."

"He did that right enough, miss," Clay Waldon broke in. "However, there was another man killed by a stray bullet. There's a difference of opinion whose gun it come from. That's what the jury will decide."

Amy turned to Clay. "It seems to me, Mr. Waldon," she said, "that you have come a long distance just to take a man back to be tried for an accidental shooting that he may not have done."

"It's the law, miss, and it can't be sidetracked. As for me, I got nothing personal against Sam, and I hope the jury sees fit to turn him loose."

"Yet you're taking him back?"

"It's my duty, miss," he said simply.

THE girl looked at him in silence. There was no expression on his stern face, no hint of a sentimental weakness that might be used to advantage. His manner was gravely courteous, but that was all; and she sighed, realizing the futility of pleading with this man. "Very well," she said in a small voice. "When do we leave?"

"We, miss?"

"Yes."

"I got tickets for Sam and me, on the Caly-ope, going to the Cascades at seven tonight, miss. But you can't come along."

"I can't?" she said coldly. "Nevertheless, I will, Mr. Clay Waldon." She turned to Sam. "I'll ride into town



"Oh, goody! Now I can run
off with the cigarette girl!"

COLLIER'S

DICK CAVALLI

and ask the Reverend Bairnsfeather to hurry out. We can be married in your cabin, Sam. That should give me an hour or more to pack before we go."

"Now, miss," Clay Waldon protested, "you can't be coming with us. It's a tight long trail back to Texas, and—"

"The law says this is a free country, Mr. Waldon, so you can't very well stop me. Wives have duties, too, and I have always believed that a wife's duty is to be with her husband," she said, and she turned before Clay Waldon could speak again and hurried off. The two men watched her disappear into the forest.

CLAY shook his head and broke the silence. "You should stop her doing this, Sam. It's a long trail, and no fit ride for a lady," he said.

Sam Gates smiled at Clay's discomfiture. "Amy's got a lot of git up and go to her, Clay," he said. "Five years ago she drove one of her pa's covered wagons out here, in the train coming from Missouri."

Clay Waldon shook his head and was silent. Now there would be not one, but two, to keep an eye on. He thought of putting a stop to the wedding, but he had dealt himself in on that, and there was no backing out now. It might be that he could put the girl on her honor not to interfere with his custody of Sam. But what if she refused? He could see no solution to the problem.

Sam Gates pushed a lock of hair back from his forehead. "Let's get along to the cabin, Clay," he said, and he shouldered his ax and strode off across the clearing, whistling a tune, and Clay Waldon followed.

Sam seemed right cheerful for a man about to return to Texas a prisoner, Clay thought, and he wondered if Sam Gates realized that the trial might not end up in his favor. Back in Three Forks, Webb McGilvey's pa carried a lot of weight, being one of the biggest cattlemen in the country; and the possibility of a McGilvey-influenced jury could not be discounted.

At the cabin door Sam turned and said, "With Amy coming along I won't act up none, Clay. You got my word."

Clay Waldon was silent a moment, his gray eyes thoughtful. In the West you got to know people right well, how they were deep inside, and Sam Gates was the sort would rather have his arm cut off at the shoulder than go back on his word.

He nodded and said, "Best bring your guns along, Sam. We'll now and then be riding through Indian country."

Clay sat down on a stump and rolled a cigarette while Sam went inside to make up his pack. White puffball clouds drifted across the sky, and the smell of fir was incense in the warm air. He liked this country, with its fertile valleys and its mile-high mountains, and greenness everywhere you looked. It was new, like Texas when he had first seen it twenty years before—new, and with a feeling of bigness yet to come. Maybe one day, after he delivered Sam, he could turn in his star and drift on back here. Likely he could pick up some acreage, build himself a cabin and hang his gun up on the wall. There came a time when a man should do that.

From deep in the timber a horse whinnied, and Clay rose to his feet with his eyes on the trail that led to town. Three riders appeared, and he saw it was the McDougal girl, dressed now in jeans and astride her horse, man-style, with a frock-coated man with mutton-chop whiskers, who was undoubtedly the Reverend Bairnsfeather. The third rider was Portland's marshal, Jay Calliston. The horses picked their way across the stump-filled clearing, and in front of the cabin the riders dismounted.

Jay Calliston nodded shortly to Clay Waldon. "There'll be no taking young Gates back to Texas," he said bluntly.

Clay Waldon stiffened, and his right thumb hooked itself in his belt, above the holstered gun. "No?" he said.

Jay Calliston shook his head. "Your papers got no authority in this state," he said.

"No?" Clay Waldon repeated, and his eyes remained steady on the marshal's face. The huge frame of Sam Gates filled the cabin doorway, and Clay Waldon caught the quick glance of the girl as she looked at Sam, and her lips parted in a strangely triumphant smile.

"When was you last in Texas?" Jay Calliston asked Clay.

"Rode west into the Arizona Territory in January of this year."

"Well, then, you'll be interested to know that in February of this year of

1861, the state of Texas seceded from the Union."

Clay Waldon absorbed this information thoughtfully. There had been talk of secession in Texas for several years. He had been inclined to put it down to the ramblings of cranks and misfits, and he had never believed that the step would actually be taken.

Amy McDougal stepped up to him, her bare head all shining black curls in the sunlight, and she handed him a much-read and tattered newspaper. "News reaches Oregon slowly," she said. "This is dated three months ago. A rider from the wagon train, waiting at the Cascades up the Columbia River, brought it overland to Mr. Calliston only a short while ago."

It was an Independence, Missouri, paper. Clay Waldon looked at the headlines. It was true, right enough, and he handed the paper back to the girl. Texas had been his home for twenty years. Twenty years, he reflected, was a long time to stay in any one place. Sadness at the folly that sometimes rules the lives of men touched him, and he nodded gravely. "Seems likely," he said, "that we won't be riding back, after all."

There was silence then, broken only by the call of a bird, clear and knife-like in the warm air; and the Reverend Bairnsfeather cleared his throat and stroked his mutton-chop whiskers with a finger. "Shall we—er—proceed with the ceremony?" he asked.

"My family will be here soon," Amy McDougal said, "but we could go inside and be ready when they get here. Sam, you need a best man, and I wondered if Mr. Waldon would care to stand up with you."

"It would be my pleasure, miss," Clay Waldon said.

Sam Gates smiled. "Sure never figured you would travel across half the country just to watch me get hitched, Clay."

THEY turned and moved toward the cabin, and Clay Waldon thought back on his campsite of the night before, on the banks of the Willamette River. There was rich black soil there that would grow most anything. He could build a log cabin, with a porch where he could sit in the evening and look out over the river at the far-off green mountains. A man wouldn't mind growing old in a place like that.

A hand touched his arm. "I suppose," Amy McDougal said, "that you know what a best man's duties are?"

"Well, now, can't say I do, exactly, miss," Clay Waldon said.

"The most important one is kissing the bride, after the ceremony," she said. Her eyes glinted warmly in the sun. "I'm certain that someone who believes as strongly in duty as you do would not neglect that."

"Why, miss," he said gruffly, and his face reddened under the weather tan, "you sure wouldn't want an old codger like me doing such."

She took his hand in hers and squeezed it. "But I do," she said. She leaned near to him and whispered in his ear. "I'll be forever indebted to you, Mr. Waldon. At the rate Sam was going, it might have taken him years to ask the question." ▲▲▲

Next Week

BISHOP SHEEN Answers His Fan Mail



By every yardstick, Bishop Sheen's weekly television show has enjoyed tremendous popularity. As a result, the celebrated prelate gets up to 8,000 letters a week. Here is an insight into the mail he receives and, above all, a chance to read some of his inspirational replies

Hints for Driving on Ice or Snow

1 To stop, press brake pedal lightly, then release and press again as necessary. This avoids locking of wheels and reduces danger of skidding. Use tire chains for greater safety.

2 To start, use second or high gear and apply power gently. If you let your clutch in gradually you'll give the chains a chance to take hold. Use tire chains for greater traction.

3 To make tire chains last longer, keep them snug. The life of cross links is greatly shortened when they are loose and slap the pavement. Loose chains break from impact. With snug chains, the cross chains ride close to tire tread and "roll" against the road. Listen! Noisy chains wear out faster. Keep yours snug.

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SHOULD CONGRESS BE

TV or not TV? That's the question on Capitol Hill. The consensus: it's bound to come—but who'll control it?

I HAVE the feeling," Senator Estes Kefauver told a Senate subcommittee many months ago, "that our government 'of the people' and 'for the people' should become more and more a government 'by the people.'" And how better to achieve that end, he suggested, than by bringing the processes of government into their living rooms through the cool, impartial eye of television?

If the Senator and like-minded colleagues have their way, our national legislators will soon be as familiar to the public as Arthur Godfrey, Milton Berle or Tom Corbett, Space Cadet. But before they have their way they will know they have been in a battle.

Their lofty plans to televise the doings of Congress have evoked an equally lofty opposition. What looked to its proponents like an indisputable advance in the art of government has touched off a warm debate in Washington that cuts across party lines as few issues have done.

At first glance, nothing could seem fairer or simpler than the proposition that the business of Congress is most intimately the business of the people, and that therefore an effective instrument of direct communications should be used to lay that business before them. The two visitors' galleries in Congress testify to the acknowledged right of citizens to observe their representatives in action, but that right is limited by the fact that the House gallery accommodates just 616 persons, the Senate 621. Television would introduce no new principle; it would merely push back the walls of those chambers from Capitol Hill to Seattle and add seats—twenty, thirty, forty million of them.

Would these seats ever be used? Leaders in the movement to televise Congress, spearheaded by New York's Republican Representative Jacob K. Javits, cite the enthusiastic response to telecasts of United Nations sessions, the popular radio broadcasts of the Australian and New Zealand parliaments, the successful appearance of the Oklahoma state legislature on TV, and the telecasts of the Senate Crime Committee hearings in 1951.

At their peak, the hearings of Kefauver's committee held audiences of from ten to twenty million

Americans. Dust gathered on floor and furniture, meals went uncooked and marketing undone as housewives sent the normal Hooper rating of 1.5 per cent for a weekday winter morning in New York City to a high of 34.5. Office work, too, suffered where TV sets were available, and a spokesman for the movie industry complained that the telecasts were worse for business "than a double-header World Series."

The appeal of the Kefauver "show," running hour after hour and day after day, was fairly described by the New York Times as a "major phenomenon of our time." Its interest apparently carried over to other aspects of government. A Gallup poll found that 70 per cent of the voting population considered the televising of Congressional sessions "a good idea" and 78 per cent believed such programs would "be interesting." The groundwork for such a project seemed to be well laid, the objective was acknowledged to be worthy and the facilities were available. Could critics seriously object?

Warn Against "Glaring Melodrama"

They could and they did. Indeed, after the Kefauver hearings the cause of televising government suffered sharp reverses. Even while the crime committee telecasts were in progress, the Federal Bar Association of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut warned against their "glaring melodrama." Other top legal groups were equally critical, and the American Bar Association ultimately condemned all radio and television coverage of Congressional investigating committee hearings. Last March, New York's legislature, with Governor Dewey's endorsement, banned the televising, broadcasting or filming of any official state proceeding to which witnesses may be subpoenaed.

On the national front, the cause fared as badly. In February, 1952, Sam Rayburn, then Speaker of the House, banished the television camera, along with radio broadcasts, recordings and films, from committee hearing rooms. Rayburn singled out TV in his edict, advising all chairmen that "there

is no rule of the House permitting televising of House proceedings." On the other side of the Capitol, Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada sponsored a resolution that would have banned news photographers as well as movie and TV cameras. Several Senators greeted the proposal to televise sessions with such unparliamentary adjectives as "silly" and "crackpot."

And, as though to make a clean sweep for the opposition, last October, United States District Judge Henry A. Schweinhaut acquitted two Cleveland gamblers of contempt of Congress, ruling that they were justified in refusing to testify before the Kefauver committee under distracting conditions caused, at least in part, by TV cameras.

Why all this opposition? What are the arguments against television on Capitol Hill—and are they irrefutable?

No doubt the most complicated of all the problems involved is the difficulty of selecting, without political bias, what should and what should not go out over the air waves. Besides the two chambers themselves, there are usually more than 40 standing, special and select committees, many of them spawning two or three subcommittees, all entitled to hold hearings at their pleasure. If all presently available channels were placed exclusively at the disposal of Congress, they would be unable to carry the total volume of activity (nor could the public possibly absorb it).

No one envisions more than a fraction of such coverage, of course, and that's where the difficulty comes in. Someone would have to decide, on any given day, what part of the activity of Congress was best for the American people to witness. It would be for him to say, for example, whether they should see and hear a House subcommittee thrash out a new tax bill, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee grill experts on our Far Eastern policy, or the House as a whole debate amendments to the Taft-Hartley Act. Clearly, this power would be far-reaching, and it would grow as people came to depend more and more on their television sets for an understanding of political issues.

The danger, as opponents of Congressional TV



Rep. Javits has introduced a bill to televise vital debates in House



Sen. Kefauver, who gained fame on TV, leads Senate fight for it



Sen. McCarran would ban video from Senate committee hearings



Rep. Sam Rayburn, as Speaker, banned TV cameras from House

TELEVISED?

By ROBERT BENDINER



TV proponents claim camera's gimlet eye would focus on bad lawmakers, display their faults. Opponents say it would put premium on showmanship while quiet competence went unnoticed

see it, is that politics would dictate the choices. Would a Democratic Speaker of the House, if he were the one to decide, be likely to give TV time to a committee bent on exposing alleged corruption by Democrats? No more than a Republican Speaker would single out a debate likely to cost the G.O.P. votes at the next election. Furthermore, what would prevent this all-powerful program director from, let us say, telecasting the Upper House on Monday, when Senator Dingbat has arranged to deliver a powerful speech for boosting the olive-oil tariff, and turning the cameras elsewhere on Tuesday, when Senator Wingding rises to tear the olive-oil lobby to shreds?

The Senate's present rules of debate are, in fact, made to order for just this kind of discrimination. Since a member may rise at almost any time and discuss anything for as long as he wants, coherent debate such as television enthusiasts foresee would be purely a matter of luck. Discussing the subject with Javits over TV, Republican Senator Wallace F. Bennett of Utah put the case bluntly:

"The way the Senate operates, it is impossible to set up a debate as a series of speeches that follow each other. A Senator would say what he wanted to say on the subject, and then his colleagues would have a week or two to think over what he said and decide just what their reaction was. I'm sure you realize that if you would attempt to set up the Senate so that you could televise a . . . great debate you would have to completely destroy . . . the tradition and rules of the Senate."

With this same power of choice extended to committee hearings, what would prevent the viewers' getting only partial, one-sided testimony? Or what would keep a committee chairman from scheduling certain witnesses at nine in the morning, when few citizens are watching, and others at eight in the evening, when a telecast would have the eyes and ears of the country? Those who favor televising hearings usually insist that coverage be complete, so the public can get a fair picture, but to follow the doings of a single committee for months would be to curtail drastically the televising of

other Congressional activity of possibly greater importance.

If, on the other hand, there is to be selectivity, Heaven help the selector. He would be so barraged by lobbyists and special pleaders, he would be under such pressures of party and of conscience, that his position would soon be unendurable. Yet if the choices were left to majority vote, the party in control could stack the air waves to its perpetual advantage. The problem of how to choose what should be televised is formidably complex, and involves principle as well as procedure.

For example, there is the matter of a witness's civil and moral rights. In banning TV from official proceedings in New York, Governor Dewey seemed clearly to have the Kefauver hearings in mind when he spoke of "batteries of cameras, microphones and glaring lights" threatening to subvert the rights of the witness. In Washington, Democratic Senator Guy M. Gillette of Iowa, among many others, took the same view.

Witness Is Under Unfair Handicap

"A witness who is under attack and whose whole public or private life may be under scrutiny," Gillette wrote, "is unquestionably harassed and distracted both by the apparatus itself and by the realization that perhaps hundreds of thousands of people are hanging on every word . . . How can he be expected to think clearly, speak intelligently and keep his thoughts on the serious business at hand?"

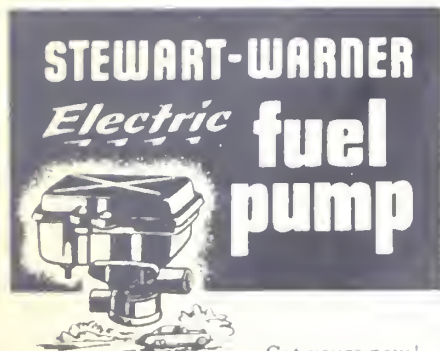
Apart from being affected by the apparatus, say these opponents of televised hearings, the witness is deprived of the usual judicial protections of cross-examination and rebuttal, on the ground that a Congressional hearing is, after all, not a trial. Yet the results may be as disastrous to a witness's reputation as though he were on trial, especially if the proceedings are televised. Should the audience get only selected bits of the testimony, the risk of injustice would be even greater. Such considerations as these account for the bar associations' jaundiced view of televised Congressional hearings.

Outsiders who suggest that TV would bring out the ham in our representatives might be accused of indulging in the time-honored American game of baiting Congress. But many members of that body do more than suggest it. Discussing the question on a TV show, Representative Richard Bolling, a Missouri Democrat, remarked, "It is human nature to put on a show if you have a big audience," and added, "a lot of people can be very easily fooled by a smooth actor or a slick demagogue." Republican Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin warns of the danger that "a yearning for the TV limelight could cause a turning from the facts by legislators, could cause an outbreak of hammy theatrics, rather than continuous serious debate."

A number of Senators have offered the opinion that the Upper House would never get any work done if television cameras were on hand to put a premium on rhetoric. The point draws further strength from the comment of several United Nations officials to the effect that television and radio have made diplomacy difficult in that organization. Each session, in the words of one delegate, "turns into a propaganda battle . . . using . . . the United Nations as a platform for political and psychological warfare, rather than for negotiations."

People who feel that Congressional immunity is sometimes abused add still another count to the indictment. If a citizen may be damaged now by a false denunciation on the floor of Congress

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Oklahoma televises its legislative sessions, and folks like it

or by a committee witness, it is a cinch, they say, that he will be far more seriously hurt if assaulted with the aid of television—especially since he enjoys no comparable facilities for rebuttal. Such procedure, Senator Wiley warns, "can lay the basis for slander to a degree which we have heretofore never conceived."

Other arguments against giving the TV camera a spot in the Congressional gallery can hardly be more than suggested here. Former Senator Ernest W. McFarland of Arizona, Democratic floor leader in the last session, warned that "the programs would play up the showman in Congress and not give the workers a fair chance." What is even worse from a congressman's point of view, TV might mislead the public into thinking that the only work of Congress was what they saw on their screens, that a vacant seat meant a member neglecting his duty, when in fact he might be plugging away diligently and ten times as effectively in some committee room or in his own office.

Beyond these questions lies what some members consider the worst stumbling block of all. Who would foot the enormous bill for bringing Congress to your TV screen? As a major figure in the controversy, Congressman Javits sounded out the leading networks on the subject. In general, they reflected a keen interest in covering both hearings and Congressional sessions, and indicated a willingness to absorb the costs—if they had the power to select. Coverage, said the National Broadcasting Company, "should be on the basis of news merit," with television accorded "the same access to important news events as the press services, newsreels and newspapers have."

Who Should Be the Sponsor?

Even for this limited coverage, it is doubtful, as Republican Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire has pointed out, that the networks could afford indefinitely to do the job as a public service. The other possibilities are commercial sponsorship, government sponsorship, and the establishment of a government-owned network. All three present formidable problems.

Many congressmen feel that it would be undignified, not to say dangerous, for a government to have its official activities selected and brought to the television audience as a commercial venture. There is a legal aspect to the question, too. As experienced a lawyer as Morris Ernst feels that witnesses compelled by subpoena to perform, as it were, for a private sponsor's benefit may well be justified in bringing suit—especially in the case of those who, like teetotalers and vegetarians, may find themselves helping sell products to which they object on principle.

Yet economy-minded congressmen take a chilly view of adding TV costs to the national budget. And they think even less of setting up a government-owned network, a notion that to some legislators, as Senator Karl Mundt of South Dakota has indicated, smacks of Socialism.

The difficulty of using the TV camera fairly, possible injustice to witnesses, encouragement of demagogues, and the tricky question of financing—these, then, are the substance of the case

against televising Congress. It is an impressive case, and advocates of the proposal do not minimize it, but they are confident that in the end they will win. Basically, their confidence rests on the belief that people want to see their Congress in action, that for the sake of good government they should see it, that it is mechanically possible for them to do so—and that any difficulties in the way should and will be eliminated.

One such difficulty, the Rayburn ruling, was disposed of when the voters returned the Republicans to control of the House. Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., of Massachusetts, who has just relieved Rayburn of the Speaker's gavel, is noncommittal on allowing TV cameras in the House chamber itself, but he will let committees decide for themselves whether to permit their hearings to be televised. Does he himself favor such a course? "Yes, with discretion," he told me. "You're going to have it, more or less. It's a way of disseminating news and must be given proper recognition."

This wary approach to the question, a feeling that TV will eventually and inevitably dig in on Capitol Hill, is fairly common among members, but those who want to hasten the day know that the valid arguments against it must first be met and the necessary standards laid down. They are planning the battle now, with Javits scheduled to take the lead in the House and probably Kefauver in the Senate.

To deal first with the thorny question of financing, the forces of TV admit that they have no final answer. They are for starting slowly and feeling their way as they go. Javits is willing to give the commercial networks a chance to operate as a public service. "If this coverage doesn't prove adequate, "government-operated facilities might be set up to do the job."

No Undignified Commercials

The Senate Crime Investigating Committee approved private sponsorship, but it proposed certain checks. A committee would have the right, for example, to pass upon the sponsor secured by the network, keeping in mind the dignity of the business at hand. No commercial announcements would be permitted from the hearing room or while testimony was in progress. Only austere and dignified announcements would be allowed, such as, "These hearings are brought to you as a public service by the X Company in co-operation with the Y Television Network."

Some members of Congress, frankly uncertain, want a commission to be appointed to make a thorough study of the whole question of facilities, costs and sponsorship.

Other suggestions range all the way to the demand of the United Automobile Workers' union for federally owned and operated networks that would cover much of the Congressional scene,



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The Javits bill, to be reintroduced in the present session, does not call for anything like continuous coverage of House sessions. Like nearly all other sponsors of the plan, the New York congressman opposes the televising of routine sessions as neither practical nor of value. What he wants to see beamed to the voters are the "really critical and vital" debates, and these, he thinks, can be scheduled and tightened up to a greater degree than many Senators and Representatives are willing to concede.

In the House, the decision on what to televise would rest with the Speaker, who presumably would follow the sense of the chamber as a whole. On the other side of the Capitol, the burden would fall similarly on the presiding officer, or the Senate itself would vote its pleasure. The regular give-and-take of Congressional practice and the possibility of future retaliation for gross partiality are counted on to assure fair play.

Major debates, Javits suggests, might be held at night, with time equally divided between the parties and limits fixed for each speaker. Would this fly in the face of Senate rules? "Then it is in the public interest that the Senate rules shall be changed." It is at this point that old hands on Capitol Hill look for rough weather, for the Senate will not easily be prided loose from its vulnerable and cherished tradition of unlimited debate.

Javits, Kefauver, Wiley and many other members of Congress are acutely aware of the danger that witnesses may be victimized by the television camera, but they feel this need not be the case. Technicians can, and have, minimized the glare, noise and heat. Actually, many public figures find TV less distracting than newsreel apparatus and the flashing of the press photographer's bulbs. Kefauver has proposed fixing up a large caucus room for televised hearings, with glass compartments such as the United Nations provides for TV crews and equipment.

A Code to Ensure Fairness

On the more complex question of giving witnesses fair treatment, the TV forces are quick to point out that if procedures are unjust, they should be corrected whether or not the camera is trained on them. To this end, several members are pressing for the adoption of a fair code to be followed by all Congressional investigating committees. Kefauver would give all persons whose reputations have been jeopardized an opportunity for immediate rebuttal and he would also allow a limited cross-examination of witnesses, among other guarantees.

The argument that television would aggravate the injustice of unfair attack on private citizens from the floor of Congress is a bit harder to overcome. Members would, of course, continue to enjoy their constitutional immunity from libel action. But Javits would allow the injured citizen to sue the government, thus giving him a chance for possible vindication in a court of law and at the same time discouraging recklessness on Capitol Hill. He makes the further point that should a congressman get careless in his charges, quick

refutation by his colleagues would be more effective on television than in the press, where only those readers who go beyond the headlines and the first paragraph would ever encounter it.

As for the hamming that some predict, TV advocates think there would be less of it before the camera than there is now. There is now more incentive for such sensationalism, they say, since in large sections of the country Congress gets scant attention in the press and it takes something of a stunt to put a lawmaker on the front page. Besides, they say, the more demagogues expose themselves to public observation, the less the public will stand for them. At worst, says Republican Representative Donald L. Jackson of California, "since time immemorial, men in all walks of life have succeeded in making fools of themselves, and television is not going to speed or deter the process."

Reports from "Down Under"

On this score, as on others, the pro-television forces point to experience. An authoritative observer of the effects of radio broadcasts from New Zealand's House of Representatives is quoted to show that citizens of that country have responded "very quickly and very critically to conduct which does not conform to accepted ideas of parliament as a dignified and very serious institution." A rather critical commentator on Australia's similar experiment concedes that in spite of some disagreement as to whether the tone of debate has been improved, "some members . . . might still be in parliament if the microphone had not so mercilessly exposed their shortcomings."

Paul Harkey, a member of the Oklahoma House of Representatives, reports a definite improvement in decorum when the TV lights are trained on that chamber. There is no caucusing in the aisles, newspaper reading stops, and feet come down from the desk tops. Authors of controversial bills are allowed to save them for TV time, routine matters are disposed of before the cameras grind away, and the chief clerk of the House sits with the telecaster to help him untangle parliamentary snarls for the benefit of the audience.

What heartens TV's champions on Capitol Hill is that the arguments of their opponents in Washington are the same arguments that were once heard in Canberra, Wellington and Oklahoma City. Yet regular radio broadcasts of their national legislatures have become a popular fixture in the lives of Australians and New Zealanders, easily surviving changes of government in both countries. Nor is there any indication that Oklahomans regret the introduction of the TV camera into their legislative halls. Writing in the publication State Government, some months after the scheme was put in operation, Harkey reported that "few of the disadvantages predicted for it materialized." It did burden the legislature with the problem of scheduling debate fairly and adequately, and perhaps issues were at times oversimplified.

But, the lawmaker concluded, "most of us are convinced that solid values fully justify legislative television—that it is a genuine tool of democracy, for keeping government close to the people." And that, advocates of the plan feel, is argument enough. ▲▲▲

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AFRICAN SAFARI

Ruark Shoots

Hit in the heart by the sharpshooting columnist, the 500-pound animal went up in the air six feet

WHEN you are out in the bush for any considerable length of time, you do not remember days by date or week or weather. You refer backward to the day of the buffalo or the day of the lion or the day the jeep busted her ankle.

The day of the waterbuck was quite a day. We headed out of camp while the dew was still bright on the grasses, looking for nothing. It is a gorgeous way to hunt, looking for nothing. You spin along in the jeep and just look. The breakfast is still warm inside you and the second cigarette is tasting almost as good as the first. The sun is just beginning to take a touch of chill off your face, and the woods and plain are alive, vibrant, with tentatively stirring animals. The birds, just woken, are beginning to scratch and fly around and complain.

You drive along by the wood or the river or out along the veld and you almost hope you will see nothing worth working for that day because it is more fun to watch it than to chase it.

That morning Harry Selby, my professional

hunter, said, "I think we'll check down by the river and see about that waterbuck. The ones we have seen have been fairish, but I seem to remember an old gentleman from the last trip who's got more horns than he needs. They must be making his head ache. He used to live over here," Harry said, driving through some reeds and coming out atop a small grassy hill with trees and shrubs that looked considerably more like woodcock country than waterbuck country. As we drove up to the summit of the little hill a herd of perhaps a dozen waterbuck broke from the rushes and loped leisurely up the hill and across a small pastury-looking field and stopped just short of a wood.

"That's the gentleman I had in mind," Harry said, pointing to a magnificent creature. "I believe he's the best I've ever seen, but I've never yet had a good close look at those horns. Suppose we walk a bit and investigate this fellow at close range."

We climbed out of the jeep. I took the Remington and Harry started a stalk, in that half

crouch which looks so easy at first and then forcibly reminds you of age and girth as it continues. I was puffing when Harry held his hand, palm down and pushing backward, in the stop sign. We were in a small copse of trees and thick lianas, as big as your wrist, with the dew still heavy on the grass underfoot and on the leaves that brushed your face.

Harry reached around, grabbed my gun arm, and pointed with my arm. The herd of buck was in the pasture, feeding straight at us. You could feel the fresh brisk wind blowing directly into your face, curling back your eyelashes and causing a constant rustle in the trees—which is always fortunate if you are the kind of man who steps on dry sticks and goes through bush like a bull buffalo in a hurry.

The bull waterbuck will weigh 500 pounds. He has a thick, tufted neck, a noble face, and a compact body covered with long, coarse hair. He is beautifully marked in black and white and grayish-fawn, and his horns are slim parentheses that are heavily gnarled at the base and which finish off in four inches of clean point.

My target was walking steadily toward me. My breath had come back, a little. The Remington was braced in the crotch of a small scrubby tree. The gun was shaking, again, and the limber limb was moving gently to match my shakes. The buck kept coming. I put the post of the telescopic sight on his chest, sucked in my breath and started what I hoped would be a squeeze.

The squeeze was two thirds complete when Harry's hand came back and closed over my trigger hand.

"Watch," he said. "Wait."

The Cow Moved in the Nick of Time

The magnificent bull separated into two animals. What I had been aiming at suddenly became a cow, who sidled off to the left. My bull had been standing so directly behind one of his wives that his horns had appeared to be growing from her head. In a hundredth of a second I would have shot the cow. When they separated, it was exactly like watching two images merge and move apart in the sighting machinery of a camera. The cow sidled off. The bull looked me straight in the eye at 30 yards and snorted irritably. His horns appeared to be the size and length of two evenly warped baseball bats.

Harry's hand came away from my gun hand. The post went back to the old gentleman's chest and the unseen force which fires guns operated. There was a whunk like a boxer hitting the heavy bag. The waterbuck went straight up in the air, and turned at the top of his leap. He must have gone a good six feet off the ground. The herd of cows and yearlings went off with a snort and a crash. There was nothing to be seen.

"I hit him," I said to Selby. "I hit him where I was holding. I was holding just to the right of his breastbone. If this boy ain't dead I am going back to Nairobi. This is the first time since I've been here that I felt confident about anything."

"You hit him, all right," Harry said. "I heard the bullet smack. But where you hit him remains to be seen. Wasn't he something to see, standing

Ruark writes: "This was quite a creature, this buck. His big bull's neck was thick. It was all the four of us could do to sweat him into the jeep . . . He smelled like hell"

Collier's for January 17, 1953



Waterbuck

By ROBERT C. RUARK

el spun at the top of his leap

there with that head thrown back? Let's go see what happened to him."

We followed the bright slashes of blood for 50 yards or so, turned a sharp L around the patch of bush and almost stumbled over my fellow. He was completely dead. I had taken him through the heart squarely as he stood with his head up and his chest thrown out. Harry took one look at him and let out a yell. He threw himself at the animal, seized it around the neck with both arms, and kissed it full in the face. Both gunbearers fell on their knees. Kidogo picked up the great noble head by the ears, and he kissed the buck. Adam ran his fingers up and down the chestnut-colored horns, rubbing his fingers over the tips, and said a short prayer in Wakamba. Selby hit me a punch in the chest that nearly floored me, and both boys grabbed me by the arms and danced me around the waterbuck.

A Professional Hunter's Enthusiasm

"I don't suppose you know what you've got here, old boy," Harry said. "Unless I am mad or drunk you have just walloped the best waterbuck that anybody ever brought out of Tanganyika. If this one isn't 36 inches I will carry him back to camp on my back. This one you can hang on your wall, chum. Very nice shooting, lad. For one dreadful split second I thought you were going to loose off at that bloody cow. I would have sworn she was the bull. Those horns of his were sticking right out over her ears, and it wasn't until she moved just a fraction of an inch that I realized she was standing square in front of him. If she hadn't moved you'd have shot her, the bull would've spooked, and would have been halfway across the Serengeti by now. You're a lucky lad."

This was quite a creature, this buck. You couldn't close your hands around his horns at the base. They were serrated and very clean, and they curved inward at each other in a nearly perfect ellipse. His big bull's neck was thick and shaggy with a chest-mane. He had a big deer's face, although he was an antelope, and his hairy hide was gray-fawn like a good tweed suit. He was very heavy. It was all the four of us could handle to sweat him into the back of the jeep. He smelled like hell, with the musk coming out of his glands and making sweat splotches on his hide.

"We'll take this baby back whole. I want better pictures of him than we can get here. We'll go back to camp and let Mrs. Ruark do her stuff with the color box." Harry patted the buck on his poll. "You beauty," he said. "You lovely, lovely hunk of horn."

He wheeled the jeep around and we headed back to camp. We were driving slowly across the blue- and white-flowered plain, full of self-congratulation and the yearning for a celebration drink, an afternoon off to gloat, an afternoon free of hunting, for no man likes to cheapen his achievement by doing something competitively else that same day. A miss on a good head can spoil the hit on the other.

This waterbuck was all I wanted from that day. I was a little drunk already, with the wine of the fine fresh morning. I was warmed by the sun and by excitement and by the approval of the boys. They grinned when I turned my head and offered cigarettes. Like Charlie MacArthur, when he offered Helen Hayes a bag of peanuts, I was sorry that my cigarettes were not emeralds.

Like most hunters, I'm not above a little boasting once in a while, but I'm not going to pretend I



This is the waterbuck the columnist killed. His guide called it the finest one anybody ever got in Tanganyika. "You beauty," said the guide. "You lovely, lovely hunk of horn"

A huge rhino charged Ruark's jeep, but its horn didn't look like a good souvenir

got every animal I went after. I got the lion, all right, and the buffalo and the waterbuck, but, though I did my damndest, I never could nail a rhinoceros.

One day I stacked the deck in my favor, and went hunting in a part of Tanganyika that Harry had said was loaded with rhino.

Where Rhinos Came Down to Graze

"Always was," Harry said. "They come down out of the hills for a little sunshine and to graze. One time I saw 14 the first afternoon out. Can't tell, though, whether we find them in the mornings or in the afternoons. Never could figure it out, myself. Last time, nothing whatsoever in the mornings, but the afternoons would find them fairly swarming. Around four o'clock you'd have to beat a path through them."

We decided to try a morning, and we were up early and excited; at least, I was excited. My wife, Virginia, decided to come along, and we also had, of course, the natives who helped us. It was still gray when we got into the jeep and headed across the bridge on the River of Mosquitos, a bridge which shook and shivered frighteningly under the wheels.

The forest, dripping thick and green, with knobby roots like cypress knees threading across the track, lasted for about three miles until we hit marsh, which was sopping still and impossible to cross in anything but a light four-wheel drive conveyance such as our jeep.

You could see the deeply bitten tracks where the last safari's hunting car had gone just so far and then no farther. We shot a reedbuck and some sort of hog before we finished with the marsh and headed back into another patch of jungle—real jungle, this time, like Congo jungle in the movies. This bush was not cheerful at all. It was sticky, butterfly-clogged, creeper-twisted, humid bush, with immense trees rearing out of the practically impassable underbrush. You could see the raw stump, occasionally, where the elephants had broken the top off a tree. The trail was very narrow, crossed and recrossed with streams, and at every stream we had to unload and push.

We burst out of the jungle suddenly, curved toward the lake, and passed through a sea of saw-edged grass that towered over our car by half a dozen feet. The showers of seeds added to general irritation of last night's bites. The sun was coming up now, and while it was still cool, the tsetses had relieved the mosquitoes of their watch, and were working lustily. It does no good to try to swat them. They're too fast.

We came out of the grass as suddenly as we had come out of the jungle. We rounded a point where some fishermen had erected a small palm-thatched lean-to, waved at the two scrawny locals who got up to stare at us, and passed through a point that looked exactly like the cedar and live-oak groves that grow, gnarled by the wind, along the Carolina coast line where I was raised.

As we drove along, a dozen ostrich, including two albinos, broke out of the bush and ran foolishly ahead of us, splashing through the water, slapping along knee-deep in the lake on their big splayfeet. They were joined by a small herd of wildebeeste, who bucked up and down, meeting other herds, reversing their courses to run back at us, snorting and plunging and acting exactly like wildebeeste. A few zebra, 50 or more, hooked up with the wildebeeste, and our escort was joined.

Clouds of waterfowl were raising along the oozy edges of Manyara now. The black-and-white Gypie geese were squawking. The curlews and snipe and plovers were screaming. The secretary birds were sailing up and down, trying to make up their minds to leave permanently. The ducks were setting up a hell of a clamor, and occasionally a flock of guinea fowl would run out, look indignantly around, cackle, and scuttle back. A hippo grunted



Ruark admits he was frightened when he walked toward his first rhinoceros, "a ton of antediluvian armor plating." His guide warned: "Go for the bottom of his neck"

offshore. A flock of flamingos rose, and went dipping over the lake in an indescribable, improbable pink cloud. Up on the sides of the hills there was a crashing in the bush and a small herd of elephant squealed in displeasure.

"Hell!" Selby said. "What with one thing and another, any rhino worth shooting will be clean over the mountain by now, heading for Yaida Swamp. Look at those damned ostrich. They'll run the whole 15 miles ahead of us, picking up new chums as they go. I don't remember it like this from before."

We spun along, back wheels slipping and sliding through little rivers, wheels spinning in the sandy dongas, and rounded the first headland. Cutting back, following the heavy, scored wheel tracks of another, earlier, vehicle, we ran around the rim of the hills in a crescent course, and came out to the point of the second headland before Majimoto. Harry stopped the jeep and pointed.

It Looked Like an "Easy" Quarry

There was a shapeless lump, a thousand yards away. It looked like a big gray anthill.

Harry said, "Toa .470. Toa .450," as he asked the boys for the rifles. To me: "Well, you've probably got your rhino. There he is, feeding down on the shore. Wind's right too. Blighter's almost blind, and we can walk up close enough to take his pulse. This one's easy enough so I'm asking Virginia along. Virginia? Care to go and collect a furo?"

"Yes, Harry," Virginia said. "I will go along to shoot the rhino."

We walked along over the muck, not crouching yet. Harry and I were still letting the bearers carry the big double rifles.

"This is very simple," Harry said. "We'll stalk up as close as we can. If you take him head on, go for that little sore spot at the bottom of his neck. You'll see it. All faros have 'em where the armor plating rubs. If he's lying down, and this one seems to be, you can go for the brain. Other shots, take 'em in the shoulder, about a quarter the way up. Heart's a little lower on these blokes than on some others. Nothing to it, really."

You may be a very brave man, and perhaps your breath does not begin to hurry in your chest when you walk up for the first time on a ton of antediluvian armor plating, but I am not a particularly brave man and I was beginning to breathe jerkily although the going was fairly easy on the rough, fissured mud. The rhino had its head down. You couldn't see whether the horn was worth it or not. Harry Selby had taken his .450 No. 2 from



A neighbor of Ruark and his wife during the safari. The sketches which illustrate this series are the first that writer Ruark has done

one gunbearer, and the other handed me the .470.

Virginia was just behind the gunbearers, carrying the camera. She looked a little pinched in the face. I noticed I was breathing with my mouth open.

The rhino raised its head. The horn was nothing. Then a small gray blob of putty detached itself from the rhino's side. It was a calf, no more than six months old, if that.

Ordinarily you don't mind shooting a rhino cow if the horn is good, and quite often the horn is better on the female than on the bull, apt to be longer and more symmetrical and less splintered from brawling. But this lady was too new-come to motherhood for us to leave a baby loose in the bush, even if her horn had been a marvel. Selby

he did not fire. A suitable rhino proved the most elusive quarry Ruark hunted

handed his gun back to Adam and took the camera from Virginia.

"Too bad," he whispered. "But the baby's young enough so she won't charge and leave it. Let's go and take some snaps. You can cover me, if you will. Don't shoot her unless it's absolutely necessary."

The cow raised her head wonderingly. The tickbirds were quiet on her back. The calf nuzzled irritably at her udders. The big stupid face swung back and forth, testing the wind, which was blowing directly at us. Her little pig's eyes blinked weakly. She walked slowly toward us, still questing with her nostrils.

There was a shallow pool of water in a half-formed donga between us and the cow. Harry had walked up to the edge of the water, and the camera was whirring. The rhino didn't like the noise. But she couldn't see us and she couldn't smell us. Harry kept taking pictures. I glanced back at Virginia and she was following closely, frightened to approach but seareder still to stay behind. We had come to within 30 feet of the old girl, now, and she was visibly upset.

Waiting for the Mother to Charge

All of a sudden the tickbirds hopped straight up in the air. The old girl stuck out her nose and started a gallop, heading directly at us. Her tail was still up. She couldn't smell, but she was 15 feet from Harry now, and she could make us out dimly with her poor weak eyes. Harry whirled through the film in the magazine, and pushed the palm of his hand gently backward. I had the bead

of the .470 resting on the sore spot, and was wondering less than idly if the famous rhino ill-temper would conquer the mother-concern long enough to take her across that 12-foot strip of shallow water, in which case I should certainly have to make an orphan of the child.

She made another half-pass at a charge, and stopped with her feet in the water. Harry was walking backward now, and out to his left; so was I. The old girl muttered, tossed her head, checked her child, slued off in a half turn and stood rigidly, looking at us. We walked backward another 20 feet or so, and then turned, walking away but half facing her.

Too Close for Virginia's Comfort

After we'd covered a hundred yards, we handed our guns to the boys. Virginia was white. A lady rhino looms very large at 30 feet when you are on the ground.

"I knew she wouldn't cross that water," Selby said. "Not and leave Junior unattended. A half-grown calf, yes indeed. But not the baby. Never the baby. Shame it wasn't a good bull."

We picked up a wildebeeste-ostrich-zebra convoy again, and meandered down the shore line, and finally came down under the lee of Majimoto. There was a broad green valley tucked under the mountain's steep side, angling backward out of sight into heavy bush, a mile or more in length from what we could see, and a half mile wide. It was rolling, lovely green, cool and inviting, like a park.

Harry stopped the jeep and stood up with the

glasses. He swept the valley, from lake to undetermined end.

"Rather a busy plot," he said casually. "I spy a small herd of buffalo just past that copse of trees, down by the water's edge. There is a cow rhino just there, in the center, with a three-quarter-grown calf. There are two bull rhinos having a hell of a set-to over there to the left, in the high grass. There's at least one other rhino over to the right, under the trees at the bottom of the big hill. Seems a likely enough choice for a spot of amusement."

He started the jeep, and drove toward the general melee. We had come close to the two bull rhinos, who were making all sorts of ugly noises in the grasses. You could hear them grunt when they met under full steam. They made sounds I have never heard before. It was somewhere between a roar and a growl and a snarl and a gurgle and a grunt and a squeal. You could follow them through the grasses. They would square off, turn, run in opposite directions, and then come together with a smack like a couple of heavy trucks colliding.

One of the bulls backed out into the open, bleeding a little, but not seriously wounded, and the other followed him. Harry grunted disgustedly.

"Neither worth a damn," he said. "Young fellows. Neither one'll go better than 14 inches. Waste of time to fuss with them. Especially in this high grass. Better horn, I'd either drive them out of the grass or risk going in after them. But you don't want either of those fellows."

The young rhino bulls were clashing and banging heartily. The buffalo streamed past us, like maverick freight ears, low and bulky and long, their legs too short for the lengthy barrel of their bodies. They were a touch smaller than the Grummetti buff, and a peculiar reddish-black in color. They came past us, flitting froth, wailing their eyes, pounding through the grass with their sentinel egrets flying fighter cover over them and screaming profanely.

One bull passed within a few feet. I could almost have poked him with the gun.

"Awful," Selby said scornfully. "Not a decent head amongst 'em."

Jeep Splits Wildebeeste Stampede

We looked at the fresh herd. Approximately 1,500 wildly head-tossing wildebeeste bore down on us in the trail that the buffalo had left in the high grass.

Snorting and pawing when they saw the jeep, they split around us and hightailed after the buffalo into the narrow end of the valley.

The two male rhinos continued to batter each other a hundred yards away.

"Hell!" said Virginia.

"Let's go and pay a call on the lady rhino in the valley," Harry said brightly, and spun the jeep toward the cow with the calf as big as she was. The other rhino—the one at the edge of the hill—had climbed upward and had disappeared.

The lady with the large child was obviously in a surly mood. She took one look at the jeep and charged. Baby, about two and one half tons of Baby, took us on a quartering shot. Harry hit the accelerator and we passed between them. Cow stopped. Baby stopped.

Harry said, "No good, either. Got a horn like a banana." So I didn't shoot.

We saw other rhinos, on this and other days. But I never did get a crack at one. One time, Harry got close enough to a good one to shoot if he had wanted to. But Harry leaves rhino shooting for his clients.

At the time, his client was sitting in the jeep, reading a mystery story. ▲▲▲



Kudu, which abound where Ruark hunted, are shy, wary animals, which spend the brightest hours of the day in the thicket. The kudu has the longest horns of any African antelope Collier's for January 17, 1953

This is the third of three articles by Robert C. Ruark. They will be part of a book to be published by Doubleday & Company in the spring



JOHN FISCHETTI

And Here's Why Not

THE PLEDGE to cut spending and reduce taxes is one of the oldest and most appealing promises that a politician can make, and it was never more appealing than in the 1952 campaign. The Republican office seekers made that promise, and it helped them win. Now we feel certain that the new President and the new Congress intend to keep their promise, and we hope they do. We also hope that they will approach the task with intelligence as well as zeal.

There are indications that some congressmen are already sharpening their hatchets and that they intend, if they have their way, to make large and indiscriminate cuts as soon as possible. And even though we're just as anxious for a little tax relief as the next person, we believe that the hatchet men should look and choose carefully before they start cutting.

It is a familiar fact, of course, that certain items of the budget can't be cut much, if at all. The government must pay interest on the national debt, respect its military commitments in Korea, Western Europe and elsewhere, care for or compensate its disabled veterans, and so on. But that doesn't mean that there aren't areas in which spending can be curtailed. One place is undoubtedly in the field of military procurement. Another is certainly in the operation of the government itself. The machinery of government should be streamlined for greater effi-

ciency. And the number of people operating that machinery should be reduced.

Mr. Eisenhower has already appointed a committee, headed by Nelson Rockefeller, to look into the matter of greater efficiency. And as regards the matter of cutting down on government personnel, there is a plan now in existence—submitted by a Democrat, incidentally, and first published by Collier's about three years ago.

In February of 1950 we carried an article by Senator Paul Douglas which told why the federal payroll is steadily growing, and suggested a way in which this wasteful, extravagant trend could be reversed. The cause, Mr. Douglas said, is simply that the heads of departments or bureaus are constantly asking for more employees, and getting them. "I heir prestige, but not their money is involved," he noted. "And these powerful forces working toward expanding the public payrolls are multiplicative in nature."

The senator's cure was equally simple: Don't fire recklessly, just don't fill the vacancies. "The turnover rate in the federal government," he explained, "is sufficient in the course of a year to bring payrolls down to what they should be—if enough of these vacancies are left unfilled. I estimate that simply by filling only half the job openings that occur, a reduction in force of approximately 8 to 10 per cent could be accomplished within a year. I doubt that public serv-

ices would suffer from a 9 per cent loss of personnel, or even a greater loss . . . And at least a half billion dollars would be saved."

We thought in 1950, and we still think, that this is a fair, reasonable and workable plan. We don't like the overblown bureaucracy that has grown up in the government, but we haven't any grudge against the many thousands of people whom the government has hired to make up that bureaucracy. We think it would be a personal cruelty and an economic mistake to throw several of those thousands out of work all at once, even for the laudable and necessary purpose of saving money for all of us.

So we hope that Senator Douglas will introduce his practically painless plan in the form of legislation, and that it will be adopted. In the meantime we would respectfully make this recommendation to the members of the Eighty-third Congress: When you start reducing the government payroll—weed, don't chop.

Skip the Commercial

A REUTER DISPATCH that we came across the other day leads us to believe that the resourceful Soviet propagandists have finally run out of fresh ideas and are reduced to borrowing techniques from the decadent Americans. The propagandists, according to this news story, "are mixing a little sex appeal with their Marxism in an attempt to woo the Arabic-speaking world to Communism."

Seems that a Moscow disc jockey, on his nightly program to the Middle East, uses recordings by a Miss Om Kalsum, a sultry-voiced Egyptian damsel who is one of the favorite pin-up girls in that part of the world. After a couple of her ballads have put the listeners in a receptive mood, an announcer comes on with a spiel about the glories of Communism.

This is obviously similar to the American platter-and-commercial radio programs. But it reminds us even more of another, older, phenomenon of our native culture. We refer to burlesque, an art form which once upon a time intrigued our youthful, inquiring mind—only for its interesting sociological aspects, of course.

We recall that, between burley performances, there was always an address by a silver-tongued salesman who came down the aisle to the front of the house, laden with a box full of assorted wonders. For the sum of ten cents (or a quarter, or whatever it was), he assured his listeners, they would receive not only a delicious confection but a prize in each and every package. Gold watches, silk hosiery for the ladies, volumes of esoterica and erotica; these were only a few of the promised dividends.

The boxes, needless to say, contained some cheap, stale candy and an uninteresting, useless penny gewgaw. Nobody ever got the gold watch or the hosiery. And only the most trusting yokel was ever bitten more than once. You quickly learned to go out and smoke until time for the comics and the stripeuses to reappear.

We sincerely hope that the majority of the Kremlin's listeners in the Middle East realize that the wonders of Communism are as deceptively oversold as the burlesque barker's prizes. And we trust that they are learning to go feed the cat, have a cup of coffee or take a few puffs on the hookah until the Soviet huckster has finished his pitch about the promised land, and Miss Om Kalsum is back on the air.

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Bishop Sheen Answers His Fan Mail

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Ned H. Dearborn (left), president of the National Safety Council, presenting the Award of Honor to Cleo F. Craig, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

BELL TELEPHONE COMPANIES RECEIVE HIGHEST AWARD OF NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

Bell telephone men and women are proud of the Award of Honor presented to them recently by the National Safety Council. The award was in recognition of an outstanding record for two years.

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Next Week

I Go Back to IRELAND

By JOHN STEINBECK



Everyone with a drop of Irish blood dreams of making a trip to the land of his ancestors. Follow the renowned author on his recent pilgrimage to Eire

Why Not Let the PEOPLE

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By U.S. Senator
ESTES KEFAUVER

The senator who captured the Democratic primaries but lost the nomination offers a plan to ensure the public's choice always will get to the White House. It makes vital reading



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January 24, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

If someone will please figure out how to drape a blanket over a motorcyclist, patrolman Garwood Whaley, of Bronxville, N. Y., will be grateful. Meanwhile, says artist Bill Randall, it's fun to ride in a one-horsepower open sleigh and give the 55-horsepower speed cop the business—or, rather, no business.

Week's Mail

Fresh-Laid Currency

EDITOR: May I make a contribution to the recent discussion of the town of Two Egg, Florida, in 48 States of Mind? While driving through the town recently, I asked friends in the car if they, being long-time residents of this state, knew the origin of the name.

One woman said that she had heard that early settlers used to do business with the Indians on a basis of trade in commodities, and that the standard rate of currency exchange then was two eggs in the hand of the Indian who wished to make a purchase. Could be.
ELEANOR F. LEWIS, Panama City, Fla.

Video Clinkers

EDITOR: In Philip Minoff's article, Television Boners (Dec. 13th), I garnered more laughs than one can possibly get elsewhere in so little time.

I happen to be one of these "sadistic TV fans," referred to by Mr. Minoff, who wriggles in fiendish glee when witnessing or hearing about TV miscues! Nuts to TV Utopia—I'll take the boners!
HARRY PETERSON, JR.,
Lexington, Ky.

... Enjoyed the article about TV boners. However, Mr. Minoff made one himself. In the Suspense show where he says the Communist soldier was supposed to bayonet a fellow member of the cast, he was actually supposed to pummel him with the butt of his rifle. Thomas Mitchell was the star of the show.

Crime Syndicated pulled another boo-boo when the kid with a gun aimed it at the wrong man just before the sound-effects man pulled the trigger. It was okay. The correct party fell down dead.

There was also a guy in uniform earlier this year who had overseas stripes on both sleeves, took off on a mission in a Thunderbolt fighter and returned in a Mustang.

H. E. SWINNEY, Ridgefield, N.J.

... Re Television Boners, the biggest boners in TV are the stupid commercials, ancient films in bad condition and programs without value with which viewers are bombarded.

A. A. BOON HARTSINCK,
Menlo Park, Cal.

Caveat Emptor

EDITOR: I really get quite a kick out of Corey Ford's article, For Sale: Advt. (Dec. 20th). Three houses we lived in within the past ten years were sold—and what fun!

The first one in which we had lived for 14 years had various and sundry folks wandering through, even on New Year's Eve when we were preparing to entertain guests. The bedroom floors sagged, the casement windows leaked,

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THE
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instead of being bottled immediately after blending, Old Thompson is put back into barrels to assure uniformity.

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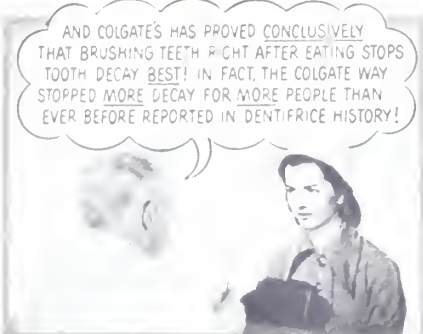
by Kentuckians whose "touch-of-quality" has been a

STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE
old. 37½% STRAIGHT WHISKIES, 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

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old. 37½% straight whiskies—62½% grain neutral spirits.

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Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS BAD BREATH and STOPS TOOTH DECAY!

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PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

Week's Mail CONTINUED

but I believe our New Year's prospects were more interested in our hors d'oeuvres, etc. In the second house, our twelve-year-old escorted the buyers through at nine one night. They looked the place over in less than twenty minutes and bought it.

MRS. BERNARD DONNELLY, Altoona, Pa.

More Comment on Gun-Shy GIs

EDITOR: In commenting on Why Half Our Combat Soldiers Fail to Shoot (Week's Mail, Dec. 20th), Joseph M. McDonald states that "an Air Force gunner fires weapons of all kinds approximately 25,000 times." Such a statement could be made only through unfounded supposition and is drastically incorrect.

Our crew's gunners have experienced the most modern and complete gunnery training given any aircraft gunner now in active service. We have fired—barring jams, which are not made up—only a maximum of 1,500 rounds in cal. .50 machine guns, 25 rounds of 12-gauge shotguns, and 50 rounds of cal. .30 carbine. We have not, in a military capacity, ever been exposed to any other weapon. Even firing the cal. .50 machine gun is not "second nature" to us, because firing only rarely and by remote control, we never get the "feel" of the gun; thus, upon completed training, the Air Force gunner is not an iota more proficient in firing "all kind of weapons" than the infantryman.

A/2c W. D. GROGAN,
A/2c J. L. R. THOMPSON,
Travis Air Force Base, Cal.

... It came not only as a surprise and shock to us that Bill Davidson would write such an article as Why Half Our Combat Soldiers Fail to Shoot, but that your magazine would print it.

The majority of us here are Korean vets with at least 11 months of front-line duty with different rifle companies.

Our research was not done after or before battles were fought, nor did we get secondhand reports from rear echelon and we did not believe such reports unless we saw them. Our facts came from living through fire-fights where every man fired his weapon to protect his life and the life of his buddy fighting next to him.

By comparing notes, we have found that the main reasons a Marine doesn't fire his weapons are due to a malfunction of the weapon, fear of hitting a fellow Marine, or lack of arms.

We entirely disagree with the article and everything it implies.

SGT. N. R. NICHOLS,
SGT. K. M. VERMILLION,
S/SGT. C. G. PYE,
SGT. G. J. LEBLANC,
SGT. H. L. STEPHENS,
Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Cal.

Bill Davidson's article was based on Brigadier General S. L. A. Marshall's official findings for the Operations Research Office. General Marshall has facts to prove that Marine Corps outfits are heroic or have nonfiring, the same as Army units.

All-Time All-America

EDITOR: The fellow who designed the cover for Dec. 6th Collier's was guilty of an egregious error of omission.

When Jim Thorpe of Carlisle Indian

fame appeared on Red Barber's television show, Barber asked him to name the greatest football player, professional or collegiate, he had ever seen. Without hesitation, Thorpe answered: "Eddie Mahan of Harvard. He could do everything superbly on the gridiron."

Thorpe publicly made this statement on at least four other occasions. And competent football experts agree with him. Eddie Mahan, now in the National Football Hall of Fame at Rutgers University, was the original triple-threat mentioned by Grantland Rice.

Eddie Mahan was All-America halfback in 1913-1914-1915—three years in a row. Hutson, Baugh and Nagurski made it once only. And yet you gave them a place of honor on your cover. THEODORE FAIRCHILD, Worcester, Mass.



Mahan, Harvard Hall-of-Famer

Inside Information

EDITOR: Evidently your answer to the inquiry addressed to you by Mr. Daniel Lynch, Babylon, New York, and the accompanying picture, all published in your December 20th Week's Mail, was done with some levity. Whether kilt drawers are worn or not depends upon the wearer's preference. If they are worn they should be made of a thin material in a color to tone with the kilt.

I hope that this information will serve to correct any mistaken impression which might have been formed by your "joke." JOHN OSGOOD NEWELL, III,
Colebrook, Conn.

Finnish Steamer

EDITOR: I enjoyed Hollywood's Favorite Swat Shop by Arthur Marx (Dec. 13th). As I am a Finn (and proud of it), the part about Finnish rock-steam baths especially interested me.

For many years my parents have had a special bathhouse (sauna to us Finns) which is heated every Saturday afternoon. It is divided into two compartments: the steam room and a dressing room. Steam is produced by pouring cold water over heated rocks. Dad built it all himself—including the stove which is made out of two oil barrels.

My Swedish husband, however, can see no sense to it. The next time he belittles our sauna, I can tell him, thanks to your article, that someone else recommends Finnish rock-steam baths besides us Finns.

MRS. DONALD PETERSON,
Sandstone, Minn.

Collier's for January 24, 1953

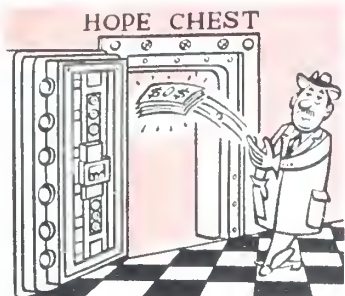
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Coed in Stanford University tells us the average girl would rather be beautiful than brainy. That's because (she says) the average man can see better than he can think.

★ ★ ★

Saw Eben Greenlegg, of Danbury Quarter, Connecticut, coming out of the



bank. Mr. Greenlegg said he'd "left a little money with them because maybe someday it may be worth something."

★ ★ ★

If we were running one of those quiz-cash broadcasts, we'd stump somebody by giving him 15 seconds to tell us exactly how long it's been since the beginning of the Korean truce negotiations. Make it 15 minutes, if you want. And he could have all the help from the audience he could get.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Bill Potter, of Stephenville, Texas, thinks he has proof that no matter how goofy our beloved country gets, some other government is swift to trump us. He points to Egypt's ban on the movie Samson and Delilah, which is barred there because the portrayed characters are Jewish, and Egypt does not recognize Israel.

★ ★ ★

Hardly worth while to remind you that the Old Farmers' Almanac for 1953 is right as usual. It prophesied we were in for a "swinkful and heavy-timed winter." And it bids you expect a "whopper" during the week of March 20th-27th, after which Abe Weatherwise, its weather prophet, says, "It will storm some more." Swinkful means laborious, toilsome, wearisome. Heavy-timed needs no defining. As Abe warned, this weather swinks.

★ ★ ★

Only other weather note we have at the moment comes to us in Oren Arnold's Arizona Brags, courtesy of vacationing Mr. J. A. O'Reilly, of New York. Sandstorm got so thick down near Scottsdale that a prairie dog was seen digging a hole fifty feet in the air.

★ ★ ★

His name is Prince and he's a horse. Moreover, he's the only horse in the Norton Sound area of Alaska. When the season's last ship arrived in Nome, friends of Prince went down to fetch his winter feed. But somebody had

forgotten Prince and there was nothing aboard for him. Whereat, the citizens of Nome and Fairbanks began whooping it up on a Save-Our-Prince Campaign. Cold hands and warm hearts responded. Chartered planes loaded with oats and hay for Prince came from the States. Arrived, we're glad to report, in time for Christmas.

★ ★ ★

And over the entrance to a used-car lot in Columbus, Ohio, Mr. R. P. Hayes read: "Trade in your old car NOW. Softhearted salesman on duty."

★ ★ ★

Bald fellow in Topeka, Kansas, who doesn't want his name mentioned lest someone discover he's bald, says un-thatched men are discriminated against. Adds that a few years ago he paid the barber only one third as much to do three times as much work.

★ ★ ★

Last time Miss Blanche Finucaine went to church in Franklin, New Hampshire, she heard the preacher make this announcement: "And on Wednesday evening the janitor and I will hold prayer meeting as usual."

★ ★ ★

In Mississippi, Governor White is requesting the resignation of all honorary colonels on his honorary staff who voted for General Eisenhower. One of these, the Honorary Oliver Emmerich of McComb, goes down fighting—in an honorary way of course. Says: "A colonel on the governor's staff serves without military status, without compensation, without authority. Any chit-chat about resigning such a position is like subtracting nothing from nothing, which leaves nothing, and hence is nothing short of nonsense."

★ ★ ★

If it weren't for Mr. Jack Lowe in Sidney, Nebraska, we wouldn't have known that a psychologist is a guy who uses twelve-dollar words to explain a failure due to laziness.

★ ★ ★

The Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago has fetched in a flock of old-fashioned rocking chairs. Doctors have discovered



IRWIN CAPLAN

—or rediscovered—it is very good for fretful infants to be held in the arms of nurses rocking gently to and fro. Good for nurses' feet, too.

Oh-oh! DRY SCALP!

OH, BROTHER! THIS GUY WOULD REALLY BE HANDSOME IF HE'D TAKE CARE OF THAT DRY SCALP. WONDER WHETHER I COULD GET TOM TO TIP HIM OFF TO 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC...



P.S. TOM DID!

What an improvement a few drops a day can make! Check Dry Scalp and you check dull, lifeless-looking hair . . . itchy scalp and loose dandruff. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is double care for scalp and hair . . . contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. You'll like it!



Hair looks better...
Scalp feels better...
when you check DRY SCALP with

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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You don't always travel alone
when you go

Full Circle

KATE HOLLIS had a strange feeling that she had lived this day before. It was going to a pattern that was sharply familiar, sharply reminiscent of something that had happened once before. She jabbed a paring knife into the potato she was peeling and held it up and looked at it for a moment. Somehow, the potato had something to do with it.

She heard steps coming down the stairs and across the center hall and then a voice behind her. "Do I look all right, Mother?"

Kate turned and looked at her daughter as she came into the kitchen—tall and trim in a neat gray suit and checkered blouse—and then it all came back to her.

Suddenly Kate had the feeling that this was not today . . . this was not her daughter coming into the kitchen, but she herself. Yes, for an instant it seemed as if this were that day, more than twenty-five years before, when Kate had walked into the kitchen at home and said, "Do I look all right, Mother?"—because that was the day Fred Hollis was coming to dinner for a very special reason, too.



Kate Hollis forced her thoughts to return from that instant of reverie. "You look lovely, Ann. What time did you say Jim would be here?"

"In about an hour, Mother. Guess I'd better start getting things ready in the dining room, don't you think?"

There was one important difference, Kate thought after Ann had left. On *that* day, her own father was still alive and had spoken with Fred Hollis as any prospective father-in-law might. But *today* she'd have to handle this alone . . .



Alone? Well, not entirely. She recalled how helpless she had felt, at first, when her husband died eight years before. But then she found how carefully Fred had worked things out to help her make decisions such as this as the years went by.

The insurance program that he and Cliff Walters had worked out together had come to serve as a year-to-year guide. When Ann reached college age, the question had not been *whether* she could go, but simply *where*—because Fred had left a separate New York Life policy to take care of the expense.

And now this new decision would be easy, too. With Ann through college, there was no reason for her not to marry Jim and start a home of her own. He was a fine, sensible boy and should do well as time went on. And Kate knew that she would never be a financial burden to them, because she had her regular checks from New York Life to take care of her. This young couple could live with the same feeling of independence that she and Fred

had had—and she knew that that was what Fred would have wanted.

Kate Hollis picked up another potato and began to peel it methodically. Yes, she thought, she had traveled full circle. And somehow it seemed to Kate that a good part of the circle had been carefully drawn a long, long time ago.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT
IN YOUR COMMUNITY
IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

The Most Difficult Door To Open in Washington

The 1925 F Street Club is so exclusive that not even its members know exactly who else belongs. It's where VIPs eat, drink, make merry—and help chart the nation's course

By ALFRED TOOMBS

THE stolid yellow house which stands on an ivy-covered terrace at 1925 F Street NW in downtown Washington attracts hardly a glance from the hurrying thousands who pass it daily. But this building has a particular meaning to those who know their way around the capital's high-altitude social life. Its door is perhaps the hardest in Washington to open from the outside.

For located here is Washington's swankiest club (and here we pause to duck plush brickbats from Washington's exclusive Sulgrave Club). It's called, simply, the 1925 F Street Club. To belong to it is the mark of having arrived. Over the years, it has been the scene of gay parties where socialites and statesmen relax. Though primarily a social club, members of Congress and other politicians belong to it, and it has been, from time to time, the central origin of violent political upheavals. In all of the world, possibly there's no other place exactly like it.

A widely accepted Washington axiom says that great events are set in motion when the right people meet at the right time at the right place. The 1925 F Street Club is regarded as just about the rightest place in Washington. Here, over coffee and brandy, senatorial candidacies have been launched, political feuds begun and diplomatic bargains sealed. Its social importance was pointed up a few years ago by a remark by the late Mrs. Eleanor Medill (Cissy) Patterson, then publisher of the Washington Times-Herald. Mrs. Patterson was asked: "What must one do in Washington to get on the society pages?" Mrs. Patterson replied: "Get into the F Street Club." In its 20 years of existence, 1925 F Street NW has probably seen more tears and more

laughter than any other house in the capital. Power and glory in Washington are fleeting. Most who come to the city to take important jobs regard themselves as transients, and they often live in hotels, small apartments or frosty official residences unsuited for the intimate social life favored in Washington. Most of the few old-fashioned town houses which once supported elegant political salons have disappeared. When someone in the upper echelon wants to hold an intimate social gathering, where perhaps a few powerful men can put their heads together, the 1925 F Street Club is likely to be the choice.

Friendliness prevails at the club. The visitor who is ushered through the front door by a butler feels as if he has walked into the home of a family whose social position is unassailable and whose wealth is uncounted. Everyone is put at ease and made to feel important. The politician is given the



Club used to be the home of its founder, Mrs. John M. Gross

heady illusion that he is a statesman; the newspaperman becomes a journalist; the legation attaché, a diplomat; and the soldier, a commanding general.

A first visit to the club sometimes has a dizzying effect upon poor-boy Congressmen or up-from-the-lathe businessmen. The wonder of it all was expressed succinctly by a small girl, who had been invited to the club for a children's birthday party.

"Gosh, they must be rich," she reported breathlessly to her mother. "They passed the scrambled eggs three times."

No membership list in the F Street Club has ever been made available and even members can only guess about who else belongs.

All Presidents of the United States and their wives are invited to become honorary members of the club, and by now the Eisenhowers probably have received their invitation. The Trumans have visited the club four or five times. A dozen sena-

tors are believed to belong, as well as half a dozen members of the House and two Supreme Court justices. Vice-President Barkley and his wife began frequenting the club after they were married, and Representative Sam Rayburn, though "not much for going out," drops in fairly often because, he says, "they set a mighty good table."

Everyone seems to agree with that statement. Mr. Truman always seems pleased that the staff remembers he likes near his plate a vinegar cruet with which to douse his vegetables. Chief Justice Vinson raises his ample eyebrows in delight when he finds that the cook has been thoughtful enough to serve his favorite Delmonico potatoes.

Membership hovers around 400, with only slightly over half the number resident in Washington. The list is rigidly controlled. "Of course, old boy, the club just isn't open to five percenters," one member explained, and added wryly: "You've got to be at least a 50 percenter, and of something big—like steel or oil."

Membership is not obtained by application. New members are invited to join—after investigations which might excite the envy of the FBI. Respectable members of prominent families or new government officials whose suitability is apparent may be accepted promptly into the membership. But even members of the Cabinet have been required to furnish references, which are checked.

It is literally true that you can't tell whom you will bump into at the club. One night, a well-known Washington hostess came tripping down the stairs from the F Street Club's second floor and bounced into a man who was standing in the hall.

"Oops, sorry," she said casually, and started to hurry on. Then she did a double-take. "Oh, Mr. President," she groaned, backing away. "I'm so sorry. I didn't realize . . ."

"What's the matter?" grinned Mr. Truman. "You used to call me Harry."

Washington society reporters noted with awe recently that a problem of protocol, without precedent in the memory of observers, had been presented at the club.

At a dinner given by Mrs. A. Mitchell Palmer, the guests included the President, Vice-President, Chief Justice, and Speaker of the House. Where to seat whom is often a knotty problem in the capital, but no hostess recently had faced the delicious dilemma involved in arranging places for the four highest officials of the land.

Mrs. Palmer put President Truman in the place of honor, and on her other side Vice-President Barkley. Speaker Sam Rayburn and Chief Justice



Ike and Mamie are sure to receive invitations from the F Street Club, if they haven't already. Presidents and their wives are always asked to join

Fred Vinson were seated at the heads of separate tables.

Once, two of the guests at a dinner were men who had been engaged in a headline-making feud. It was the first time the President and Drew Pearson had been in the same room since Mr. Truman had publicly called the columnist a name normally not used in polite society.

While the other guests watched in fascination, the two warily avoided each other all evening. But when the hostess presented Mrs. Pearson to the President, Mr. Truman remarked to her pleasantly:

"I really don't blame Drew for the stuff he writes. He's got to make a living, just like I do."

The F Street Club looks like a privately inhabited town house because that is exactly what it was until the day it became an incorporated club on April 6, 1933, when the club's certifi-

cate of incorporation was filed in the District of Columbia. The business and object of the corporation was stated to be the "mutual improvement of its members."

Named as president and manager was Mrs. Laura M. Curtis, who for years had presided over an exclusive Washington political salon in the F Street house which had been her home for years. It was some time before the worldlings in Washington were able to pierce the shroud of mystery which surrounded the abrupt metamorphosis of the house from free-loading to pay-as-you-go. No one, of course, was rude enough to inquire too deeply until a woman reporter, finding Mrs. Curtis in a warm good humor, asked, "How did you happen to turn your home into a club?"

"There was a depression, dear," the lady was quoted as replying.

The club has evinced slightly less interest in

publicity than have the Russian secret police. It refuses to give news to society editors. Newsmen and newswomen may come only as guests of the members, and photographers not at all. Those who live in the glare of Washington publicity are sometimes delighted to find a place where the Iron Venetian Blind can be lowered.

She Wields Power Without Publicity

The Laura M. Curtis who founded and still owns the F Street Club is now Mrs. John M. Gross, wife of a Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, retired steel executive. Mrs. Gross has been called one of the 10 most powerful women in Washington, but the details of the exercise of this power are carefully obscured from public view.

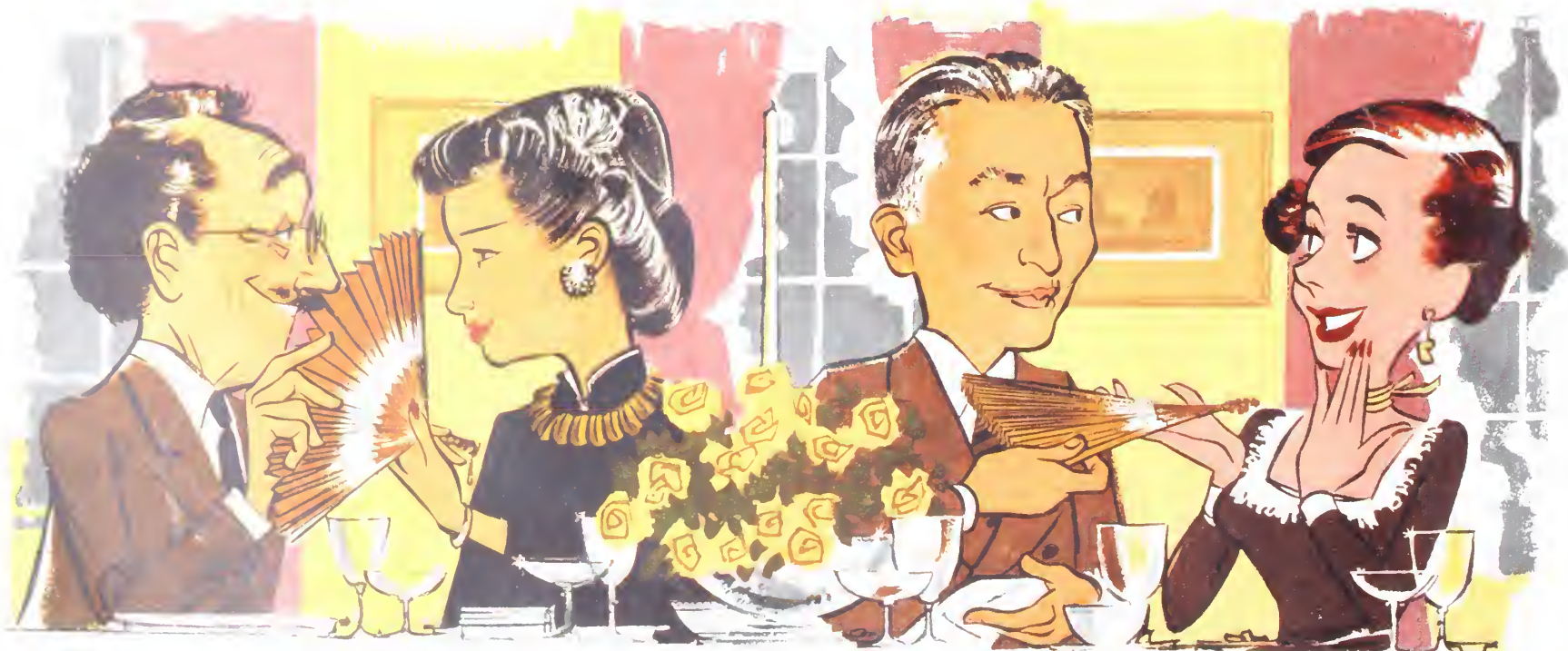
She is the daughter of the late William Rush Merriam, onetime governor of Minnesota. Her first husband was James F. Curtis, New York lawyer and once Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. In 1924, when she was Laura Curtis, she was walking along F Street and saw a "For Rent" sign on the 125-year-old federal-style house at 1925. It was in poor condition, and when she heard how much rent the agent wanted, she expressed herself with vehemence. She named her own rental, took the place on a long-term lease and spent an estimated \$50,000 to refurbish the establishment.

During the late 1920s, the Curtis home was the outstanding salon in Washington. Speaker Nicholas Longworth, who wielded great political power, was a good friend of Mrs. Curtis, and he came to her house often.

Laura Curtis' round table was always filled, and at endless dinner parties she entertained the Republicans who were to make her good friend Herbert Hoover President. Because of her close association with the ruling political powers, Laura Curtis was referred to in 1928 as the uncrowned head of the Republican convention.

When the stock market crashed, Laura Curtis dropped a large sum. She rented her home to Mrs. John T. Pratt, Republican member of Congress from New York, and moved to a house next door. But Mrs. Pratt gave up the lease after she was defeated for re-election in the Democratic landslide of 1932.

Some of Mrs. Curtis' intimates suggested that she turn the house into a club, with her favorite



The summer evening Chinese Ambassador Wellington Koo and his wife attended a dinner at the club, they saved the party from

wilting to death: they pulled out a pair of small Chinese fans and passed them down the table, giving each guest a breezy turn

the club, news leaks out. Like the story of the feuding President and columnist . . .

guests as paying members. Mrs. Curtis liked the idea. She sent out invitations to about 400 friends, and most accepted. During these early days, a score or so of friends put up sums ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000 in bonds to finance the venture. The money was repaid out of earnings, with 5 per cent interest added.

"It will be run like no other club," Mrs. Curtis promised.

The promise has been kept, from the time the first party was given on April 15, 1933. Guests arrived to find the Curtis servants, furniture, china and silver just as they had always been. Today, the motif remains almost exactly the same.

The furniture is predominantly Chippendale and Queen Anne, with a number of richly upholstered overstuffed chairs and sofas added. In one of the drawing rooms, over an eighteenth-century pine mantel, hangs a portrait of Chippendale, attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two Waterford crystal chandeliers in the house are said to be among the most valuable in the country. Every piece of brass and glass sparkles.

Linen, silver and china are the costliest obtainable. The towels in the ladies' room, I am told, are embossed not with the name of the club, but with the hostess' initials.

Chinese Fans for Sweltering Guests

The club is not air-conditioned, and it is a compliment of some magnitude that it is crowded during Washington's summers. One humid evening, Chinese Ambassador K. Wellington Koo and his wife were guests at a dinner party. Two small electric fans did little to stir the air. Both the ambassador and Mrs. Koo carry small Chinese fans against such an emergency. Ceremoniously, they passed the fans around the table and allowed all the backward Westerners to have a turn with them.

The story was told around Washington the next day, and perspiring guests who arrived for a dinner given by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., that night noted happily that there was a small folding fan at each place.

A large dining room accommodates 48 people. One of the small downstairs rooms has been fitted with a portable bar, while two others have been converted into sitting rooms where cocktails or

after-dinner brandy are served. Large French doors open from the dining room onto an enclosed garden, where tables can be set up during warm weather. There are soft-colored lights, magnolias and blooming flowers.

Money in evidence would disturb the illusion that the club is a home. Bills are not presented at the time. The servants know each member. They keep a record of food and drinks consumed, and bills are mailed to members monthly.

F.D.R.'s Henchmen Invade Washington

The pre-1933 climate of the establishment had been Republican. Members felt some trepidation when they saw Democrats begin to pour into Washington, on Roosevelt's coattails.

The first party given under the new regime confirmed the worst fears. Among the guests were two or three lusty characters from the White House press room.

Carried away by the sight of unlimited quantities of free liquor, the reporters tried to demonstrate how a party should be conducted in true Front Page style. The Sunday-morning quiet was disturbed by hoarse shouts and the sound of flower-pots bouncing off the walls of a church which adjoins the club garden.

As a result, the pastor of the church paid a call on the distressed chatelaine of F Street.

"You've been giving parties here for years," he said sadly, "and nothing like this has ever happened before."

"But you see, I've never entertained Democrats before," she explained.

But in Chip Robert and Evie Walker—who was to become Mrs. Robert—the club had a couple whose standing as Democrats and wealthy social figures was beyond cavil; and they led many socially prominent and powerful New Dealers into the club.

President Roosevelt looked on the F Street Club with suspicion. One day, he said to Arthur Krock of the New York Times:

"I hear you spend your evenings over at that place on F Street, where all my enemies sit around and talk about me."

"Yes," replied Krock, "and I would spend more evenings there, too, if your children weren't always taking the club over for their parties."

In 1938, Laura Curtis was divorced from James F. Curtis and before long became Mrs. Gross. She moved to Bethlehem and left the day-to-day management of the club in the hands of her extraordinary housekeeper, Mary Cummins. Members called her Miss Mary and her gentle County Roscommon accent charmed the VIPs. It was Miss Mary's chosen mission to protect the interests of Eire in the American capital, and she would laughingly greet lawmakers with: "Now, what have you been doing for the Irish?"

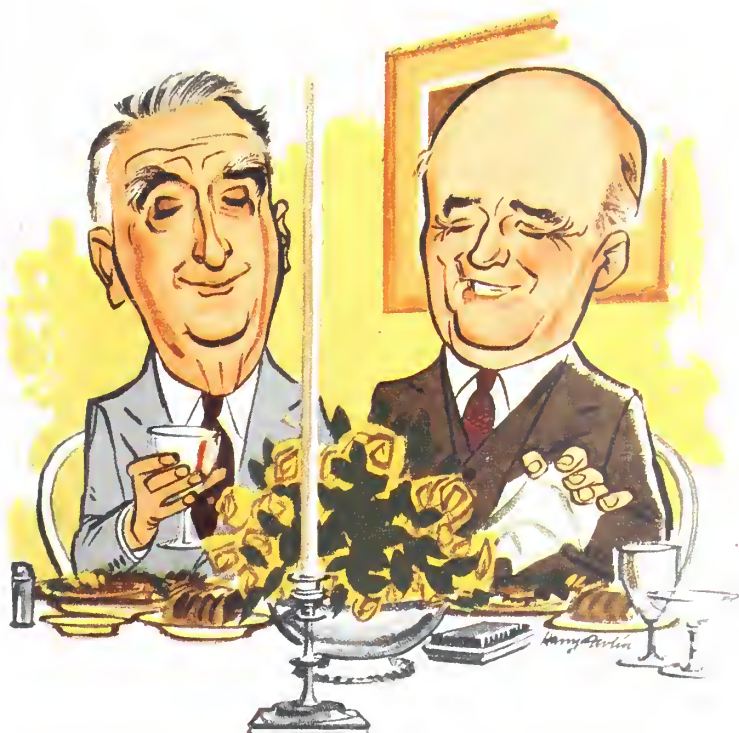
The night after the last party given at the club before its regular August closing last year, Miss Mary died in her sleep. Club members, flying out of Washington to all parts of the world that day, carried the sad news to Miss Mary's friends in Paris or Manila.

Her wake was held at the club, and the flowers sent by Supreme Court justices and other club members filled the place.

No one has officially succeeded Miss Mary, but the traditions of the club have been maintained since her death. Its cuisine remains predominantly American, with the rec-



When the lady said: "Mr. President, I am so sorry!" he waved, grinned and answered: "You used to call me Harry"



Justice Vinson likes the way they serve potatoes, and Rep. Sam Rayburn says: "They set a mighty good table"

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ipes being taken out of the cookbooks found in any American home. There are many who describe it with fervor as the best food in the world. No menu is presented, so everyone is served the same meal at lunch or at dinner, except that on Fridays there is a choice of meat or fish. Dinner may begin with cream of crab soup and progress through rare roast beef with broiled mushrooms and broiled tomatoes, French green beans, mixed green salad, cheese and vanilla soufflé to coffee and liqueur. Luncheons of cream corn soup, fried oysters, mixed green salad with cold turkey, dessert of little thin pancakes with melted butter and maple sirup continue to bring unsubdued sighs of ecstasy from diplomats and Cabinet officers alike.

Reservations in advance are required, even for lunch, and the entire club may be taken over for dinner parties, debutante dances or wedding receptions. The lunch costs \$3.50, and the dinner \$4.50, without drinks. Customarily, after mixed dinner parties the ladies withdraw and leave the men to have coffee and brandy in the drawing room. In this intimate atmosphere, the shop talk of Washington flows freely. The shape of policy to come may be outlined, intrigue may be spun—or political knives may flash in the firelight.

They are flashing brighter than ever, now that administrations are changing and the competition for federal jobs becomes a free-for-all. But the F Street Club survived the Democratic victory of 1932, and no one who knows his Washington expects there will be any changes now—except for faces.

The Lovebird

By FRANCIS T. FIELD

Don and Laurel were a delightful couple—so charming, so rich, and always doing such refreshing things. You simply had to envy them

MRS. VALDEYO is a plain, fussy and forthright widow who has gone sentimental since passing fifty. She runs a pet shop on one of New York's smarter avenues, and in the high style of her neighborhood, deals only in birds, animals and fish of "proved" bloodlines.

In spite of this concession to her trade, Mrs. Valdeyo has no patience with anything merely showy. The late Mr. Valdeyo had been one of those dandies who diet, anoint and polish themselves to a lean, hard glitter—and he had come to an early and violent end, after a series of escapades with women other than Mrs. Valdeyo.

"Heart!" Mrs. Valdeyo believes there is no substitute for "old-fashioned human heart."

Some months ago, after dusting the shelves of canned foods, medicines, harnesses and fish bowls, she had gone to the rear of the shop to feed Soldier, a monkey who had grown old there because she had not yet found the right people to entrust him to. She had just given him a nipples bottle filled with his favorite drink, a warm concoction of milk, water and Pernod, and he had turned himself over, square red bottom in air, and was gurgling contentedly, when the doorbell sounded.

A young man and woman, tall, slim, suave and handsomely dressed, stepped in, looked at the expectant fox terriers, and moved over to the cockatoo cage, where they took root in surprise and admiration.

Under her dyed-black bangs, Mrs. Valdeyo studied her young customers. They were in their middle twenties, he just over and she just under six feet; both were blond, he very light red, she darker, the color of tarnished brass. They seemed enveloped in brilliance, a brilliance that was not merely of complexion or manner but as much a part of them as their skins. They looked as though they would glow in the dark.

In every sense, they appeared to be possessed of a fair share of money, health, breeding and all the modern virtues. But for all that, Mrs. Valdeyo was inclined to give them the cool treatment. Kind calls to kind, she thought acidly. And at first glance, they were much like the cockatoos they admired—gaudy plumed, aloof, knowing and faintly irked by the squawk and flurry around them.

Mrs. Valdeyo despised the plumed cockatoos.

"Pretty, pretty, pretty," the young woman said in a drawl that intimated she didn't really care whether the birds responded or not, which was a good thing, because they sat side by side, brilliant, indifferent, unruffled and ironic. "Oh, Donny, did you ever see such a resemblance to Aunt Liz? And wouldn't they look gorgeous in the living room?"

Mrs. Valdeyo bestowed a hasty pat on Soldier's woolly chest and walked over to the young couple. "Gorgeous, yes," she said, "but what good are they? All they can do is sit and preen."

Her customers turned to her and smiled. They had bright, appreciative smiles, and Mrs. Valdeyo felt that perhaps she had been too hard on them. "You look like nice young people," she said. "Let me show you a real pet."

"You don't mean that *monkey*," the young woman said.

"That would be more trouble than it's worth," her husband said.

Once more Mrs. Valdeyo revised her opinion. "I was thinking of the parakeets," she said stiffly.

ON THE main counter was a large, glass-and-wire aviary in which about fifteen small birds were chattering and doing stunts on a variety of swings, slides and bars. They had the look, in miniature, of parrots. Mrs. Valdeyo thrust her hand inside, boldly caught up one of the birds, and drew it out, scolding and struggling to get free.

"Now this," she said, "will not only talk and do tricks till the day he dies, he will also love you as you've never been loved before."

The young couple smiled politely. So much emotion—this pet-shop lady was evidently a character.

Mrs. Valdeyo set the bird on the counter. From the hooked beak to the long, trim tail, it was less than four inches. The breast was as green and tender as moss; the wing feathers were edged with black; the face was yellow, with a blue ink dot on each cheek and a row of black dots along the throat. For a second it stood quietly, "making eyes" at the young couple, then it thrust its beak under a wing and scratched. Then, shaking itself, it lifted a foot which resembled an animated twig, and began to trot back and forth along the counter, not in the cautious, (Continued on page 56)

McCorkle was almost frightening in his demands for love. As long as he was at liberty, he would not let them out of his sight. When Laurel bathed, he sat on her shoulder, licking at drops of water that were clinging to her back

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH





Beaucoup Dreamy-American

By JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK

It's an exciting old world for the 2,000 dependents of U.S. personnel who are attending high school in Europe. Everything is just the way it was back home—with a difference

Paris

VIVACIOUS Sydney Gill, a sixteen-year-old bundle of energy from San Antonio, Texas, led the four other girl cheerleaders of Wiesbaden American High School into a frenzy of leaps and whirls. And the students cheered:

Was ist das?

Was ist das?

Das ist Wiesbaden,

Das ist was!

The roof of Blozis Hall in Frankfurt, Germany, shook with teen-age enthusiasm. After silence settled and the judges huddled, Wiesbaden High was awarded for the second straight year the cheerleaders' championship of all the American dependents high schools in Europe.

The cheerleading trophy was only minor consolation to Wiesbaden; the school lost every basketball game on its schedule. But as redheaded Ted Wilson, seventeen, of Santa Monica, California, center on the Wiesbaden quintet, puts it, "Heck, we're a small school—just 100 kids. And because we're Air Force, our families move around so much we can't hold onto a team. The American High School at Heidelberg is more than twice as big as we are, and Frankfurt is three times as big. And at Heidelberg, which wins everything, some of the basketball players have been at the one school all four years!"

For a teen-age dependent of a member of the American armed forces in Europe to attend the same high school in unbroken continuity for four years is a minor miracle. A different school each year is about par for the course. Some youngsters have been to a dozen schools from Tokyo to Rome as their fathers shifted from post to post. Jim McMillan, of Detroit, president of the American

Teen-Age Club in London, may have set something of a record. Jim has covered 28 schools since the first grade and attended four different high schools in his senior year alone.

John Landerdahl, seventeen, a chaplain's son now at Frankfurt High, told me, "I've only been to school here and at Munich and back home in Battle Creek, Michigan." Then he added almost as an afterthought, "Except for the time I lived in the Aleutian Islands. There were just 18 of us in the school there."

Mariann Walton, a sixteen-year-old senior at Bushy Park High School for Americans in the London area, has trouble remembering how many schools she's attended. "A funny thing happened the other day," Mariann recalled. "A new boy walked into our home room and was introduced as Robert Lynn. I knew right off that his nickname was Budge, and that I'd known him somewhere. Budge and I sat down to figure it out. It wasn't back home in Columbus, Ohio, or Arkansas or Osaka, Japan, where I lived for two years. He'd been to school in a whole bunch of other places. We finally got it—Mississippi in the tenth grade. We felt like old friends."

The Girl Who Felt She Was Left Out

Anne Jones, a quiet fifteen-year-old, had been listening. "I've only gone to one other school, Hunter High in New York. I thought that was normal until I came to England last year. Now I feel left out when the others talk about all the places they've been. I'll have to travel fast to catch up."

Anyone will have to travel fast to catch up with the teen-age dependents of American Army, Navy,

Air Force, economic assistance and State Department personnel who have taken up residence in postwar Europe. Heads of families have been drawing assignments with occupation forces in Germany and as participants in North Atlantic defense efforts elsewhere, and so tens of thousands of American families have set up housekeeping overseas. In trailers, tents, thatched huts, Quonsets, apartments, housing projects and castles, they live in degrees of comfort ranging from rugged to princely.

The U.S. government, as part of its commitment to universal public education, feels it owes free schooling to the children of its defenders in distant lands. Accordingly, Europe (as well as the Far East and the Caribbean) is today dotted with overseas versions of the little red schoolhouse with American teachers, American textbooks and American chalk squeaking on American blackboards.

For teen-agers there are faithful copies of state-side high schools stretching from the Scottish border to Turkey. The American high-school population in Europe numbers 2,000, with the largest concentration (1,189 boys and girls) in eight schools in the American zone of Germany.

A very few American teen-agers are enrolled in English, French and Swiss schools, both public and private. These students in foreign schools take on the local protective coloration of language, school uniforms and dormitory living, making themselves as much as possible like the home-grown product. They do not become part of the large and colorful American teen-age colony that reproduces the curricular and after-class life of good old West Side High, U.S.A., in Munich, Nuremberg, Paris or Bushy Park, England.



CHRIS WARE

American teen-agers in their "Sloppy Joes" and jeans wait for class at the Bushy Park High School, England. Enrollment runs about 200



MUNICH AMERICAN PHOTO

Star of the champion Munich Military Post small-bore rifle team is Eileen Elliot, 18 (center). Her proud Army dad is second from left

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Teen-Agers Abroad

The central fact of life for the American teen-ager in Europe is the absence of cars. Youngsters under eighteen are not permitted to drive either their own cars or the family car, if there is one. And by the time they reach driving age, most boys and girls return to the States for college or the boys enter military service. For the fifteen- through seventeen-year-old contingent, then, transportation is provided only by bicycle, motor scooter, bus, trolley, subway or that nearly forgotten agent of locomotion, the human leg.

They Go by Bus to Movies and Dances

"I've never in my life been on a Saturday-night date with a boy in a car," Beverly Williams, a seventeen-year-old senior at Heidelberg High, observes with just a trace of wistfulness. Blonde, blue-eyed Beverly is from San Antonio; she's very pretty and her father is a major general. Nonetheless, in Heidelberg, Beverly and all her friends go by bus to the movies, to a dance or on a date.

While the absence of cars is considered a nuisance by the youngsters, their parents, school authorities and those concerned with community relations see advantages in the situation.

"Since the boys and girls don't drive over here," says Mildred Linek, principal of the Wiesbaden High School, "we're spared all the anxieties of hot rods, reckless driving, driving while drinking. It eases the curfew problem—they have to get home before the last bus—and it has a fine effect on morals because couples aren't roaring around the countryside unsupervised."

"As a rule, rearing a child in Frankfurt is not nearly so much of a problem as it is in the U.S.," confides Mrs. E. D. Hart, mother of Susan, twelve, and Sara, sixteen, and chairman of the Frankfurt Teen-Age Club advisory committee. The Harts, from Glendale, California, consider the ban on cars for youngsters a happy boon for parents. Without cars, all teen-age life is more stationary, centering primarily around the school, the local version of the corner drugstore, the athletic field and the home.

Drive-in movies, television and leisurely shop-

ping trips for the girls are other stateside pleasures that the European colony must forgo. But you hear almost no regret for lost Edens in the substitute drugstores and sugar bowls that spring up wherever American youth congregates.

Germany, where the Americans originally arrived as conquerors and were able to requisition and reconstruct in the image of home, boasts the most exact facsimiles of stateside Coke joints. Frankfurt actually gives its 338 U.S. teen-agers a choice of hangout facilities. The Teen-Age Club, probably the most active nonmilitary organization in the city—with orthodox *décor* provided in part by the Coca-Cola Export Corporation of Germany—features Ping-pong, pool, square dancing and just plain meeting room.

The Circle Grill next to the huge main PX on WAC Circle attracts a large after-school teen clientele. Adjoining the cafeteria in the airy, modern Frankfurt Dependents High School on the far outskirts of town, Der Kozy Keller offers scuff-proof booths and genuine American banana splits.

Over the sundaes and the malteds, the small talk is often spiked with fragments of French and German. "Hi, kids, comment ça va?" "Sehr gut, was cooks?" "Nichts new." Someone mentions a new girl who has just transferred into the school. "A *schöne* chick," is one opinion. "Très cute," another boy seconds. "Ganz gone." For those who have spent time in France, *beaucoup* is now English—*beaucoup* hot, *beaucoup* cold, *beaucoup* dreamy.

"C'est la vie," with a shrug of the shoulders, covers all letdowns. "But, *natürlich* . . ." "Quelle snafu . . ." "Longtemps no see . . ." A fractured English has emerged from literal translation of French and German. "My watch doesn't march." "Don't derange yourself." "The addition was rugged." (Restaurant check, not arithmetic test.) "Make fast, Joe." (Hurry up.) "Auf Wiedersehen," they call at parting. "Gute nuit" to show there are no boundaries. "See you *demain*, same time, same bus."

Paris, after the first glamor has rubbed off, is rough going for American teeners. American forces in France (and England) are there as guests, not occupiers. That means they must tread softly



DENNIS STOCK-TEG CASTLE

Strolling through famous Louvre museum, U.S. students in Paris study statue of Winged Victory



DENNIS STOCK-TEG CASTLE

Group of teen-agers from various parts of U.S. rehearse at Dependents School theater in Paris



CLAUDE JACOB

Enthusiastic cheerleaders and fans from Dependents High School in Frankfurt, Germany, spur on their team during basketball game with Bremerhaven. Gym is in Army compound Collier's for January 24, 1953

American art class meets in downtown Frankfurt. In background is the 600-year-old Römer Building

CLAUDE JACOB



Teen-agers have kept their American-style school spirit. Not only do the athletes wear



CHRIS WARE

Temporarily transplanted Americans George Bayer of New York; Jean Motte, South Carolina; and Charles London, Washington, D.C. (l. to r.), work during art class at Bushy Park School

and keep their children from making really boisterous noises. Paris has always had about 80 American teen-agers attending high-school classes of the American Community School, which is supported by the American colony in Paris. These are children of business, embassy and film people and they lead a half-French, half-American existence, usually in the upper financial brackets.

Now for the first time there is a second separate American high school in Paris serving 98 sons and daughters of Army personnel, from sergeants to generals, and Mutual Security officials. The boys and girls come to school on a network of 16 military buses that crisscross Paris in every direction and haul many pupils from SHAPE Village, 15 miles to the west, the international housing development for General Matthew Ridgway's Supreme Allied Headquarters, and from the Allied Army and Air Force headquarters at Fontainebleau, 39 miles to the south. From Fontainebleau the bus ride takes an hour and 15 minutes each way.

"Don't ask me what I do after school," cautions Bill Murphy, of San Bruno, California, the sixteen-year-old president of the student council, who lives in Fontainebleau. "I get up at six to catch

the school bus. The bus doesn't get me home until nearly six at night. I can't stop off to visit in Paris after school because then I'll miss the bus and have a two-hour train ride. Week ends are a little better, but I usually have to stay in Fontainebleau because it's hard to get anywhere else."

The Paris Dependents High School meets in the town house of a former opera singer. The singer's private circular recital hall, equipped with peeling damask walls and gold seats, serves as auditorium. A chemistry lab occupies a once elegant *salon*. But there is no gym and no athletic field, no room even to throw a ball against a wall. Murphy was elected student council president in a tensely fought campaign on his promise to install a coffee-vending machine in the students' lounge. He has already wangled a machine from the PX.

For American youngsters living in Paris proper, the after-school gathering of the clan takes place in the Snack Bar of the American Embassy Annex on the Place de la Concorde. Any afternoon you can see them, well to the back of the large dining room, trying to put distance between themselves and the adult embassy personnel taking a coffee break. They are dressed in the international uni-

form of American teens. The boys wear jeans or slacks, heavy sweaters, flapping plaid shirts, white socks and loafers. The girls are in bright wool skirts or corduroy jumpers, sweaters with sleeves pushed up or cotton shirts, white socks and loafers—all bought at the PX or on mail order from the States. (No slacks or jeans are permitted for the girls except in the privacy of home.)

They pile their books on the floor or on empty chairs. They dive into a malted for 70 francs (20¢), a Coke for 25 francs (7¢) or a plate of chili con carne for 110 francs (31¢). They talk about school and dates and what they would do if they had a football team, about the dance to be held next week and the dance that was held last week and what Jim, who's gone back to El Paso, wrote in his last letter to Bill. And they keep their voices down because, after all, they're in the American Embassy and not Ye Greasy Spoon.

Most dating among American teen-agers in Europe is between classmates in the same school, and there seems, on the whole, to be less steady pairing off than at home. In Paris, where first-run movies, cafés and night clubs are beyond the average allowance, dates run to Saturday-night parties at private homes and dances at Teen-Age Clubs in Fontainebleau and SHAPE Village.

French Date Had Too Many Chaperones

Few, if any, of the young American girls in Paris go out with GIs, and none at all date French boys. The boys, in turn, hardly ever take out French girls. "I once had a date with a French girl," says Tony Smith, of Arlington, Virginia, a blue-eyed sixteen-year-old with a brush of blond hair, "but she brought her mother and her grandmother along, so I never tried that again."

In Germany, dating habits vary from city to city. Americans in Heidelberg, headquarters of the United States Army in Europe, consider it quite beyond the pale for the high-school girls, who are mostly daughters of officers, to go out with enlisted men or Germans. Since girls in Heidelberg High have the bad luck to outnumber boys three to one, there is a great deal of all-female bridge playing evenings and week ends. Among the boys and girls themselves, at Heidelberg and elsewhere, no distinction is ever made between classmates, whether father is an officer or an enlisted man.

Just 50 miles away in Wiesbaden, headquarters of U.S. Air Forces in Europe, the girls have a wonderful whirl. By a peculiar shift of mores, Wiesbaden allows its high-school coeds to date enlisted men. After a heated wrangle, and over the violent protests of the boy students, the young airmen were even invited to the high-school proms.

High-school athletics, nearly dormant in France and not very vigorous in England, are all-absorbing in Germany. Tourists are often astounded by "Beat Munich" or "Beat Heidelberg" signs painted on buildings, until told that the reference is not to civil war but to an impending American high-school football or basketball game. High-school teams wear the same colors as the American military team in each town; and high-school players are usually outfitted with elaborate uniforms and equipment, both new and hand-me-down.

One extraordinary aspect of teen-age life in Europe is the high-school dormitory. High-school-age dependents of servicemen stationed at isolated bases throughout France live in dormitories in Frankfurt and attend the same school as Frankfurt day students. (Eventually there probably will be American high schools at Bordeaux and Orléans.) Boys and girls from scattered American air bases in southern England use the dormitory at Bushy Park High, which also serves day students from London. Youngsters from Stuttgart are housed in the Heidelberg dorms and those from the Bavaria region in Munich dorms. Most dorm students go home week ends, those from France only for long holidays.

fancy uniforms, but students paint victory signs on German buildings before a big game

Although dormitory rules are strict—at Frankfurt dates are permitted only on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, and then parental approval is needed; Wednesday curfew is at ten, Friday and Saturday at eleven—most of the girls find dormitory living a prolonged adolescent dream of heaven. The boys aren't that enthusiastic, but they're reasonably cheerful.

"I never want to leave here," exclaims Marjorie Fry, sixteen, of Princeton, New Jersey, a junior at Frankfurt, who is entranced with the taffy-pull atmosphere of dormitory housekeeping. "It's like the books you read about teen-age girls at boarding school, only you never think it'll happen to you."

Marjorie, who has brown hair and loves to talk, shares a large, homey room with Maryanne Pozaro, a sophomore from Charleston, South Carolina. The girls' dorm occupies two former private residences not far from the huge I. G. Farben building and down the block from an impressive pile of rubble. It houses 40 girls. Sixty-three boys live in the green stucco boys' dorm a few streets away, flanked by its pile of rubble.

Marjorie's roommate has found the separation from her family much harder to take. Just fourteen and an only child, Maryanne was ready to call it quits after the first six weeks. Her parents are an entire country distant, 500 miles away on the Atlantic coast of France. "Then my father came to see me and I cheered up enough to stick it out to Thanksgiving. Now the kids are working so hard to keep me happy I think it's going to be all right."

Like Maryanne, who is desperately trying to be brave in the face of an intense emotional strain, nearly all American teen-agers in Europe have developed a special brand of self-reliance. They've adjusted to many new schools in strange cities, crossed borders alone, endured long separations from their families and acquired a vivid awareness of the fact that they are constantly on parade as the most astonishing and suspect of all species—the teen-age American. Accordingly, they behave with less abandon than at home.

Minister Sums Up Morals Situation

"We don't have any delinquency among the teen-agers over here," Dr. Clayton T. Williams, minister of the American Church in Paris, assured me, "and we don't have any serious moral problems, either. Our youngsters are mature beyond their years. They'll make their mark in the world."

Between 60 per cent and 85 per cent of the graduates of American high schools in Europe go on to college—a really remarkable showing. "In Battle Creek, Michigan, where I used to teach," Miss Linck, the Wiesbaden principal told me, "we were satisfied if 15 per cent of our graduates went to college. Here, they all try for college, except a few girls who marry and some boys who enlist." (Boys overseas must register, but they cannot be drafted while abroad.) Several of last June's Wiesbaden graduates joined the Air Force, were trained in England and are now stationed in Wiesbaden, side by side with their fathers.

To what extent do these boys and girls get to know the young people of the lands in which they are growing up? Are they truly profiting from their opportunity in international living? Or is the well-meant effort to provide them with a genuine American education walling them off completely from their European contemporaries?

Explanations and apologies fly thick and fast. "Away from native shores, the great American tendency is to congeal together," says Roy Diduk, of New York, principal of the Paris Dependents School. "Even when we branch out among peoples of other countries, sooner or later we are reabsorbed back in our own group, unless we want to become total expatriates. So far as the children are concerned, our primary duty is to prepare them for American citizenship and this we are doing to the best of our ability."

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The fact remains, however, that there is far less American teen-age participation in the life of the countries of sojourn than most educators and observers would like to see. By and large, on a day-to-day basis, the junior American colony goes its all-American way with just a passing glance at native customs, almost no concern whatsoever for political and social problems and a shocking disinterest in languages. Yet the fault is not all on the American side. Part of the difficulty springs from a basic divergence of cultures.

American Girl Leads a Double Life

A seventeen-year-old New York girl attending a school for well-brought-up French girls in Paris explained to me that, in spite of her immersion in an all-French atmosphere, she must lead a double life. She cannot let her classmates know that on week ends she goes out on dates with American boys. The French girls, instilled since the cradle with an all-or-nothing approach to sex, cannot comprehend the casual companionship of a date.

"They'd think I was having an affair and ask me all sorts of terrible questions if I admitted spending a whole evening unchaperoned with a boy," this seventeen-year-old said a little sadly. "We talk about boys all the time, but I just pretend that my folks keep me under lock and key, too. It's the only way to get along with them."

With subtle psychological barriers added to the obvious ones of language and history, it is not surprising that most young Americans prefer the ease of one another's company. Still, the urge for better understanding is strong.

The joint yearbook entitled *Erinnerungen* (Memories), published by the American high schools in Europe, opens with these words:

"To the young people of the world who are prevented by oppression from expressing their own ideas freely and creatively, we dedicate this record of our schools in Europe, an example of the foundation of our democratic philosophy."

"We can only hope that the enrichment of living over here will pay off in the long run," Sidney M. Crowder, of Henderson, North Carolina, the principal at Frankfurt, told me. "I personally think it will—in directions and attitudes that none of us can predict at this time."

Meanwhile, the teen-agers themselves, indifferent to future rewards, are busy making the present enjoyable. They do so by duplicating the life they knew at home—with differences. The duplication, with differences, showed up with special clarity this fall when Sergeant Richard E. Brandt, a former Air Force MP, now director of the Fontainebleau Teenie Club, set about organizing the first hay ride in the history of Paris.

A resourceful type, Brandt, who hails from Pasadena, had a French hostess in a service club make contact with a stable catering to a French cavalry unit and through her ordered a large wagon, two horses and a suitable quantity of hay. The afternoon of the ride Brandt began to get cold feet. Maybe the wagon wouldn't be big enough or the hay sufficient. Brandt took off for the stable to check and there his worst fears were realized. The only wagon available was a mere four feet wide and nine feet long, and the high-spirited horses designated for the expedition were obviously biding their time for a galloping getaway.

Brandt hurried back to the Air Force motor pool, where he had friends. There he commandeered a large truck with low side walls and dispatched the truck and two drivers to the stable to pick up the load of hay. Warmly wrapped against the autumn cold, 15 couples, four stags and two chaperons burrowed down in the alien hay and happily bumped over the cobblestones of Fontainebleau and Barbizon. They crossed the Seine in the moonlight, singing all the way, in a motorized hay ride that was just like home—only different.



DENNIS STOCK—TED CASTLE

Pupils plan graduation exercises in Paris. Over 60 per cent of students abroad go on to college



CLAUDE JACOB

Snaek bar at military post exchange is a favorite after-school meeting place for Frankfurt students



Singing comedian hits articulate high with tongue-twisting Dinah

KING KAYE

In the Palace

In a 90-minute footlight frolic Danny ranges from rambunctious to romantic



With unbridled instinct for clowning, Danny Kaye adds surprise bits of business to every performance. Here, for no reason, he peers owlishly over handkerchief

SHOWMEN are finding it as hard as bookmakers to clear a dollar nowadays. Emphasizing talent instead of trimmings, however, producers have found one solution to their profit problem—Broadway's latest version of the one-man show. The trend toward productions built around a single personality, launched when Judy Garland played New York's fabled Palace Theater last season, got a further boost from the current comedy hit, *An Evening with Beatrice Lillie*. Now the Palace is expectantly polishing up its stage for an eight-week run with the git-gat-gittle man, Danny Kaye.

On January 18th, Kaye will subject a willing public to one and a half hours of articulate panto-

nime—the same sort of show with which he first wowed London six seasons ago, and in recent months San Francisco and Dallas. His material stems from 22 years of kudo-copping clowning on stage and in films. Seat songs—such tongue-twisting classics as *Dinah* and *Minnie the Moocher*—will alternate with wistful melodies from his movie and Decca record success, *Hans Christian Andersen*; a tap dance and a Harry Lauder bit with a crushing take-off on Continental concert singers.

Kaye spares no muscle or emotion in establishing rapport with his public, as these pictures taken in San Francisco will show. They do not indicate, however, the working agreement he had with fate

during one performance there. Midway through the show Danny dropped down to the footlights for a breather. Puffing on a cigarette he had filched from the audience, Kaye chatted of inconsequential things. "You people," he said, "are too sensitive. Whenever anyone refers to your city as Frisco, it upsets you. Now, why should you resent that? I think it's because you're insecure."

Whereupon, with masterful timing, the whole theater shuddered and the giant candelabra swayed as the city was struck by one of its worst quakes in years. Taking another puff, Danny finished: "I guess we're all insecure. And now that I'm rested, let's get back to work." ▲▲▲



His git-gat-gittle songs give way to a gentler mood as Danny sings version of hillbilly ballad, *Candy Kisses*



Part way through each show, Kaye interrupts act and moves toward stage rim for a smoke and chat with audience

Kaye's hands are eloquent as his face. In *Thumbelina*, one of the songs he sings in the current film hit *Hans Christian Andersen*, he narrows antics down to one expressive thumb

Hands alone get the spotlight in mid-show as Danny, after dismissing orchestra, does off-beat duet with accompanist Sammy Prager. Kaye pantomimes to melody of Prager's piano



Rowdy rhythms of typical seat classic *Minnie the Moocher* bring audience and Kaye together in chorus of *Hi-de-ho*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

As windup to an hour and a half of magnetic showmanship, Danny Kaye, in usual stage costume of brown sport jacket and dark string tie, settles down for an intimate session of songs from *Hans Christian Andersen*. Kaye's debut at the Palace, coincidentally, falls on his fortieth birthday





LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

As I dressed, he sat in a chair and said, "You can't be doing so hot. This is a fleabag"

Strictly from Hollywood

By STEVE APRIL

THIS beefy joker was busy shaking me awake. I looked at his ugly face and thought it was all a nightmare. The guy flashed a badge and growled, "Get your clothes on, Bogart." He really growled.

"What is this?" I said, sitting up and looking at my wrist watch. It was almost two in the morning.

"Got some business for you," the cop said. "Ain't that something, a real cop bringing business to a crummy private eye like you? On your feet, Cagney."

"Take it slow. What's—?"

"You Charlie Dalls, a private detective?"

"Yeah. So what?"

"A certain friend of mine has work for you—now—so get dressed and stop beating your gums. I ain't got much use for you private bloodhounds."

I was wide awake, but I still didn't know what it was all about. Buster had a badge—a good one, obviously official—and he looked far too big and stupid to argue with. As I dressed, he sat in a chair and said, "You can't be doing so hot. This hotel is a fleabag."

"I'm from Iowa," I said. "Don't even have a license to work in New York. I just got in from Europe."

"Don't worry about a license; nobody'll bother you. On a case in Europe?"

"Yeah," I said.

"All the way to Europe—you must of got big dough."

"Just my expenses."

Bully boy shook his potato-head. "So what you get out of the deal?"

"Trip to Europe, chance to travel," I said.

He grinned, or maybe it was a sneer. "You private eyes! Strictly for the comic books."

He had a prowler car waiting. When we got into the car, I asked where we were going, and he grunted, "See your client; he's in jail. Why he wants to bother with a yokel like you beats me, but that's how he wants it."

"Who is 'he'?"

"George Walker—Mr. Big."

I suppose my mouth dropped open, or should have. Walker was a well-known gambler, a big wheel in a lot of machines. It had been whispered that he was on the boat, but I'd never seen him. He was traveling first class.

Walker wasn't in a cell. He was in the office of the precinct captain, sitting in the captain's chair, his feet up on an open drawer. He was a large man, plump, everything about him smooth and expensive except his voice. That was brittle. "You come in on the Corsair yesterday?" he asked me.

"Yeah," I said. I almost said, "Yes, sir."

"Remembered seeing your name and occupation in the ship's paper. Here's the pitch: Another passenger, a Franklin Allen, was killed in his apartment here in New York a few hours after we all left the boat yesterday afternoon. The cops think somebody on the ship did it, and they're holding me because they got a crazy idea I may have had a motive: we gambled, and he welshed. I'm hiring you because you know most of the people on the ship and that gives you a start over any other dick."

"Did you play cards with him?"

"Sure, but not for real dough. Forget me, I don't murder people. That's for punks. I got to get out of this fast. I'm coming up before one of those Senate committees in a couple days; don't want no bad publicity. That's why this has to be cleaned up fast." He took out his wallet and carefully placed ten hundred-dollar bills on the desk. "There's your retainer. Give me speed, and you get a couple grand more."

I picked up the long green slowly. "What makes the cops think one of the ship's passengers did the killing?"

"Because Allen was a retired professor, the quiet type," my buddy, the copper, put in. "And he'd been out of the country for over three years. Bogart." He was watching the money in my hand with greedy eyes.

Walker said, "Show me fast action and—I won't forget you."

"I'd like to see Allen's apartment," I said.

The cop cut me off with a harsh laugh. "Thought you'd solve it without getting out of your chair." Turning to Walker, he said, "He's a movie dick. All these private eyes think they are. He—"

Walker glanced at him, and the copper stopped talking abruptly. Walker said, "Get going."

I followed the fat copper out the door. I didn't have the smallest idea of what I was going to do. Falling into this deal cold was rough enough; I was way over my head. I was just a small-town detective, never handled anything bigger than divorce or skip-tracing before. Walker was big; Walker meant an office in New York—if I could solve this.

In the car, the cop started needling me again. My buddy didn't like me because if I made it, I'd be one more joker Walker would be carrying. There'd be less gravy for the others, and I'd be playing it legitimate, too. If I made it . . . Still, at the moment, I was Walker's boy with his grand hot in my pocket, so I tried an experiment: I turned to the copper and said, "You got a noisy mouth."

It worked. I didn't collect a faceful of fist.

Franklin Allen's apartment was in one of those modest apartment hotels off Central Park West. From the desk clerk I learned that Allen had cabled from Paris the month before for a two-room apartment. The rooms were neat and conservatively furnished. The detective on duty stared at me and growled, "Who's this?" These boys could really growl.

"Don't you recognize Hump Bogart?" my copper said with a false smile. "He's a private dick working for Mr. Walker."

The body had been removed, but the detective told me Allen had been beaten to death with two blows of a blunt instrument, probably a hunk of pipe. The killer had cleaned himself up in the bathroom; there were traces of blood in the washbasin. The murder had taken place in the bedroom, as Allen was unpacking, and since he'd let the killer in, it meant Allen had known him, or her.

I nodded and looked around, trying to make like a big-time dick. Something about the bathroom bothered me, but I didn't know what. "Can I see another bathroom on this floor?" I asked my cop.

"What for, Sherlock? Same maid does them all. Okay, come on, we'll look."

When we returned to Allen's apartment I said, "Find out if the guys at customs were expecting a shipment of diamonds, or maybe dope, coming in on the boat. Oh, and arrest Allen's cabin steward; he did the murder." I said it all very calmly.

My buddy stared at me with hard eyes. "Just like that? You kidding?"

"What's the steward's name?" the detective asked.

"How the devil should I know?" I asked, heading for the door. "But arrest him. Walker—Mr. Walker—doesn't seem to like jails."

IT WAS starting to get light, about seven o'clock, when Walker shook my eager hands, pressed into them a lot of hundred-buck bills, and told me, "Charlie, forget about leaving New York. After I get some sleep, we'll have a long talk. What an angle that steward had, slipping a package of dope in Allen's bag, the old gent taking it through customs, without even knowing he was in the act, the steward in the clear all the way."

"He didn't have to be a genius. It was a small package, and remember he had access to Allen's luggage all the way over," I said.

Walker shrugged. "Only mistake he made was Allen's catching him going through the bag in the apartment. How did you figure it out so fast?"

I should have told them then that it was a lucky guess, remembering that stewards on the ship are sent to school where they learn to clean all cabins just so. When I saw the hand towels in Allen's bathroom folded and hung diagonally, they reminded me of the ship. Force of habit made the steward fold the towels like that after washing his bloody hands.

But I simply couldn't help looking my beefy pal, the cop, straight in the eye and saying softly, "It was a cinch. Merely figured what Bogart would do in a spot like that—and I did it!"

A black and white photograph showing a person operating a large, complex mechanical device, possibly a pump or engine, amidst a dense thicket of tall grass or reeds. The device has a large cylindrical tank and various pipes and valves. The person is partially visible, wearing a hat and operating the machinery. The scene is outdoors, with a bright sky in the background.

Photo—Standard Oil Co. (N.J.)



A black and white photograph of the USS Johnston (DD-411) sailing on the ocean. The ship is a destroyer, with the number '411' clearly visible on its bow. It has a complex superstructure with various masts, antennas, and gun mounts. The ship is moving through choppy water, creating a white wake.

STEEL	€ 3¢	Price per Pound Figures Based on Oct. 23, 1952 Market Prices
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Bishop concentrates as he dictates letter



He smiles broadly over a passage in his mail



He ponders over answer to a serious problem

BISHOP SHEEN

Answers His Fan Mail

The celebrated prelate gets as many as 8,000 letters a week as a result of his inspirational television program. Here are some of his replies

By HOWARD COHN

A VERSATILE, scholarly and witty man, His Excellency Bishop Fulton J. Sheen long has been accustomed to both fame and success. In his multiple roles of public speaker, author, educator, auxiliary Bishop of New York, and national director for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, he is a familiar and distinguished religious leader. And the great part he has played in instructing such prominent converts to the Roman Catholic Church as Henry Ford II and violinist Fritz Kreisler has made headline news. But no response to the fifty-seven-year-old bishop's many activities in the past quite compares in volume to the tremendous and continuing number of letters he receives as a direct result of his weekly television show, *Life Is Worth Living*.

Every television show can expect a certain amount of mail. But few—even with contests, free offers and direct appeals for mail—approach the up to 8,000 letters a week Bishop Sheen draws regularly. The mail figure is most remarkable in the light of the type of program he conducts. There are no fancy props, musical interludes or even interviews on his show. Each Tuesday evening he stands on the stage of Manhattan's Adelphi Theater in a replica of a study, and for approximately 25 minutes talks without interruption on such subjects as the existence of God, the American Constitution and whether or not life is monotonous. (It is, he answered, only for those persons whose lives have no purpose.) The slim, graying prelate speaks without a manuscript, prompter or notes of any kind to an in-person audience of about 1,100, and to almost 7,000,000 outside viewers, including those who see the show on film at a later time.

The bishop's extraordinary ability to hold and inspire people is indicated by the program's amazing growth. His first telecast, presented on Lincoln's Birthday in 1952, had no sponsor and was carried by only three stations, in New York, Washington and Chicago. Now well into its second season (a 26-week series on the Du Mont network which got under way in November), the show has become so popular it is sponsored by the Admiral Corporation over a still-expanding chain of 40-odd stations on the U.S. mainland and Hawaii. The bishop receives no fee. Instead, the sponsor makes a donation to Mission Humanity, Inc., a charity sponsored by the society, which last year gave aid to more than 50,000,000 needy all over the world without regard to race, creed or color.

An avalanche of telegrams began pouring in before the bishop even concluded his first program a year ago; the letters followed as snappily as modern mail service permits. They came—and still come—from the old and the young; from viewers of every religious faith and all economic levels.

At least half deal with problems of a deep and serious nature. Bishop Sheen once gave two reasons for selecting "life is worth living" as the theme of his program. "First," he said, "to appeal to many who are despairing because of their anxieties and frustrations, and second to suggest the words of Our Lord: 'I have come that you may have life more abundantly.'"

The troubled and perplexed in the bishop's huge, widely scattered audience pose problems of marriage, religion, illness and politics. Very often the questions do not even touch on matters brought up in the telecasts. They seek counsel from a man who,



Many letters request help, but some viewers offer a little guidance of their own



In office, the bishop discusses the day's work with his close aide, Monsignor Charles McBride

in the new medium of television, has impressed them with his broad wisdom.

All of the many hundreds of letters which come in each day are delivered to the bishop's offices at the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in New York.

Since it would be physically impossible for any one person to read each letter and card, the mail is sorted and examined first by an experienced clerical staff of about 35 women. They acknowledge the compliments and complaints, and answer routine requests for information.

The bishop gives his personal attention to all letters requesting advice on serious subjects.

Many of the problems, of course, fall into wide, general categories, with only the personal details really different. The bishop's letters to specific individuals, therefore, often possess a universal appeal. While he obviously would not permit the senders of such letters to be identified, he has consented to the publication of four of his recent replies to problems that frequently are brought to his attention by viewers.

* * *

In a letter he considers applicable to any wife who has lost a husband, or husband who has lost a wife, he wrote a short time ago:

"In true married love it is not so much that two hearts walk side by side through life. Rather the two hearts become one heart. That is why death is not the separation of two hearts, but rather the tearing apart of one heart. It is this that makes the bitterness of grief.

"But be consoled. Your love in the beginning came from God. As life mounts upward, so now part of your flesh is already at the Source of Love. The love you enjoyed was but the spark of which God Himself is the Flame. Thank God for the trusteeship of such love during a long companionship, and now so live that you may be worthy to mount upward to that Divine Hearth where love is without satiety or hate but an endless ecstasy toward which every marriage aspires."

The bishop offered this encouragement to a despairing sinner:

"When you begin to be infinitely wicked, and God ceases to be infinitely merciful, then you can begin to despair. There are barren spots in the spiritual life of everyone, even of the saints, and such a spot is often the prelude to a closer com-

munion with Christ. Do not feel discouraged but continue to pray and trust in God's Infinite Love for you. A greater sin than any you have committed would be to despair of the Mercy of God. Remember, if you had never sinned, you could never call Jesus 'Saviour.'"

* * *

Bishop Sheen advised a wife who has an alcoholic husband:

"Your letter tells me that you plan to leave your husband because he is an alcoholic. May I humbly beg you to reconsider your decision. If your husband had some serious illness such as pneumonia, you would not desert him but would lavish him with tender and affectionate care. Now that your husband has a moral illness, why abandon him? He is flesh of your flesh, bone of your bone. If your left hand were wounded, would not your right hand minister unto the healing? Does not St. Paul tell us: 'The believing wife sanctifieth the unbelieving husband'?"

"Remain then with your husband, knowing that before God you are saved with him and through him. I know he is a trial to you, but let us not forget we are a trial to God. If He can put up with us for sixty years, we ought to be able to put up with our problems for an equal amount of time. It may well be, too, that your fidelity to him can be the condition of his cure."

And to the anguished parents of a seriously ill child, he wrote:

"I have just received your letter in which you tell me of the distress of your soul occasioned by the medical report that your daughter is suffering from an incurable disease and that death is hovering over her.

"It is for such trials that God has given us the benefit of Faith, and for your consolation I bid you to go to another Mother, who when her Child was 40 days old was told that He was marked for death. His leukemia would be the Crucifixion. The sword that would pierce her own heart would be the sentence of Death pronounced on her Divine Son.

"There is not much difference between an old man like Simeon telling a mother of imminent death and a doctor telling you, for in both cases the warnings have come through human agencies.

"Be assured that as there is not a hair that falls from our heads but that the Heavenly Father knoweth it, and that as the angels of the children always

see the face of their Father so your little child already falls under a very special Providence. Perhaps you would have been very happy if the child had a religious vocation. It has! Its vocation is to be offered on the paten of your own will as a clean oblation to the Heavenly Father.

"This child came from God through you, and you must be sure that it goes back *through you*; that is, through your sweet surrender of will to that of the Father's Will.

"Sometimes it is the parents who go to prepare the way for their children, but your child is like the Divine Child Who first prepared the way for His parents. As Jesus made His own Mother and Father and then made their mansions in Heaven, so your child is the architect of your mansions in the Father's House."

* * *

Of course, not all of Bishop Sheen's television mail is serious. Dozens of avowed fan letters come with each delivery. In a fairly typical note, one Chicago housewife wrote: "Like so many thousands of others I would, if restricted to one television show per week, select *Life Is Worth Living*. In my humble opinion each program leaves the viewer with a better understanding of himself and his fellow man." And a non-Catholic college professor from New York, wrote admiringly: "Your manner is above praise. You are not merely a wonderful teacher, but you seem to understand the new medium. I advise all my students who consider becoming teachers to watch how you do it."

Other viewers are not above sending a little criticism or guidance of their own to the learned cleric. "For goodness' sake don't put poetry out on that precious half hour of yours," pleaded an Ohio man good-naturedly. And in almost direct opposition, a Detroiter urged a program devoted to Shakespeare because "you can do it with such feeling . . . many people will want to read him."

When Bishop Sheen first decided to go on television, many of the industry's experts predicted a quick end to the program.

"No single individual," said one skeptical executive, "can possibly hang on to a TV audience's attention for a full half hour."

The bishop's subsequent resounding success may have stumped the experts, but millions of devoted viewers could explain that there never has been a substitute for faith. ▲▲▲

Maternity Ward

By HENRY BOLTINOFF



1



2



3



4



5



6



7

"Congratulations—it's a GIRL!"



8

HENRY
BOLTINOFF

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Pinkish arctic dawn backlights jump by some of 600 paratroopers flown to Alaska from U.S. to reinforce defending troops in Exercise Warmwind

Big Drop in ALASKA

By ALFRED M. LANSING

The Alaskan defense timetable reads: Our garrison will keep the enemy at bay . . . troops in the U.S. will be alerted to hit the aggressor with an airborne counterblow. Arrival time: 72 hours

ALASKA stands between us and any Asiatic invasion of North America. It is the threshold where an aggressor must pause before stepping inside. Our ability to stop an invasion of the continental United States from the north virtually depends on our ability to hold Alaska. To do the job, U.S. planners have evolved a twofold strategy: we will not try to defend the whole area, but only a relatively small section plumb in the middle of the territory known as the Alaskan heartland. And we will not even maintain a force in Alaska large enough to secure the heartland; instead, the real defense of the territory will be made by reinforcing troops rushed in by air from bases in the States.

The strategy is based on the assumption that an aggressor would not covet Alaska for itself alone. Militarily, it is valuable to the enemy only as an operating base from which to hit bigger and better

targets elsewhere. Its sprawling airfields (some of the largest in the world) are the prize. From them an enemy could easily make round-trip bombing missions against a dozen major American and Canadian cities. Those airfields are located in the heartland. It is there, then, that the enemy must strike if he is to gain a worth-while objective.

The heartland itself is an area of about 100,000 square miles, extending, in the shape of an egg, roughly from southwest Alaska almost halfway to the Arctic Ocean. The weather there is more temperate and the terrain less formidable than in the remainder of the territory's 586,000 square miles. Even if an enemy were foolish enough to attack outside the heartland, the mountains and the frozen swamps and the leaden cold would be on our side to help defeat him. An overland attack would wear itself out simply trying to get over the terrain. Thus, strategically, geographically and

climatically, Alaska's heartland becomes the only sensible target of aggression—and, therefore, the obvious area that we must hold, or suffer the consequences of having Alaska turned against us.

The possibility of an amphibious invasion cannot be ruled out, but very likely an invasion of Alaska would strike directly at the heartland. Enemy paratroopers would be dropped in an airborne invasion. The primary task assigned to our small garrison in Alaska is to contain the enemy if possible—to fight a delaying action until reinforcements, fully equipped with tanks and artillery, can be flown in from the continental United States. If the enemy is to be stopped before he can exploit his position, the reinforcements should be in action on the firing line within 72 hours after the invasion.

Can we do it? Our strategists say we can indeed. The Department of Defense recently staged Exercise Warmwind to prove it. The primary purpose

of the maneuver was first to test our ability to re-inforce Alaska by air rapidly under realistically simulated conditions, and also to train troops stationed in the area in a mock combat situation. In the eyes of our military commanders, Warmwind was successful on both counts. The exercise was carried out in six stages. In each, the make-believe aggressor, played by the 4th and 196th Regimental Combat Teams—two Alaskan-based outfits—was considered to have made a successful air drop or amphibious landing and to be holding different key positions from which he had to be dislodged and the positions retaken.

Airborne Troops Do Bulk of Task

The Navy and the Marine Corps, in two phases of the exercise, joined with the Army and the Air Force to drive out the would-be invaders. But, as it would in an actual invasion, the bulk of the task of driving out the invader fell to troops flown to Alaska's rescue from bases in the United States.

A typical, but by far the most dramatic, phase of the exercise occurred at Eielson Air Force Base, about 30 miles south of Fairbanks. There the enemy was presumed to have pulled off a successful air drop. The hostile forces had captured the airfield and the Alaskan Highway south almost to Big Delta, a small town on the Tanana River which runs alongside the highway.

The enemy had tried to push into Big Delta. But defending forces there had mustered all available men—armed cooks, mechanics and other "house-keeping personnel"—and stopped the southward advance of the so-called enemy. The defending forces had even begun to advance again toward the north and Eielson, pushing the aggressor back.

On the morning of November 11th, the incredibly slow arctic sunrise began as a pinkish peep of light in the east. The enemy, in tanks and jeeps and on foot, was stretched out in a thin defensive line along the Alaskan Highway. The defending forces were worrying him in the south. Machine guns and rifles firing blanks spat occasionally as patrol units from both sides crept along, seeking out the strength of the opposing force. The temperature was just about zero.

At 7:01 A.M., a single transport plane droned over the mountains fringing the highway. Slowly, it flew parallel to the road, looking over the situation, scouting the area prior to the air drop. Satisfied with what it found, the plane banked to one side and pulled away.

Then there came the noise of more planes, lots more. They came from over the same mountain and they flew along like a stairway, each one behind and higher than the one in front of it. When they were in position, their doors opened and men poured out. From the ground, the parachutes looked like handfuls of seed pods floating on the breeze. But each seed pod carried a lethal punch. Each was a skilled fighter.

Five minutes after the first man jumped, 600 men of the 503d Regimental Combat Team—flown to Alaska from Camp Campbell, Kentucky—were on the ground. Minutes later they were exchanging fire with the enemy.

The actual drop of paratroopers had given the maneuver a distinct touch of realism and the troops of the make-believe enemy were tense and apprehensive. They withdrew toward Eielson, trying to throw a defensive ring around it.

But the paratroopers of the 503d would not be stopped. They teamed up with the friendly forces on the ground. Heavy mortars were brought up and blank ammunition roared in the direction of the enemy-held area. Jet fighter planes whooshed across the icy valley, strafing the enemy. The highway was gained, and medium tanks, their exhausts forming a thick vapor in the frigid air, lumbered along the road to the north.

The enemy withdrew tighter and tighter around Eielson, fighting desperately to hold it. But still the paratroopers came. The battle continued all that day. Shortly after dawn the next morning, the 503d—an outfit fresh out of Kentucky, more than 3,000 miles away—moved into Alaska's largest air base.

Collier's for January 24, 1953



Typical of hard-hitting paratroopers who retook vast Eielson AFB from mock foe is Cpl. Henry Ahmoute, Jr.



Lt. Henry Clay, Coeburn, Va. (above), bolts down can of rations during breather in assault on Eielson AFB. Most troops, like Pfc Robert Edwards, Brooklyn, N.Y. (below), had no previous arctic fighting experience



Col. L. A. Walsh, of Washington, D.C., heads 503d RC Team that made jump



Lt. Gen. W. E. Kepner (above), director of Warmwind, warned: "Much still must be done." A/3c Frank Morger, Bloomington, Illinois (below), guarded planes



Our best hopes to dim the Alaskan gleam in Stalin's eye are pinned on the men who wear



On perimeter of Eielson AFB, soldier playing part of enemy fires desperately at advancing friendly forces closing in to retake captured field



Mock enemy troops on Alaskan Highway gird armed jeep for action as paratroops advance

CORPORAL HENRY ALMONTE, JR., of Cranston, Rhode Island, is a paratrooper. Before last November he had never seen Alaska. He was stationed at Camp Campbell, Kentucky, as leader of the First Squad, Second Platoon, I Company, 503d Regimental Combat Team. Early on the morning of November 11th, he and his squad leaped from a C-119 into Alaska's Tanana River Valley. Their assignment was to recapture Eielson Air Force Base from a mock enemy. The success of Almonte's squad—and the 50-odd other squads of the 503d—was a part of the test of our basic strategy for the defense of Alaska. If they failed, our plans to reinforce the territory with airborne troops from the U.S. might need basic revision.

Within minutes after Almonte's squad hit the ground, he rounded them up, then led them eight miles to a position on the enemy's flank. Tactically, Almonte's "impossible" move proved as effective—on a tiny scale—as Hannibal's historic crossing of the Alps. They cut off a battalion and captured its commander. Twenty-six hours after they jumped, they stood—cold and tired, but victorious—on the king-size runways at Eielson.



Strange arctic sunset casts yellowish tinge over men of 503d moving forward on highway

Collier's for January 24, 1953

"Airborne" on their sleeves. Exercise Warmwind more than proved it is a wise decision



Machine-gun burst spit yellow flame as friendly troops of Cpl. Almonte's squad move up through forest. Paratroopers retook Eielson in 26 hours



Cold-weather equipment failures were few, but some occurred. Men replace a gun barrel
Collier's for January 24, 1953



Almonte's men creep forward past aid station. Squad later cut off an entire enemy battalion



Big 105-mm. howitzer, dropped along with the troops, softened up enemy. Gun fired blanks



Tanana River Valley is part of Alaskan heartland, the area we must defend—or risk having enemy use Alaska against us

TO MOST of the troops regularly stationed in Alaska, Exercise Warmwind was a welcome interlude in the humdrum duty of guarding arctic outposts. Similarly, the paratroopers of the 503d Regimental Combat Team, who were flown from Kentucky to wrest Eielson Air Force Base from the enemy's grip, also had a stimulating taste of arctic fighting—something they hadn't experienced before. But to the young pilots of the 449th Fighter Interceptor Squadron, who fly the F-94 jets out of Ladd Air Force Base, Fairbanks, Warmwind was old hat.

During the maneuver, they made simulated strafing runs on the enemy. They flew close support for friendly troops advancing on the ground. They fought off B-29s playing the part of hostile bombers. But it was only slightly more demanding than the job they do every day of the year.

Outfits like the 449th form, in fact, our first line of defense against any invasion from Asia. The squadron is the northernmost-based interceptor outfit on the North American continent. It is never off duty. Its round-the-clock job is to roar aloft to investigate every unidentified blip that appears on a searching radar. The interval between the time that something suspicious is spotted and planes of the 449th are in the air is exactly three minutes. Thus, they would very likely be the first to know of—and the first to fight in—any attempted airborne invasion of Alaska—the real-life equivalent of Exercise Warmwind.

At any time, they may have to live up to the insignie painted on each of their planes. It is a *shloyiak* (Eskimo for gyrfalcon), an arctic bird that will rush in to attack other birds twice its size. ▲▲▲

Capt. George F. Allen, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma (left), and Lt. Monty Duncan, Elkhart, Indiana, race across Ladd Air Force Base, Fairbanks, to man





Helicopter flies out men injured in air drop. One per cent injuries were considered exceptionally low in view of terrain and the weather



Jets of 449th Fighter Interceptor Squadron streak toward target to support troops. Group is northernmost-based outfit in North America

Jets of 449th Interceptor Squadron after suspicious aircraft are detected. Assigned pilots always stand by, can be in air three minutes after an alert



The Fortune Hunter

By ISABELLE HOLLAND

Emily knew that her friends and relatives, and even disinterested observers, would think she was being a fool. She also knew that pride would be cold comfort if she lost her love

EMILY MAITLAND finished the last of her packing and sat down wearily on the uncomfortable straight chair by the window. There was another chair on the other side of the room, large, overstuffed and musty. But it was shut off from any breeze by the wardrobe on one side and the door on the other, and she was too tired to drag it across the room and too miserable to care about the hard wood against her shoulders and legs.

The slatted blinds were half shut, as she had left them that morning to keep out the heat of the sun, which in Paris in September still felt baking on the streets. That afternoon, when she had returned to the room from the interview at her uncle's house, she had been aware of nothing except a sense of frantic haste to pack and leave.

It was now seven o'clock. Outside, the trees rustled as the air moved through them. The streets, lit by the dim yellow of lamps, were noisy and cheerful. The café opposite, throwing a bright wash of light out onto the sidewalk, rattled with conversation and a thriving business. Scraps of conversation rose to her balcony above the steady clatter of feet and voices.

How expressive they are, Emily thought wearily, with their quick contrasts of pitch, but half the pleasure was gone when you couldn't watch the gesticulations.

She thought of the clothes tossed into her suitcases, of the bath she had persuaded the fat concierge to let her have in the middle of the afternoon. She turned her mind to anything idle and inconsequential that would keep at bay the

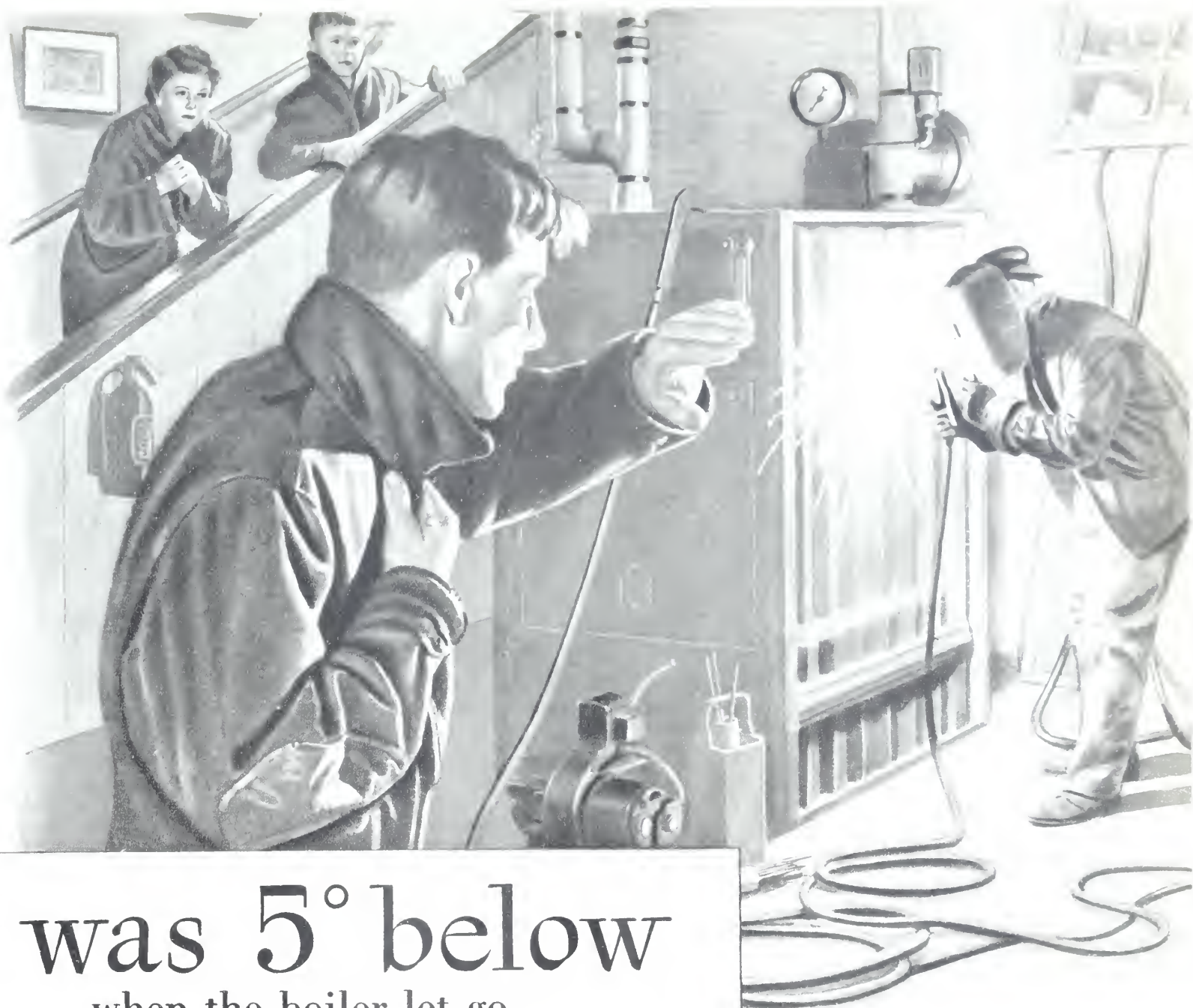
memory of that morning. But the picture kept recurring: the long, high-ceilinged room; her uncle fingering his gold watch chain as he talked with painful, humiliating tact; the eighteenth-century clock that ticked through the silences before André-Paul arrived. Undoubtedly, Emily had thought, it had ticked with the same dispassionate regularity when the Bastille fell, when a queen of France swayed and clutched the wooden cart that carried her to the guillotine.

It was not really her uncle's fault. He had done what he thought was right. In a sudden spasm of hatred she tried to remember that. Sitting there in the semidark, her packing done, the rest of the evening a vacuum before the midnight train, she wished for the first time that she smoked. It would give her something to do momentarily: cross the

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The young Frenchman answered her uncle's questions frankly, but his eyes were guarded. It was then that Emily felt her first chill





It was 5° below when the boiler let go...

*But because of a discovery by Inco Research,
the radiators were soon hot again*

"It looked like a long cold spell for the Fergusons. That's what they told me when they phoned that their furnace had let go.

"It *did* look that way. And there's no doubt it would have been pretty serious in the Nineteen Thirties. But things are different now.

"I'm an old time welder, and in those days we had good reason to hate any repair job on cast iron. In fact, I'd have told the Fergusons to order a new boiler and move out until it arrived.

"We used to think cast iron was much too brittle to weld. No matter how careful we were to heat it and cool it slowly, ten chances to one the metal would crack or pull apart.

"I used to ask myself, 'Why doesn't someone make a welding rod that can really weld cast iron?'

"Then International Nickel research engineers learned how. They discovered that with just the right amount of Nickel, they could

make the kind of electrode we old timers needed. They called it Ni-Rod '55.'

"With Ni-Rod '55,' I was able to mend the Fergusons' boiler easily, right as it stood and without tearing it apart. You can see how much this meant to the Fergusons. Of course, I had to be sure I used the right welding procedure."

You probably would be surprised to learn how many repairs welders make today on cast iron, with Ni-Rod "55." As a result of this one International Nickel research discovery, many thousands of dollars worth of cast iron machinery has been saved from the junk pile.

International Nickel's research is responsible for scores of discoveries in other fields, too. Only when you see them, you probably do not

recognize them as miracles based on metal. You identify them as jet planes, or modern wonder drugs — or even the living image in your television set.

But it is "Your Unseen Friend," Inco Nickel, that helps make them possible—Nickel in some form, some alloy, some mixture of metals that came out of a crucible after months and years of research in one of the Inco laboratories.

Inco research enables Nickel to serve you more efficiently, to make your life more comfortable and more secure.

How deep is a mine?

How large is a mill? How many thousands of electric cells are needed to refine pounds of Nickel from tons of ore? Ore brought up from a mile down? In all International Nickel operations—mining, milling, refining—production is at a high. And *back* of that production is an amazing story. Read it: read *The Romance of Nickel*. Free. Write to The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 11b, New York 5, N. Y.

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Inco Nickel... Your Unseen Friend



The INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, Inc.

room, grope in a pocket for a cigarette, and then light it.

Her uncle smoked thin, brown cigars. André-Paul smoked cigarettes, one after the other on some days; at other times, hardly at all, pulling one from a crumpled package in his coat only after lunch or dinner, savoring it to the last. She had wondered about that and had put it down to a change in mood that was too deep to show in other ways. Now, of course, she knew the reason: lack of money. All he had was sunk into that arid farm of his near Beaulac, and still, it wasn't enough.

Joshua Maitland had explained that carefully during the morning interview, clipping off the end of his after-breakfast cigar with the gold knife that dangled from his watch chain. "You see, my dear," he said, "most of us Americans don't realize just how poor even formerly wealthy Frenchmen are just now. At least, those of us who haven't been in Europe since the war," he went on, gracefully and inaccurately including himself. "The war itself, the occupation, and then the strikes . . ." His voice trailed off. "It's hard for us really to understand."

IN THE midst of her awakening to what was coming, Emily found time to feel sorry for her uncle. He was so obviously caught between two loyalties: one to his beloved, adopted country, France, which normally he could not bear to hear criticized, and an older obligation to his niece from the same small farming town in Vermont from which he had come. It required some juggling in time. He had to throw aside the tenderly cultivated love of forty years and speak in a language he had almost forgotten. Even his voice was different. When he spoke French, which he did almost always, it was lighter, readier. Now he was fumbling with old phrases and colloquialisms.

"Are you trying to tell me that André-Paul is a fortune hunter?" said Emily bluntly, her hands clenched in her lap.

A look of distaste passed quickly over her uncle's face. "Our way of doing things in America is different," he said sharply. "According to French standards, he is perfectly within his rights to want to marry a girl with money. He owes it to his family."

He pulled up sharp, as though realizing that, without meaning to, he had wandered into the other camp. He had not summoned his niece in order to defend André-Paul; on the contrary. He took a deep breath and warmed his words with the glow of a compliment. "You're an American girl, Emily, and very much a native product. It was wonderful, your aunt leaving you that money, and fine for you to come over here. Everyone should travel. But now it's time you went home and married some nice American boy. I don't think you're at all suited—well—to life over here." His voice faded away again.

And Emily, with characteristic insight, saw herself as she appeared in his eyes: a plain girl with brown hair and eyes, as unspectacular as the brogues and tan linen she was wearing—and, by contrast, André-Paul, with his Gallic attractiveness.

"Anyway," he said, obviously glad to return to facts. "André-Paul said in his note that he would be here at twelve, and we shall see."

"He is coming," said Emily defensively, "to tell you that we want to be married."

"Yes, my dear, I know. Very proper."

They waited in silence for André-

Paul's arrival. Emily, perched on the edge of her uncle's gilt-and-damask sofa, her body tense, let her mind stray back over the three months since she had met André-Paul.

Falling in love had been no part of her plan when she came to Paris. Coming at all had been, for ten years, an impossible dream that suddenly became possible when her aunt in New York died. After six years as a secretary, Emily wouldn't have been able to pay her passage on a freighter. But the astonishingly large legacy made first-class fare on the world's largest liner of little more moment than a bus trip from one end of town to the other.

Even after meeting André-Paul at an embassy party, she had kept the even tenor of her dream, seeing with him the Louvre, Versailles, the Tuileries, the Bois de Boulogne, the Champs-Élysées. Love had come slowly, and without trumpets, sometime during the walks they had taken by the river; the dinners in small, inexpensive restaurants; the rides through the green fields that lie around Paris like a skirt. His face, with its blunt features and square chin, had become inextricably mixed with all that she saw and loved. And when she awoke one morning with an odd, turning sensation in her stomach at the thought of seeing him in an hour, she was completely surprised.

Her upbringing had left her strangely unsentimental and untouched by romantic fancies. She had never before been in love and was totally unprepared for the radiant colors it threw over the most ordinary word and thought. Whether he loved her, she had no idea. Any vague notions she had had about Frenchmen had been completely refuted. André-Paul never made love to her. He never even kissed her. When, on their way back to her pension two nights ago, he had asked her to marry him, she was as astonished as she was happy. He didn't even kiss her then; just looked at her for a few seconds, smiling a little, and left.

And now, this morning, her uncle had told her that it was the simple need for ready cash that had prompted his

proposal. The hurt of it would have driven through her body like a spike, if she hadn't been sure he was wrong.

She had sat like a stone until the little clock struck noon and André-Paul arrived, his English tweeds looking at charming variance with his Gallic face.

EMILY, sitting now in her slip by the window, shivered. It was like seeing a ghost to recall the surge of reassurance she had felt on seeing the familiar dark face and light gray eyes. It reduced everything for a wonderful moment to sanity. Her uncle's suggestion seemed preposterous. In a few seconds André-Paul would laugh suddenly, in the way he had, and they would walk out, leaving her uncle to the comfort of his furtive suspicions and analytical ramblings.

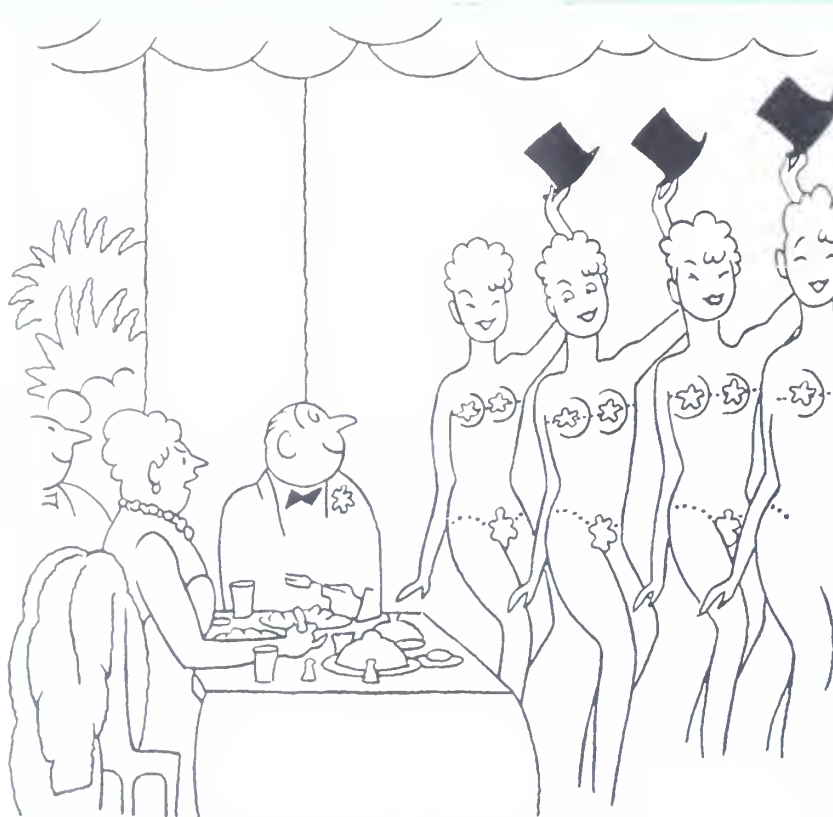
But it had not worked out like that.

André-Paul looked surprised, even a little shocked, to see her there at her uncle's house at all. Evidently she was not abiding by the rules of the game, and he seemed only partly mollified by Joshua Maitland's assertion that in America it was entirely the custom for all three to be present.

"After all," he said, speaking to André-Paul, with an obvious effort, in English, "it concerns you equally."

He started off with the usual questions. The young Frenchman answered these frankly, but his eyes, Emily noticed, were guarded. It was then she felt her first chill. It became plain before long that her uncle was leading his victim pitilessly to the admission that his farm, which was his only source of income, was degenerating year by year for lack of equipment; that he was forced to live on it most of the time, coming to Paris only off and on; that there was no hope, short of a miracle, that he could hold the land beyond a few seasons.

It was as pretty a piece of work as was ever seen in a court of law, creating line by line a perfectly clear picture. Like a master craftsman, the suave old man waited until the tension of climax had passed to ask his final question, pitching it in such friendly, casual tones as to hide its bald cruelty.



COLLIER'S

"Another nice thing about a tearoom.
You can always eat there in peace!"

GARDNER REA

"Then if my niece were not independently wealthy, you would not, perhaps, be here?"

André-Paul's eyes were hard, his face expressionless. "No," he replied quietly, "I would not." And he got up and, with a slight bow, left. . . .

Emily, aware at last of her numbed legs and back, got up from the chair and went and lay face down on the bed, her mind helpless against revolving circles of pain. Deepest was the realization that André-Paul didn't love her, had never loved her; that the world he had unveiled was a fiction. A fiction? No, not that. If it were, it could no longer hurt her. The hurt lay in the fact that the world existed for her, but he didn't share it. He had created love in her as a means to an end, not a response. She was surprised to find she felt no anger toward him, only a dull, anguished surprise.

The anger was reserved for her uncle. She saw again his pouched eyes, bland and murderous as an unsheathed sword; the small, plump hand playing with the chain that fell in an arc down his round little belly. His cruelty had spared neither her nor her suitor. Dimly, behind the shadows of pain and humiliation, Emily realized that her uncle had been merciless with André-Paul not because he had turned out to be a fortune hunter, but because he had broken the rules in choosing her as a victim. By so doing he had forced Joshua Maitland to return in spirit to the land of his fathers, to expose the weakness of his adopted love for the benefit of an old loyalty. Perhaps, Emily thought, with an odd detachment, her uncle had been the most humiliated of all. But the detachment did not stop the anger from pounding through her, anger at being cheated and robbed.

She sighed and turned her face on her arm, feeling its coolness on her heated forehead.

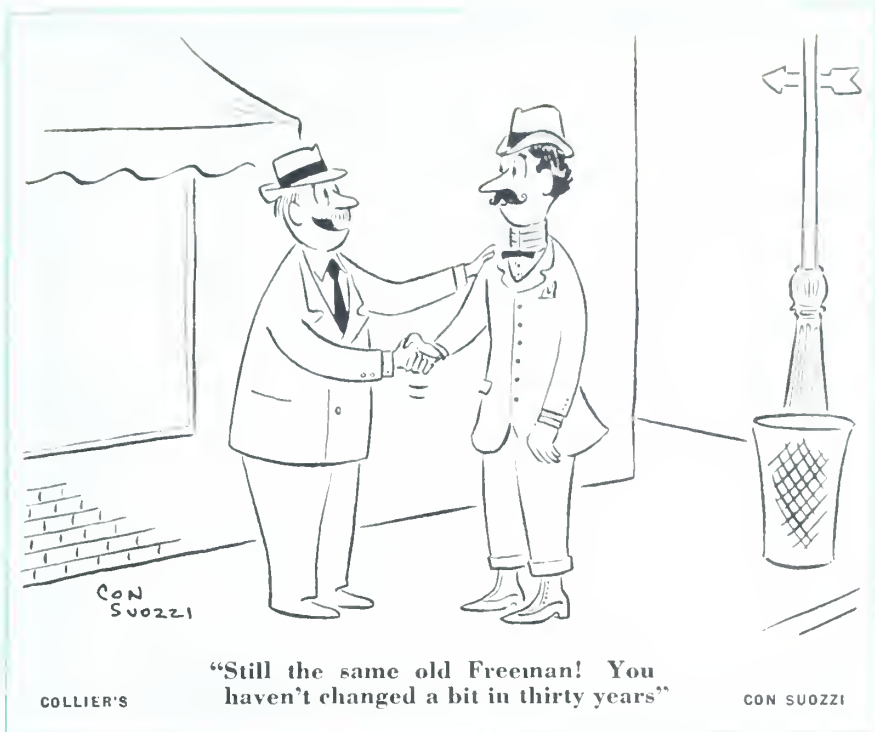
And André-Paul? Tomorrow morning she would leave for Switzerland, and he would return to his farm, with a sense of apology to the fallow pastures and decrepit house for having failed them. It would, she mused, be the regret of the lover who had failed to lay the victory laurel at his lady's feet. Because if her uncle's first love was for a civilization, a way of living, it was now obvious that André-Paul's was for the starving acres of which tradition and heritage had made him steward.

SHE had been out to the farm once with him, about two months after they had first met. He had issued the invitation casually at dinner one evening. She had told him of the farm on which she had grown up, and he, for the first time, had spoken of his home. Emily had heard with quiet amusement the almost indifferent tone in which he had referred to the land that had been in his family for three hundred years. She was also touched, because she knew it is the townsman who speaks of the country in terms of glowing enthusiasm. The true countryman, to whom living on the stone floor of a city would spell death, would as soon indulge in elaborate praise of his wife to a total stranger. In each case the tie is both too deep and too taken for granted.

"I'd love to go," she said, trying to keep the eagerness out of her voice.

His eyes had, surprisingly, gone a little bleak. "It is not," he commented dryly, in his excellent English, "anything like an American farm."

The words had a warning in them which she didn't fully understand until the following Sunday morning, when



they crossed the border of his property. The three-hour ride from Paris had been beautiful but rough. André-Paul's old open car had spared its occupants nothing. Every ridge and hole in the road had sent its own particular message to Emily's aching limbs. Her little suitcase, with the breeches André-Paul had requested her to bring, jumped around like a frog on a hot skillet.

HIS farm lay a few miles outside the village of Beaulac. The lake from which the place and the family derived their name lay serene and gray on the estate. As the car bumped on the dusty road, Emily watched the fields, some gold with wheat, others brown and weed-grown. The low stone walls were in need of repair, and the few cattle she saw grazing in a distant pasture looked, to her experienced eye, dirty and in need of attention.

André-Paul was silent. His glance roved over the land on either side as though, thought Emily, he were trying to look at them with her eyes.

"You have a nice crop of wheat," she said tentatively.

"Yes, there are a few fields that can still take it. But next year they will have to lie fallow, as the others are doing now." And then, violently, he added, "What they really need is rich fertilizing, and then to be plowed under for a few years." As if he regretted his spurt of anger he turned and smiled. "They'll be all right after a year's rest."

Emily, never one for wishful optimism, said nothing. She would have liked to reassure him, but felt a cheerful lie would be the final insult.

They turned a corner and the house itself came into view. As houses of that type go it was small, set squarely and sturdily in the ground. Its rose-colored stone was almost invisible behind a thick blanket of vines whose throttling arms parted reluctantly for the windows. Emily noticed patches in the roof where tiles were missing, and the overgrown remains of what must have been once a fine garden. She felt a wave of pity and admiration for the man beside her. The place needed a small army to put it in shape, and the only other human being she saw was an old man, wandering slowly through the sparse orchard at the back, carrying a bucket.

The house inside was old, beautiful and run down. Dust was not quite visi-

ble, but lay in the shadowy corners of the spacious rooms and angles of polished wood.

She was introduced to the only other member of André-Paul's family, Tante Monique, arrayed in timeless black and looking at her with eyes that were curiously like André-Paul's. Her face was small-boned and fragile, and she sat talking to Emily with delicate formality, hiding red, thickened hands under a silk reticule.

The day was depressing. Not because of the evident poverty, but because of the queer, proud way in which both Tante Monique and her nephew ignored it. If it hadn't been for André-Paul's single revelation of angry pain that morning, Emily could have thought them both totally indifferent to the dying land.

After lunch she put on her breeches, as André-Paul said there were certain areas she might like to see which they could reach only on horseback. When she came down he glanced at the expensive newness of her outfit (which she had run out hastily to buy the day before) and said casually that it would be a dusty ride. He had changed, she noticed, to a pair of corduroy breeches that might well have embarrassed his poorest tenant.

THEY rode almost until dark, and by the time they returned Emily understood André-Paul's concerned glance at her clothes. The horses' hoofs had kicked up clouds of dust, and several times they had splashed across small streams.

But it had been an illuminating ride. Once, coming through a small wood, they had emerged beside an old mill. It was desolate, its great wheel still, the upper half dry and threaded by cobwebs. Riding on, they had left the estates for a few miles and passed small farmhouses, with the farmers moving competently about their orchards and their wives scattering handfuls of feed to clattering chickens or setting out, bucket in hand, for the last milking of the day.

As they passed one cowshed Emily inhaled deeply. "You know," she said thoughtfully, "people in the office where I used to work thought I was mad because I loved the smell of cows, but it's always struck me as the most basic of country smells."

André-Paul gave her one amused

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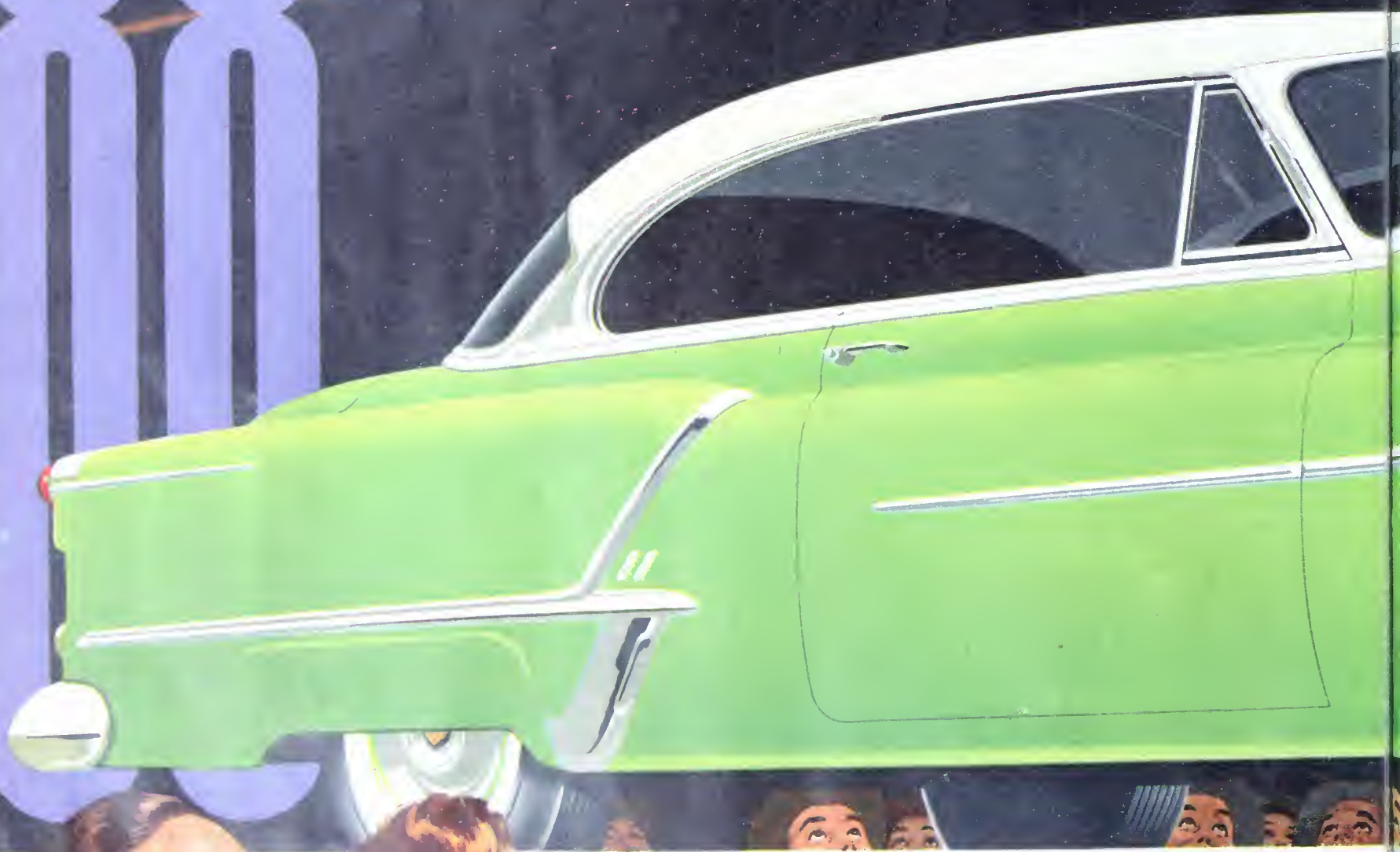
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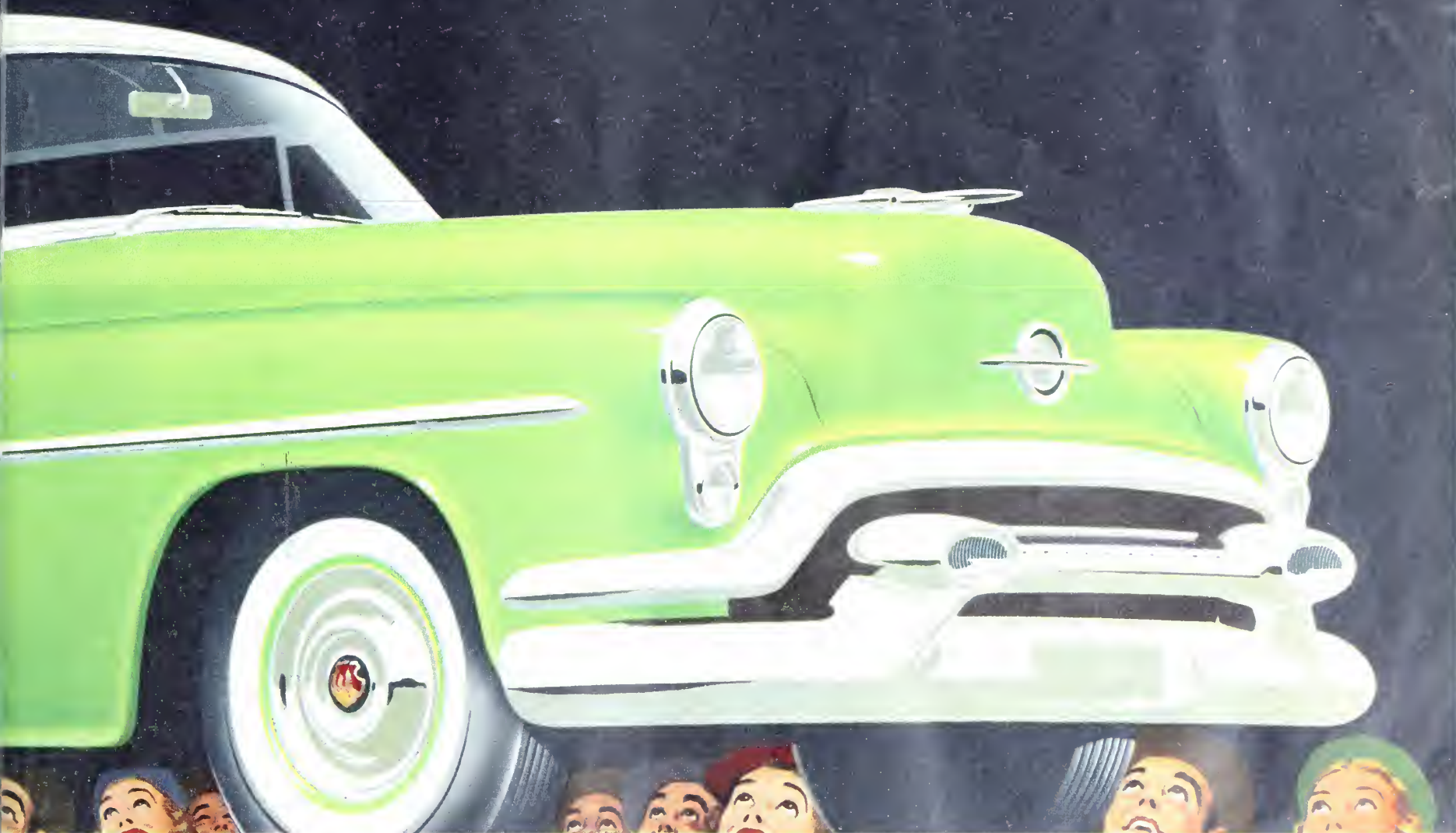
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OLD S

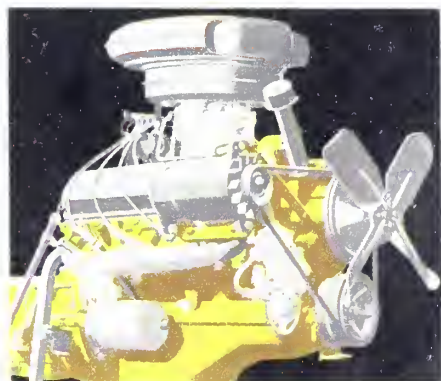


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look and burst out laughing. "But of course! In France—Switzerland also—a large pile of manure is the farmer's proudest possession. He places it in front of his house where all can see and be impressed by his prosperity. People in town," he added with mock scorn, "have no real values. . . . Tell me," he went on, soothing his mare who had just shied at a rabbit, "what was your farm like?"

"Well," she said dryly, "for one thing it would be lost in one corner of yours. My father's parents had a much bigger one which was run by a manager, but my father always wanted one of his own." She sighed. "He wasn't the world's best farmer, but he did love it. The house was a real farmhouse—not like yours, but small and made of gray stone. There was a red barn, and we kept Guernsey cows."

"The land was rich?"

She nodded. "And Father, I will say, was always up on the latest improvements about rotation and fertilizing."

"What happened to it?" he asked gently.

"My parents weren't well, and we'd had a couple of bad years, so they sold it. It was the only thing they could have done, I suppose, but it almost broke Father's heart." She felt then the stirring of an old anger that her wealthy maternal grandmother had refused all help, having disapproved violently of her daughter's becoming what she called "a farm hand." The money had gone to another daughter, Emily's aunt, who had added to it by marrying a rich New Yorker. Ironically, it had come back to Emily, too late to do her parents any good.

"And now," he said quietly, "you live in a town yourself?"

She hesitated. "Well, I did. There was my living to earn, and the country's a poor place for that. But I kept thinking of the farm, especially in spring and at harvesttime. It's funny. Even more than the way it looked, I missed the way it smelled: the hay, the flowers after rain." She laughed. "Even the cows. Particularly the cows." She glanced around for his responding smile. But his face had gone bleak again.

AFTER he had driven her back to Paris that night, she lay awake a long time. André-Paul's face, with its square chin and stubborn features, seemed to stare back at her through the darkness. She was in love with him. She knew that by now, accepting the fact with a simplicity that would not allow for pride or argument.

She thought of his home and the land around it that was so deeply a part of him. A little money now, she knew, could save it. Her imagination leaped far ahead, bringing a tingling sensation to her veins. The whole thing couldn't be done at once, of course. The first thing would be to fertilize some of the fields; then plant half of those, letting the rest be plowed under for a season.

Then the stock could be improved by bringing in more cows and a couple of bulls. The dairy would be reopened. . . . The fantasy soared on.

As fantasies go it was remarkably practical. To Emily, however, it was a picture of paradise. To marry André-Paul any time, anywhere, in a slum even, would be the world, like a golden apple, put into her hand. To be able to work with him and give him back something he loved and was losing was like having the sun thrown in as a bonus.

At that point cold realism inserted a

wedge: André-Paul hadn't asked her to marry him.

Eventually, of course, he did. Two nights ago, a thousand years ago, thought Emily, lying in her slip on the hot bed, watching the lights and shadows from outside chase one another across the wall. The reason he did was now obvious, thanks to her uncle. She remembered the pudgy little man with his hostile eyes. Why couldn't he have left it alone? she thought with bitter illogic.

"And if," something questioned her mockingly, "your uncle had not interfered, what then?" She pondered the question.

If her uncle had not interfered she would, she supposed, have married André-Paul in blind faith. She would have gone to live on the farm, pouring her money, as though she were irrigating a desert, into new equipment for the tired land. Eventually it would have been back on its feet again. And then?

Ancient Anglo-Saxon suspicion of French married life rose in her mind. Emily shrank within herself. André-Paul's total abstinence from love-making had a new and unpleasant significance. Before, the fact that he had asked her to marry him had erased any doubts she had about how he felt. Now that she knew why he had proposed, she saw the more logical explanation. He didn't make love to her because he didn't want to.

"And yet," thought Emily, holding off for a second a wave of recurring misery, "why me? Why not some other wealthy American?" An incident she had forgotten came back.

They had attended a cocktail party once, a mixed bag of French and Americans, sponsored by someone in the embassy. Toward the end, an American girl descended on them in a swirl of mink and diamonds, her hand outstretched to Emily, her eyes on André-Paul. Emily had met her casually once before and bristled now under the obvious maneuver. The fact that the girl was young and extremely pretty

in no way helped. Yet André-Paul had remained as unmoved by her blandishments as a pyramid. Emily's inflamed pride eased a little—but not too much. There was, after all, his self-confessed motive for marrying her.

Pride. That was the astringent needed to draw the scar together and make it heal—enough pride to cover the hurt and loneliness. She turned over again on her face.

THE café outside must have been about to close. A sudden clatter of feet and a burst of good-natured, loud conversation broke the gathering peace of the night and then died away.

It was funny about pride, thought Emily. Most people didn't need to beat the bushes to rouse its power. It came, washing over their defeats like an avenging army. "Something must be wrong with me," she muttered.

An idea, craven and treacherous, nagged at the back of her consciousness. "No," she said loudly, pounding the pillow with her fist.

Lying there had become impossible. Swinging her legs off the bed, she stood up. The air was hot and oppressive, and she longed for a bath, but she knew the concierge would suffer shock in every corner of her bulging flesh if she suggested a second one.

The enamel bowl and pitcher stood on a marble-topped table. The water was cold. Stripping off, Emily poured a bowl full and sponged down the length of her sturdy, well-shaped body. Then she went back to the bed and slid under the sheet.

It was madness, she thought, to consider tossing your life into a gamble as lightly as though it were a marble. But the idea persisted in all its serpent glory. She lay quite still for an hour, examining it. There would, she knew, be a price, to be paid over a lifetime in installments, minute by guarded minute. But it would be worth it. . . .

The road past Rouen and then north to Beaulac was even more unpredicta-

ble under her driving than under André-Paul's. Hiring a car at seven o'clock in the morning had not been easy and had taxed Emily's limping French. But she had finally secured a small Simca that looked like a beetle and puffed like a bull.

Emily was neither happy nor unhappy. She knew that her friends and relatives, and even disinterested observers, would condemn her for a fool. Only the doughty little woman who had been her father's mother, hard as the soil she cultivated and just as real, might understand; she who had once grumbled in Emily's hearing to a coquettish farm girl, "Pride is a poor comfort on a cold night." Even Emily's mother, sensible as she was in so many ways, had been shocked at that.

Emily had made a fool of herself, but she could not summon sufficient pride to prevent her from going as fast as her straining little car would take her to commit even further folly. On only one thing had she closed the door and locked it, seaming up the cracks so André-Paul would never see it. That one thing he must never know.

The villages flew past. Eventually, with a tight feeling in her stomach, she turned off the hard surface to the dusty road that would lead her in about fifteen minutes to the front door of the house.

SHE stopped the car and looked at the fields on either side, wondering if they would seem the same after all that had happened since the last time she had been there. They did. The soft gray-green land rolled up at the horizon like the edge of a saucer, and, inside, the big squares, divided by hedges, lay alternately brown and gold. But, though they seemed the same, the dead patches had new meaning. They lay awaiting thirstily a much-needed dowry. For them André-Paul had brought humiliation on himself and Emily, and would, Emily thought, gazing out at them, probably do so again.

She had rehearsed what she was going to say and how, because she had to be careful that it was right. She was therefore startled to hear his voice beside her.

"Good morning," he said quietly.

She turned quickly and found that he had come up on the other side of the car. It put her off, and for something to do until she could remember her opening, she leaned forward, switching off the ignition and pulling the key out.

"Good morning," she said casually. Then she looked up at him and got a shock. His eyes were as hard as polished metal. The words she had planned fled. Yet as the silence lengthened she knew he would not help her to begin. She drew a breath.

"Two days ago you asked me to marry you. I've come to find out if you've changed your mind." She saw a flash of surprise break through his expression. "Because," she went on doggedly, "if not, my acceptance still stands."

"Why?" he asked evenly.

Careful, she thought. This is the difficult part.

"When my uncle . . ." She paused, searching the right phrase.

"Revealed my motives?" Irony tinged his voice.

"Yes. You left before we could talk." She looked straight ahead. "As it happens, I have—motives—too. I've come to realize—marriage isn't always the romantic impulse it's made out to be. I know now I want a home—a foyer, as you call it—and as I've told you, I want



COLLIER'S

"Which one of you screwballs is next?"

HERBRAM



COLLIER'S

STANLEY STAMATY

to live on a farm. It seems a fair bargain."

"I see."

She looked at him. He was leaning forward, his hands gripping the window ledge of the open car, and something in his eyes made her feel as though she had walked into the cold waters of the lake.

He went on. "I am sorry. I should have explained to you before you began. I have, as you say, changed my mind." His English, usually so good, had become stilted, like a schoolboy's.

There was a timeless silence. Then her pride kicked savagely, sending a wave of rage and sickness over her. To leave, get away from him, became as urgent as physical pain. Her foot sought desperately for the starter, fumbling because she couldn't see through the film in front of her eyes. She reached out for the choke, yanking it, hating the tears now on her cheeks.

"It might be well," he said dryly, "to use the key." His arm, brown against the white of rolled sleeves, went out to the little chain hanging from the dashboard. But as he leaned forward in front of her, his hand stopped. Her own darted forward, but was caught and held.

"You are crying," he said in a different voice.

"Let me go." She wrenched her arm free and turned on the ignition.

THERE was a quick movement beside her as she pressed the accelerator. The car jerked forward. But she hadn't left André-Paul. He had vaulted into the car, climbing from the back seat into the front.

"Get out!" she screamed at him.

"Steady," André-Paul said quietly, easing in beside her. "You will land us in a ditch."

"I hope I do."

"And I," he said, pushing her foot off the accelerator with his own and taking hold of the steering wheel, "would much prefer that you didn't."

He stopped the car. Sobs tore at her, ugly and convulsing. Hours of tension and strain had eaten away her discipline.

An arm went around her, pulling her toward him. She fought it vainly and felt her head come to rest against his chest. That she should find it comforting after the seventh hell of humiliation she had suffered passed comprehension. But she gave up trying to understand and cried against the counterpoint of

soft French words flowing above her head. With his other hand he stroked the back of her neck.

"And now," he said when she grew quiet, "we will talk."

The sense of comfort went abruptly. She felt herself to be drab and obvious, an open book before this suave, worldly Frenchman, so fully in possession of the one vital fact she had tried to keep hidden that he could afford to be kind.

"You did not come, after all, because of the home, the *foyer*."

"No," she said dully.

"Why, then?"

AT LEAST, she thought, she could plant one last splinter of revenge and discomfort. He might be capable of lying for a fortune, but she knew instinctively he could also feel shame. The truth could be a weapon. "Because I wanted to give you something that would make you happy."

He tipped her face up. "And now, to pay me back," he said, "you hope telling me this will make me feel like a lout, a pig."

It was no use. She had no defense against his astuteness. But she could try to wring one admission from him. She pushed away abruptly and looked up. "And now tell me something. Would you have asked me to marry you if I hadn't had money?"

"No," he replied calmly.

It was no triumph after all. "Please get out," she said. "I must go."

But he remained where he was, looking at her. "Do you think, loving you, I would have asked you to leave your country, with its wealth, its opportunities, to take over this?" His arm swept out, indicating the dried fields, the tired land. "A French girl, yes; perhaps her lot would probably be something like this anyway. But not you. You do not know what it is like. Your money would help me; but it was for you that it was necessary. Without it you would become like Tante Monique, who not only does the work of three servants, but works in the soil like a laborer."

The explanation was before her, but Emily heard only the words "loving you . . ." They cut through her like sunlight.

There was amused tenderness in his face as he watched her.

"You really do not understand the French very well, my darling. But"—he reached out, drawing her face to his—"you will learn."

When the Going Gets Tough!



When winter winds come roaring out of the north, they frequently bring a lot of snow — and a lot of trouble, too.

But the railroads are old hands at fighting weather — ready with the equipment and man power it takes to battle emergencies.

When big storms come, extra crews are put to work. Chemicals are spread and heaters used to keep switches from freezing. Steel-winged plows pushed by powerful locomotives fight to keep tracks clear. The whirling blades of huge rotaries chew their way through the bigger drifts.

Although other forms of transportation contend with the effects of severe winter storms, there is *this big difference*: The railroads use their own men, equipment and money to "keep 'em rolling" when the weather gets tough. *Your* local, state and federal tax money is never used to keep vital rail service running.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.



You'll enjoy *THE RAILROAD HOUR* every Monday evening on NBC.

Between the Devilfish and

That's the domain of the skin divers—a rugged breed of underwater swimmers who



DR. NELSON E. MATHISON

Spear fisherman Mel Fisher, of Redondo Beach, California, brings 438-pound jewfish to the surface. Giant fish gave Fisher and his companion a two-hour battle in Gulf of California

Compressed air tanks permit diver to swim underwater hours at a time

Diver displays sheepshead fish he caught with spear gun. A watertight rubber suit is used in cold water



HAVE you ever come face to face with a six-foot octopus, stalked a shark, been nudged by a porpoise, speared a fish or explored the ocean floor?

If not, you have yet to experience the thrills of skin diving—America's newest and fastest-growing sport. It already has sent more than 100,000 Americans plunging into the weird and wonderful world which lies beneath the surface of oceans, seas and lakes. And there are nearly 1,000,000 other equally enthusiastic skin divers elsewhere in the world.

Skin diving is underwater swimming—with a few added fillips. The basic equipment is a face plate—a disk of glass set in rubber—which fits over the eyes and nose for extra comfort and vision under water, rubber webfeet for more speed and mobility, a snorkel tube through which you can breathe while swimming face down on or just below the surface, and a spear gun.

Thus attired and armed, skin divers will tackle—and have tackled—everything from shellfish to sharks. Their adventures have become legends. They have speared and landed not only sharks, but octopuses, barracuda, tarpon, jewfish and giant rays weighing hundreds of pounds. Some skin divers have been nudged so sharply by playful porpoises that they have suffered broken ribs. Others, wearing watertight, close-fitting rubber frogmen suits for extra warmth, have been butted by sea lions.

At Wake Island, where American air crews indulge in skin diving between flights, a shark stole a fish right off the spear of a member of a club known as "The Rover Boys under the Sea." The indignant skin diver punched the startled shark—and speared it. When a hammerhead shark bit another skin diver's catch in two off Hikueru Atoll in the South Pacific, he hit the shark with his spear gun, kicked it, punched it on the nose and kneed it. But when he tried to grab the shark by its jaw, he lost the tip of his thumb.

In New Zealand, another diver caught a four-foot octopus—temporarily, and not in the way he had intended. When he came up for air after stalking the octopus, he found it had settled on top of his head and wrapped its tentacles tightly around him; one tentacle clamped shut his jaws so he couldn't yell for help. The diver fell back into the water and the octopus, probably as scared as the hunter, let go.

Members of the underwater cult also tell of a Mexican skin diver who leaped into the water in a pair of luminous trunks of a particularly vivid shade of cerise. For some reason, a shoal of barracuda took offense, ripped off the trunks and left a few scars to remind the diver of his lapse in good taste.

Such adventures are told, retold and embellished by skin divers. And, even though the sport only now is winning widespread popularity, they can—and do—boast that skin divers or their ancient equivalent have been encountering such adventures for centuries.

Pacific Islanders, for example, have been fishing under water for generations. Hawaiians used to send down squads of four divers to spear a delectable octopus. They would take calculated turns at jabbing its eyes and extricating each other from the tentacles until the sea creature was dead. Sleeping sharks were a favorite quarry of New Zealand Maoris. They would tickle a somnolent shark's tail until it lifted, then slip a lasso around the body, surface, and haul the shark ashore. Members of Polynesian tribes have been known to jump on the backs of sharks, plunge their fists into the gills and ride the sharks.

the Deep Blue Sea

BY RICHARD G. HUBLER

spear game fish and explore the ocean depths for thrills no other sport provides

Pearl, shell and sponge diving are historic Oriental occupations. Oyster diving also is mentioned in ancient Greek literature. In Homer's *Iliad*, the Greek Patroclus likened the head-first fall of a soldier from a chariot to the plunge of an oyster diver. The incident referred to occurred more than a thousand years before Christ, and Patroclus' description of the charioteer's fall contains the first known reference in literature to diving. In 414 B.C., the Athenians used divers during the siege of Syracuse to remove underwater obstacles which barred the harbor to Athenian war galleys. Cleopatra used an early skin diver to play a prank on Antony. A poor angler, Antony sometimes sent down divers to tie fresh fish onto his line. When Cleopatra learned of his ruse, she sent down her own diver to tie a salted fish onto the line.

Diving unencumbered by heavy suits and air hoses first began to catch on as a modern sport in a small way in the 1930s, and World War II gave it a big boost. American naval frogmen, wartime version of skin divers, helped assure the success of Pacific and European invasions by removing underwater explosives and obstacles.

Today, the growing army of skin divers embraces all ages, all classes, all professions. Most are in the fifteen-to-fifty age range. But Charles Weeks, a Florida octogenarian, still can spear 200 pounds of edible fish in two hours, and Ed Proctor of Capistrano Beach, California, although seventy plus, descends every day of the year. At the other end of the age scale are some California skin divers only six years old.

Movie Actors Are Keen Skin Divers

As a matter of fact, California has become the principal American center for this underwater sport. Governor Earl Warren is an enthusiast. So are his daughter Nina and his twenty-two-year-old son Earl, Jr., who claims to have knifed a shark. (Young Earl recently told a skin-diving friend that no one need fear a moray eel, and put his fingers in a captured eel's mouth to prove it; when his friend did the same, the eel bit him.) A number of Hollywood movie actors skin-dive at every opportunity. Among them are Errol Flynn, Johnny Weissmuller, Broderick Crawford, Buster Crabbe, Gary Cooper, Eddie Bracken and Sonny Tufts. Flynn, something of an expert on both subjects, says, "A woman is only a woman, but going after those devilfish is a real thrill."

But the number one enthusiast in California—and in the United States—is a Los Angeles fireman named Ralph N. Davis. He has skin-dived for most of his 35 years and has devoted all of his free time during the past 15 years to promoting the sport.

It was Davis who founded the International Underwater Spearfishing Association in 1950 in an attempt to standardize skin-diving practices, promote underwater fishing competitions, set competitive rules, establish a means of recording and confirming skin-diving records, and serve as a clearinghouse for scientific data uncovered by skin divers. "Our purpose," he says, "is to encourage the sport as recreation and as a potential source of scientific knowledge."

Skin divers also have a magazine of their own called, appropriately enough, *The Skin Diver*. It is devoted to tall tales and factual reports from clubs and individuals.

The vast majority of skin divers do not belong to any organization, but there are 60 clubs in the United States with a total membership of around 2,000, and 32 clubs in foreign countries. Many of the American clubs have joined the IUSA. With

their backing, the association in 1951 persuaded the Southern Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union to approve underwater spear fishing as a competitive sport.

Spear-Fishing Contests Held Yearly

The IUSA also initiated annual spear-fishing contests. The third was held last year at Laguna Beach, California, with 20 teams of three men each from various clubs participating. The object was to catch as many fish as possible in four hours within a mile-wide area extending out from the shore line. The competitors were permitted to use snorkel tubes, but no other artificial breathing apparatus. The prize for the largest individual catch went to Dan LeMay, of Los Angeles, for a 28-pound angel shark. The Seadowners, also of Los Angeles, won the team prize with a total catch of just under 65 pounds. There were no events for women; they have not taken to the rugged sport in such numbers as men.

Skin diving has been conducted on an informal basis for so long that the IUSA has not yet been able to compile any confirmed national or world spear-fishing records. Most of the so-called records discussed in skin-diving circles have been relayed by word of mouth or through letters exchanged by enthusiasts. Frequently the name or names of the skin divers involved have been lost in the process. Thus, neither confirmed nor confirmable, most record claims are open to question. In this category are a Miami diver's report that he speared and caught a 610-pound jewfish and a claim by a trio of Brazilian divers to have spear-caught a 589-pound jewfish.

One of the largest confirmed catches was made recently by two California skin divers off La Paz,

Lower California. It was a 438-pound giant black sea bass, which also is commonly called a jewfish. Mel Fisher, of Redondo Beach, and Dr. Nelson E. Mathison, of Long Beach, finally brought the fish to the surface after a two-hour battle, during which they shot three spears into it.

Two record deep dives by skin divers also have been confirmed. Only a few months ago, Ramondo Bucher, of Italy, dived into the sea off the island of Capri and 77 seconds later came to the surface clutching a cork which marked the 127 9-foot depth on a cable stretching to the sea bottom. That was 13 feet deeper than any previous known dive without artificial breathing apparatus. Bucher wore only rubber fins on his feet, webbed gloves on his hands, a glass plate over his eyes and nose, and clips on his nose. With breathing apparatus and compressed air tanks strapped to his back, a Frenchman named Maurice Fargues in 1947 plunged to a depth of 397 feet and wrote his name on a slate hung on a rope alongside him—then he lost consciousness and drowned. No one since has equaled that feat.

Not Anxious to Make Depth Records

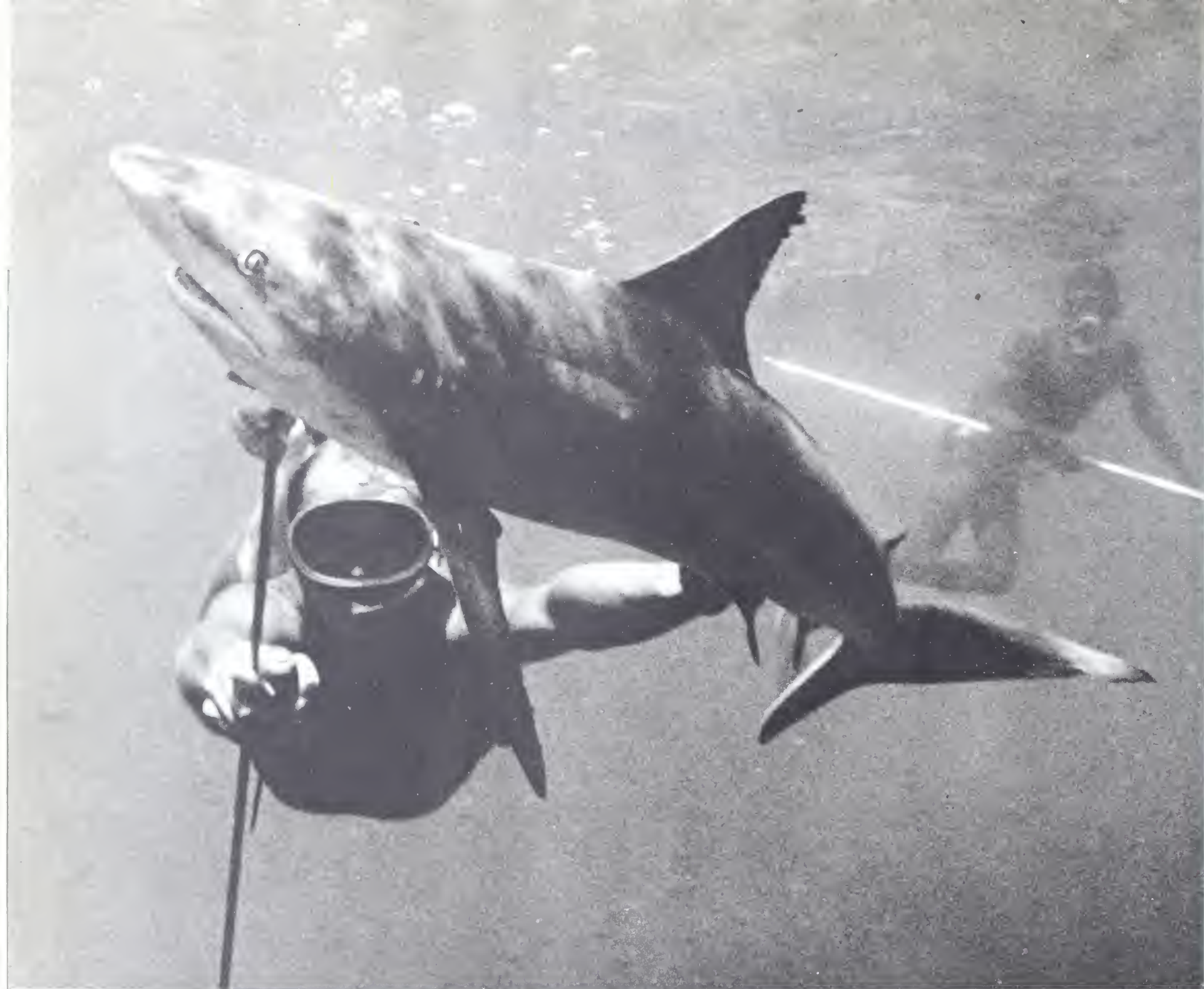
But skin divers usually are more interested in fishing than in trying to set depth records. The average dive without artificial breathing apparatus is short—only about nine seconds—although a fair diver can stay down a minute and some, with practice, for more than two minutes. Skin divers seldom go deeper than 40 feet, and the most popular depth is between 18 and 24 feet.

In recounting their experiences, skin divers use a language all their own. You might hear one of them say:

"Had to horse out a snook. A cuda came, zip

Dr. Nelson E. Mathison, Long Beach, Calif., shows 230-pound jewfish he speared near Key West, Fla. In left hand are rubber feet fins which give skin diver added maneuverability





THE SKIN DIVER

Skin diver Gustav Dalla Valle spears a shark with spring-type gun off Port-au-Prince, Haiti. Divers also catch barraenda and octopuses



JACQUES-YVES COUSTEAU

Underwater cameraman found these bream, crab and grunts at the base of an Atlantic reef



H. BROUSSARD

Photographer Dimitri Rebikoff aims camera with lighting unit deep in the Mediterranean



SERGE DE SAZO

Women skin-dive, too. This Mediterranean tourist explores wrecked ship off the Riviera

Collier's for January 24, 1953

with the rubber band. Snorkel got sniffles, had to flip up."

"Give you kicks, aqua-man?" his companion might ask.

"A four-way thrill, kelpomania!"

Roughly translated, the skin drivers were saying: "I pulled my fish out from under a reef. A barracuda swam by and I fired my spear gun. My breathing tube clogged and I had to surface."

"Quite an experience, eh?"

"Not bad. I nearly drowned."

The hazards of skin diving are numerous. Rip currents and tides, kelp entanglement, predatory fish and accidental spear discharges have killed at least 20 skin divers during the past 15 years. No accurate records of casualties have been kept, however, and the toll undoubtedly is higher.

Detonating Head Makes Spear Deadlier

A spear gun discharges a stainless steel or aluminum alloy shaft two to five feet long. Powered by springs, rubber strips, carbon dioxide, blank cartridges or compressed air, the guns give a spear an impetus of 60 miles an hour for 50 feet under water. Even that often is not enough, and a detonating head is sometimes used; on contact with the fish it fires the barb on through.

Some divers seeking even more lethal weapons are experimenting with poison-tipped spears. Mel Fisher plans a hypo-spear, the needle of which would be filled with a strong sedative. With it, he hopes to capture a devilfish, a giant ray weighing up to two tons.

Supplying weapons and other equipment to skin divers is becoming a big business, even though the divers themselves still make about 30 per cent of their own accessories. Manufacturers sold more than \$10,000,000 worth of equipment in the United States alone in 1951, and the total should be even higher for 1952 when the final figures are in.

A beginner's kit, consisting of face plate, feet fins and a hand spear, costs about \$25. But other accessories are available which can quickly run the equipment bill up above \$250. These de luxe items include primarily a thin rubber suit, close fitting and watertight, which with heavy underwear will permit a skin diver to stay out half a day in water as cold as 45 degrees, and compressed air tanks with breathing apparatus and mouthpiece which will enable him to stay beneath the surface two or three hours at a time.

The artificial lung was invented by a French engineer, Emile Gagnan, and a fabulous French skin diver, Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau, author of the forthcoming book, *The Silent World* (Harper & Brothers). Cousteau has used the lung while killing fish with weapons ranging from harpoons to knitting needles, removing live torpedoes from a sunken German submarine, classifying marine flora and fauna, and bringing up trophies from a sunken Roman galley 130 feet down in the Mediterranean off Tunisia.

Artificial breathing equipment has proved a boon to underwater photographers and scientists.

New information about fish and other marine life is being supplied to scientists by skin divers every month. One diver compiled a report on the life cycle of a tube fish. Another is studying the blood serum of surf perches. Still others have added considerably to our knowledge of the feeding and migratory habits of coastal fish.

In the Red Sea, Dr. Eugenie Clark, a pretty thirty-year-old research associate from the Department of Animal Behavior in the American Museum of Natural History, recently discovered three new species of fish while amassing the largest collection of Red Sea fish ever obtained by a single person. Skin diving in the Red Sea also was the subject of a recent RKO Radio picture, *Under the Red Sea*.

But whether you're interested in spear fishing, exploration or scientific research, skin-diving enthusiasts say you will become a convert after only one dive. A new world, luminescent and filled with amazing color and life, awaits you beneath the surface. ▲▲▲

Collier's for January 24, 1953



French diver Frédéric Dumas searches a reef 90 feet down in Mediterranean off the Riviera. Another Frenchman with breathing device wrote name on slate 397 feet down—but drowned

Skin diver brings up an ancient urn found off the island of Corsica. Other divers have recovered valuable war trophies from sunken Roman war galleys on bottom of Mediterranean





Then the last corner, the ripping acceleration along the crowd-lined street, where somewhere Ellen was watching him

THE MOMENT OF

HENRY BLANCHFORD had always been glad that he'd had the side porch added to his Connecticut house. After the spruces that he had planted near the driveway had taken good root and interlocked their branches, there was a pleasant seclusion here that was divorced from the rest of the house.

Nobody else in the family used the porch much. Henry suspected his daughter of finding it handy for saying good night to her beaux. He had, in fact, caught her at it, although caught was perhaps not the word.

Henry had simply been enjoying a nightcap, there in the darkness. Odd, as he said afterward, he thought it was *disgraceful* of him to have lighted that match and given fair warning. But after her first outburst, Marguerite had been barely and icily polite to him, and somehow her mother had taken offense too.

"My God!" Henry exclaimed. "Hasn't anybody around here a sense of humor?"

"There's nothing funny about being spied on," Ellen said.

"Now, Ellen," Henry said, "I wasn't spying!"

"Well, it looked like it," Ellen's eyes darted around, which showed that she had already abandoned the argument. Argument with Henry was futile, her manner said; already her active mind was elsewhere. Ellen always seemed in a rush to catch up with her own thoughts.

"Anyway," she said, and Henry had the distinct impression that she was calling back to him from some great distance, although she was still standing right there with him; "anyway," Ellen said, "you spend too much time out on that porch by yourself. It's morbid."

And perhaps it was, Henry thought on this sunny Saturday afternoon. He was sitting with his

feet propped on a hassock that had lost favor with his wife. Maybe I'm getting old, thought Henry, who had nearly all of his forty-first year ahead of him; and it seemed to him that his own house was a whirl of vigor and activity that had thrust him outward. Like debris, Henry thought, toying, experimenting mildly, with self-pity.

His mood lightened when he heard the sound of his son's jalopy coming up the street. Young Hank lived by an esoteric credo of speed; and Henry smiled, touching the yellow telegram in the pocket of his shirt. He belonged to a staid firm of Diesel consultants, but recently he had designed a new cylinder head for the sport car of a racing enthusiast.

THIRD STRAIGHT WIN YOUR HEAD, YOU WONDERFUL GUY. SEE YOU NEXT WEEK. JAKE BELTER, the wire said. Henry smiled again. In the world of the *grand prix*, Jake Belter was a famous name.



Henry knew all he needed to know for this lap. The green car must be challenged; the green car was the car to beat

TRUTH

By JOHN F. WALLACE

These racing men lived richly. They were committed to hazard and to competition. In their high-powered cars, they found the thrill that daily life denied them

Young Hank would get a kick out of this, Henry thought. He stood up, draining the last of his high-ball, stretching the stiffness out of his legs. Henry could still go down the steps at a loose-jointed run, but he was becoming conscious of this ability.

Young Hank had just churned up the drive, his exhaust a little louder than the law cared for.

"Hi," Henry said. He hooked his thumbs into the front of his belt and strolled up to the car.

Hank's straw-colored hair was standing straight up, from wind or excitement. His bright gaze encountered Henry's, and slipped past. "Hi," he said. "Hi, Pops." He looked a little trapped.

"Well," Henry said, "what've you been spending your money on today?"

"Spending?" Hank said.

"You have the spending look," Henry said.

"Oh," Hank said. Then the enthusiasm came bubbling out of him. "Look," he said. He lifted the jalopy's hood. "Looka this!"

The flat-headed engine had had one more gimmick added, or, rather, two. Each cylinder bank was now crowned in gleaming chromium and aluminum.

"High-comp heads," Hank said, with a note of awe.

"She's getting more stuff on her than a fancy woman," Henry said.

"She is my fancy woman," Hank said innocently, and then colored abruptly.

Henry felt a little warmth in his own cheeks. Kids were so prissy! And they hit you with their prissiness when you tried to reach them.

"How's she run?" he asked, trying now for an

air of interest, leaning over the engine, giving it expert appraisal.

"Like a bomb, Pops. Like a bomb. Here, I'll start her up."

The motor cracked into noisy life, revving high. Henry reached inside and screwed down the idler, and the whole car started to shake violently. Hank switched the motor off. "She's a little rough," he said. Like Ellen, young Hank had the habit of suddenly looking as though he were urgently needed elsewhere.

"Rough!" Henry, who had two engineering degrees, was offended by the understatement. "Why, that engine is tearing itself apart."

"Listen, she's smooth as honey when I let her out. She's strictly jet. These are the cars of tomorrow we're building, Pops. It's not your kind of engineering."

You're damn' right about that, Henry thought;

the telegram in his pocket, the triumph he had been saving to share with Hank, now seemed anticlimactic. In his disappointment Henry became angry. "Can you make that engine idle smoothly?" he demanded.

"Well—no," Hank said.

"Then don't talk to me about engineering. Engineering is a word you speedsters hide behind. You just buy these gadgets and bolt them on. You call that engineering? You call this a car of tomorrow?"

Hank was flushing a dull red now. My God, Henry thought, what's the matter with me? He's only a kid. I start off trying to be his pal, and it comes out telling him he's stupid.

There was a crunch of gravel, and father and son turned with relief to find Ellen approaching.

"Darling," she said. "I hope you haven't been driving too fast."

"You get kicked out of the club if you speed," Hank said. "That's the agreement with the cops. That's why they let us have that old stretch of road for our drags."

"I'm so glad," Ellen touched her son's gangling arm. "Darling," she said, "I wish you'd drink more milk." She turned to Henry. "There isn't any vermouth," she said. "You've forgotten it again. And you know all those people are coming for cocktails."

"What people?" Henry said.

"I'll get it for you, Mother," Hank said.

"Darling," Ellen said, "they won't sell it to you."

"I didn't know there were any people coming," Henry said. He turned to Hank. "Give me your keys," he said; "I'll use this jet job of yours for the errand."

Hank looked concerned. "She's got a lot of gow, Pops. What I mean is, your reflexes . . ."

Ellen was darting away again, mentally. "Better take the sedan, dear," she said. "Hank's used to his roadster."

"My God," Henry said, "am I a graybeard? Am I doddering? Maybe," he said bitterly, "one of you had better drive me down to the liquor store."

IT RANKLED, the way a lot of things had been rankling lately. The way everything was rankling lately, Henry amended morosely. Ellen's cocktail party was in full swing, and Henry was stuck with the man across the street, who sold insurance and was a bore.

"Listen Bill," Henry said, "as soon as they passed that law about extra liability for kids, I got in touch with you, didn't I?"

"Henry," Bill said, "a man can't carry too much insurance."

Ellen flashed by, checked, and elosed in on them. "Bill, darling," she said, "hosts simply can't have a good time at their own parties. I'm going to have to tear Henry away from you."

Henry followed her happily. Ellen was wearing what is known as a little black dress, and she wore it very well. Any man, Henry thought, would enjoy walking behind Ellen; and when she crossed the porch, now dimly lit, he reached out and held her back.

"There are those two Allison women," she said, "out in front. Be nice to them for a few minutes."

"Ellen," Henry said, "do you really think I'm getting old? I mean about driving Hank's jalopy this afternoon?"

She laughed. "Well, we're none of us getting any younger. Come on, dear, or this thing will go dead on us."

"No, look," Henry drew her closer to him and patted her, gently, inti-

mately. "Ellen," he said, "you've got wonderful hips. You feel like a young girl."

"Darling," Ellen said, "this isn't the time, or the place—"

"I love you, Ellen," Henry said.

She looked at him with brief curiosity, and then with kindness. "Why, darling," she said, "of course you love me. Now come on. And look in the refrigerator as soon as you can, will you? We're going to need more ice."

Of course it hadn't been the time or the place; Ellen was quite right. But then, there never did seem to be a time or a place for him to talk to her. Ellen was always in a hurry, or in a fret about the children, or aching tired. And even if she had stopped, even if they had found a moment, what did he want to say?

The party was over, the cocktail party that had turned into a buffet supper and dwindled congenially away to the sound of good-bys and the slamming of car doors. A squally rainstorm had sprung up, presaging October, and Henry put on an old trench coat and walked out into his driveway.

"I love you," he had told Ellen, and no wonder that she had given him that look of surprised curiosity. It had been a long, long time. And then, I love you could mean so many things. I want you, I need you, I'm scared, or, where in hell do we go from here?

A little of each, maybe, Henry guessed. He walked up to the open garage, thinking to close the doors, thinking and criticizing himself for his pettishness, that this was Hank's job. The family sedan gleamed at him, dimly reflecting the house lights, and Henry slid into the front seat. The car was new enough to still have that new-car smell. It was a smell that had always excited him vaguely.

He was not ear-proud in the sense of always wanting a new one or of needing to have his car bright and polished. But he always tuned them himself. His

engineer's sense of respect for a piece of machinery would let him do no less. He turned the switch, and the engine whipped into life. Henry backed the car's stern clear of the garage so that the exhaust would be carried away.

He thought of young Hank. "Whyn't you put a hot cam in her, Gov?" Hank had said once. He was experimenting with appellations for his father. He had gone through Chief and Boss and Governor, and currently used Pops. "Yeah, plane her head, bore her out, and give her some gow," Hank had recommended.

Well, it was a speed-crazy age. Henry backed the sedan all the way out of the garage into the lashing rain, turned it on the apron, and went quietly down the drive. Kids nowadays wanted to go fast, fast with plenty of noise. Car-crazy, speed-crazy, with their heaps and jalaps, their irons and their bombs. Henry couldn't remember that it had been like that when he was young.

THEY'D liked speed, all right. But flying was the thing then. A car was to get you places, but the thing you dreamed about was getting a joy stick between your knees. You'd drive to the crude flying fields just for the thrill of seeing a plane land, or take off.

Henry had got his joy stick, all right; it came with his first engineering degree, and it had led eventually to bombers over Germany, with the flak coming up and the fighters boring in, and the picture, always, of Ellen and the kids waiting for him when it was all over. Or of Ellen and the kids proud of him, even though he hadn't made it back.

"What did you do in the war, Daddy?" A man wanted to have a good answer for a question like that, but of course Hank knew what he'd been doing so he asked very differently: "How many Germans did you kill?"

The question had been totally unexpected a long time after he'd come home, and Henry still remembered

shouting: "Hundreds of them, thousands, damn it!" and stumbling from the room. He still remembered Ellen's white face and the way he'd wanted to explain to her; the way, suddenly, there'd been an awful lot he'd wanted to tell her; the way he'd realized that they both had a great deal of catching up to do.

But Hank was sniveling where Henry had left him; and even in those days Ellen had been very busy, always in a rush about something. Henry grinned wryly now, remembering his disgraceful behavior, remembering how he'd tried later to stop Ellen in the hall, but she couldn't stop. They were having a cocktail party, young Hank was still upset and needed her, there were a thousand details . . .

Henry gunned his sedan violently, as though by speed he could escape from yearning and incompleteness and frustration. The rain, which had reminded him of October, hissed past the windows and he wondered why he had thought of October, when June was barely under way.

He was wishing his life away. Or risking it away, for now the car was going very fast. The wet road rushed toward him, and now his mind focused on the mechanics of driving, of controlling a speeding car.

It was not the first time he had vented his feelings, or sought anesthesia, this way. He knew the road well, knew where to cut his speed for the sweeping turns and when he would reach the top of the long, steep hill. That was where Henry always liked to knock the car out of gear, when he was alone, and let her plunge down.

He did this tonight, his eyes straining ahead for the bridge at the bottom of the hill, something in him soaring as the car's undercarriage *whumped* to the slight arch of the bridge and all four wheels almost cleared before she leaped up the slope beyond. He put her in second hauling her around the turn.

He grinned with triumph, or relief. In the glow of the dashlights, Henry, who had reached the age of looking a little older than his years, now looked youthful. The car had begun to lose a little traction on the wet road, and he corrected this skillfully, letting the wheel spin in his hands, feeling for a grip on the road through the accelerator. The engine boomed softly as the car jumped into the straight stretch. Speed was like a dope, Henry thought: once you started fooling around with it, you had to keep having more and more. And then he pressed harder on the gas pedal, and stopped thinking.

TWO days later Jake Belter came to see him. Jake was a trim, wiry man of Henry's age. He looked like a career military officer, and he lived for excitement. Jake was rich.

"Henry!" he shouted. "You old son of a gun. You old genius!"

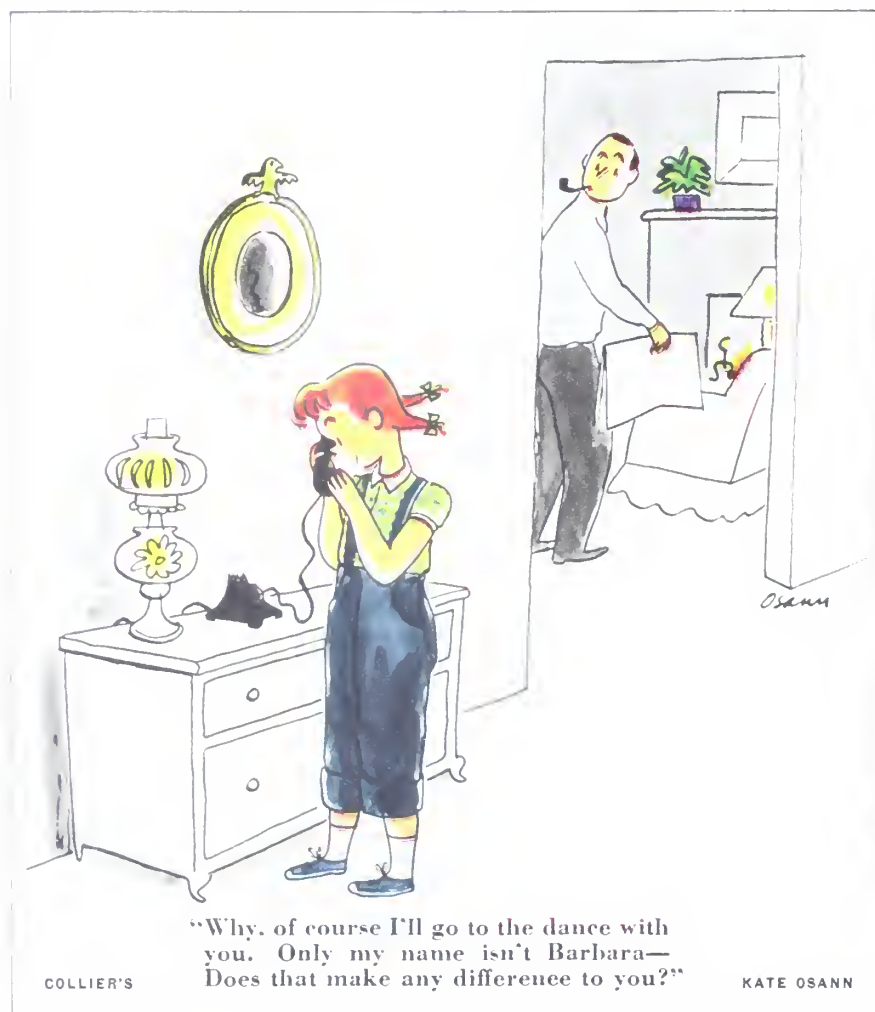
"She was good, huh?" Henry grinned.

"Listen," Jake said, "you're in the wrong racket." He waved his arm around Henry's office, at the pictures of Diesel trucks and tractors and bulldozers. "I've got a dozen guys that'll lay cash on the line for half the motor you made for me."

"Well," Henry said, "that's our business here, Jake. But we're not snobs; we don't mind branching out into toys."

Jake Belter laughed. "Come on out to the country with me," he said. "Come on up to the club. I'll show you my toy. I'll give you a ride like you've never had before."

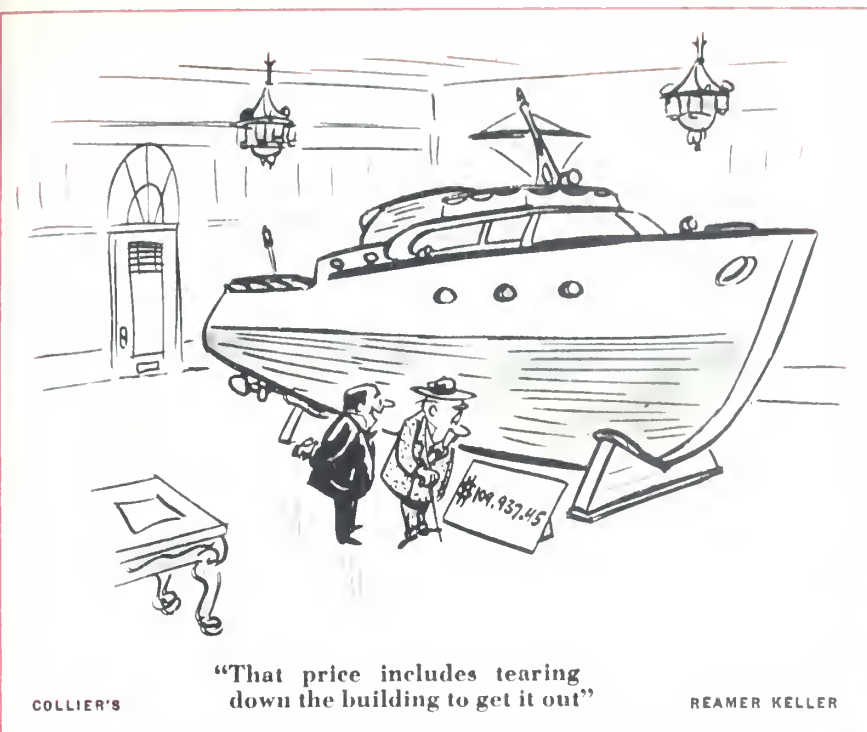
"I've got a lot of work to clean up."



"Why, of course I'll go to the dance with you. Only my name isn't Barbara—Does that make any difference to you?"

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN



"That price includes tearing down the building to get it out"

COLLIER'S

REAMER KELLER

"Well, put this down to research," Jake said. "Come on, boy. The open road is calling."

Afterward, Henry realized that that ride with Jake Belter had been a turning point in his life. Jake's car was parked outside of his Manhattan office, attracting curious and envious stares. It looked like a big cat, sure and light on its feet; and it had something of the bellicose appearance of a tomat, even to the point of bearing a few scars.

It had authority in the New York traffic, the way Jake drove it; and it seemed odd to Henry that the motive power of this savagely eager automobile was of his own creating. He had seen the redesigned engine on a test bed, of course, but there its potentialities were impersonally registered on the instrument dials. Here, in the nose of this car, it was real.

When they got to the open country, Jake gave the car its head. Henry was not nervous, although he usually disliked driving with anyone else at the controls. He was exhilarated by the speed, by the sure-footedness of the car. At some point, probably at a speed over any he had experienced before, there was a strong shift in his sensations. It was as though the car and its occupants had entered another dimension: something happened to time, and something happened to velocity. Their progress had a dreamlike, narcotic quality: it was the oblivion he had touched briefly in his sedan, and Henry felt himself sighing with regret, or protest, when Jake slowed the car and turned off to a narrow, rough road.

"This is something else she's good for," Jake shouted. The car sped over the rough surface, catfooted, goat-footed. Henry saw the corner, a right angle; felt the firm grip of the bucket seat and the safety belt, and a straining of the cords of his neck, as the car snapped around it. Then Jake eased up on the gas pedal and laughed, slapping the wheel with his hands.

"What d'you say, Henry old boy? What d'you say?" Jake said.

"I think I'd like one of these," Henry said. "I think I'd like to try a little racing. Are all you guys rich, Jake?" . . .

They weren't all rich, Henry found out. Some were men with a good deal less than his own comfortable income. But they all lived richly, committed to hazard and to competition. Henry found that among these men who raced

one another over country roads in high-powered cars the word sport had reverted to its truest meaning. More was sought than the winning.

There had been a good deal written about the cultivation of danger, Henry remembered. The Freudians tried to call it a transference of a man's frustrated love life. Some said it was merely a juvenile defiance; and the Spanish had a philosophy of the bull ring which said that the moment of utter danger to a man was also the moment of ultimate truth about him.

"It's fun," Jake Belter said, and Henry decided that was about it.

JAKE taught him to drive a sport car; and there were other men at Jake's club who took Henry out in their cars, proud to show off the individual abilities of their cars, generous in letting Henry take the wheel. He learned fast; and he learned, too, why many of the things he had tried on his lonely night rides had been impossible in his sedan.

"You've got the touch," they told him. "You've got the right instincts, Henry."

"Why don't you buy a car, Henry?" Jake said. "You could be all right in competition."

"Competition? Listen, boy, I've got a wife and family."

But it had been at the back of his mind all the time, Henry knew.

"Well, you should give it a whirl," Jake said. "I've got that little Class F job you could borrow. We could enter you as a novice in that meet next week."

The whole thing had the quality of fate, Henry decided. He drove in the race and placed third, never losing control of the car, trying nothing he was not sure of. He beat younger men and men who had better machines. And he beat all the ones who, like himself, were trying competition for the first time, but who, unlike himself, wanted no more of racing after the first experience. Some kind of seal had been set, Henry thought, and he went ahead now, seriously, and putting all of his engineer's mind to the task of acquiring a competition car. . . .

"Henry," Ellen said, "you're looking awfully well. What kind of club is it?"

Henry didn't know why, exactly, it seemed necessary for him to conceal his activity from Ellen. He knew she'd be angry with him for doing something

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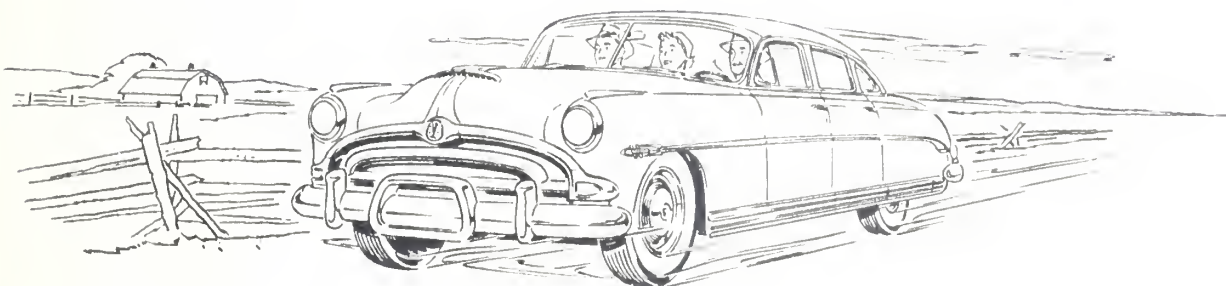
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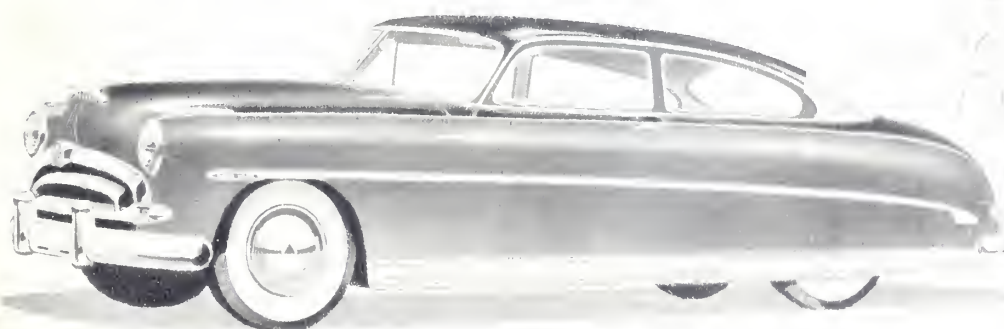
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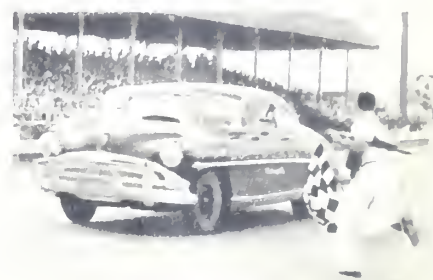
HORNET



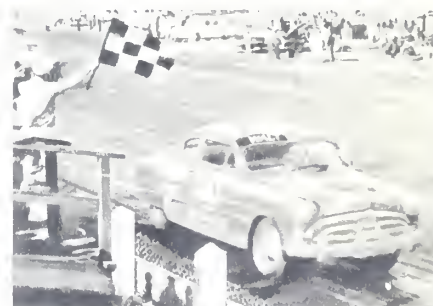
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foolhardy, of course, but that was not the whole answer. Vaguely, Henry felt guilty, as though, in his seeking for ultimate moments in this courtship of speed and danger, he were being unfaithful to his wife.

"Oh, just a sort of sportsman's club," Henry said. "You know, horses and yachts. And cars." It was technically true about the horses and yachts.

"Well, that's nice." Ellen was very conscious of their position in the community. Henry was sure that he had made his new activities sound just right to her, and he felt suddenly ashamed, ashamed and frightened of the way that they had drifted apart. There was something terrible about knowing a woman so well that you lied to her with an almost mathematical certainty, and yet not in a lovers' climate that made deceit impossible.

"Ellen," he said, and stopped. How many times had he tried to tell Ellen something, anything, and failed?

"You were spending too much time by yourself," Ellen said. "Moping out on that side porch." She was sitting at the inland escritoire he had given her years before, and that she had used constantly since. She was fingering one of her lists—of shopping or laundry or guests or household tasks. She looked at him brightly.

TOO brightly. It had been a long time since he had seen Ellen struggle with tears, since there had been any occasion for tears, or any other emotion, between them. Crashingly, it came to him that he, the deceiver, was the only one deceived here.

"Darling," Ellen said. "Don't you like me any more?"

"Of course," Henry said.

"Of course," Ellen said. "Nothing's of course. I try," she said. "I keep trying. I try to run the house the way I think you'll like it. I try to keep everything going so you'll never have to think about it. Even the children—I always tried to get there first, if anything happened, so you wouldn't be bothered."

"Listen," Henry said. "I'm only fooling around with some racing cars. I just got kind of interested."

"Racing cars?" It obviously meant nothing to Ellen. "You're acting infatuated," she said.

There was a loud crashing sound on the stairs that Henry realized was young Hank making a normal descent.

"Ellen!" Hank shouted. "El-len!"

"In here, dear," Ellen called.

"Shirts," Hank shouted, coming in. "No white shirts. Hi, Governor," he said kindly to Henry.

"Darling," Ellen said, "don't you think you could be a little more old-fashioned and just call us Mother and Father?"

"Okay," Hank said cheerfully. "I just hate to make you feel your age."

"Well, by God!" Henry exploded. A kind of loyalty to Ellen worked in him so strongly that he felt he would strike his son. "Well, by God..."

"Henry," Ellen said. They were both looking at him oddly.

"I'm reaching the point," Henry said to Hank, "where I don't care much what you think of me. But to speak of your mother..." His breathing labored.

But they didn't believe him. Of course they didn't believe him. Obviously they thought he was making another spectacle of himself, of his hurt vanity. Things, thought Henry—taking one more step backward, and into the refuge of defeat, accepting stiffly young Hank's bewildered apology—things were right back to normal.

He could never talk to Ellen, he thought later, alone. And there was no use trying, he assured himself, needing this prop, needing almost any old lie at all, now, to hold him up.

Henry had ordered the chassis for his new car, with his own modifications incorporated, from a California builder of racing cars. Partly from conviction and partly from irritation at hearing the virtues of European cars too often proclaimed, he had reworked a stock American motor for maximum power.

The whole thing, he decided, must have aesthetic appeal. Too many other cars had too much fairing-in disguised as streamlining, too many phony and unnecessary curves. The Italian influence that was attacking the American taste he found baroque at best, and usually ugly.

Henry's car emerged somewhat stark, reminiscent of prewar design. It looked exactly like his mental picture of it, perched powerfully within the firm spread of its wheels; and after he had driven it Henry knew that he was going to be as satisfied with its performance as he was with its looks.

He broke a fuel line the first time he entered it in a race. The second time, exuberant because at last he had a car of his own and because it held the road better than any he had driven before, he "spun out." The car lost traction while he was taking a sharp, flat corner, bounced off a hay bale, and shot backward into the ditch. The accident cost Henry a black-and-blue midriff, where his safety belt held him, and a twisted chassis.

"Henry, old boy," Jake said, "don't kill yourself. It gives the sport a bad name, and we like you around here."

Henry had no intention of killing himself. But the competitive urge was powerful in him; he began taking novice events and club rallies with regularity. By the fall of the year he felt ready to race in a *grand prix* effort.

"Good boy," Jake said. "I'll head up your pit crew."

"I thought you had your heart set on this one yourself," Henry objected.

"Listen, boy," Jake said, "I got you mixed up in this racket. It's up to me

to see you through your first big time."

"Can I take it, Jake? Can I win?"

Jake gave him a curious look. "You want to win too badly," he said. "It's none of my business why, but we both know something's pushing you into this too fast. You should be more seasoned."

Henry nodded. Jake was not inviting confidences.

"Outside of that," Jake said, "I'd say, good. You have wonderful reflexes for your age, and good judgment." Jake laughed. "Hell," he said, "you're going to win, boy, if it's what you want. Now come on, and let's practice cornering."

HENRY practiced a good deal, and when he wasn't driving his car he was tuning the motor or making adjustments to the car's running gear. He was home very little these days, but so far as he could see it made no difference to Ellen.

He made his excuses for the race week end long in advance. Ellen was used to having him travel occasionally for his firm. It was easy enough to tell her that he had to make an out-of-town survey, easy enough to spend the night before the race with Jake Belter.

It was necessary for Henry to run a qualifying race in the morning, before the *grand prix*, and he took this handily, happy to come in first and happier to know that at no time had he realized the car's limits, or his own. It was his first experience of a big and enthusiastic crowd, there in the little upstate country town, and he was not so sure that he was happy about that. There seemed, to Henry, to be something indecent in having this experience publicly; and he was worried about someone's meddling with the car.

"Never mind about it," Jake said. "The boys won't let anybody near it."

But Henry couldn't sleep. He had begun to jitter with nervousness, or eagerness. He paced irritably on the hotel veranda; when it was time to go he was shaking through his whole body.

The crowd was hard to control, clamorous for its favorites. In spite of all the stewards could do, Henry and Jake had to make their way by force

to the closed-off area that held the cars.

Somebody wished him luck, remembering his minor win of the morning, and then Henry saw the hat. It was the kind of hat that only Ellen could wear, and worn only the way Ellen would wear it. He grabbed Jake's arm.

"What's the matter?" Jake said.

Ellen was at the very edge of the crowd, a long way away. She waved. Beside her, young Hank was waving too.

"Come on, boy," Jake said. "We're holding things up. They're waiting."

Henry climbed into his car and pulled up the belt. His teeth rattled against the neck of the soft-drink bottle Jake handed him.

"You sure you're okay, Henry?" Jake said. "Don't drink too much. It bounces in your stomach."

"I'm okay," Henry said.

"Then start her up, boy. And luck."

He felt better with the motor rumbling up in the nose, with the whole pack of cars poised now about him. Even at idling, the noise was deafening; with the green flag, it broke like thunder.

Henry's was not one of the favored starting positions, but he made a strong bid for the lead at once. At the first corner he had cleared the pack, was trailing the five strongest contenders. He cornered on the thin edge of skidding, depending more on the car than on himself, and then she was gathering herself under him, hurtling herself after the fleeing tails of the other cars.

Nothing now but ride for a win. Nothing now but obey the accumulated experience of months, the fine-drawn knowledge of himself and his car. Nothing now for Ellen, and Henry held his mind closed against her, against thinking of her. If he was trembling now it was too intermingled with the vibrations of the car for him to know it. He was feeling fine now.

THE little black square of an underpass was leaping toward him, enlarging until it became a great maw that suddenly swallowed him. A solid chunk of his own car's noise was flung at him, and then he was through, braking, down-shifting, and losing speed against the engine. For a critical moment he let her float, and then he gunned into the turn. He saw one of the lead cars in the ditch, its driver standing up and signaling that he was okay.

Henry was closing fast. At the next turn another car "spun out" in a shower of hay and dust. Now there were three ahead of him and the long straightaway coming up. Henry pressed the gas pedal down firmly.

He passed one easily, began to duel with the second for the lead to a little humpbacked bridge. Ahead of him he saw the lead car make a tremendous spraddle-legged leap over the bridge, a leap that could hurtle a car end over end to destruction, and Henry knew it was time to slow. He was abreast of the car he was challenging now, and the other man held the pace until Henry felt the cold sweat of fright oozing under his armpits. Then abruptly the other car braked, conceding the position. Henry slowed and steadied himself for the bump.

The car took it well, landing true, so that there was no fight for control. Only gas and more gas for the final straightaway before the turn into the town's main street and the end of the first lap. He recognized the green lead car now. It was of fabulous marque, and Henry knew that the youngster who drove it had twenty times his experience.

Then the last corner, the ripping ac-



COLLIER'S

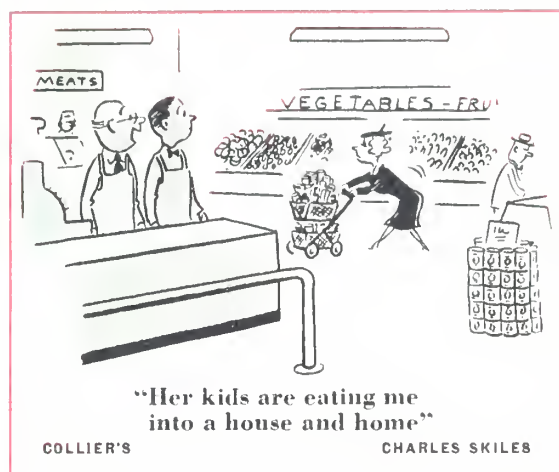
JOHN RUGE

celeration along the crowd-lined street, where somewhere Ellen was watching him; Jake holding the board with his time and position. Henry hardly looked at it. He knew all he needed to know for this lap. The green car must be challenged; the green car was the car to beat. Henry hit the corner with hard confidence.

At the straightaway he saw that he had closed the gap without yet hitting any limits. The green car led for three more laps; three more in which Jake's board told him that there was no serious competition behind, that he and the green car had taken the lap record.

HE LET it go for two more, and then he began nerving himself for his bid. It could be a win if he got out in front, Henry knew.

He swung into the street corner, the car pulled down briefly to twenty-five miles an hour. With his eyes adjusted now to picking out objects, he saw Ellen clearly. She was at the edge of the crowd, and she was standing perfectly still, her hands clasped in front of her.



"What about Ellen?" It was like a voice inside his crash helmet, and Henry shook his head impatiently, curving himself against his car's acceleration. He was right on the green car's tail now, and he cornered into the straightaway faster than he'd ever dared before. Then, with a fraction of power in reserve, he pulled up abreast.

The two cars were screaming up to terminal speed now, and the now familiar sensation of passing through a barrier into the mystic dimension of no motion and no time passed over Henry. Out of the corner of his eye he could see the other driver's face, set in lines of furious concentration. The green car was at its limit. All Henry needed was the will to use his reserve of speed.

But in this trance of terrific velocity, Henry's urge to win had become a nebulous thing, a confused value. Out of time, he attempted to debate the matter within himself when suddenly an expression of fright, or a gesture, from the other driver shrilled an alarm at him. The few, blasting seconds on the straightaway had run out. Somebody had to yield.

Somebody had to yield, and in near panic Henry found himself braking, saw the green car shoot ahead, and then brake down and corner with exquisite skill. The clumsiness of fear was on Henry now, and he hit the corner like a man who had never driven any kind of car before. He shrieked around it with the rubber straining to leave his wheels, and spun violently. Some saving reflex established a little final control. He sent hay from the bales flying in a shower, and his rear wheels plowed to a stop in the ditch. He hadn't crashed

in any final way, but by the time he had started up again, the green car had a winning lead. . . .

"Darling," Ellen said.

He was home now, sitting on the side porch, drinking his first highball in weeks. Henry felt he needed that highball. He was still ashamed and puzzled with the final failure of his courage.

"Darling," Ellen said, "I thought it was another woman."

Young Hank's jalopy roared deafeningly in the driveway, then was silent. The car's door banged, and Hank came running up the steps.

"Hey!" he said. "Listen. The guys at my club want you to come over and make a speech. Boy, is my stock up with them!"

"What?" Henry said.

"Listen," Hank yelled. "You're hot stuff. Second place in the biggest race of the year, in your own design."

"Don't yell," Henry said.

"Don't let me down, Dad."

"Well, I'll be damned!" Henry said. Pleasure stirred in him. "Okay," he said. "I'll make you a speech."

"Darling," Ellen said, "go away, please. I want to talk to your father."

"Right," Hank ran down the steps.

"Well," Henry spoke again. "I'll be damned."

ELLEN put her face in her hands. "I wish it had been another woman. Women are equipped to go through that, one way or another. But when Hank told me, when he said your name was in some magazine, and I found out what you really meant by fooling around with cars . . ."

Henry put out his hand and touched the top of her head.

Ellen looked at him and then stood up. Her eyes were glittering with tears and with a kind of fierceness. "You were rather magnificent," she said. "It kills me to tell you, but I have to."

Henry grinned. "Well," he said. His feeling of pleasure was definite now.

"But I can't compete with it. You'll keep wanting to try again. You'll keep wanting to win. A woman can't compete with that." She was standing beside him, very straight, her hands gripping each other, and it came to Henry that in Ellen this was an attitude of supplication.

"There isn't going to be any more competing," he said. "No more for me and no more for you."

He stroked her, gently, with happy intimacy. "I love you, Ellen," he said.

"And I love you, darling." She came down into his lap and kissed him. "You didn't have to risk your life to find out all this," Ellen said.

"Oh, yes, I did," Henry said. He thought of something. "I had to look for my moment of truth," he said, laughing now, feeling no distance at all between them, knowing that a good deal of the truth lay warm, now, within his hands.

"Truth," Ellen murmured. "Did you find it, darling?"

"Why, yes," Henry said. "I didn't recognize it, though. I had to come home for that."

Ellen lifted her head. "You know," she said, "I'm beginning to feel terribly flattered." She kissed him, hard, biting a little. "Darling," Ellen said. "You're such a fool." ▲▲▲

SYMBOL OF HOPE



• **FLOWERS** express man's hope for everlasting peace. Their delicate beauty and fragrance shut out doubt and darkness by symbolizing the love we hold for those we've lost.

And, because we love, we grieve. But, because we have faith, we look forward to immortality. To our soul's unspoken question on these solemn occasions, flowers whisper comfortingly, "Hope!"

Because . . . like life . . . flowers flourish and fade. But there is something in their vital beauty that cannot wholly perish.

When you can't be there with those who grieve, Flowers-By-Wire carry your sympathy across the miles.



LOOK FOR THE FAMOUS F.T.D.
MERCURY EMBLEM. IT IDENTIFIES
THE RIGHT SHOPS!

THE CUBS HAD ME SCOUTED

The men of Den 8 learn something about Marine Corps discipline from a drill instructor who wishes he had minded his own business

By HENRY GREGOR FELSEN

THE other day I returned home to find apples growing on the cherry tree, our house resting precariously on one chimney, and half my lot in the neighbor's yard.

For the moment I thought the Russians had dropped in, but then I remembered it was Tuesday, and that my wife had been playing weekly hostess to Den 8 of the Cub Scouts of America.

The fact that the dust was settling rather than rising indicated to me that the meeting was over. And indeed, a moment later I saw my wife in the smog, busily engaged in locating our younger children with one hand, and rebuilding our home with the other. I helped as best I could by filling my pipe, asking her for a match and complaining that I couldn't find the evening paper.

"The trouble with the cubs," I said, "is that their meetings are presided over by women instead of men. You den mothers mean well, but you don't know how to impose discipline on the lads. I have read up on these things, and I know that this havoc is not the fault of the boys, but it is a direct result of your mom-ism."

"Oh," she said sarcastically, "I suppose *you* could do better."

"Could," I admitted modestly. "After all, I was a drill instructor in the Marine Corps during the war. And I had more than ten sweet little boys to lead. I had sixty fouled-up civilians at a time to train. Why, if I had the little tykes for just . . ."

"You have," my wife said. "Next Tuesday."

* * *

I've always been a man of my wife's word, and when next Tuesday rolled around I was ready. I decided it would impress the boys if I were in uniform, so I got out my old Marine greens. Most people who put on their wartime uniforms after several years find that the uniforms have shrunk around the pistol pockets and the lower chest. My experience was the opposite. My uniform had grown like a wool mushroom in its dark trunk, and when I put it on, the sleeves came beyond my fingertips, the trousers came up under my armpits, and the belt sagged to my knees. Yet, with the gay ribbons that indicated my campaigns from Washington to San Francisco, I was pretty much the awe-inspiring leather-lung of the past.

At close to the appointed time for the meeting I took my place at the top of the front steps, head bent, neck outthrust, hands clasped behind me. My son, a member of Den 8, and hitherto a loyal staff member, had been dispatched to tell the other boys that I expected everyone to arrive on time.

Naturally they arrived on time. The entire group hove into sight at once, advancing slowly, as skirmishers, taking advantage of every natural terrain feature to scout me out as they approached. I remained motionless and grim of aspect until they stood in front of me.

I had intended to start off with a typical Marine Corps greeting, but when I saw these bright-eyed boys before me, with their innocent, trusting eyes

looking up at me with respect and admiration, the words "yard-birds," "feather merchants," "skin-heads" and other nomenclatures of the recruit died in my throat.

"Fellows," I said. "Men of Den 8, you are going to have a different kind of meeting this afternoon. We're going to do things the Marine way. And we'll show the world that there can be a den meeting where everyone has a good time, we can accomplish our mission, and finish our tour of duty without anyone getting hurt or any property getting damaged. Right?"

"Right!" they chorused.

"All right," I said. "You'll find me a commanding officer who is easy to get along with as long as everything is done my way, when I want it done, without argument or discussion. Now we're going to march down to the basement to hold our meeting. No talking in the ranks on the way, and everybody try to keep in step. Den . . . Aten . . . shun! Forward . . . HOO!"

Turning around smartly, I stepped off at the standard military pace, counting cadence as I led my boys. "Awn-up reep, reep fa yo low," and so on. Arriving at the back door I shouted, "Den . . . Halt! One . . . two!" And I turned around again to check my men.

They were all there, still in ranks. Mathematically it had been impossible for them to break step for a moment without getting left behind. They were with me, I had heard the tramp of their marching feet, and their faces shone with the same innocence and desire to co-operate.

How to explain, then, that the clothespoles were down, the side of the house was decorated with pictures and slogans, an old maple tree was snapped off at the base, and two cubs had black eyes?

I decided to overlook that which I had not seen, and to be more watchful in the future. I stood at the back door and issued another command.

"All right, you people!" I bellowed, getting some of the old toughness into my voice. "I want you to get down in that basement on the double. When you get there, freeze like statues until I arrive. Understand? Not a move! Now you have five seconds to get downstairs and three seconds are gone already. Move out!"

One at a time they scooted down the stairs. When they reached the basement they stood rigid, as I had commanded. When they were all down, I followed. I turned for perhaps half a second to close the door behind me, and when I looked again, my boys still hadn't moved. They *couldn't* have rolled their eyes without my hearing them. And yet . . . The furnace lay on its side, the guns on my wall rack had been taken down and completely field-stripped, there was nothing left of my prize mounted fish but the head and the skeleton, and four boys sported black eyes.

There was only one explanation for it. I was looking at some wreckage left over from one of my wife's meetings.

"Now, men," I said, "we will start the meeting.



The color guard will come forth with the colors, and we'll pledge allegiance to the flag."

"That's not the way we start," a shrill voice protested. "We say the cub promise first."

"We do not!" another, shriller, voice counter-protested. "We pledge allegiance to the flag first!"

"I guess I know more than *you*. I've been in cubs longer."

"Yeah, and you missed more meetings. I guess I know more than *you*!"

"You're both wrong," another voice shrieked. "We make the living circle!"

"Attention down here!" I bellowed. "Attention! Quiet! Aten . . . SHUN! Boys! I SAID TO SHUT UP!"

Suddenly I remembered the magic signal to regain quiet. I held up my right hand with two fingers extended, the traditional cub sign for attention. It worked, and they quieted.

"Now, men," I said, "you don't have any wishy-washy den mother to deal with today. You have a man here, and I won't stand for any more nonsense. From now on, anybody who wants to speak has to ask my permission."

And they did ask permission. They really did. Every one of them at the same time. They yelled for permission to speak, they screamed for it, they wrestled with one another and swarmed over me in their earnest effort to gain my attention. I went down under their combined weight, knowing in my



The boys were taking their punishment like real men. They were scrubbing the floor with the family toothbrushes

heart that they believed the cub who came out with the biggest piece of me in his teeth would be entitled to speak first. Eventually they tired, and I decided it was time to quit being soft.

"Just for that outburst," I said sternly, getting to my feet, "we will scrub the basement floor with toothbrushes before we go on with the meeting."

"I don't have a toothbrush with me," one of the lads complained.

My son came to the rescue. "We've got plenty in our bathroom," he yelled. "Let's get 'em!"

I tried to head them off at the stairway, but I was too late. By the time I reached the stairs they were in the house proper, and when I reached the bathroom it was already six inches under water. I turned off the water and stopped the wrestling matches in the closets.

* * *

When I returned to the basement the boys were taking their punishment like real men. They had buckets of soapy water, and were scrubbing the floor with the family toothbrushes. Those who hadn't found any of our toothbrushes were trying their best to get the floor clean with my wife's hairbrush, the fur collar of her new coat, and the cat's tail.

"Well done, lads," I said, hoping to interrupt them before any damage was done. "We will now pledge allegiance to the flag."

They pledged. It was a solemn, moving moment, followed by a thoughtful silence. I figured it was a good time to deliver a needed lecture.

"Boys," I said, "the youth of today are the citizens of tomorrow. How you learn to play the game of life in this basement will determine whether you make the varsity when the whistle blows to start the great game of Life Itself."

The first floor of the house suddenly fell in. I stepped aside, and, putting my foot on a chunk of rubble I once called my hearth, I continued:

"The simple virtues of discipline, obedience, fellowship and courtesy will remain when all the sham and dross has melted to dust," I said gravely. I paused while several explosions took place. "Civilization depends on you young people of today. Yours is the great responsibility of tomorrow. We must guard against allowing young boys like yourselves to be dominated by women, as it is obviously making milksops of you, and weakening your ability to get out in the world and strive like men and fight like aggressive male animals. Now let me say a few words about close-order drill."

At this moment my wife clambered over the wreckage and came to my side. "Is your meeting over?" she asked. "Dues collected? Project completed? Rehearsal successful? Treats distributed? New skills learned?"

My son, grimy and happy, bounded to her side. "Don't jeer, Ma. The poor devil is trying."

In another hour or so all the lads were tired, and bidding one another fond and affectionate farewells until next week, they went happily home, stopping to help old ladies cross streets and to remove splinters from the paws of limping dogs.

* * *

I creaked to my feet and began rebuilding the house. My wife stood by, watching. "How did the close-order drill go?" she asked. "And the iron discipline that enabled you to command sixty rugged Marines? Do you think having men take over the den meetings regularly would do away with the evil of mom-ism?"

I promised to give her a complete report in writing, in due time. But at the moment I pleaded with her to give me a hand in getting our house back together again.

Do you know how she helped with that task?

She took out a cigarette, asked me for a match, and complained because she couldn't find the evening paper!

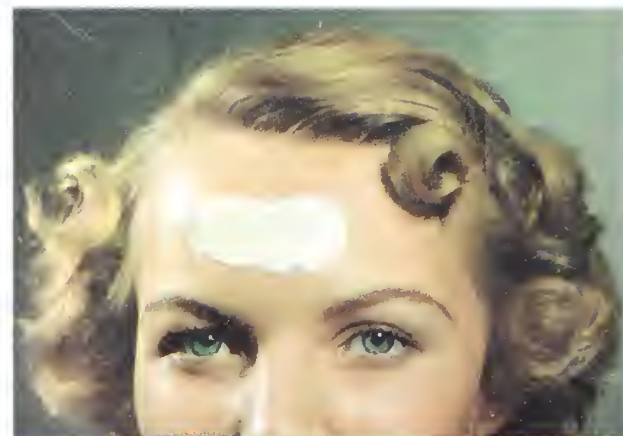
Well, that did it. So far as I am concerned, our boys can grow up to be the biggest sissies in the world. I am through trying to show the superiority of pop-ism when it comes to raising children. From now on, Tuesday afternoon is my afternoon to relax. I'm joining the Marine Corps reserve unit in town, and I'll be practicing amphibious landings under neat and quiet machine-gun fire. ▲▲▲

Scratching

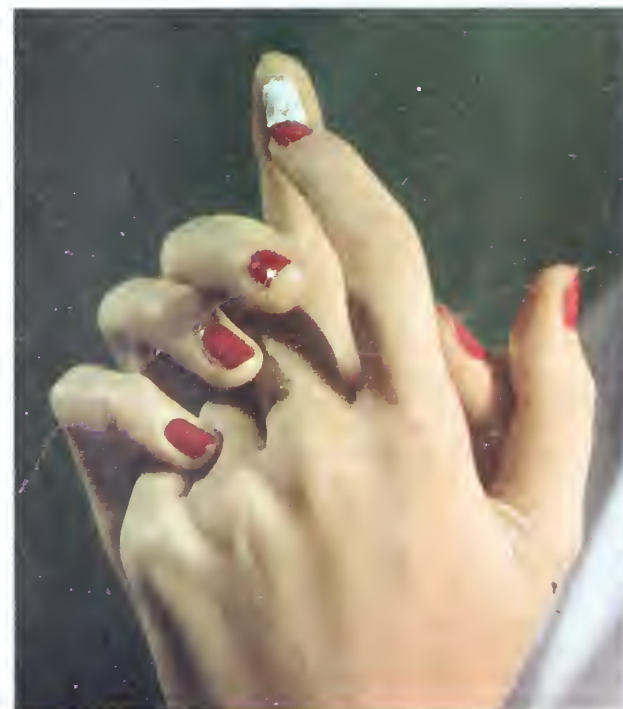
A doctor shows how far we'll

IF YOU think that people will go to any lengths to scratch where it itches, you are wrong. Dr. Theodore Cornbleet, a dermatologist at the University of Illinois College of Medicine, had long suspected that the response to an itch is not a random motion. He recently showed in a precise scientific study that all human beings of normal health scratch specific parts of their bodies with strokes of approximately the same measurements.

To obtain his data, Cornbleet worked with adult volunteers. Areas of their skin were smeared with ointment to reveal scratch marks, but though they knew they were being observed for scratching habits, to keep them from altering their normal motions they weren't told that the length of their scratches would be measured. For some, itching had to be induced by stimulating the skin with hairs or a fine wire; others were subjected to drug-induced irritations, but many began to scratch



Scratching across forehead requires average strokes of nine tenths of an inch to allay itch



Inside of finger tip takes one-tenth-of-inch scratches; palm gets about half-inch strokes



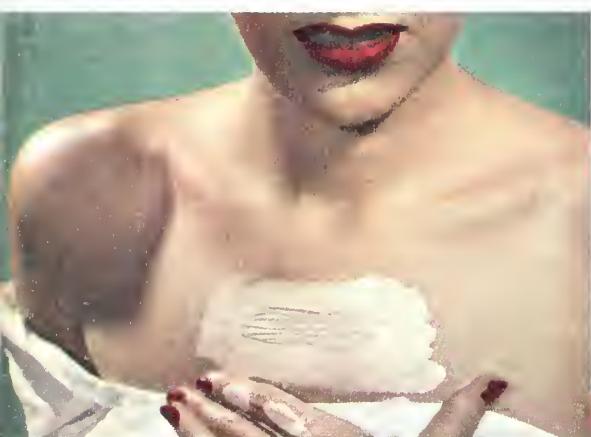
Student of scratching, Dr. Theodore Cornbleet shows how scratch marks left on ointment were measured for report that proved everybody scratches the same way

an ITCH

to ease a common problem

spontaneously after sitting before the doctor for two or three minutes with nothing else to do. After measuring scores of scratch marks on all parts of the body, Cornbleet found that skin areas in which nerve endings sensitive to touch are close together required short strokes; areas in which the touch receptors are farther apart required longer strokes. Because of the distribution of the tactile nerve endings, long scratches occur closer to the trunk; shorter strokes are used on surfaces farther away from the trunk. The inside surfaces of finger tips, for instance, were satisfied with strokes about one tenth of an inch long; the middle back needed strokes over three inches long.

What did Dr. Cornbleet accomplish? For scientists, he contributed to knowledge of the workings of nerve endings. For the rest of us, he helped assuage the common itch to know as much as we can about how and why we act as we do. ▲▲▲



Longer marks are made on skin less sensitive to touch. Chest average: almost two inches



Scratches on back of neck were just over two inches; on middle back, a bit more than three



Cornbleet's report had no length for nose scratch. Wondering what it would be, volunteer subject Rhonda Sherwood scratched thoughtfully, guessed quarter inch

Length of scratch on thigh is two and nine-tenths inches; like other scratching patterns it lengthens under influence of such things as cold, narcotics, fatigue



The Lovebird

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

flat-footed walk of the parrot, but with the quick, nervous pit-pit-pit of a sparrow. And as it went, it took bearings with the sly, swooping glance of all wild things, and the round black eyes, that had no pupils and gleamed like small black mirrors, seemed to warn, "I'm friendly, but don't try anything sudden or funny."

It was five weeks old, according to Mrs. Valdeyo. "Poke out your finger," she suggested.

The young woman did so. Without hesitation, the bird trotted up to her finger and, like a runner taking a hurdle, went over it. Then, tempted back by the red polish, it hopped on to her knuckle and started nibbling at the nail. The young woman squealed and clutched her husband's arm, and he smiled tolerantly. But at once, as if her touch on him recalled them to themselves, she let go. He took a step away.

"Oh, dear," the young woman said, "this I must have."

"Of course, if there are children, you'll have to be careful they don't hurt it. Children will do that without meaning to, you know," Mrs. Valdeyo said.

"There are no children," the young man said. "I believe you said this was a male?"

"Right," Mrs. Valdeyo was short because she was not happy about the sale. These people looked cold, supercilious—so modern. Mrs. Valdeyo used "modern" as a catchall to distinguish between the older and the more recent extremes of sophistication. It's all guts and glands and complexes now—no sentiment, no heart, was her verdict. Grudgingly, she said, "You see that bone over the beak? Well, that's the cere. It's hard to tell the color in so young a bird, but it looks bluish—blue for males, brown for females. The males talk better."

That was how Don and Laura Hoverley acquired a bird, a cage, a supply of seed and gravel, and a bottle of bird candy. Mrs. Valdeyo threw in a booklet on the care and habits of the Australian shell parakeet, often called budgerigar or budgie, and sometimes, incorrectly, lovebird. She came out to the doorway and watched them turn the corner. In the shop, Soldier was trying to hit a black-and-white kitten with the bottle.

"I do hope they give the poor thing a good home," Mrs. Valdeyo said, when they had gone.

MRS. VALDEYO was wrong about the Hoverleys. They were not supercilious or heartless. As young people go, they were kindly, affectionate, fun-loving and popular, with a talent for making and holding friends. Their marriage, now in its third year, was thought of as a long and flawless honeymoon. They were the envy of their circle. But, recently, the pleasant rhythm of their lives had been spoiled. It was nothing unusual or startling. It could happen to many people, and, as a matter of fact, does every day. But it was this very quality of being ordinary and everyday that made it all the more insidious and terrible to bear. And what Mrs. Valdeyo had assumed to be a kind of fashionable flippancy was actually the strained mask that hid a wretchedness that each was trying to keep from the other.

In the circle in which Don and Laurel had grown up, the relations between men and women were neither exagger-

ated nor underestimated; if anything, they were formalized into acceptable social patterns. Sex, for instance, was taken for granted. Whether you did or did not do something about it was strictly your own affair. Older people quite naturally expected something would be done about it, quietly, of course, and in good taste. They even suffered a momentary Freudian qualm when they were convinced that nothing was being done about it. But they did not interfere. They knew their own shortcomings. Their most intimate habits had been a subject for open jest, commiseration or astonishment.

THEIR children were more sensible. Their children's bank accounts, social ratings, politics, careers and styles might be, so to speak, on the table. But their emotions and instincts were their own. And so the young Hoverleys talked least about what they felt most. If you had to talk about it, there were always psychoanalysts who were paid to listen, and were presumably wise and tactful listeners.

They had carried this reticence into marriage. As long as they were happy with each other, it made no difference. But as soon as their pleasure in each other began to fade (not all at once but imperceptibly, by degrees, and not first with one and then the other, but with both together, as though a gas jet were being slowly turned off), then the habit of silence and privacy, enforced by the wish to spare each other, became one more burden piled on to the burdens of guilt and frustration.

It was not merely a lessening of sexual desire. Everything that marriage required them to do together—eating, sleeping, dancing, going to a ball game, seeing friends—all of it became tolerable only when done separately. One night they were listening to a news broadcast. The lamps were down; they were in pajamas, Don, with a glass of sherry, in the big wing chair, Laurel, with a liqueur, on the Chippendale couch. Suddenly a feeling of dismay swept over them, and each, secretly, looked down a dim, enormous empti-

ness with the horrified thought: I'm bored stiff and have been for a long time.

What use was there to search for reasons? There were none, or there were too many to understand. At any rate, it did no good to talk about it. If there was a comical side to this, the Hoverleys did not see it. They thought of it as a rotten break. Here they'd been going along, satisfied and pleased. They hadn't wanted a change. They didn't want to hurt each other. They wanted their smooth, pleasant and gracious way of life to go on, and they loathed what was happening. Still, it went on happening, as though ordered by a will and logic beyond their control. Not that they were less fond of each other. It was simply that, for no one reason or purpose, they had ceased to be lovers. And in their hearts burned the knowledge of irretrievable loss.

They tried to hide it, to seal it off. They made frantic efforts to be cheerful and amusing. Their devotion to one another had always been known; now their unflinching attentiveness excited wonder. Yet nothing helped. It all rang hollow. Gradually, they lapsed into a cool, brittle and dull detachment, interspersed by diversions that flared up briefly, and, failing to reawaken the old passion, came to nothing. Alone, silently, they suffered, shut off by their isolation from the relief of a good confession or the tumultuous cleansing of tears, recrimination or lament.

And this was the household into which Mrs. Valdeyo had sold the little parakeet.

AT FIRST, it seemed a very lucky arrangement. The bird was excellent therapy. The Hoverleys had scarcely placed his cage in an alcove formed by two huge casement windows, when they began to feel the impact of his personality. Using his beak as a third leg, he did a series of balletlike acrobatics. They found themselves talking about him, playing with and worrying over him. He was someone to love and to share. They had no trouble naming him. Both hit on McCorkle, after a

Bermuda fisherman who had taken them on a three-day cruise in the days when being together had been a superb new joy.

They decided that since he was a wild bird, they would give him as much freedom as possible. But as he had no control over what Laurel euphemized as "dropping doodles," they barred him from the kitchen and dining room. That still left him plenty of room to cavort. The Hoverleys had five luxurious rooms. The building they lived in had been designed by a famous modern architect with an eye to "conspicuous waste." It was elegant and chic, had a doorman who looked like a Western movie star, two elevators for passengers and one for freight, an incinerator, mail chute and college-trained superintendent. Their apartment was furnished with English and French antiques, and among their paintings were two Reynolds, an Inness and a Renoir. They had a maid who slept in and a cook who came to prepare dinner.

DON was the New York and New Jersey distributor for the Yak Farm Equipment Company, having inherited the agency on his father's death. He had an income of twenty-seven thousand dollars a year, to which was added Laurel's eighteen thousand dollars a year from a trust fund left by her uncle.

They spent several evenings poring over Mrs. Valdeyo's booklet. *The parakeet*, it said, *lives up to its nickname of lovebird. Actually, it is not a lovebird but has earned the title because of its nature, which cries out for companionship and love. If kept without a mate, it will transfer all the fervor of its passionate little heart to the humans around it.* This proved all too true. McCorkle was almost frightening in his demands for love. Uttering short shrill cries whose import could not be mistaken, he would nuzzle his soft head against the nearest hand, cheek or neck, begging fiercely to be stroked and petted.

McCorkle was curious, daring and full of tricks. When Don was brushing his teeth, he would fly to the brush handle for a free ride. Laurel couldn't bite an apple without hearing wings behind her. He had to taste what they ate, for the sheer pleasure of communion. Their guests were alarmed, on raising a glass of beer or whisky, to see a green rocket detach itself from the wall mirror and dive toward their heads. McCorkle liked nothing better than to perch on the rim of a glass and sip with a great affectation of daintiness.

"Some of our dear ones are not at their best after a few shots," Laurel remarked. "But I'm proud to say that McCorkle holds his like a gentleman."

In one respect, McCorkle was a flop. They could not each him to speak. Don and Laurel alternated in holding him on a finger, repeating slowly and clearly, "Mac-Cork-ell—Mac-Cork-ell . . ."

The small knobby head would cock smartly, the round black eyes would shut, the beak would gape distortedly, the throat would quiver as though in pain—in short, all the motions of speech without a sound. Don and Laurel were disappointed. "It's childish to care, isn't it?" said Laurel.

"Of course it is," Don replied.

The bird appeared to sense their disappointment. He would perch on the gilded frame of the wall mirror for hours, bobbing his head, chattering and



COLLIER'S

"Ed lives in a little world of his own"

VIRGIL PARTCH



COLLIER'S

ROWLAND WILSON

playing with his reflection, but now and then he would shut his eyes, open his beak and go through the tormented mimicry of human speech, to no avail.

One of their guests suggested slitting the parakeet's tongue to make him talk, but Don shut him up fast. "One more peep out of him, and I'd have slugged him," he said, after everyone had gone. Nevertheless, they wrote to the curator of the Bronx Zoo, and he advised that McCorkle might be slow in memorizing words because other birds were distracting him.

This was a shrewd guess. Their easements opened on a back yard that was dominated by a great branchy sycamore whose leaves flickered within inches of the sill. That tree was alive with sparrows, tough perky fellows who hopped out to the end of a branch and called to the parakeet. McCorkle, on hearing them, would flutter from window to window, beeping and shrilling wildly. One Sunday, the Hoverleys heard a staccato rapping like a telegraph gone mad. They rushed into the living room. McCorkle and a sparrow were dancing on either side of the window, rapping with their beaks on the glass.

As long as he was at liberty, the bird would not let them out of his sight. When Laurel bathed, he sat on her shoulder, licking at the drops of water clinging to her back. When Don was reading a newspaper, he would clutch the top of the sheet and, like a person eating corn on the cob, nibble his way across and back again.

WITH the coming of spring, the bird began to molt. Floors, tables and chairs were littered with colored feathers. Laurel pressed a couple of blue plumes, fallen from his tail, in a photograph album. She said nothing of this to Don for fear he'd think her silly.

One morning, while Don was still at breakfast, Laurel decided to clean the cage. Suddenly she gave a cry. Don hurried in, still holding the butter knife. "What's wrong?"

Laurel was rocking and gasping helplessly on the couch. She pointed waveringly at the bird perched precariously on her knee. "Brown, brown," she said.

"Can't be," Don said, in the tones of Mrs. Valdeyo. "When the cere is blue, he's a male."

"It's turned brown—he's a she!" . . .

On the surface, things seemed to be almost normal with them until one night Don came home from the office and Laurel met him at the door.

"Just listen to this," she said. "I was in the bedroom, doing my hair, and you know how that little devil can squawk? Well, I heard the most awful fuss in here, and I came in to see what was up. Well, there was a mouse—really, a live mouse, scooting over the rug—and right over his head, guess who? Miss McCorkle, if you please, strafing the mouse like an airplane. The poor mouse dived into his hole, and I'll bet we never see another in this apartment."

Don handed her his brief case. "She was jealous," he smiled. "She wants us all to herself."

HE WENT to wash up for dinner. The maid had the night off and Laurel began mixing Martinis in the kitchen, after lighting the oven to heat her casserole. Because McCorkle was on his shoulder, Don did not come into the kitchen. He stood in the doorway, watching his wife pour the drinks. Looking at her—a stunning girl, lively and athletic, her dark-gold hair soft around her thin tense features and her eyes the color of twilight—Don felt a surge of longing, and, with it, a pang of regret that it was so distinctly the longing of reminiscence, not desire. The bird reached up and nibbled his ear.

"McCorkle's a barrel of fun, isn't she?" he said.

"She is, wonderful fun."

"I'm glad we got her."

"Strange that a bird should make such a difference, but it is livelier since she came." She stopped, flushing, and there was an awkward pause; then she said, "That doesn't say much for two grown people, does it?"

"That may be, but it is like having another member of the family."

Laurel gave him a hard look. "If you mean what I think you do," she flashed out, "my answer is, I've been available for three years, ready, willing and able."

"We've both been ready, willing and able," he said. "And you know what the doctor said."

"Oh, shut up!"

Disturbed by the sounds of quarrel, the parakeet leaped from Don's shoulder to his wrist. He smiled wryly at it. "Them that can't, want to," he said, "them that can, won't."

They said no more about it. It was two years since they had consulted a doctor together, and nearly half as long since either had done any clinical research on the sly. There was no simple remedy. "You're both able to have

for every indoor-outdoor sport

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children," the doctor had assured them. "Keep on hoping. It might take months, it might take years—don't lose patience."

They had lost patience. They had lost hope. They no longer referred to it. But it was there, and unless they were alert, it broke to the surface, the more frustrating because nobody was at fault.

THE spring came on; the Hoverleys' estrangement ran its course; and reluctantly, Don and Laurel came to the end of the line.

In May, Don's firm called all distributors of Yak Farm Equipment to Chicago for a three-day series of sales conferences.

"Will you come?" Don asked. "Wives are invited."

Laurel nodded at the cage, covered for the night with one of Don's sport shirts. "What about Miss McCorkle?"

They glanced at the cage as though expecting a rebuke. By then, they were aware of the restrictions that went with Miss McCorkle's affection. She loved greatly, but demanded great loving in return. She brooked no halfway right to her possessions, and the Hoverleys were the most important and dear of the things she owned. While she was cheerful enough playing with her toys and visiting sparrows as long as the Hoverleys were about, she abandoned these diversions and sulked as soon as Don and Laurel went away. The maid was afraid of her, and the bird seldom went near her. When the Hoverleys left for an afternoon, she would fly to the top of her cage and sit there, brooding darkly, a forlorn thing, until they got home. Then it would take a treat of candy and much coaxing to win back her favor.

"The trip would be a fine change for both of us," Don said. "Besides, we can't run our lives to suit a bird."

"There's no reason why we couldn't board her at Mrs. Valdeyo's," Laurel said firmly.

For a small fee, Mrs. Valdeyo asserted that she would "take over the responsibility" of caring for Miss McCorkle. Her grumbling softened after a thorough inspection of the parakeet, which she pronounced "in mighty good shape, I must admit."

The Hoverleys went on to Chicago, and to divorce.

The sales and promotion conferences began at eight in the morning and ended promptly at three in the afternoon. This gave the distributors and salesmen a chance to show their families around the city. Don and Laurel felt out of it the moment they arrived. They had little but business in common with the others, who were, in the main, middle-aged executives—heartly, loud, provincial and innocently coarse. But among them was one couple—the Creghorns, of Dayton, who seemed of the same age as the Hoverleys. The two couples gravitated toward one another and formed an alliance for the week end.

Will and Sidella Creghorn were very unlike the Hoverleys; they had neither poise nor beauty, money nor social position, culture nor wit. They were awed by the magnificence of Chicago and the Hoverleys. Will was skinny, pigeon-chested and rumpled, about two years younger than Don. Sidella was a short, meaty girl, addicted to sheer, flouncy dresses, and obviously just out of her teens. They had been married only six months, and were full of naïve delight in each other. They couldn't resist telling the Hoverleys all about it.

"Why say, when I bought her her first pair of shoes, she hung them around her neck," Will chuckled.

"You never had it so good," Sidella said, and then turned to Laurel. "He's gained four pounds already, and his mother's so jealous."

After three hours and six highballs together, the Hoverleys could stand the Creghorns no longer and retired to their hotel room where they gave way to sour jesting.

"Oh, those sheep's eyes and itchy hands—ugh!" Laurel said, crossly kicking off her shoes.

"You'd think they discovered the secret," Don said.

And Laurel said, "It's much too good for them—really."

Will Creghorn, who was at the conference to assist his father, an agent for Yak products, was impressed with Don already in charge of such broad and lucrative territories. Sidella was overwhelmed by Laurel's wardrobe and air of "having seen the show before." The Creghorns were so happy that they imagined everyone else was too, and they would have been shocked to learn that the older, richer and more brilliant couple actually envied them. As the week end wore on, the Hoverleys grew less critical of the Creghorns, and more so of themselves. The reminder of what they had lost stood before them, in the flesh, and they did not like the contrast between their weary, amused indifference and the fresh, ardent hunger of the newlyweds. They were glad when the conferences came to an end and they could bid the Creghorns good-by.

On the train, returning home, Don said, "I'm sorry it was so dismal."

"Oh, it doesn't matter."

"Those Creghorns weren't much help."

Laurel sighed. "It wasn't pleasant, seeing the you and me of three years ago, and then going back to our room—and nothing."

"I suppose we were like that once," Don said.

"And it will never be that way for us again."

Exactly how or when the truth had broken out between them, they didn't know. But they sat up straighter, and their silence was like a gasp of recognition. Then all pretense dropped, and they found themselves curiously and precisely in agreement on the need to part, and on the terms that would be convenient to both, pending court action for divorce. They spoke lightly, in "the civilized manner," yet they hadn't come to this lightly, nor were they bearing it lightly: It was simply that the problem had festered so long that the only emotion left them, at this moment of tearing apart, was sadness at their relief.

But what about Miss McCorkle?

THEY had been so engrossed in their plans that they had forgotten her. If they didn't like her so much... But they did. It was a bother.

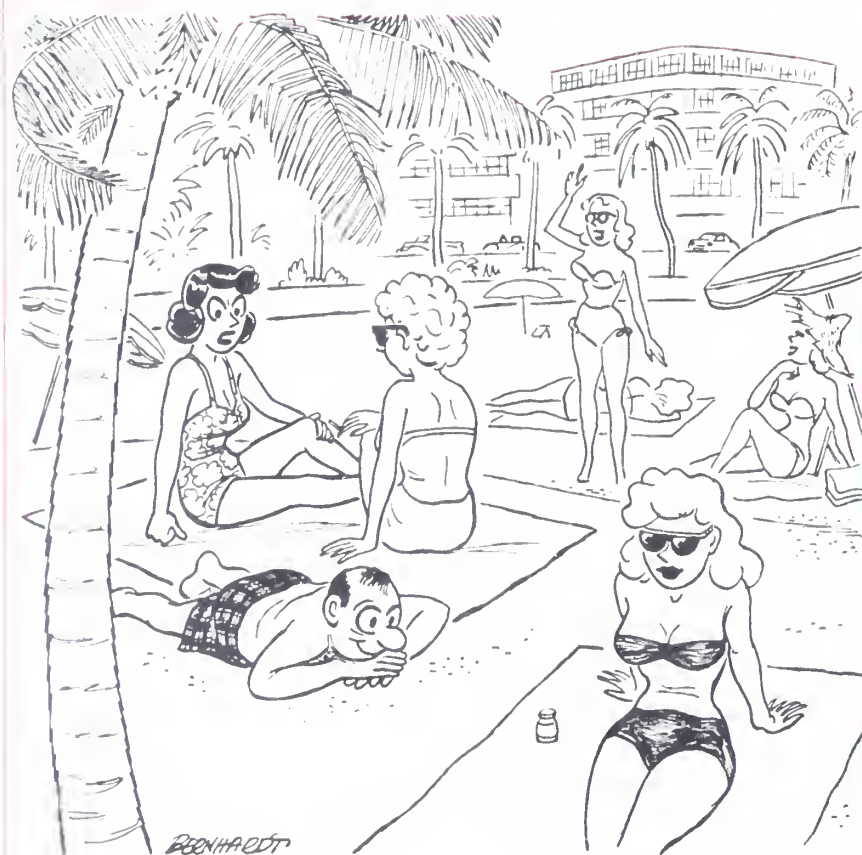
"I suppose you'll take her," Don said. He was selling hard, so he took an easy, careless tone.

"Why me, why shouldn't you?" Laurel said.

Don glanced out the window at the countryside greenery swirling by, and he wished he could leave his problems behind half as fast. "You're keeping the apartment," he said, "and that's the home she's used to."

Laurel faltered. "No," she said finally, "she likes you best."

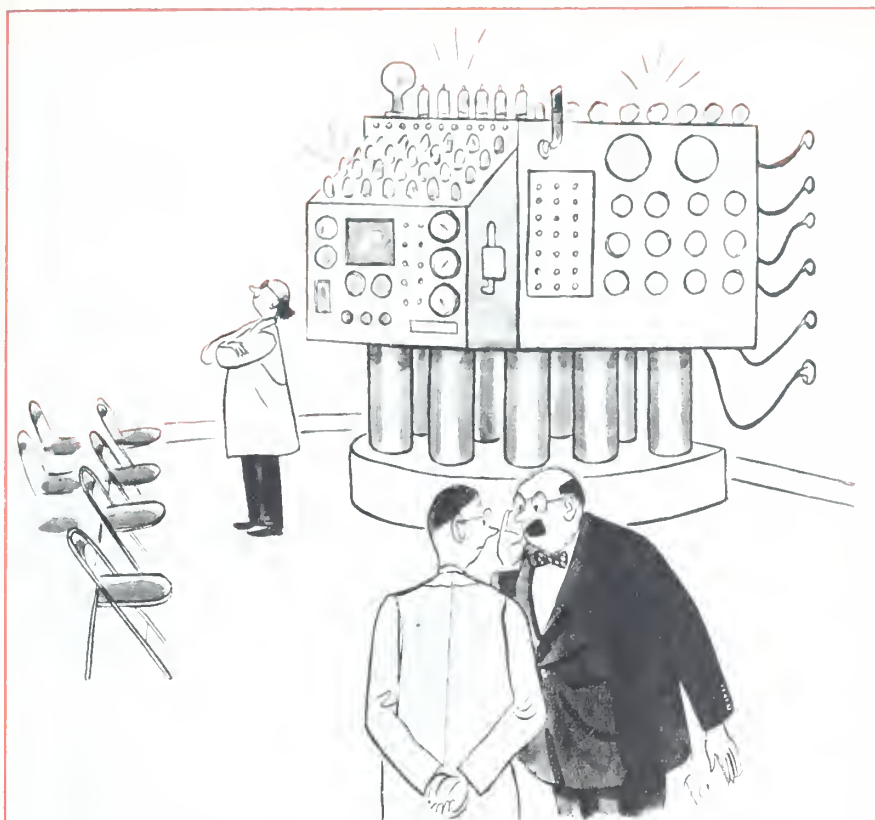
Of course they knew that neither wanted the bird. The reason they were destroying a marriage they had once been proud of, was that they had grown desperate for a new start, another chance at love and fulfillment. Knowing themselves, they knew there could be no hope for that, unless they shut the door on the past. There was no denying that Miss McCorkle had by then become integral to their past. She was



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the last of many experiments that had failed. For the rest of the trip, they did some halfhearted adding and subtracting on the problem, but the sum remained the same. "We must be practical—we have our own lives to iron out—after all, it is only a bird."

It was significant that in this crisis "she" had become "it" once more.

They did not wait to get out of Penn Station before calling Mrs. Valdeyo to tell her she could keep the parakeet and the cage. She was singularly ungrateful for the gift. She sounded quite bitter.

"Don't you realize, you people, that you are the whole world to this bird?"

But now that the Hoverleys had set their feet onto separate paths, they were anxious to move as fast and far as possible. They hung up.

DON went to stay at his club, Laurel to visit her parents in Southampton. She was away a week, then returned to the apartment, and began a hectic fight against loneliness. The first day in, she made seventeen telephone calls, to let whoever might be interested know that she was back in circulation. On his part, Don had already cast his lines out. Popular and attractive as ever, they were besieged with invitations and appointments, and were soon whirling about in an aura of imminent adventure. Meanwhile their lawyers were stitching the fabric that would give society's sanction to their accomplished fact.

They were traveling in different circles now. But occasionally, on their jaunts through the entertainment areas, they would meet at a hat-check stand or in the lobby of a theater. Under the watchful eyes of their companions, they would remark on how well they were looking and trust that their families were in good health. And after the handshake, perhaps an afterthought flung over a shoulder, "McCorkle—she okay?"

"Can't really say—haven't heard..."

They were stunned to learn, after four weeks of this, that the little parakeet had died.

Don had just got in from his office. He was dressing for a date that evening when Laurel telephoned to ask him to stop by. The note of suppressed hysteria in her voice frightened him, and he lost no time hurrying over to the apartment. The maid let him into the living room. Laurel was standing in the alcove, gazing out on the rustling foliage of the sycamore tree. This was the first intimate look Don had had of her since their parting. He saw that she was thinner, and her eyes looked hurt.

"Oh, that stupid, nasty woman!" she exclaimed.

"Whom you talking about?"

"That Mrs. Valdeyo. Look what she sent me—us. The package says *Mr. and Mrs. Hoverley*."

She gestured to an open cigar box on the marble-topped commode. Don approached it and looked down. On a bed of pink rose petals lay the stiffened body of Miss McCorkle, the black eyes open, the beak clenched in the death spasm. Mingling with the odor of the rose petals was the smell of decay. A note lay next to the box. Don picked it up. Written in a jagged angry hand, it informed them that the bird had stubbornly refused to eat or play, and had gradually weakened and died. With a brutal, literary flourish he would not have expected of Mrs. Valdeyo, the note concluded: *Shakespeare, or somebody, once said, "Men have died... but not for love." A pity we can't say the same of little birds.*

"Damn her, damn her, damn her!" Laurel said, and she began to cry.

Don started to put his arm around her, but thought better of it and patted her hand. "She's not nasty," he said. "She's a silly, sentimental woman, and she feels we were responsible."

"We were. We were responsible."

"Well, I guess that's true."

"Why couldn't she have just buried the poor thing and left us alone? It's hard enough trying to get adjusted."

"It is hard—for me too. Still, it would have been harder with the bird."

"I know."

"She'd always have reminded us."

"I know—we had to get rid of her. But she lived for us, and we said, 'She's only a bird.'"

"That's childish, Laurie. Besides, I'm the one who said it."

"But I agreed—and now I feel so cheap. That word 'only.' That's us, right down to the core. Only a child. Only a marriage. Only a bird. I hate that damned word."

"Hate it then, but what can you put in its place?" He began pacing haphazardly, his fists pressed together before him. "Don't you see, there can't be any absolutes for us. If there were, we'd end up in the alky or psycho wards."

"We had to separate—there was no other way."

"If what we used to have meant nothing, then we could have gone on pretending. Because then we'd have lost nothing. But what we had together, Laurie—once you've had it, you can't go on without it. That's not something you can have, and lose, and go on as if it didn't matter. You know that."

"I know we can't make ourselves over," she said. "But she loved and loved—and there was no measure to it, and no stopping it."

"So she had to die."

"That's what it comes to, doesn't it?"

LAUREL ran into the bathroom. She washed her face and put on fresh make-up. When she came out, Don was standing where she had left him, staring at the dead bird.

"Donny," she said. She glanced at him timidly. "Would you think it awfully—silly and sentimental—to bury her in the yard?"

"Hell, why not?" he said.

They closed the cigar box and wrapped it in a sheet of silver Christmas paper, then took the elevator down to the basement. There was a door that led to the yard. Laurel held a flashlight while Don, using a cake knife for a spade, scooped out a hole under the sycamore. Into this hole, they put the box, and shaped and pressed the earth tightly around it. On top they placed a rock the size of a watermelon. A cat with a bell dangling from its collar slid uneasily along the whitewashed brick wall. Whatever sparrows were about were silent.

Don held his wrist so that light fell on his watch. "It's past eight," he said. "I'll have to get along."

"Yes, so must I." She had turned off the light. "Well, thank you for coming right over, Donny," she said. "It was awfully kind."

"Listen here," he said. "Just because we've separated, let's not forget that we are people of breeding."

They stood there, looking into the darkness, a thousand things begging to be said.

"Do you know, Donny," she said, with a frown of thoughtful bewilderment, "tonight's the first real breakdown-and-cry talk we ever had?"

He nodded. They were thinking of the small, inarticulate creature that had been brought so casually into their home and had filled it with the fierce, unrelenting bounty of its heart. Its stay with them had been an indulgence they did not feel they had deserved. Now it was gone, and their life together was gone too.

She turned her head and made a droning cry. "Oh, Donny, Donny, why couldn't we have loved each other the way she loved us?"

His bitterness was like a larger sorrow. "I suppose that's part of being human," he said.

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The man saw him and grew tense, as wary as any animal, but he showed no other sign of fear as he watched the great beast that was cutting off his escape.

Honorable Death of a

In the arctic there are always some walruses unlike the rest of their kind—meat-eaters.

THE previous days had been desperate; towering mounds of ice had been crashing around the rogue walrus as a storm from the Bering Sea, whipping up toward the North Pole, had fractured the solid arctic pack into separate floes. During the winter the ice had been frozen into a nearly continuous field; but with the advance of spring, the cover of snow had melted and run into cracks and made it possible for the pounding winds to split up the pack. The floes were of iceberg size, with ridges extending skyward fifty and sixty feet, and with bases under the surface several times as deep. The gale tossed them about like rudderless ships, driving one into another.

To survive the chaos, the walrus had had to be active, to stay awake, for several days and nights, and by the storm's end he had been exhausted. Climbing onto an ice cake, he had had a long sleep. Now he was awake, lying on his back, enjoying the warmth of the sun on his belly, and seeing in every direction the new, open lanes of water through which he could leave this realm of eternal ice between Wrangel Land and the northern coast of

Siberia. Through those lanes he would be able to go to his summering grounds off the coast of Alaska, where he would find the great walrus herds from the Bering Sea. There, perhaps, old and aching desires might be fulfilled.

The air was still stirred by the storm's trailing gusts, but they were not lifting the water. Its surface was placid, protected by the tall structures of sapphire-blue ice. The floes had spread out on the sea, forming small, intimate chambers and stately courtyards, one opening into another. All were floored by the polished water, and prismatic colors shimmered from the water to the crystal walls. The sky overhead was a cloudless dome of blue light.

The walrus' hind flippers were spread to the sides, relaxed; he was idly scratching himself with his fore flippers. With the back of his head on the ice, the two sharp, white tusks, that grew to a length of ten inches out of his mouth, pointed skyward, as did the bristles that covered his upper lip. The bristles were thicker than porcupine quills, and he viewed the world through their mesh. He was able to see all around him because his eyes, though not

large, had a mobility almost like those of a lobster.

He was watching a flock of fulmars and gulls that were soaring about in the air, waiting for him to start hunting. The remains of his meal would furnish their nourishment; meanwhile, they scanned the water for starfish, capelin and shrimps. The sun, shining through the translucent white wings, outlined the birds' curving sides.

Summer and sun and movement, these were all present on that day, which was June 22d. As the walrus' eyes followed the gulls, a long, undulating line of ducks traveling in single file appeared out of the north. They were Pacific eiders—the males—leaving their mates in the nests on Wrangel's low treeless hills. Birds flying south were a reminder that the sweet season about to begin would not last for long.

On the journey the walrus would soon undertake, he would see life everywhere—on the coast, in the skies, in the seas. But within a few weeks all the migrating flocks and their young, most of the fish, the whales, and the other walruses would have deserted the arctic. The polar bears would



the walrus reared until his immense chest was out of water

Rogue

By SALLY CARRIGHAR

man-killing beasts, cut off from the herd, lonely and wild

remain, the white foxes, and some of the seals, but they would be scattered. Days would pass in which the walrus would have no glimpse of a living creature. The banner of ducks, rippling through the sky on the opening day of summer, was the first warning of autumn.

He rolled himself onto his side, more than a ton of flesh, and reared his head, like the peak of a pyramid, over the massive and spreading girth of his chest. If seals were not here in these waters, the rogue must seek them, today, before he proceeded eastward, for he had not had any food since the start of the storm. Hooking his tusks in the ice, pulling himself along while he pushed with his fanned-out flippers, he came to the edge of his floe. As he dived, he seemed almost as boneless as a gigantic snail, yet his tumble was not without grace. With his weight gone, the ice rose two feet.

He swam with smooth, noiseless strokes, his flippers moving more freely than those of seals. The gulls accompanied him. They would warn his prey that he was coming, but he could not disperse the birds nor could he hide from them. Even though

he was submerged most of the time, he was still visible to them in the clear arctic sea.

This was not his best hunting ground, for the arctic floes were so high that seals could not pull themselves up onto them. The walrus could do it by making a swift, upward lunge, hooking his tusks over the edge and then hoisting himself out by the elbow of one of his flippers. The seals lacked the tusks. But there should be seals down in the water. All winter they had been there, breathing through the holes in the ice that they had made—an ability not possessed by the rogue. Through what cracks he could find in the ice field, he had gone below and had captured enough prey to live, though not to live well; and his foraging had not been easy.

He soon heard a promising pulse in the sea, steady and rhythmical. He approached the disturbance cautiously and, a few feet under the surface, discovered a small seal absorbed in chasing its tail. Till the gleaming and murderous tusks were upon him, the seal did not notice the rogue. Then, clapping his hind flippers together sole to

sole and using them as a rudder-propeller, he shot out of sight into a cavern below the ice.

The walrus pursued him. The cavern opened into a free area between floes, and the chase became faster. Sometimes the two were in uncluttered channels, sometimes under the ice, in and out of the shadows. The seal was not only quick, he was adroit at swinging around turns difficult for so large an animal as the rogue; and yet it was curious that the walrus had not succeeded in catching his prey. This was something new: that a seal so young could escape. The rogue drove himself, but his body was not streamlined. It was formed with its bulk at the shoulders, and not for speed.

If the rogue's life had been normal, he would not have attempted to catch any prey so swift. Now in a straight stretch, the seal drew away from him. It was disconcerting, even alarming, that the walrus could not overtake such an immature victim, yet he gave up the effort. He hung at the surface, much winded, only his nostrils out, panting, needing rest.

THE chase had taken the walrus southward. He was in thinner ice now, not blue like the older floes but green-silver. When he recovered, he swam ahead in the same direction and entered a loose, white drift of pans and cakes of ice that were frothy and porous. This was the kind of ice where the seals, basking on top, often could be surprised.

But it was not the scent of his usual prey that alerted him next; it was the scent of a human—the eater of walrus flesh. The rogue's head went up instinctively, lifting his tusks to the attacking position. New strength seemed to surge through his muscles. He was again in his prime, filled with a compulsion to slaughter.

The man was an Eskimo; his own scent was mingled with those of his sealskin boots and caribou parka and wolverine ruff. Combined with these others was the scent of a freshly killed hair seal, but the rogue scarcely perceived it, for his fury was more stimulating than his hunger. Now he was approaching the long, nearly straight edge of the shelf ice which was attached to the shores of Siberia. If the man he scented was up on the ice plateau, the rogue would not be able to reach him. He would know soon.

He saw the Eskimo several minutes before the man was conscious of him. The man was kneeling on a floating ice pan beside the carcass of the seal. He had ridden his dog sled from shore to the brink of the shelf ice to hunt, and had shot the seal in the water. Leaving his gun on the sled, he had gone out to retrieve his seal, using the small pan of ice as a raft and propelling it with a paddle tied onto his harpoon.

The walrus swam into the lane of water between the man's raft and the shelf ice. The man saw him and grew tense, as wary as any wild animal. The rogue could detect emotion in the man's heightened odor, but the hunter showed no other sign of fear as he watched the great beast that was cutting off his escape.

Staying out of the range of the harpoon, the walrus reared until his immense chest was out of the water. He roared and bellowed and flung his head back, and then he suddenly jabbed it forward, a motion born of his wish. He charged along a few feet and repeated the threat. Whenever he wished, he could dive, come up from beneath and upset the floe, and then, grasping the man between his fore flippers, he could attack with his tusks. But he was not ready yet. He was controlling the situation entirely, prolonging the pleasure of the hunt.

He had more cause than he knew to resent a man, but he knew enough. He could not remember as far back as his infancy, but he had had recent encounters with human beings. Hunters had speared him and shot at him; he was carrying several of their bullets under his skin. But their greatest injury to him he could not comprehend. . . .

The incident had occurred when he was two months old, migrating north with his devoted mother and protective father. It had been June, as it was now, and his family, with numerous others, had relaxed on a wide field of floating

ice which transported them without effort over the sun-bejeweled length of the Bering Sea. A thousand-mile trip lay ahead of them. While the mothers nursed their young, the other females were being courted. All enjoyed the sway of the ice and the waves that splashed on the edge of the field. After they had passed the Yukon delta and Cape Nome, they came to Sledge Island and the sheer cliffs of King Island, where thousands of gulls, kittiwakes and murrelets wheeled out from their nests at the sight of the herd.

The older walrus knew where the clam beds were; and when the ice moved over them, some would dive down to the floor of the sea to rake their long tusks into the mud for the shellfish. They worked rapidly, for the ice was moving northward at a rate of better than twenty-five yards a minute, and it was a matter of survival not to be left far behind. Walrus had died of exhaustion in trying to overtake ice that had gone too far ahead. And so, when the little one's parents had left him in order to forage, they never were gone very long, and he did not dive down to the beds himself. He would not do any digging until he was two years old. His tusks would not have grown out until then, and in the meantime he would be nursed.

THE sociable herd was able to stay together as far as the bottleneck of the Bering Strait. There a wind from the north broke their field of ice into many small floes. The walrus would be separated briefly; but within two or three days, the current would take them all to Point Hope and on to Icy Cape on the arctic coast of Alaska. For the present the family of three lost sight of the others.

They passed through the strait, but beyond it the family's floe drifted into a fleet of white men's whaling vessels. The ships were waiting there till the arctic ice should withdraw far enough so that they could proceed up the coast in their search for whales, and they were filling their time by taking some walrus—sea horses, they called them. Walrus blubber yielded only a little oil; the prize was the ivory of the tusks.

A small boat put out from one of the ships. As it approached the floe, the three walrus dived. The little one rode on his mother's back, grasping her neck with his flippers. They were safe in the depths of the water, but they had to rise frequently to breathe. And the walrus swims in a straight line instead of maneuvering, as a seal or a whale does. By following long enough, therefore, the men were able to make a sure strike.

The one that they killed was the mother. She had clasped her young one to her breast in her fore flippers, shielding him even while shot after shot was striking her. Then her embrace relaxed suddenly, and the bewildered young one followed the boat as it towed his mother's body back to the ship. At the vessel, a cable was fastened around her chest, and her body was hoisted on board. He tried to work his way up the side of the ship, slapping against the hull with his flippers. The sailors did not want to kill him, for he would be of no value to them, but one of them thought of something amusing—they



COLLIER'S

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would take him on board for a while. He too was hoisted up. On the deck was his mother. She lay there, curiously inert, but surely she would soon make some sign. He crawled onto her back, as he had done so often, and patted her sides with his flippers. His breath was coming in short gasping sobs. The men stood in a circle around him. Some laughed, but not all.

"Oh, come on, put him back in the water," one said.

The young walrus was thrown overboard. He swam to his ice floe and there found his father, who would have defended his family if he had not become separated from them.

The floe carried them to more-distant ice, where they were out of the men's sight, and safe.

For a few hours the young walrus

only problem was loneliness for his mother. Then he began to be hungry. When his father dived to the ocean floor for a meal of clams, the little one went down with him, but he had no means of getting food. His discomfort increased. For three days he moaned and cried plaintively, finally staying on the ice most of the time. The fourth morning a small seal climbed onto the floe beside him. It did not fear walrus; they did not attack seals, at least not if their normal nourishment were available. But the young walrus was starved. He was several times the size of the seal and had several times its strength. He killed it and tore off its skin, and though he did not relish its flesh, he ate it.

THERE were many seal infants in the ocean whose mothers had already left them, for the seals, living on shrimps and fish, learned early to take care of themselves. The walrus caught others, although his hunting became more difficult when he began to have the revealing scent of a flesh eater. It was an odor the seals quickly recognized and took flight from.

By the time he and his father found the herd again, the other walrus detected the change in him. The mothers particularly, with their own young to protect, would drive him away. He stayed farther and farther out on the edge of the herd as the summer advanced. When the rest of them left for the south on the drifting ice, he was not with them. He paid no attention to their going, nor did he follow. He had become an outcast before he was six months old, a rogue walrus, as men would call him, one of those who ate and acquired a taste for warm-blooded animals rather than shellfish, because their mothers were captured before the digging implements of the young had matured.

There were a few such rogues in the

arctic at all times. Every hunter could recognize them. On their rich fare, they grew larger than other walrus, and they also could be identified by their tusks which, being used for an abnormal purpose, remained short and were pushed out on a sidewise slant, no doubt from the rogues' efforts to get their mouths into their meat. Their temperaments were ferocious, for they lived by killing. Some Eskimos never tried to take a rogue; they were too apt to attack.

In spite of the meanness that he had developed, the rogue never ceased to long for the companionship of his kind. For a few weeks each summer, he went from his wintering ground near Wrangel Land to the outskirts of the walrus' congregation at the clam beds off Icy Cape. Still pursuing his hunt for seals, he would be in sight of the herd. He could hear their deep and resonant chorus. When the wind was right, he could get their scent, the scent especially of the females. He never had known a female, though in other circumstances he probably would have been a mate faithful through life.

The herd which came north did not include any walrus as old as he. After their vigorous years were over, the walrus remained on the small Punuk Islands, southeast of St. Lawrence Island, a southern resort with prolific clam beds offshore and a climate mild for the north.

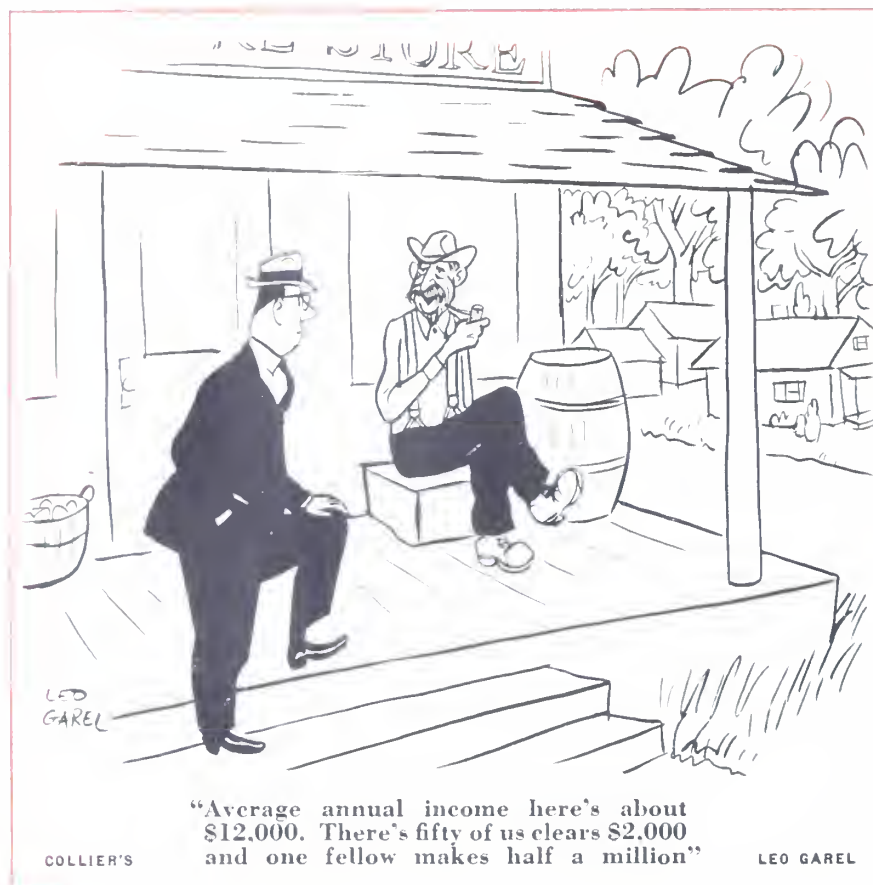
On the Punuks the ancient ones foraged and swam together and loafed on the beach, lying in such a close pack that one could not lower his head without jabbing his tusks into his neighbor's hide. They grumbled and bickered a little, but the arrangement was in fact sociable, safe and easy—as pleasant an old age as animals anywhere knew. The rogue should have been sharing it. That last deprivation was the final injury men had done him. He had known so many years of misery, and now, on this day, one of the human beings responsible for his suffering could, any time that the rogue wished, be his victim.

THE Eskimo on the ice raft got to his feet. He held the harpoon aloft in his hand while his feet, wide apart, were braced against knobs in the ice. He weighed less than a tenth as much as the walrus, but his face and his movements showed guile like that of an arctic fox, an animal that the walrus knew but had never been able to catch. Courageous and poised, the man waited.

The walrus lowered himself in the water and blew out his breath just below the surface, causing a shower of spray. He came up again, water dripping from his tusks and the bush of bristles upon his lip, and he flung his head back and bellowed again his horrendous threat. His prominent eyes appeared bathed in blood to the man, who turned away from the fearsome sight. The walrus detected this weakening, and his roars became louder. It did not lessen his anger to smell the dead seal and see the man apparently guarding that meat.

Each time the walrus dived under the surface, the impulse to upset the ice pan took shadowy form, yet each time he rose again and repeated his menacing show of anger. He was greatly enjoying this contest. It gave him a flash of pleasure to see the man lower the harpoon, now, in his tired arm, later to see him drop to his knees, to pass his hand over his eyes in a gesture of dizzy fatigue. By stages, the walrus was conquering.

Meanwhile, he too was becoming a little tired. His strength was not as it



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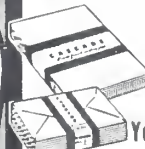
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had once been, and his capacity for strong feeling, for passionate wrath, also had dimmed. The fearful and bloody mauling that would have given him exhilarating satisfaction a few years earlier began to seem arduous, like climbing upon a high ice cake or like the swim which he would soon make under the conflicting currents north of the Bering Strait. Now moments came when the smell of the seal on the ice was more provocative than the man's helplessness.

Late in the evening a quietness spread across the sea. The birds—the auklets, paroquets, murres and cormorants—which had been canting by, all had disappeared. The fulmars and gulls were perching sleepily about on the ice. Although the sun stayed above the horizon, the beautiful arctic night drew an opalescent shadow from east to west. It passed as the sun's circular path tipped higher; another shimmering day commenced. The walrus continued to swim back and forth between the ice pan and the shore.

FOR fifteen hours the Eskimo had been under an intolerable strain, but he was still rational. He was indeed as smart as a fox, for he had planned a strategy he would use whenever the walrus' anger seemed to approach a climax or whenever he had tired enough so that food would appeal to him more than carnage.

The man stood up and made sure the paddle was tied securely to his harpoon. Now he was ready. The next time the walrus swam to the far end of his patrol area, the man picked up the carcass of the seal and heaved it off to one side of the ice pan. It fell with a splash, and the walrus stopped. The seal was sinking—food for the taking at last. He lowered his head; and the arc of his great back, and finally his hind flippers, came out of the water as he rolled down in a dive. Ahead, in the transparent depths, was the silvery seal, dropping flatly and slowly, so slowly that even one weary with age could not fail to catch up with it.

Closing his fore flippers around it, clasping it as a mother would carry her young, the rogue had only one wish: to escape with his prize. Staying close to the ocean floor, he swam northward, away from the man who had so long denied him this nourishment. The scoops of the Eskimo's paddle were audible behind him, but they only quickened the walrus' urge to hasten away with the meat, out of the reach of the man's harpoon. For a distance of several miles, the walrus rose only to breathe, submerging again at once and continuing his journey, which had now become a flight. When, for a space of time, he heard no more of the Eskimo's sounds, he hooked his tusks over the edge of a floe, pulled himself high enough so that he could put the seal up on the ice and, grasping the brink, heaved himself to the surface.

While he was eating the seal, he knew only the satisfaction of having his hunger stilled. Finally all of the meat was eaten; only the larger bones and the hide remained. The walrus stretched out on the ice and dozed, but he was not quite at peace. Although a consuming, intense emotion had passed from him, an enemy that he might have destroyed was alive, was unharmed. A man, a killer of walrus, could have been his victim, but he had not acted.

When the walrus awoke, he dived into the water. Now he would start for the coast of Alaska. He swung through the sea at a leisurely speed, and soon

he was able to hear a grinding of ice caught in conflicting currents. North of the Bering Strait, like parallel rivers bound in opposing directions, two streams in the ocean passed, and, since each was bearing a load of ice, the ice churned in an unearthly, screeching, and crashing chaos. Cakes, blocks and pans tumbled together, a monstrous tumult. Off at the sides the disturbance gradually diminished, but a strip in the center, miles in width, could only be crossed by staying well under the ice.

The passage was a challenge, and coming up for a breath was impossible. An animal caught in that ice would be instantly crushed. Although the walrus had made this trip many times, he hesitated now. For half a day he swam back and forth, seeming to dread the test of his strength and endurance. With a new morning, however, there was a rise in the walrus' vitality, and his daring rose with it.

He moved toward the heaving ice, at the edge took several quick, deep breaths, and dived. Brushing along the sea's pebbly floor, he swam at his fastest pace into the turmoil. Soon he was under a ceiling of rapidly shifting, luminous, shining surfaces, out of which streams of bubbles kept spurting down. Often a jolted ice cake would be thrust down, which the rogue must dodge.

The clamor, like all sounds, was magnified in the water. It soon exhausted the walrus' nerves, and he swept into panic. It made his need for a new breath seem desperate. Finally he glanced upward and saw that the ice was more tranquil. Still farther, spaces of quiet water opened between the cakes. Relaxing a little, the rogue found that he was not suffocating. He stayed in the depths for more than another mile; then he came to the top, filled his lungs with air, and looked over the sea's calm surface, strewn with sparkling and placidly moving floes. He had entered the sea of his summer wan-

derings after an ordeal which, this time, had seemed almost unendurable. Never again would he return to his wandering grounds off the coast of Siberia.

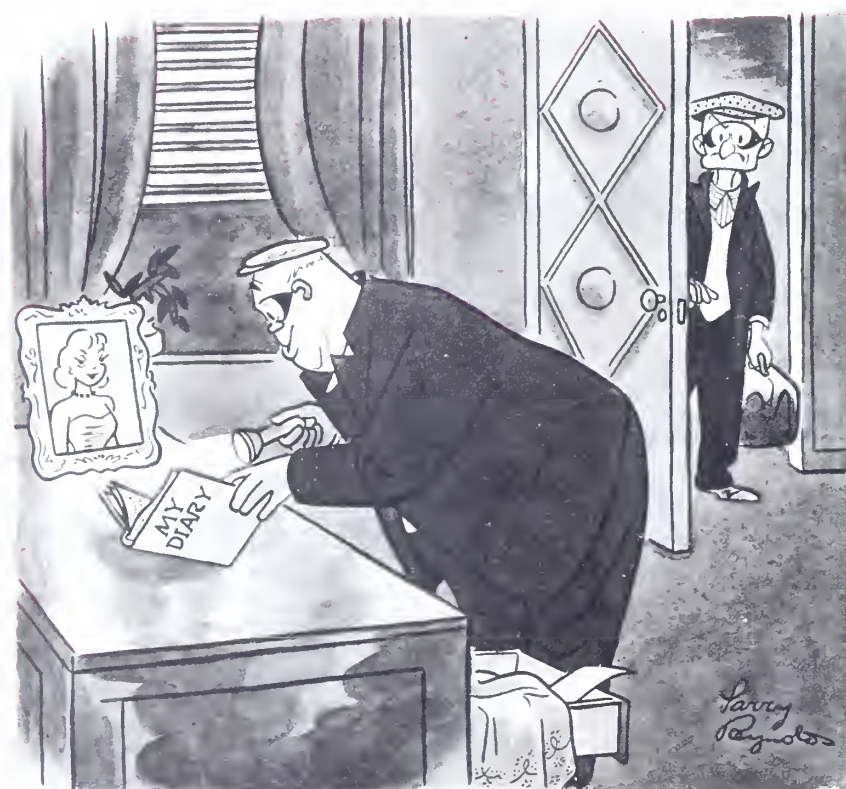
He climbed on one of the ice pans which the current was bearing toward Icy Cape. Two days passed, during which the rogue's wish to join the walrus herd he would find ahead became urgent. His longing was so strong it blurred his knowledge that he was offensive to them.

THEY would stay near the cape for a month. There the mussels and clams on the ocean floor were so numerous that a walrus could dig up a bushel of them—as much as his stomach would hold—as fast as they could be swallowed. Icy Cape was the chief summer stop for the herd. Later they would go on to Point Barrow, Alaska's northernmost tip. Then, late in the summer, they would swing to the west, traveling with the southbound current down the Siberian side of the Bering Strait.

The permanent arctic ice pack stood twenty miles out from the shore when the rogue approached Icy Cape. As the current brought up the floes of migrating ice, they jammed up against the pack. Small pans and cakes like the rogue's were scattered over the surface, all drifting slowly and tranquilly. The time was late afternoon, and the sun, dropping down toward the ice, touched it with incandescence, so that great, burning coals appeared to be scattered over the water. Except for the current's deep flow, the water was nearly still.

Soon the rogue heard the droning hum of the herd's chorus, rich and clear, and as sweet as a call. He was stirred with an old and forgotten impulse—to make sounds like theirs. He tried; but his voice, accustomed only to roaring out threats, proved too hoarse and uncertain for gentler meanings. After a few melancholy grunts, he gave up the attempt.

BUTCH



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And then the herd was in sight. They lay on the edge of the ice field, thousands of massive brown bodies, a ridge of darkness unbroken and regular as a mudbank. Now their scent was also reaching him. It was the mild odor of animal flesh that has been nourished on bland-flavored foods, such as shellfish or plants. Almost a year had passed since the rogue had smelled it.

His ice pan was not moving fast enough. He dived into the water and, with only a little hesitation, began making his way toward the herd. Part of his hesitation was due to another odor, a human scent, that he detected faintly. Perhaps it came from an Eskimo camp on shore. A land smell was in the air too, though the coast, off to the south, was too far away to be seen.

Some of the herd had discovered the rogue. Their heads were raised so that their tusks were in position to attack. And the tone of the chorus roughened. Into the hum came a warning, the *huk*, *huk*, *huk* of annoyance.

The rogue remained close to the surface, rising often to check his nearness to the herd. Ahead of him, most of the walrus were sitting up, swaying their heads back and forth.

WITH a sharp report, followed by dazzling pain, a bullet struck the skull of the rogue. It entered through one of his eye sockets. With his other eye he could see an Eskimo boat dart out from behind an ice cake. Three men were in it. One was standing; all were aiming their guns.

It was impossible to know which was blinding him, blood or fury. He plunged toward the men: men, hated always; men who this time had killed him.

A dozen more bullets struck his hide, but he did not submerge. He drove on.

He reached the boat. He heaved

himself out of the water, hooked his tusks over the side, and bore down upon it with all of his weight. Two of the men, grasping his tusks, tipped the boat out from under them. Diving beneath the boat, the rogue threw back his head and drove his tusks into its walrus-skin cover. He ripped the hide from one side of the boat to the other and shattered its framework. He continued to tear it, to mangle it, until nothing was left but splinters of wood and tatters of hide that sank down to the floor of the sea.

THE walrus came to the surface and looked for the men. Two of the Eskimos had already gotten onto the ice; they were helping the third man to climb up the edge. With all the life left in him, the rogue was intent on upsetting that cake. He meant to deal with the men as he had the boat. He would thrust his great bulk up under the floe. In a moment, when he had recovered . . . In a moment . . .

The darkness came quickly over his mind. He felt the water fold up from beneath, enclosing him, as it took him down slowly into its clean, cold, inaccessible depths.

There he might lie forever. But if his body did float to the surface, the Eskimos would not have it, for they had not been able to save their paddle or their guns. They did not have any means of propelling their ice cake. They stood on the ice now, helpless, at the wind's mercy. It could take them to shore in a few hours' time, or it could blow them and the arctic pack northward, toward the Pole.

Men had caused the loneliness of the rogue's life, and men had ended it. But three of those humans, for all that they had one another's company, would discover loneliness too, on their small raft of ice, adrift under the fresh, tender blue of the wide arctic sky. ▲▲▲

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What You Read Here May

Mouth and throat cancer needn't be fatal—yet the disease kills thousands each year. The symptoms are obvious and easy to check. Read about them. Remember them. They may mean life or death to you or to someone you love

THIS article will save many lives—certainly hundreds and possibly thousands. I feel sure of that for two reasons: first, the information I am going to discuss is hopeful information about a killer disease, cancer of the mouth and throat. Second, very few people know the facts I shall present; this magazine will make them known to millions. Of those millions, some would otherwise die because of ignorance.

Most will be men. Indeed, this could be called an article for men—except that every woman who has a stake in a male also needs to know the facts, for her man's sake. Cancer of the mouth and throat occurs about four times as often in men as in women—why, nobody knows.

Writing this article was not my idea (I am not an authority on cancer); it was not suggested to me by an editor; no doctor came to me with the suggestion. The real author is a friend of mine who has been a victim of mouth and throat cancer for more than ten years. He is a brave and brilliant man. He has endured so many operations that you might not believe the total number if I were to mention it. He said (or, rather he wrote, for he cannot speak) that if he had once known what he knows now, he could have saved himself years of unbelievable misery—and that he can certainly save myriads of others from such misery, by telling them.

"You're a writer!" he scribbled on his writing pad. "Why don't you tell them?"

There are also subsidiary authors of this article—other friends similarly afflicted, among them a retired tycoon who has no larynx any more, and former friends who have died from the affliction; the gentle owner of a country store in Connecticut, and a writer about whom all the world knows, Damon Runyon.

The principal authority for the facts I am presenting is, naturally, a doctor, a world-famous expert on mouth and throat cancer. Although he gladly poured out his knowledge for me, gave me access to the voluminous technical writings which have made him famous, and put at my disposal information from one of the country's leading cancer hospitals, he said, "Keep my name out of it."

I argued hard and long, but I was unable to change his mind. So I am responsible for the presentation, but my friend the surgeon is the main source of the material in this article. And that material consists principally of a single bit of knowledge, which can be set down in two sentences:

First, most cancers of the mouth and throat, if recognized soon enough, can be removed surgically, or otherwise cured (by radiation, for example) with relatively little distress to the patient.

Second: most such cancers, though they soon become very dangerous, give warning of their presence before the dangerous stage is reached.

To save your own life from mouth or throat cancer, or the life of a man who is your best friend, or the life of the man you love, all you may need to know is how to recognize the early symptoms and what to do. In a crowd the size of an average movie audience, you might not find a single layman who had this knowledge.

Yet the early symptoms are generally definite. The first is a sore anywhere in the mouth or the

throat, or on the tongue, gums or cheeks, or on the lips. If it is a cancer sore, it will usually—but not always—be harder or tougher or thicker-feeling than the tissues around it.

All right. You have a sore in your mouth. Do you rush instantly to the doctor?

Not yet—unless the sore is big and nasty when you find it. If it is, drop everything and go to your physician at once. But if the sore is small—somewhat smaller than a dime—wait a week. After a week, if the sore is still present, you stop waiting and hustle to the doctor's office. The chances are it's not cancer; even the longer-lasting



Author-philosopher Philip Wylie, who is best known for his penetrating sociological analyses of American culture (*Generation of Vipers*, Opus 21), originally intended to become a doctor. He has written essays, articles and books on a number of scientific and medical subjects, but never before about cancer. He turned his attention to mouth and throat cancer at the urging of a friend, for reasons he explains in the accompanying piece

sore aren't usually cancerous. But if it is cancer, you've used up all your safe waiting time. From now on, every month, every week, every day you put off diagnosis might cost you an eye, part of your nose or jaw, part of your throat—or your life.

A second important symptom is a lump in the neck. It can be a soft lump or a hard one, a little lump the size of a pea or a grain of rice, or fairly large. It can be painful enough so that the ache leads to its discovery, or it can be merely tender, in which case the pressure of your collar or an accidental touch may bring it to your notice. And it may not hurt at all.

The lump may be a swollen lymph node. Millions of people have swollen nodes which do not come from cancer; nevertheless, if you have a lump in your neck—or a number of lumps, of whatever size or consistency—go to your doctor. As with the mouth sore, the chances are the lump is caused by something harmless, but you cannot afford to run the risk. In fact, the risk is probably greater with a lump than with a mouth sore.

Why?

Because if the lump in your neck is caused by cancer, it nearly always means you have a cancer somewhere else—and have had it quite a while. In many areas of the nose, mouth and throat, cancers can start up unseen and unfelt. They usually don't hurt at first, or bleed or drain, either. The earliest evidence of their presence, all too frequently, is that lump in the neck. The lump sometimes means that a cancer in an unsuspected area (silent areas, the doctors call them) has started to spread. The neck lump is its offspring—a secondary cancer or, as it is technically called, a metastasis.

Another early cancer symptom is hoarseness. People get hoarse from colds, from yelling too loud at a ball game, because they smoke too much, or because of some other temporary irritation. That hoarseness usually goes away when the irritation is removed. But a person who is hoarse for as long as two weeks without going to his doctor is taking crazy chances.

Hoarseness that doesn't go away is the most common first symptom of cancer of the throat, the larynx and, especially, the vocal cords. If it's cancer, getting to the doctor on time may mean the difference between a fairly simple treatment that leaves you intact and a difficult operation that can leave you without vocal cords and obliges you to learn a new way of talking. It may—as always, in cancer—mean the difference between a ripe old age and a premature grave.

Those are the common symptoms: a sore anywhere in the mouth, nasal passages or the throat, a lump in the neck and hoarseness. Fortunately, they're noticeable symptoms. Certain cancers elsewhere in the body cannot be detected by the victim because they produce no marked symptoms until they are greatly developed. Cancers of the mouth and throat nearly always ring a warning bell in time.

There are, to be sure, certain other, rarer symptoms of mouth and throat cancers. But they are even more noticeable. One of them is continued or repeated bleeding from the nose, especially in middle-aged people. A noticeable difference in size in the two sides of the face is another highly noticeable symptom, which may indicate sinus cancer; any lasting swelling should be investigated by a doctor.

Besides the information about symptoms, in my talks with many medical men and scientific researchers I gathered certain other impressions and opinions about cancer which seem important. But since these impressions and opinions invade the field of medical ethics and enter areas of incomplete study, the rest of this article is written on my own responsibility, entirely.

It involves various questions that concerned me. What about smoking, for example; does smoking cause cancer? What about dentists? If I have a sore on my gum, why shouldn't I go to my dentist rather than my physician? And how do I know my doctor is trustworthy and can diagnose cancer even if I have it? Finally, a sorry, time-dishonored question: even if I do have cancer, isn't cancer so awful that I'd be happier just to ignore it so long as I feel okay—and face it only when my affliction compels me to?

Let's begin with smoking. Nobody has proved that cigarette smoking causes cancer. There is some evidence that smoking increases the *susceptibility* to cancer of the mouth, throat and lungs. It isn't necessarily the tar in tobacco smoke. Apparently, the plain irritation of smoke itself—hot smoke, cold smoke, filtered smoke, or what-have-you—may increase susceptibility. The key question, of course, is: "How much?"

The answer is not known. It's true that the great majority of all those who develop mouth, throat and lung cancers either smoke or have smoked,

Save Your Life

By PHILIP WYLIE

but, on the other hand, more than three quarters of all American men smoke, or have smoked. It is not possible at present to make a comparative table of the hazard. Furthermore, quite a few men who have never smoked at all develop these cancers. And, as we extend the average length of life in this country, we increase the likelihood of the degenerative diseases—and cancer is one such disease.

Finally, it is true that all forms of cancer together, including those considered here, rank second as a cause of death in the United States. But, even if smoking increases the risk of mouth, throat and lung cancer, it is *only a fractional increase in one form* of the second most common cause of death.

I smoke heavily and have done so for 30 years. It may be that I shall finally develop cancer in the mouth or throat or lungs because of smoking. But smoking is so much a part of me and my ways that all the tables I saw and all the dire words I heard did not make me stop.

Moreover, I suspect that the recent findings concerning the relationship of smoking and cancer have done as much harm, by causing exaggerated anxieties, fears and phobias, as good.

Taking a Slight Statistical Risk

Smoking, as a cancer risk, might be compared to driving a car a shade too fast. As I grow older, I drive more slowly and I don't drink; there are many other acts I do or refrain from doing for the sake of health and safety. There's still one risk I do take—a slight one, statistically: I smoke. But I don't worry about it, partly because if I do get a cancer, I now have a clear idea of its early signs and the steps to take.

The next question seems even more important to me. It is quite natural for a person with a sore in his mouth, especially on his gums or near his teeth, to consult his dentist rather than his physician. Unfortunately, until fairly recently dentists were only haphazardly trained in cancer diagnosis. Men like my surgeon friend have led a vast effort of physicians and other surgeons to improve that situation; today, most dentists are far better able to spot cancer than dentists were five years ago, and some specialized dentists are experts.

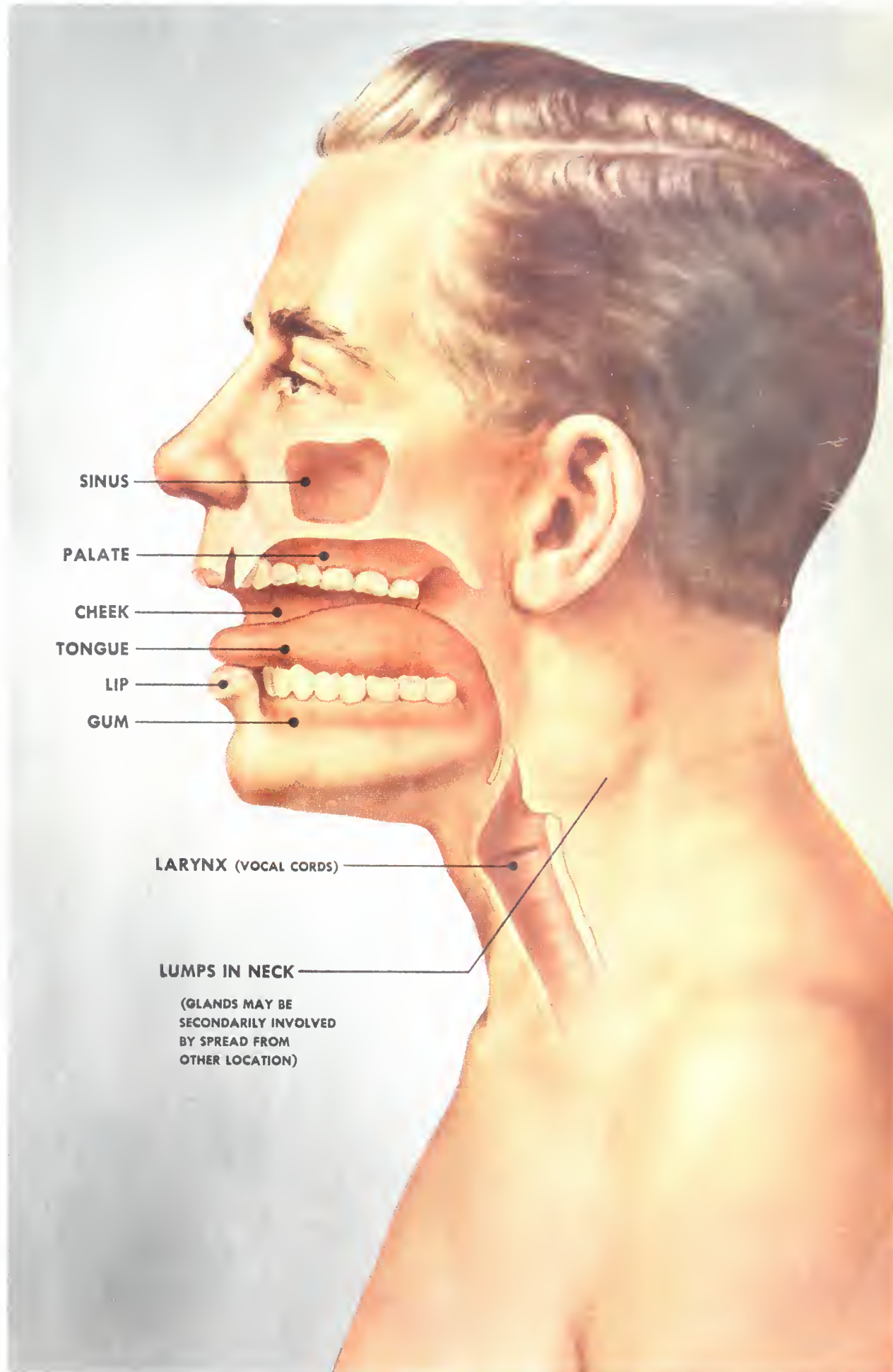
However, if you have any of the symptoms of mouth cancer, go to a physician. That's where a competent dentist will send you anyhow.

I have almost answered the next question, which is: How can you be sure your physician will properly diagnose your trouble? How can you be sure he is competent?

Here's what I learned: the average physician or surgeon is capable of making a cancer diagnosis, and you should trust him. If you are uncertain about where to get a good doctor, telephone the local unit of the American Cancer Society, or the local hospital (or even the intern on duty in the emergency room of a good hospital) and ask for the names of able physicians and surgeons. You'll be told about several of the top medical men in your community.

It is, of course, possible that the finest physician may miss a diagnosis of mouth or throat cancer. Cancers are sometimes tricky; doctors are human beings; the best human efforts sometimes fail. It is

A sore on palate, cheek, tongue, lip or gum, frequent nosebleed, persistent hoarseness, a lump on the neck—all are possible (but not sure) cancer symptoms. Take them to a doctor



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also possible that your doctor, especially if he knows you're a worrier (and who doesn't suffer at times from imaginary diseases?), may be pressed for time and brush aside your report of cancer symptoms. He shouldn't—but he might. In such a case, remember that it's *your* health, *your* body and if you have cancer, *your* cancer. Don't accept a brush-off if your symptoms continue. Go back again. Wait. Insist. Demand.

As this article has tried to make plain, the responsibility for saving yourself a welter of pain and perhaps an untimely death from cancer rests first on you. You—not the doctors—are likely to note the earliest symptoms.

What you do then, and what you insist on having done, may determine your future prospects.

And what are your future prospects?

Dissuaded from Suicide Plan

The other day, a powerhouse business executive whizzed through my city. A year ago, he finally took a long-lasting, stubborn hoarseness to his doctor. "Had it for months," he reported. His physician told him not only that he had cancer of the larynx, but that his larynx would have to be removed—and with it his voice. He would have to learn to talk all over, by swallowing air or by using a mechanical aid. The man was appalled—more than appalled. He wound up his affairs rapidly and arranged, secretly, to commit suicide. But his doctor found out his scheme and, with a surgeon, persuaded the man that suicide was cowardly and silly.

The man had his operation. Afterward, he learned to use a speaking aid. When he rushed through my city, tanned and healthy, he was on his way abroad to start a new branch of his world-wide business. "I thought death

was the only way out of the mess," he grinned. "But all that happened was, my voice changed. I have to plug myself in on an electric circuit to talk. Small matter!"

That man came late to the doctors. Yet I suspect he is as happy as he ever was. Certainly, the modification of his life has in no sense defeated him. On the contrary; the great victory he gained over death—and over himself—made him in some ways a better man than ever. He is more understanding, more compassionate, more aware of the excitement and the magnificence of life.

He had a hard time for a while. But for those who act swiftly after discovering symptoms of a cancer starting in the mouth, nose or throat, the story will be different: a skillful operation; one to three weeks in the hospital. And then, no more symptoms, no more cancer.

"Even the people who think they know what to do," says one authority, "and who think they've acted promptly, usually bring us cancers twice as large as they ought to be. We ought to get them in half the time; then the patient's chances of having no further trouble, no metastases, no additional complications, no more surgery, would be not twice as good, but four times as good. Maybe even ten times!"

I can think of no better conclusion to this article than some words scribbled by the friend who inspired this piece. I asked him how he felt when he first learned what ailed him 10 years ago. He wrote:

"The diagnosis of cancer did not mean to me that I was condemned to death. It only meant a fight for the restoration of health. I felt in every fiber that the spirit of defeatism must never be a part of one who has cancer."

That's the anonymous legacy of his suffering to the world; I'm proud to be able to pass it along. ▲▲▲



"Being a secretary is easy. All you have to do is look like a girl, think like a man, and work like a dog"

COLLIER'S

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Next Week's Fiction



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By WILLIAM FULLER

A popular Collier's writer tells of a magnificent old man too mule-headed to give, or ask for, love



A BACHELOR SURROUNDED

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

One guy with a pack of ladies in angry pursuit. Here is more fun for Mr. Temple's many admirers



THE STINGY SKYSCRAPER

By HANNIBAL COONS

That now-famous character, Dear George, the press agent, again makes hard work of child's play



STOLEN PEARL

By JOHN KRUSE

The story of a pearl diver who steals from the sea a shell that can bring him riches—or death



Coronet worn by Virginia Cornell takes delicate workmanship, costs \$25. Others are under \$12.50

Beanie, first metal hat Hagy made, is worn with a jersey lining by Madalynne Kelly. It's \$12.50

HATS OF IRON

When the lady wants a hat, Bob Hagy just whips it up with an electric welder

EVEN a casual observer of ladies' millinery might guess that whatever can be put on, around or into a woman's hat has already been put. But a fifty-two-year-old Albuquerque, New Mexico, craftsman named Bob Hagy has gone the professional hat people one whimsey better. Mr. Hagy makes hats out of iron.

Hagy's a mechanical engineer, and he whipped up his first metal bonnet three Christmases ago for one of his wife's friends. She wore it to a cocktail party, and every other lady guest was convinced life would be dull without an iron hat. From there, the word spread far enough to provide Mr. Hagy with a lucrative side line. He now averages more than 100 mail orders a week, mostly from women

who have heard about the Hagy hat through friends.

Hagy designs all the hats himself. The bodies, or crowns, are made of metal sheeting, one thirty-second of an inch thick, which is cut into narrow strips and "sewn" together with an electric welder. Hagy then cuts delicate flowers, feathers and scrolls out of large squares of sheet metal, hammers them into head-conforming shape, and welds them to the body strips. Three hundred hammer strokes make a turban, beanie or coronet which perches on the female head as daintily as a bird on a bush. Prices are from \$7.50 to \$12.50.

An iron hat, of course, has its disadvantages. It's not recommended for outdoor wear during an electrical

storm. Nor is it advisable for extremes in temperature: iron can get mighty hot and mighty cold. But, since the hats are designed primarily for indoor evening wear, these setbacks don't much bother Hagy's business.

The advantages of an iron chapeau, he says, are far more noteworthy. For one, his hats are lighter than most cloth varieties. The heaviest model, a latticed coronet affair, tips the scales at four ounces. For another, since no two creations are exactly alike, every woman can have what she wants most in a hat: something no other woman has got. "And best of all," says Hagy, "those hats of mine—they wear like iron. Guaranteed."



Hagy adds a veil upon customer's request, cuts it with blowtorch out of fireplace screening

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NICKOLAS MURAT

Right Man for the Job

THIS IS THE WEEK when editorial writers all over the country will be doing a piece about the inauguration. They probably won't have too much that is new and fresh to say about the heavy burden of responsibility that faces the new President. But they will write the editorials anyway, not only because the inauguration is something that cannot be ignored, but because what they write has become a minor part of the tradition, even the ritual, of American politics.

So we shall not violate the tradition. And if what we and others write is of a predictable sameness, it may still be an accurate reflection of the people's sentiments. The time of inauguration is the most tranquil period that most Presidents will know. The campaign bitterness lies behind, and further quarrels and criticisms are yet to come. Today especially, most Americans, regardless of party, appreciate the great weight of duties and decisions that the new President must assume. They wish him well. And, in varying degrees of enthusiasm, they are hopeful.

At Collier's, the enthusiasm is considerable and the hopes are high. This magazine was with General Eisenhower from the start. We believed

last summer that he was the man for the job. His actions between the election and the inauguration have confirmed and strengthened that belief.

We like, first of all, his choice of Cabinet members and department heads. On the basis of their past records they should serve the country well. We are particularly glad to see skilled and experienced men from industry at the head of the Defense Department. Certainly a wise solution of the military problems of production and procurement is the greatest contribution that civilian officers of that department can make to the national safety. And the appointment of Martin P. Durkin as Secretary of Labor strikes us as fair and realistic, as well as politically wise.

In choosing these aids Mr. Eisenhower showed that he is not the captive of the Old Guard, the "Internationalists," or any other Republican group. At the same time, his decision to keep hands off the new Senate's choice of a majority leader gives promise of a friendly collaboration with Senator Taft in particular, and the Republican Congress in general.

During his weeks as President-elect, Mr. Eisenhower gave the country an insight into his

way of doing things when he refused to be drawn into personal controversy with Mr. Taft over the Durkin appointment, or with Mr. Truman over the MacArthur statement that there was a plan to end the Korean stalemate. He again rose above personalities when he conferred with General MacArthur on his Korean plan. It is no secret that little love has been lost between the two men in the last ten years.

This aspect of the incoming President's character will not surprise anyone familiar with his military record. One of his notable accomplishments as supreme commander in Europe was his ability to make a smooth working team out of contrasting and, at times, clashing personalities. We are confident that this same ability will enable him to restore some lost dignity to the Presidency, and to avoid the brawls and bickering which, with other and more publicized shortcomings, marred the Truman administration.

The former general has always known how to persuade as well as command. As President, he will be using his persuasion on a good many people as different, determined, ambitious and hostile as the Pattons and Montgomerys of World War II. We believe that he will succeed again. We look for the same traits that made him a victorious and popular general to help bring about the rise in government efficiency and national morale which have been so sorely needed for so many years.

So, to repeat, we are hopeful. As General Ike succeeds to the democratic dignity of the simple title, Mr. President, we wish him good health, good cheer, and the help of God and man in his labors to achieve strength and progress at home, and peace throughout the world.

Progress Report

SINCE IT SOMETIMES SEEMS that good news is no news, we're passing along a slightly dated item from the town of Itta Bena, Mississippi, on the chance that you missed it the first time around.

Itta Bena is the site of Mississippi Vocational College, a Negro school, where students erected a Nativity scene on their campus shortly before Christmas. Four white teen-agers came along and wrecked it. When the news of this vandalism got around, the college received hundreds of phone calls from white citizens who offered time or money to help reconstruct the Christmas decoration. Both Negroes and whites pitched in, and in two days the job was redone.

Afterward, Dr. J. H. White, the president of the college, had this to say: "It was a wonderfully heart-warming experience. We want our Northern friends, who so often misunderstand these things, to know that we have always had 100 per cent co-operation and support from the white people of Mississippi. We enjoy the warmest of relations between the races here."

This, of course, is only one small incident. It doesn't represent the advent of the millennium. It doesn't solve any basic difficulties of racial equality. But it does reveal a kindness and friendliness and decency which impatient advocates of equal rights are inclined to overlook, and Red propagandists deliberately ignore in their attempts to aggravate tension and hostility.

We were a little sorry to read that the Mississippi vandalism was the work of youngsters. But we're glad to know that their elders volunteered to repair the damage, and we hope that the youthful generation will profit by the example.

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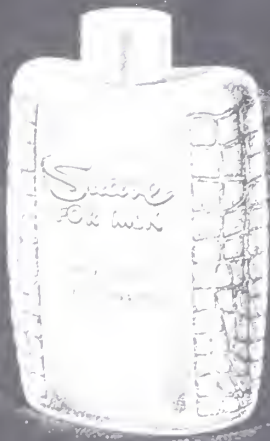
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January 31, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

We don't know the name of the gentleman in the foreground, but we can think of a number of names he'll undoubtedly call little Johnny if the youngster finally gets a bead on that fine head of skin. We only hope that Mom or the approaching conductor can manage to avert what might be called a scene. Artist Carol Johnson once witnessed this potentially messy drama but won't tell us how it turned out. All he'll say is that his own thatch is thin and that he makes a point of never turning his back on any tot under five years of age.

Week's Mail

Runyon Booster

EDITOR: Tom Runyon's story of Ole Lindquist (Number 9843, Dec. 6th) was tops. It caused a lot of comment out in this neck of the woods.

I am doing—and will do—all I can to get Runyon moving toward a parole. It may be a long grind. This is not to say that I am a prime figure in the whole affair. Warden Lainson and others go before me.

When I was warden nearly a generation ago the average life sentence in Iowa was 17 years. Runyon, I think, has done about 15 years and, therefore, is close to the day, if the law of averages holds, when his case could be considered anew. I hope so. He could become a highly valuable member of free society and would, I think, go far as a writer.

J. R. PERKINS, Pastor
Emeritus, First Congregational Church,
Council Bluffs, Iowa

The Reverend Dr. Perkins was warden of the Iowa State Penitentiary for three of the more than 42 years that Ole Lindquist spent there. Tom Runyon, another lifer, was the author of Collier's article about Lindquist.

America's A-Sub

EDITOR: Your article concerning America's New Dreadful Weapon (Dec. 20th) has raised a very perplexing question in my mind. Conceding that this "dreadful weapon" will be here shortly, and assuming that we have no monopoly on the item in question, how will the supercarrier or the fast carrier task force (commented on in such great detail in one of your prior issues) survive in a sea inhabited by Russian atomic subs?

It appears to an uninformed layman that we could conserve our resources more effectively by converting our naval force from fast carrier task forces to atomic submarines.

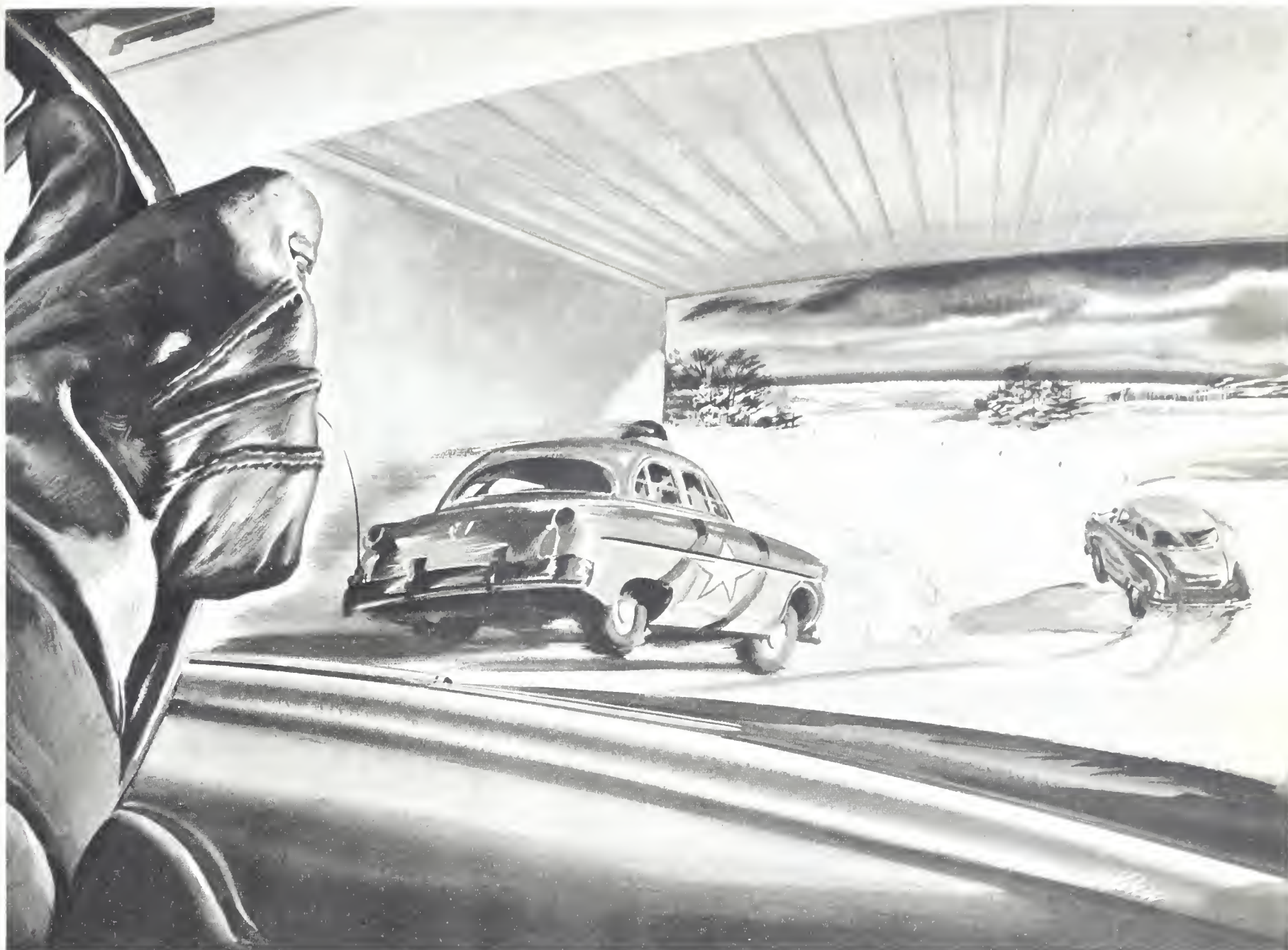
JOHN A. GRIFFIN, Alexandria, Va.

... After reading America's New Dreadful Weapon and looking at your cover, I can assure you that, if I should meet this submarine head on under water, it could save its torpedoes, for it would surely frighten me to death.

In all seriousness, though, it's a splendid article on a most vital subject.

BILLIE FRANCES SMITH, Houston, Texas

... Regarding America's New Dreadful Weapon, it is stated: "Then the Bureau of Ships is working on a device to take oxygen from water." When this is possible, will we need atomic energy in any form but its destructive one? This



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Week's Mail CONTINUED

would open the avenue to unlimited cheap power and locomotion. There would be no need for coal or oil; everyone could have an oxygen converter for heat, fuel and perfect air conditioning in his home, and one in his car.

Or would that upset our economy too much? W. A. SULLIVAN, Poteet, Texas

... The story of America's New Dreadful Weapon must have come as a shock to many Americans who, in magazines and newspapers, have been told of the need for secrecy in much of our war implements and preparations for our protection in time of war. Now in Collier's we find all that an expert needs to know about building an atomic submarine. And the bad feature of the story was that the information was given to your magazine by a Rear Admiral of the Navy in Charge of Naval Construction. Public press and other sources of information were told to be quiet about President-elect Eisenhower going to Korea, so why were not the same sources told to be quiet about our secret weapons?

With the information given and shown in your December 20th issue all the Russians have to do now is convert some of their now-building snorkels to atomic submarines and they will be able to match us under water.

Some big brass are so anxious to see their names in print that they gave away state secrets as has been done in the past.

H. G. BRANT, St. Paul, Minn.

The article in question was cleared by the Navy and the Atomic Energy Commission. They obviously do not share reader Brant's fear that we are giving away military secrets, or his confident contention that all the Russians need to do is to read Collier's in order to build an atomic submarine.

Saved by the Cover



EDITOR: You may be interested in an amusing incident which has to do with the cover of your December 13th issue.

Christmas shopping, I'm sure you'll agree, is a big problem to all of us, especially so to the wives of Westchester County who drive around to local communities in search of that elusive "something different" and that equally elusive and all but nonexistent place to park.

With shops brimful of gifts and gift seekers, it's not hard to forget that one last present for Aunt Mamie. So I put

another nickel in the slot and off I went to find it.

When I returned to the car (in good time, I thought), lo and behold, there was that ominous slip of paper tucked in the windshield!

Before reaching home, I picked up my regular copy of Collier's and got a big kick out of the wonderful picture on the cover. I promptly tore it off and sent it along with the ticket and my check to the authorities in New Rochelle, scribbling across the top of it—"This could never happen in New Rochelle." I added a P.S. to ask, "Is five minutes overtime so vital that a little Christmas spirit in your community couldn't overlook it?" And then I added, "Next time I'll stay in my own bailiwick and not patronize your town."

Well, Judge Christopher J. Murphy, evidently a man with a sense of humor and a good deal of civic pride, decided that the city of New Rochelle could not be found lacking in the yuletide spirit. So he ordered my check returned to me with a nice note and "A Merry Christmas." He probably had a good laugh and came up with Christmas spirits galore—and all thanks to Collier's.

ETHEL R. DILLON, Yonkers, N.Y.

To which we might add that the cover artist, Bill Randall, his wife and model, Maxine, and the officer, "Alfie" Hall, are all Mrs. Dillon's Westchester neighbors in nearby Bronxville.

Safety Lights

EDITOR: Can slaughter on the highways due to improper speed be cut down? I think it can.

Recently I drove a car in which an inventor had installed three lights on top, visible from all angles.

At speeds of 25 miles an hour no light was visible. Between 25 and 35 miles an hour the green light showed. Between 35 and 45 miles an hour a yellow light.

At speeds above the state limit on the highways a red light came up. I became as conscious of my speed as I am when I see a motorcycle cop in the offing. To all those about me I was advertising my speed, and a cop a mile or two down the road could spot me coming.

I think this idea will eventually be compulsory. JAMES A. WORSHAM, SR., Los Angeles, Cal.

"Columbia's Grandeur"

EDITOR: As a reader of Collier's for over 40 years, I wish to express my appreciation for the many, many wonderful articles and editorials that have appeared in this popular magazine, and for their general information as well as their inestimable cultural value.

Particularly do I wish to refer to When 11 of 14 Children Were Hit with Polio, written by Karl Schriftgiesser (November 29th). From the sincerity and devotion evident in the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Thiel, the intelligence and efficiency in that of Dr. McGill, the eternal optimism of youth shown by the crippled boy Lawrence, and the beautiful happy faces in the main picture, one is reminded of a line from the immortal Bobby Burns, which with a slight substitution could aptly apply: "From scenes like these shall Columbia's grandeur rise."

TRENTON B. CURRIE, Houlton, Me.

Collier's for January 31, 1953



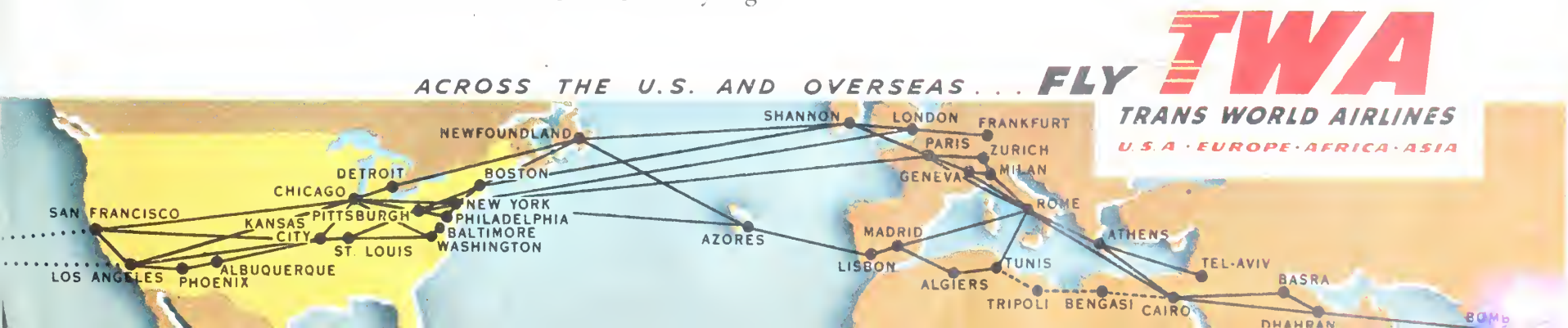
EASY STREET - 1953

While you're making resolutions for the new year, here's one that's bound to broaden your horizons. Resolve to travel the broad blue *high way* TWA Skyliners fly. It can be your road to greater success in business; your pathway to greater pleasure during vacation days ahead.

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Oppressed by the grinding rigors of winter on the rock-bound shores of Miami Beach, a gentleman was holding forth about the good old days. Wasn't very specific about dates, but said that the good old days were the ones to have lived in. Gentleman nearby set down his tall frosted glass and replied that experience had taught him that the best days to be alive in were while you were still alive. For highly intelligent exchanges like that there's no place like Miami Beach.

Detroit named E. Krumbiegel had a good man-to-man talk with an elderly widower who had accumulated several million dollars and, after looking around pretty thoroughly for something to do,



decided to marry a girl forty years his junior. Mr. E. Krumbiegel advised against it. Why not marry someone nearer his own age, and so forth? "Yes, yes," said the wealthy widower, "I know all about that. But it's been my experience that it's better to own a few shares in a going concern than all the stock in one that's all through."

The Volunteer Fire Department of Blountsville, Indiana, is not frittering away its time worrying about aid to Europe, Asia and Africa—increased or decreased. But while the government is bilinguon around, the VFD of B would like \$350 earned in successfully fighting a couple of burning airplanes from Wright-Patterson Field, Ohio, and guarding the remains of the jets until the Air Force security officers arrived. Blountsville boys don't seem to understand that anybody billing the government for less than a couple of million can't expect to get much attention.

General Electric Company has just released a survey of the lives of working wives. That means wives who hold wage-earning jobs. There are more than 10,000,000 of these ladies at the moment, and we wish we had the space to tell you all GE found out. For example, the average working wife has one husband and one child. Twenty-four per cent of them own dogs. Most of them spend week ends with their husbands. She doesn't care a lot for ironing, dishwashing, floorwashing, furniture dusting, window washing, cooking or washing clothes—in that order. Thirty-nine per cent are "quite tired"

at bedtime, although only 22 per cent are "exhausted." Twenty-four per cent are "pleasantly tired," twelve per cent are "not tired—just sleepy" and three per cent are "wide awake." And, oh yes. She isn't crazy about carrying out the garbage. Neither is her old man—the bum.

Had it not been for a rather stiffish brawl when the ladies met in St. Louis to organize, there might now be an Anti-Mamie Society. The meeting was called by a lady who yearned to lead a crusade to discourage calling Mrs. Eisenhower by her first name. Undignified. First ladies should not be treated with offhand familiarity. But another lady, doubtless a fronter, said that if Dolly was good enough for Mrs. Madison, Mamie was okay for Mrs. Eisenhower. Another, probably a Democrat, insisted that Mamie was no more disrespectful than Bess—the name of the wife of another but unidentified former President. Besides, said another, Mrs. Hoover was a lady known as Lou. Anyway there isn't any Anti-Mamie Society in existence yet.

One of our steady customers in Topeka, Kansas, says he knows an author who has just dedicated his latest book: "To my wife, without whose absence this could never have been written."

Among the nuggets of trifling information you may want to tuck away and forget is this item from Mrs. Regina Potholez, of Duluth, Minnesota: If you have your hair cut in the light of the moon, it won't grow as fast as if you had it cut in the dark of the moon.

Mr. Truman and his pianos have gone. But there still will be music at 1600 Pennsylvania, Washington, D.C. Old 48 is told on fine authority that Ike is no fumblemouth with the harmonica. We're told, too, that his Oh Susannah caused many a SHAPE staff officer to break his arches stamping his feet. It is planned to have at least one harmonica on every mantel in the White House. Thus our new President will be able to solace himself wherever he may



IRWIN CAPLAN

happen to sit down to think out what he's going to say to, for example, his new Cabinet. Also, he can carry one around for emergencies. Couldn't do that with a piano.

▲▲▲

Collier's for January 31, 1953



JAMES HOWARD KINDELBERGER

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How to Run a GAMBLING CASINO

By RICHARD DONOVAN

Harold's Club in Reno takes bets of a nickel to more than \$100,000, replaces its dice every three days, stakes losers to their fare home—and awards university scholarships

THE hour was 6:00 A.M. A new day was dawning for most of Reno, Nevada. But in the downtown area, two thousand crap, roulette and twenty-one players still milled around the three large and brilliantly lighted floors of Harold's Club, the largest legal gambling establishment in the Western Hemisphere and probably in the world.

Banks of slot machines filled the conditioned air with a tidal roar. Thousands of kibitzers gravely monitored the play at the keno, pan, poker and chuck-a-luck games. A woman jackpot winner shrieked her joy. Thousands of dollars were changing hands.

Oblivious to the torrent of sound and activity, a small, middle-aged man stood in the center of the first floor, locked in combat with a nickel slot machine. His face was haggard, his legs sagged, his eyes followed the twirling fruit symbols with sad but threatening watchfulness. Only four hours earlier, this man had been \$6.65 ahead of the machine; and then he had been patting the machine and winking at it. Now, without warning, he straightened and punched it just over the pay slot with all his might.

"I pull that handle 7,862 times and I lose thirteen dollars!" the man shouted as he was led away to have his hand doctored. "What kind of an asylum is this, anyhow?"

In most Nevada clubs, his question might have gone unanswered. But at Harold's Club, it got the prompt, personal attention of Raymond I. Smith, the general manager. Smith spent half an hour explaining to the man that Harold's slot machines are set to give the customer the longest possible play for his money. He also told the complainer that Harold's slot machines in July, 1950, alone paid out \$8,144,842.

The reason for Smith's solicitude is that Harold's has built its mammoth business on the little man with a little money and a little daring.

"Let the big juice go someplace else!" says one of Harold's oldest and most trusted employees. "We ain't no Monte Carlo!"

Harold's indeed is no Monte Carlo. It doesn't boast jeweled patrons, cultivated croupiers or barbed gardens. And it has even less in common with its root ancestor, the Western saloon of frontier days.

Harold's is something new—a supermarket of gambling, huge, glassy, departmentalized and efficient. It has more floor space, games and customers than any other gambling club in North or South America. Although most of its patrons have no more than one dollar to a hundred dollars to lose, a player can—and has—bet as much as \$180,-



Half of the 300 dealers at Harold's Club are women. This is Anne Brewer, who deals at twenty-one table

000 on a single roll of the dice. That \$180,000 bet, incidentally, set a Nevada record for one-shot wagers.

Volume is the watchword. To survive taxes and inflation, meet a payroll of 500, clear an overhead of \$3,700,000—not counting gambling losses, which may run as high as \$500,000 a day—and still make a profit, Harold's must give and take an estimated \$150,000,000 in bets every year. From this awesome figure, the house reaps a gross profit of \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 a year.

To maintain a net profit estimated by outsiders at more than \$2,000,000 a year, Harold's must attract a daily average of more than 5,000 customers. It does so by staying open 24 hours of every day to market the most capricious commodity in the world—luck.

Jammed around the gambling tables and slot machines, wrapped in furs or overalls, spurred by confidence or naked desire, the thousands of patrons struggle endlessly against the law of averages. System players whose brains might have made them famous had they concentrated on theoretical mathematics instead of craps sit figuring by the hour. Sorcerers sprinkle goofer dust over slot ma-

chines and run in and out of the building to check the moon's position. Yet young women who try their luck for the first time stagger out the door with bundles of dollars big enough to paper a hotel, while the system players and veteran professional gamblers sit dazed and numbing—but keep on playing.

The men who run Harold's generally approve this never-say-die spirit in their customers. They know that, in addition to their modest, fixed percentage on the games, they stand to profit from something called the hidden percentage—a strange compulsion that sends the man who has lost \$10 back into the game to lose \$100 trying to get his original investment back.

Harold's is not so serene about public judgment, however. People who spend one day pulling slot-machine handles may spend another pulling voting-machine handles and make gambling illegal in Nevada. To fend off such an eventuality, Harold's conducts endless good-will advertising campaigns, contributes heavily to church funds and awards yearly university scholarships of \$1,000 each to the top 112 graduates of the state's 35 high schools.

Harold's operates much the same as any lucrative business—with certain interesting operational and management variations. Raymond I. Smith, a wise and talkative former news butcher, milkman and carnival wheelman from Addison, Vermont, runs the club and is

responsible for most of the progressive advertising and business policies which have made it grow. But the elder Smith, who is Harold's to most customers, owns no stock in the family corporation that controls it. His sons—Raymond A. Smith, the president, and Harold Smith, vice-president and the man for whom the club was named—own two thirds of the stock, and the final third is owned by Harold's ex-wife. This arrangement works out fine. The sons wisely defer in most business matters to their father, whom they pay a small fortune in salary each year.

The elder Smith promotes a policy of sympathetic understanding for the customers of Harold's, even though the players themselves have no other desire than to break the club.

On one occasion, a Reno man who had embezzled \$7,500 from his employers lost it in Harold's and then confessed to Smith. The embezzler got the money back after he repeated his story to the police and promised to stay out of the club thereafter.

Then there are always the losers who need money to get home. Harold's has sent sailors back to San Diego, California, soldiers to the Philip-



Harold's Club draws over 5,000 customers a day. This is entrance on Douglas Alley

piners, and civilians to most states of the Union. Once Harold's gave a man \$30 for train fare, but instead of going home he went up the street to Reno's Riverside Hotel and won \$6,000 shooting craps. Back at Harold's and full of bounce, he tackled the crap table there and lost the \$6,000, plus the train fare. Harold's again staked him to a railroad ticket, this time he did not return.

Prolonged losing streaks by customers can be just as bad news for Harold's as for the victims. There are times when every game in the house will start to win from the patrons. Nobody knows why. Yet for days, sometimes weeks, nearly every patron is reduced to penury at worst, dismay at best. Then a rumor inevitably gets around that the games are fixed, and public relations sink to a new low.

In the middle of the tourist season—late May to October 1st—a couple of years ago, Harold's good luck really got bad. It all began in a roundabout way when a patron borrowed a nickel from a bartender and won \$385. Back at the bar, he returned the bartender's nickel, pounded his chest and announced, "I got the power! I have a message that I am going to ruin the house today."

His boast, according to the superstitious local

gambling fraternity, angered Lady Luck. In any event, the man lost all his winnings at a crap table. Then everybody at his crap table started losing; the losing streak spread next to patrons at a nearby roulette table, and it finally engulfed the whole building.

After the club had won steadily for a week, the elder Smith called in his sons, along with Guy Lent and Jim Hunter, his two most respected sublieutenants, for an emergency meeting. The club's spectacular winnings had to stop at once, he said. He then revealed that he long had been thinking of increasing the pay-off to winners at the crap, roulette and twenty-one games. Now was clearly the time to act, he said. So all five men got to work figuring percentages.

At two o'clock the next morning, they were still figuring. At 9:00 A.M., Harold's telephoned the mathematics department at the University of Nevada, near Reno. "Is there anybody there who knows how to change the percentage on a race-horse keno game?" a strained voice from Harold's inquired. There was some confusion on the academic end of the line, but finally a professor agreed to visit the club and look into the keno matter.

It Was Too Much for the Professor

Three days later, the professor and Harold's management were all very tired. "We have about 500 winning combinations on this thing," the professor was saying. "Right, gentlemen?" Management nodded. "But figuring all the 80 numbers on the board, we have an infinite number of combinations—thousands, maybe millions, I don't know."

"Why don't we just raise the pay-out on the six and ten spots?" somebody interrupted. "Or throw the game out of the house?"

Abandoning the keno computations temporarily, the professor turned to dice percentages. All the while, terrifying reports of house winnings kept coming in. "Hurry up," the elder Smith urged the professor. "Or it may be too late." But the dice were tough, too. There were, it turned out, some 495 possible combinations on these little cubes. In that many tosses, the house had 251 chances to win against the player's 244—a percentage bulge of 1.41. That looked so small the management hesitated to tamper with it.

The professor finally gave up the whole project and went back to the campus; the percentages remained the same. The Smiths were gloomily contemplating a future in which they might easily win themselves out of business when news arrived that the spell had been broken: a woman on vacation from the Bronx had taken the Number Six crap table for \$3,500.

"This is a gambling hell?" she had inquired, loftily, on her way out.

Actually, the house's take on twenty-one also is almost dead even, except that the dealer wins without playing his last card if the player goes over 21 on the final draw; this rule gives the house a 2½ per cent edge. Slot machines give the house a bulge of 3 per cent or less; they pay something back, from three coins to a jack pot, every six and a half pulls on the average. And roulette gives the house a 5.19 per cent edge. Each gambling house in Nevada decides its own percentages. The state does not set a definite maximum but it will revoke the license of any house which fixes its own take too high.

On the other side of the cycle are the club's losing streaks. When all the games in the house start to lose, all Harold's can do is sit tight and wait for the odds, which favor the contestant who has the biggest bank roll and can last the longest, to go to work.

House-wide losing streaks are bad, particularly for dealer morale, but the elder Smith is inclined to look upon losses to individuals with a jovial eye. Such losses can be excellent public relations.

A couple of years ago, two Eastern students did

Harold's a great service. They were system boys. They arrived one day and began to study a certain roulette wheel, not playing, but watching in four-hour shifts. This went on for ten days and began to attract the attention of the local press. Then the students started playing number nine, the number which had hit the most times during their study period. They won more than \$5,000 during the first four days, playing in shifts and never leaving the wheel.

By this time, newspapers from coast to coast were beginning to root for the boys, and Harold's, which was being identified everywhere as a place to knock over, could not do enough for their comfort and encouragement. Coffee and sandwiches appeared beside them; club officials dropped by to see whether they wanted cushions for their stools. When the youths had won around nearly \$10,000, Raymond I. Smith beamed upon them as though they were his own sons. But eventually the students began to lose. Smith grew visibly distressed and kept urging them to quit while they were ahead.

"I couldn't stand it after everything those fine boys did for Harold's," he said. The boys finally quit while they were about \$2,000 ahead.

There are plenty of examples of Harold's customers who have won small fortunes over the gaming tables—and knew enough to quit while they were ahead. A sailor who borrowed \$2 from a buddy at nine o'clock one night recently, walked away from a crap table with \$30,000 at 11:00 P.M. A soldier who started out with \$10 and played nothing but point four at craps and then roulette won \$17,000; he wired the money home to buy a farm. A divorcee with no particular interest in whether she won or lost at dice left the table with \$70,000. A housewife playing with the monthly car payment won \$37,000 between lunch and dinner time.

But the most spectacular incident in the spectacular history of Harold's Club occurred the night a well-known professional gambler from Kansas City, who had lost \$180,000 in 32 hours' play at a crap table, demanded the right to get even. He would be pleased, he said, to roll the house for the whole \$180,000—single dice, high number, one roll. If he lost, he said, he would pay the house double the amount of his debt, or a total of \$360,000. Son Harold accepted the challenge.

It was Harold's turn first; he got an ace. The gambler, fantastically, also got an ace. Harold rolled a three next. There was a terrible silence. Then the gambler rolled a four.

Grocery Bill Upsets Gambling King

It was an upsetting experience for Raymond I. Smith, the well-weathered king of the little bets. The next day he visited a Reno market to buy some groceries for his wife. His bill came to \$7.65. Smith was thunderstruck. On his way out, he lectured the clerk on the perils of inflation. And for days thereafter—while his dealers paid out dollars by the thousands—Smith kept grumbling about that grocery bill.

"You'd think money grew on trees," he said.

The elder Smith, a tall, somewhat grizzled Yankee, spent 25 of his 62 years traveling around the country with carnivals. He ran wheels of fortune at hundreds of drab little booths in which the prizes were candy canes, Kewpie dolls and similar gewgaws. In the depression year of 1935, when the wheel business was doing no better than most other businesses, his son Harold, then his father's apprentice at a Modesto, California, carnival, set out for Reno with his \$500 life savings. The elder Smith gave Harold his blessing—and said his job would be waiting when he came back.

"But I misjudged the Reno situation," Smith says now. "Harold bought out a bingo game in the building we still occupy, put in penny roulette and made a little money. Since there wasn't anything else for me to do, I came to Reno and began passing

shudders at the memory of the two-week period when the house won all the pots

advice around. When it worked, I came up with more ideas and gradually, without actually meaning to, began to manage things around the place. After a while, we sent for my son Raymond, who was clerking in a bank in San Francisco, and I advised Harold to give him a third of the business, which he did.

"Raymond's the studious type, closemouthed, not like the rest of us, so we made him president of the whole shebang. He spends most of his time in the office trying to figure out new ways of keeping tabs on business. He set up our accounting system, where we run a profit-and-loss tally on every table after every shift."

Three Girl Dealers Married Bosses

The elder Smith took a twenty-one dealer from the club as his second wife 10 years ago and they have three children. Harold also married a twenty-one dealer from the club after his first marriage ended in divorce. Raymond A. Smith likewise followed the family custom and married one of the club's twenty-one dealers. Unlike the younger Raymond, who is no mixer, both Harold and his father like to meet people and are great handshakers. Harold also is well known among gamblers for his ability to spot cheaters in the club. How does he do it? Just instinct, he says.

The Smith family is generally a cheerful one—who wouldn't be cheerful with a \$2,000,000 net annual profit?—but it sometimes seemed weighed down with problems. Turnover is always on the minds of the Smiths. When the club is running on schedule, there are 30 pulls a minute on its slot machines, two spins a minute on its roulette wheels, five rolls a minute on its crap tables and a hand a minute on its twenty-one tables. Over all, the house should win from 70 per cent of the customers, but gives them prolonged entertainment in the process. Guy Lent, Harold's chief accountant, figured out these statistics; just how, he wouldn't say.

Inventory and licenses are also a headache. Harold's has 695 slot machines, ranging from nickel to dollar models and costing around \$500 each. Federal, state and county licenses on each machine run to \$390 a year. The club has 10 crap tables, costing \$1,800 each and \$1,140 apiece for yearly licenses, nine roulette tables, which cost

about the same, and 20 less expensive twenty-one tables. The keno, pan, poker and chuck-a-luck games, of which Harold's has one each, are less of a burden.

When he retires to his crowded, Indian-blanketed office on the second floor, the elder Smith has to think in terms of a department-store manager and a mystic. All games on the three floors must be placed to catch best the flow of traffic—and to avoid the flow of hexes. A crap table that has been losing near the Virginia Street entrance may win near the back, or Douglas Alley, door. Dealers who have been losing may have to be shifted to break the spell, too. Why such shifts should be necessary, Smith doesn't know. But they usually work.

In higher realms, the Smiths have to deal with a maze of Nevada gambling regulations. Under Nevada law, dice must be within one ten-thousandth of a perfect cube; a Harold's woman employee uses calipers to check the 9,000 pairs of dice bought each year from manufacturers all over the country and each pair is used for only three days. The roulette wheels must be free of magnets, which would make the ball drop into certain slots, and the slot machines must be free of plugs that would make it impossible for players to hit winning combinations. State inspectors drop in at times unknown to Harold's to check the games and look for minors among the guests. While they're at it, the inspectors also may check the house books.

Games Made Foolproof for Customers

Then there is the problem of keeping the customers happy—and sometimes protecting them against their own follies. A loud gentleman in a sport jacket may start explaining the crap game to a young woman acquaintance. At the same time, he may begin to play simultaneously the front line and the back line on the table, a procedure which makes it impossible for him to win. In such a case, a dealer is required by house rules to stop the game and point out the customer's error. Taet is needed, however, because most customers would prefer to lose rather than have their ignorance exposed in front of their women friends.

This great mass-production luck factory is also efficient in other ways. It moves as fast as any bank when a customer wants his winnings or wishes

to cash a check. It advertises as widely as most conventional manufacturers, there are "Harold's Club or Bust!" signs on billboards or signs in some 35 states. And it has achieved what businessmen consider the best testimonial of all—an immense repeat business. Harold's Club estimates that about 60 per cent of its customers return to play again.

Like any serious business enterprise, Harold's depends heavily on the quality of its employees. For this reason, the elder Smith chooses them with the care of a bank president. Dealers, the core of his staff, are his specialty.

Job Applicants Severely Screened

Applicants for Harold's dealerships fill out a questionnaire, are interviewed by a Smith secretary, and then if they qualify and there are openings, are passed on to the elder Smith. Smith looks for a conservative appearance, a cool, fast, mathematical brain, an easygoing manner and sharp eyes. If the applicant possesses all these qualities and has stood up under Smith's grilling, he is given a three-month apprenticeship under the eye of a veteran crap, roulette or twenty-one dealer. His starting wage is \$10 a day. Eventually, he may work up to the top wage of \$17 a day.

Some 30 per cent of Harold's dealers are former lawyers, teachers, accountants or university graduates. Almost every dealer is a Reno homeowner.

Half of Harold's 300 dealers are women, who were introduced to the gambling business by Smith in 1936. Most are between 25 and 30, because the job is tough on the nerves and the feet; and most are married. They handle all kinds of games, and work the same shifts and get the same pay as the men. Among the sober, fatherly-looking men dealers, they stand out like birds of paradise in the cowboy shirts and riding trousers that are their uniform.

Women dealers have little trouble with romantically inclined players because gamblers seem incapable of more than one emotion when they see all those silver coins lying on all those emerald tables. When would-be romantics do appear, a woman dealer reaches under her table for a buzzer, rings three times (the trouble signal) and waits for the floor manager to arrive. When belligerent customers appear, she rings much more quickly. The only dealer ever to be manhandled at Harold's was



Harold's boasts five bars. Bartender Bill Borden stands behind the Silver Dollar Bar Collier's for January 31, 1953



Robert Adair and Percy Kelley repair slot machines in basement workshop at Harold's



The three Smiths (from left): Veep Harold, Manager Raymond L., President Raymond A.

A lighting failure could start a riot. But Harold's just turns on its own power

A woman twenty-one dealer who was slapped down by a burly customer for winning with a smile.

The floor managers—of whom Harold's has six, two for each shift—are the management's field generals. Like the dealers, from whose ranks they have come, they are all quiet, dolt, pleasant and observant. They combine the qualities of headwaiters, bookkeepers, father confessors and house detectives. Besides watching the customers, the floor manager has to keep a cool eye on the dealers and the change girls, hostesses, cashiers and watchmen. And in his constant patrolling, he tries to remain as invisible as the men walking the concealed, one-way mirrored catwalks which hang from the ceilings of the club's three floors; they, too, keep the customers and the employees under constant observation.

Crowds Drawn by Lure of Easy Wealth

The chance of winning huge fortunes keeps the customers flowing into Harold's at the rate of 2,000,000 a year. The crowds, the excitement, the whirl of machinery, the dealers' calls—all contribute to an atmosphere of tension and controlled violence. Gambling tables and slot machines dominate all three floors of the club, and even the decorative scheme seems to suggest action.

Across the entire front of the building is a huge colored-glass mural showing pioneers sacking down beside a wagon train on the desert. Inside, the walls are alive with pictures of hangings, scalplings, shootings, massacres and other activities which highlighted Nevada's past.

Near the first-floor escalator, believed to be the only one in a gambling club in the world, a kind of blockhouse runs from floor to ceiling. Here are the floor manager's office, the credit department, cashiers' cages and a vault in which up to a million dollars is kept. Inside the vault, which is guarded by one solid steel door and two barred ones, sits a woman custodian who keeps track of arrivals and departures. Cashgirls run in and out, to and from various tables, carrying thousands of dollars without a visible care in the world. (Harold's has never been held up, possibly because Reno has a large police force and is surrounded by desert, with only five easily blockaded roads leading out of town.)

On his occasional struggles through the crowded building, the elder Smith most enjoys the scenery of the second floor. This huge space, housing two of the club's five bars, was occupied by hotel rooms before Harold's took it over. Now, full-size stagecoaches, smaller coaches, buggies and other ancient vehicles hang suspended against three of the walls in the main gambling hall. The fourth wall is covered by what Harold's describes as the largest and most expensive collection of rifles, six-guns, bows, arrows, knives, bayonets, brass knuckles, clubs, hatchets, nooses, spears, swords and other instruments of death in the world. Smith, the proud owner of this collection, feels that it reflects the mood of the customers perfectly.

The third floor, which Harold's added a few years ago, features two peep shows. In both, plaster reproductions of women of the proportions our fathers respected recline gracefully.

Smith takes great pride in the building—even in the basement shop where repairmen are constantly at work on injured slot machines and where Harold's big, emergency Diesel power plant sits. The plant switches on automatically whenever Reno's regular power fails; otherwise the club might be plunged into darkness and all money in play at the time would be in dispute.

Nostalgia for Old Carnival Life

Despite the outstanding success of Harold's Club, there are times when the elder Smith gets disheartened over what he has wrought. On one such night recently, he recalls, he found himself thinking everything looked too big, too organized, too remote. He felt a pang of regret for those bygone days when he operated carnival wheels and on occasion had fought his customers personally. Here he fought only balance sheets and his customers fought only the law of averages. There wasn't a real gambler in the place, he decided. Not one.

His eye lighted on a striking-looking old gentleman who had been playing roulette 26 hours straight and had lost about \$10,000. The old man arose finally, gaunt and unsteady. As he passed Smith, he announced that he would never gamble again. Near the door, the old gentleman suddenly stopped stock-still and stared at two bugs crawling toward a crack in the wall. "I have 33 cents on the brown one, by a nose," the old gentleman said.

"I'll cover that," said Smith. Suddenly he felt immeasurably better. ▲▲▲



Customers play some of the 695 slot machines in Harold's Club. Machines are set to pay off from three coins to jack pot every six or seven pulls

A Bachelor Surrounded

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

Women to the right of him, women to the left of him—a guy didn't have a chance. A dog's life was better

THE trouble with being a bachelor is that there are too many women in the world. Even if you have cast-iron nerves and don't marry one of them, you're still surrounded. I drove home after a bad day at the office. My new secretary was terrible and I should have fired her, but every time I tried, she looked at me with that wide-eyed baby stare, and I lost my courage.

Now I had to stop off at the rental office and give Miss Hillcrest my rent check. I hated dealing with Miss Hillcrest. Her eyes, which weren't baby blue, stared disapprovingly at me from behind gold-rimmed spectacles; they always seemed to express her conviction that it had been a bad mistake to let me have the apartment.

I parked the car and went inside. She was just an old crosspatch, I told myself, and she couldn't intimidate me. I paid my rent on time, didn't I? Well, all right, I thought, and slapped down my check.

"Good evening, Mr. Shelton," she said coldly. "We have had another complaint about you. That is the second this month."

I tried to meet Miss Hillcrest's eye, became aware I had neglected to remove my hat, jerked it off and dropped it.

"I'm sorry, Miss Hillcrest," I said. "I had a little poker party—"

"It must not happen again," Miss Hillcrest said.

A beaten man, I retrieved my hat and got out of there. Automatically I walked toward the pet shop down the street to pay my respects to the lone, lorn cocker spaniel in the window. I felt a kinship for that dog. He was the last of a litter. His ears were ragged and his expression hopeless. He knew he was licked. The other dogs found homes, but not him. In a way, he could be called a bachelor dog. Every night I looked into the window and wished him luck.

But this time he too was gone; the window was empty. Maybe someone had taken pity on him. I wouldn't ever find out. I went back to the apartment-house garage, thinking (as I had taken to doing at all moments lately) of my next-door neighbor. Susan Chalmers was her name; I'd looked for it on her mailbox.

I had met her in the hallway a month before, when I came in and found her struggling to open her door with her arms full of packages.

"Allow me," I said, and took the bundles while she operated her key.

I followed her in, checking the vital statistics. She was about five four, chestnut-haired, brown-eyed, and easily the prize tenant. I debated asking her out for dinner. But a girl right next door can become a serious complication, and while I hesitated, she took the packages from my arms.

"Thanks, chum," she said, pushed me lightly outside, and shut the door in my face. End of romance.

It was probably for the best, I thought, but still I kind of kept hoping something would develop. I even took to leaving my front door open, but nothing happened.

I put my car in the garage and walked into the building. The door to Apartment 1A opened up, and old lady Skinner, a widow, glared out at me.

"Did Miss Hillcrest speak to you?" she said.

I decided not to take any more female (Continued on page 44)

"You think you know a lot, don't you?" Susan said. "I'll go—but only for Topper's sake. See if the coast is clear"



SAN FRANCISCO'S MOST GLAMOROUS WOMEN

Baghdad-by-the-Bay columnist Herb Caen, otherwise known as "Mr. San Francisco," makes his selections

Photographed at the city's Fairmont Hotel (l. to r.): Mrs. George Ross, Mrs. David Hill, Mrs. Adam Musto, Jade Snow Wong, Mrs. Edwin Wilson



THERE may be more beautiful women in San Francisco than the 12 who are looking out at you from these two pages, but in my many wanderings about town for the San Francisco Examiner I have found none more glamorous. Along with their obvious physical beauty, they are exciting and talented representatives of an exciting city.

If I could boil their qualities down to one word, I would say that they have importance—in their own circle, in the public's eye and in the city as a whole. Their glamor, if we may use the term all-inclusively, is universal and recognizable.

Mrs. George Ross, 31, is the wife of a real-estate-insurance man and the mother of two daughters (7 and 3) and a boy (4). She appears extensively on local television.

Mrs. David Fentriss Hill, 25, is married to a prominent rancher. They have a sixteen-month-old son.

Mrs. Adam Musto, 36, has two daughters, aged 14 and 3, and a son 12. Her husband is a lawyer.

Mrs. Edwin M. Wilson, 22, wife of an insurance broker, is the mother of a 17-month-old girl.

Mrs. John McWhorter, 32, also is married to an insurance broker. They have two girls (one 7, the other 13 months) and a son 2.

Mrs. Clarence Young, 43, who as Lois Moran was once a stage and screen star, is the wife of an airline executive and the mother of a son 16.

Mrs. Victor Bergeron, 43, is married to the noted restaurateur, Trader Vic, and has a 21-year-old daughter.

Mrs. Jackson Moffett, 32, is the mother of a

girl, aged 5. Her husband is in the oil business.

Lade Snow Wong (Mrs. Woodrow Ong), 30, is a well-known ceramist and the author of the recent best-selling autobiography *Fifth Chinese Daughter*.

Mrs. Henry Bohling, 44, wife of a stockbroker is a society leader and active in charity work.

Mrs. Betty Holmes, 28, has one son aged 6 and another 3. She recently divorced Christian Holmes III, heir to a yeast fortune.

Mrs. Robert Folger Miller, 26, has a 3 year-old daughter, and sons aged 2 and 1. Her husband is in law school.

Well, there you are. If there's any city that says it has lovelier ladies than San Francisco I shall defend to the end their right to say it, but I'll never believe it.

HERB CAIN

Mrs. Henry Bohling, Mrs. Betty Holmes, Mrs. John McWhorter, Mrs. Robert Miller, Mrs. Clarence Young, Mrs. Victor Bergeron, Mrs. Jackson Moffett



The Russian



Russian women soldiers go through the same grueling training schedule as men comrades

Frankfurt, Germany

THE Russian combat soldiers—women as well as men—who face our troops across occupation-zone borders in Germany and Austria are just as tough and formidable as those who threw the Nazis out of the Soviet Union and captured Berlin in World War II.

They train as long as 12 hours a day, are kept in an almost constant state of alert and are being inflamed by propagandists against the United States.

If our own soldiers in Germany and Austria never before have had it so good, then—in the words of a Russian deserter who has been in the west long enough to learn the vernacular—Soviet troops “never had it so rough.”

There are no well-stocked post exchanges, no service clubs, no pretty hostesses for Soviet soldiers. The Russian GIs have only a poor imitation of a post exchange, with no more goods than are displayed on the nearly bare shelves of stores at home. They have entertainment, but even the theater troupes and concert parties hammer away most of the time at the glorification of Communism—the dedication of Joseph Stalin and the threat of American imperialism. And attendance at these propaganda parties is as compulsory as attendance at the Soviet army's two-hour political indoctrination lectures.

As a matter of fact, the Soviet soldier has no leisure time he can call his own. He spends almost all his waking hours training—physically and mentally—to defend his homeland from what his Communist political officers tell him is an impending American attack.

The Russians may be exaggerate and bluster about other things, but the fighting ability of the Soviet soldier and his preparedness for battle are no myths. The tough Soviet fighting man and woman of 1953 are as much a reality as Soviet possession of the atomic bomb, and a force equally to be reckoned with.

This first authentic, up-to-date picture of the soldiers who make up Russia's army and the life they lead comes from our own observations behind the Iron Curtain and along its fringes, and from Russian deserters representing nearly every branch of the Soviet military system.

It is a picture which raises vital questions for our military planners in these tense days of the Cold War. Are we pampering our soldiers too much? Would they be able to withstand a Communist onslaught from the east? The real answers could be found only in battle—a battle we hope will never come. Therefore our Chiefs of Staff must make their decisions on the basis of information about Soviet training methods and capabilities only now becoming fully available.

Russian deserters often tell conflicting stories of their life in the Soviet army, but that is to be expected. No two officers in any army lead their men

Authentic reports from behind the Iron Curtain show he's just as formidable as in World War II. That goes for women troops, too

or apply discipline in exactly the same way; no two soldiers react to that leadership or discipline in exactly the same way. But that does not alter the over-all picture which emerges from our interviews and observations.

There is perhaps no better illustration of Soviet all-out preparedness than the assignment of women as combat troops as well as to rear-echelon jobs similar to those held by our WACs. Women combat soldiers in the Russian army get no special privileges. They go through the same training schedule as their male comrades. They get the same rations and are subject to the same discipline. Many wear the same uniforms as the men.

“We made our own brassières if we could get the material; otherwise we wore none,” a Russian woman deserter who used to be a noncommissioned officer told us. “Even if we didn't feel well, we took our turns on the firing range as long as we could walk. We were treated like soldiers, and we were expected to act like them.”

The ex-noncom was a slim girl of twenty-five, Anya Zalenko, who deserted about a year ago in Berlin. She didn't look as though she could heft a large-sized pocketbook, much less a tommy gun. Yet she was no smaller than blonde Lieutenant Maria Dononyev, whom we saw in action during the final days of the battle for Berlin in 1945.

Lieutenant Dononyev commanded a group of light tanks on which Russian infantrymen were riding into the thick of the fighting in the burning German capital. When a couple of infantrymen were hit by German bullets and toppled off a tank, some of their comrades leaped down to their assistance. Maria cold-bloodedly leveled her pistol at the men and ordered them to abandon the wounded and get back on the tank. They jumped back with alacrity. One of the wounded even dragged himself painfully onto a tank; he stopped two more bullets before he ceased firing his tommy gun.

The Soviet general staff hasn't given the Russian soldier a chance to soften up in the years since Germany's surrender. His training schedule and field exercises are backbreaking and callous by American postwar standards.

“We lived with our weapons—our tanks and our guns,” deserters say. “It's train, train, train. The equipment is your wealth, the gun your fiancée, and knowing how to use them your life.”

Russian ex-Sergeant Georgi Bayukin, a recent deserter now working as a farm hand in western Austria, also put it succinctly: “I was a professional soldier and served in the army for 11 years. The Soviet army feels that recreation for soldiers is stupid and bourgeois. The men were always told that they were being trained to fight and that fighting men don't have time for anything else.”

“You can bet that every man knows what to do with his weapons and how to care for them. He gets so that he thinks about them in his sleep. His equipment he knows better than his family. He's in good physical condition; he's tough.”

On defensive field exercises, the soldiers are taught to live like moles. They burrow deeply into the earth and use their foxholes as firing stations, sleeping space and latrines. They are told that every foxhole soldier should hold out until death regardless of what may happen around him.

To make sure that the lesson of never surrender-

ing sticks, Soviet officers sometimes lash their men to field guns and lay a curtain of real fire on exposed positions. You might think this sort of thing happens only in training, but:

“We often chained our soldiers to their guns during World War II to give others more time to retreat,” says Mikhail Paladko, a former Russian infantry captain. “They kept firing even when they were lashed to their guns,” adds German ex-Major Ernst Gunthersberger, who was at Stalingrad. “If they stopped, they'd be killed anyway; they couldn't raise their hands to surrender.”

In offensive training, the Russians still emphasize mass assaults. They taught this technique of human-sea attacks to the Chinese and North Korean Communists, and the Asiatic Reds have used it effectively in Korea.

Such mass assaults, even when they succeed, are costly. But the Russians always have ignored casualties. There are no casualty lists in Russian newspapers, no telegrams to the next of kin. As a matter of fact, there is practically no mail service in the Soviet army. Families of World War II dead learned they had lost a son, husband or daughter only when he or she failed to return after Germany's surrender.

How Red Army's Wounded Are Treated

Although the Russians boast their medicine is the most advanced in the world, you don't see much evidence of it in the Soviet army. In contrast to the slick efficiency of an American field dressing station, Soviet emergency treatment is a haphazard affair. The soldier is supposed to fight until he drops, and this rule of thumb hasn't changed since the war. During the Battle of Berlin, we saw a wounded Russian tommy-gunner fight on until the house he was assaulting was taken. Then, assisted by two comrades, he walked a half mile to a battalion aid station under artillery fire and waited his turn in a long line. A dozen stitches were hastily taken in his wounded arm and, half an hour later, the soldier was back on the line again firing his tommy gun.

When a Russian soldier is in barracks, reveille is at 6:00 A.M. Rifle and machine-gun instruction takes up four hours a day, and field exercises another three. Then the always emphasized political instruction, plus drills and numerous other chores, occupies the rest of the crowded schedule.

There are brief breaks for meals. Mainstays of the diet are *kasha*, a cereal, served at least twice a day; chunks of black bread with each meal; tea, with one lump of sugar per man daily; and a total of 25 grams of meat daily. The diet is filling, if monotonous, and, as a former Russian army lieutenant explains:

“A Russian soldier eats pretty well compared with what he gets at home. During the war, if he didn't get his ration of black bread and *kasha*, he could even get along by eating the bark off trees.”

Just before “lights out”—at 10:00 P.M. in the winter and 11:00 P.M. in the summer—some political officers require enlisted men to sing the Soviet hymn. If the officer is dissatisfied with the singing, he may force the men to sing it five or six times more before they can get into bed.

The ordinary tour of duty in the Soviet army is two to four years. And it is accompanied by

Soldier—How Good Is He?

By SEYMOUR FREIDIN and WILLIAM RICHARDSON

iron discipline. A Soviet soldier can't go out on the town. Barbed wire, guards and watch towers with searchlights keep the soldiers close to home when they're not on field exercises. They are forbidden dates, and the only glimpse they get of women, except for their own soldiers, is through the barbed wire or on maneuvers.

"Mostly, we don't think about girls," explained a former Russian private. "You're so tired at the end of a day that you simply want to get to sleep. Of course, when you see some girls passing by, you think about them. In East Germany, we used to ask about meeting local Communist girls. We were told that we had better wait until we got out of the army and went home to meet Russian girls in our own communities."

Furloughs home are rare for the average Soviet soldier. Even noncommissioned officers seldom get them, and when they do it's more likely due to their political than their military aptitude. The favored ones usually have shown their loyalty to Communism by becoming secretaries of army branches of the Komsomol, or Young Communist League. Home leave, when granted, hardly ever

exceeds 45 days every three years, and there is no local leave.

Officers in the Soviet army, especially the professional officers, lead an entirely different life from the enlisted men. A caste system has been built up more snobbish than anything the czarist armies ever knew. The professional officer has his orderly or orderlies, depending on his rank. And in some units there are even separate movie houses for professional (as distinct from reserve) officers.

Caste System Extends to Cigarettes

The cleavage between officers and enlisted men extends even to tobacco. Officers can buy fine-grain tobacco cigarettes with good paper, and enlisted men consider an officer's cigarette butt a great prize. Russian GIs receive only a coarse tobacco substitute called *makhorka*, the usual smoke of Soviet peasants and distributed in strands sufficient for the men to roll six cigarettes a day of their own. "We used to wrap *makhorka* in newspapers to make cigarettes," a deserter says. "Everybody tried to use *Pravda* (official newspaper of the

Soviet Communist party). It burns the best."

How about pay in the Soviet army? This question usually brings laughter from Russian deserters: they've had a chance to see the big-spending American GIs. Soviet soldiers receive, depending on rank, the equivalent in local currency of up to ten dollars a month "overseas pay" while on occupation duty. The balance of their pay in rubles is held for them in their homeland.

Over-all pay rates depend largely on the specialized mechanical skills of the individual soldier. For instance, an air-force sergeant mechanic is likely to earn more than an infantry lieutenant. A mechanic may receive as much as 550 rubles a month (about \$135 at the Soviet-pegged official exchange rate, but with far less buying power than the dollar equivalent). Since an average enlisted man is paid only 30 rubles a month, most Russian soldiers try to enter technical schools. Admission into the schools is easier for those who know their Marx and Stalin; political officers get speedy action on the application of loyal Reds.

Courses at the technical schools are thorough. Even to drive a Russian version of a jeep, a soldier

Soviet tommy gunners attack Nazi troops in Breslau during World War II. Soviet general staff hasn't let Russian army go soft since then



Russia tells its army that American soldiers are more bestial than were Nazis

must pass a stiff examination. Once he completes his course, the soldier handles his equipment excellently and keeps it in tiptop shape mechanically. Soviet planes, tanks and motorized equipment may look seedy without paint or polish, but they're extremely efficient.

The same standards also apply to the infantryman's rifle and other equipment. From pistols to superjets, performance—not appearance—is the rule in the Soviet armed forces. Thus an unclean rifle barrel can send a man to a forced labor gang—a decision his commanding or political officer makes on the spot.

Arkadi Rudovsky, twenty-four, formerly a senior sergeant in the 78th Bombardment Regiment, near Vienna, put it this way: "We worked over our planes as if every training mission meant life and death. It could, you see. And we were always kept in a state called Alert Number 1. That meant we had to get from our barracks to our planes in two minutes."

Rudovsky, lanky and grave-faced, is now a member of the United States Army. He was sworn in under the alien-enlistment program last September, seventeen months after he fled his Soviet air-force outfit. The enlistment program, established in 1951, provides for the admission of 12,500 Eastern Europeans into the American Army. Recruits are screened for security and must take an oath, as did Rudovsky, to "defend the United States against all enemies."

Why do men like Rudovsky desert? Disillusion-

ment with Communist propaganda is the main reason. Away from their homeland for the first time in their lives, Soviet soldiers found it just wasn't true that peoples in other nations were oppressed and exploited. They discovered that Soviet living standards were far worse than those in the conquered countries they were occupying.

Russian soldiers deserted by the thousands in the early days of victory after World War II, but in recent months the number has shrunk to an insignificant trickle. Security precautions have been so stepped up that Soviet soldiers in Germany and Austria have little or no contact with the local populations.

Russian ex-Captain Mikhail Paladko, who fled the Soviet army in 1949, warns against expecting any increase in the number of desertions in the near future.

"I think Americans overrate discontent in the Soviet army," he says. "Every soldier grumbles in every army. Then, too, most of us who were disillusioned already have got out. Moreover, the Russian soldier eats better in the army than he does on a farm or in the factory. None of us, except party officials, ever had or knew anything much better. We make do on very little. We don't need meat, socks, beds, blankets or tooth paste."

Another development instrumental both in reducing desertions and in conditioning the Soviet soldier for battle is that a growing proportion of the men and women in the Russian army apparently believe most of what they are told in political

lectures. The political officers hammer on the double theme that the United States is preparing to attack the Soviet Union and that U.S. soldiers are more bestial than the Nazis of World War II.

"Every week we had at least two hours of political lectures," says a Soviet soldier who deserted recently from the Soviet zone of Austria. "We were always told, in every lecture and by different officers, that American imperialists are preparing to attack the Soviet Union. They told us that American troops have no political indoctrination, that they won't fight well, and that the American people are cowardly and have never won a war alone. At the same time, we were told these cowards were drunkards who would shoot civilians and rape our women. We were told they would loot and pillage worse than the Nazis ever did."

Another Russian deserter, Vladimir Feodorovich Moisejev, a blond, square-faced, smooth-shaven farm boy from the Tomoskaja district 350 miles south of Moscow, added: "They told us the Americans would never take any prisoners and we could expect no mercy."

One of the mainsprings of the Red soldier's ferocity in World War II was his deep, bitter hatred—and fear—of the enemy. Now he's being asked to protect his homeland, whose defense, the Kremlin contends, begins at the English Channel, against a more villainous enemy than before.

Deserters agree that if war comes the Soviet soldier will fight just as fiercely and just as well as he did in World War II. ▲▲▲

Cpl. A. J. Fiorucci, from the Bronx, New York, shows American liaison plane to three Russian army deserters in American zone of Germany

RAY V. LAWRENCE





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LAUGHS ARE MY

Here's how Hollywood's famed producer of movie shorts



Spilled oranges provided laugh in *Pedestrian Safety*, one of Pete Smith's funniest shorts



Uncle Sam says the mail must go through, but was he ever confronted by a boy with a squirt gun?



Dave O'Brien, Smith's ace director, actor and stunt man, nearly saws hand in two while watching a pretty girl. Audiences thought this gag from *Wrong Way Butch* too realistic

THERE comes a time in the making of movie comedies, even as in real life, when a man must go up a ladder. In 20 years of making Pete Smith Specialties for M-G-M, I have sent many men up ladders—so that they would fall off. It's a sure-fire way to get a laugh.

But there are only a certain number of ways a man can fall off a ladder. He either can tumble on his way up, when he reaches the top, or while clambering down. He can fall to one side or the other, or he can slide down the rungs (usually to the accompaniment of xylophone sound effects). Or the ladder can collapse or be knocked over.

Several years ago, I sent a man up a ladder in a movie short which I was making at the request of the government. Called *Seventh Column*, the picture pointed out the hazards of working in an industrial plant and suggested ways to avoid accidents.

The movie showed the ladder climber perched precariously on the top rung among the eaves of a huge warehouse. Near the base of the ladder, unknown to the man on top, another man was carelessly driving a dolly truck. A huge hook protruded from the end of the truck, and it appeared to be only a matter of time before the hook would topple the ladder and hurtle the man on top to the cement floor.

But my writers and I thought such a sequence would be too obvious. So we devised a new twist: the truck would pull the ladder out from under the man on top—and the camera would pick him up a moment later hanging desperately to a protruding ledge.

The audience snickered all the way through the tantalizing build-up as the dolly truck drew nearer and nearer the ladder. But there was not a single laugh as the ladder fell to the ground without the man. The audience had wanted to see him fall and resented being fooled.

This incident proved once again what an elusive thing comedy is. I have produced and narrated more than 300 Pete Smith Specialties ranging in subject matter from sports oddities to how to understand inflation (which, incidentally, I still don't understand). Most of them have been comedies. Yet neither I nor anyone else in the business pretends to know exactly what it is that constitutes a sure laugh. A gag may have the audience in hysterics in one theater, and the very same gag on the very same night will lay an egg at the movie house across the street.

If you make one-reelers, as I do, you have but eight brief minutes to get your laughs. And if you don't make every second of those eight minutes count, the people will be in the lobby buying popcorn and the feature will be on before you know it.

But at the risk of sounding conceited, I think I can say I have sold less popcorn over the years than a good many of my competitors. I try to squeeze as many laughs into my eight-minute shorts as a lot of producers will settle for in a whole 90-minute feature. To succeed, however, I must be willing to do almost anything, so long as it isn't in bad taste.

In this business, there just isn't time for subtlety or long build-ups to a gag. Whatever story points have to be made, I explain in a couple of short lines of narration. And as for the humor itself, I have to take advantage of every trick device imaginable—from comedy sound effects to running the picture upside down.

These tricks may be corny, but they pay off in audience reaction. At every preview, I keep my own box score—not only on the total number of laughs, but on the kind of laughs they are. A Number One laugh is a boff or belly, a Number Two is a medium laugh and a Number Three is a snicker.

BUSINESS

By PETE SMITH with ARTHUR MARX

boosts his laugh average as high as one every 15 seconds—from snickers to guffaws

I consider a comedy a success when it gets somewhere in the neighborhood of 40 laughs, including from 12 to 20 Number One laughs. I don't always attain this goal, but on rare occasions I have even surpassed it. Pedestrian Safety, for example, contained 51 laughs—or a laugh every 15 seconds.

Pedestrian Safety was a sugar-coated educational picture. In a comic way, it pointed out many of the careless habits of the average pedestrian and suggested methods of preventing unnecessary accidents. I don't know if it saved any lives—I hope it did—but I do know it was a natural subject for comedy.

The sequence which got the biggest laugh opened with Mr. Average Pedestrian spilling a sack of oranges in the street and attempting to retrieve them from under a streetcar that was about to start up. Narrowly escaping death under the heavy wheels, Mr. Pedestrian crawled out from beneath the car and sat on the curb to count his oranges. As he did, a dump truck unloaded a ton of sand on him. That got a Number One laugh.

Like all pictures, Pedestrian Safety had its share of Number Two and Number Three laughs. A Number Two, which I had hoped would be a Number One, showed our pedestrian alighting from a parked car on the street side of his vehicle. As he opened the car door, ignoring oncoming traffic, a car whizzed by and ripped off the door.

Housewife's Boner Gets Only a Chuckle

Actually, there's not much to choose between a Number One and a Number Two laugh. Sometimes just the size of the audience can make the difference. But there's no mistaking a Number Three. What's worse, a Number Three laugh sequence isn't necessarily less funny—to us—than a Number One or Two. Take, for example, a sequence in Wanted One Egg, the story of a scatter-brained housewife who, needing just one egg to bake a cake, found her cupboard bare and set out for the grocery store. On her way there, the family jalopy ran out of gas, and the wife had to take a bus. When she returned home three hours later, she found that she had left her key inside the house. It took her another two hours to break into the house—only to discover that the front door had been unlocked all the time. The audience was amused, but didn't laugh out loud. That's what we call a Number Three.

But to make any gag work—no matter how wild it may be—you must first have a sound basic premise, or plot idea. It should be something that will strike a responsive chord in most people. Audience identification, it's called. It means something that's happened to you, possibly in an exaggerated form by the time it reaches the screen, but nevertheless something that will make you sit up and say, "Gee, that's just like what I did," or "I have a mother-in-law who acts the same way."

Knowing what constitutes a good idea is one thing. Finding a good idea is another.

Luckily I have a fellow working for me named Dave O'Brien, who's one of the best idea men in the business. O'Brien is my man Friday. He directs and co-writes nearly all of my pictures, and appears as an actor in about 90 per cent of them, usually portraying Mr. Average American. The only time I don't use him as an actor is when I'm making a sport short or some other kind of picture which doesn't require the talents of a slapstick comedian.

O'Brien has been working steadily for me for the last 13 of his 39 years. When he appeared in his first Pete Smith Specialty, Bus Pests, he had had no background in comedy. His acting experi-



BOB LANDRY

Upside-down actor-director Dave O'Brien tries to sell producer Smith a gag idea on what might happen to a careless telephone lineman. But Pete needs a bit more convincing

NEVER...Such Wild Pageantry..

Robert Haggiag
presents

Robert Haggia
presents

THE THIEF

These are some of the legends that
will be playing "The Thief of Venice"

These are some of the leading actors who will be playing "The Thief of Venice."



MARIA MONTEZ
PAUL CHRISTIAN

Produced by ROBERT HAGGIAG • Directed
by JOHN BRAHM • Screenplay by JESSE L.
LASKY, JR. • From an original story by
MICHAEL PERTWEE • Music by ALESSANDRO
CICOGNINI • Played by the Rome Symphony
Orchestra • Released thru 20th Century-Fox

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HENDERSON	VI
LAS VEGAS	EL F
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
CLAREMONT	LE
CONCORD	CO
DOVER	SA
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3 YEARS IN THE MAKING!
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CAST OF TENS OF THOUSANDS!

Lusty Adventure...Glorious Romance!

THE THIEF OF VENICE

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BRUNSWICK PARAMOUNT
CITY RIVOLI
D BANK VILLAGE
D BANK STRAND
MS RIVER COMMUNITY
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WOOD CASINO

NEW MEXICO

BUENOS AIRES STATE
TEC AZTEC
RINGTON TO-TAM
S CRUCES STATE

NEW YORK

BURN PALACE
SABLE FORKS HOLLYWOOD
BION RIALTO
TAVIA MANCUSO
NGHAMTON CAPITOL
FFALO CENTER
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TSKILL COMMUNITY
ATHAM CRANDELL
RNING PALACE
ORTLAND STATE
NSVILLE STAR
INKIRK STATE
ST AURORA AURORA
MIRA COLONIAL
NEY REGENT
OVERNEUR UNION HALL
DWAIDA HOLLYWOOD
MBURG PALACE
RNEILL STEUBEN
IDSON COMMUNITY
HACA STATE
MESTOWN SHEA'S
ESVILLE REX
CKPORT RIALTO
LONE PLAZA
IDINA DIANA
AGARA FALLS STRAND
RWICH SMALLIES
DENSBURG PONTIAC
EAN PALACE
YEGO TIOGA
YSDAM ROXY
CHESTER LITTLE
LYER CREEK GEITNER
RINGVILLE JOYLAND
RACUSE ECKEL
INAWANDA STAR
ICA OLYMPIC
AVERLY CAPITOL
ESTFIELD GRAND

NORTH CAROLINA

DONE APPALACHIAN
INTON AUSTIN
IZABETH CITY CENTER
REST CITY GRIFFIN
CKORY CATAWBA
NNAPOLIS MAIN
AKSVILLE COLONIAL
ORGANTON DAVIS
LEIGH VARSITY
CKINGHAM STRAND

NORTH DAKOTA

FARGO GRAND
GRAFTON ZELDA
GRAND FORKS PARAMOUNT
JAMESTOWN GRAND
MINOT STATE

OHIO

AKRON COLONIAL
ASHTABULA BULA
CAMBRIDGE STATE
CANTON PALACE
CELINA CELINA
CHILLICOTHE MAJESTIC
CINCINNATI KEITH
CLEVELAND HIPPODROME
CONNEAUT STATE
DAYTON COLONIAL
DOVER BEXLEY
E. LIVERPOOL STATE
E. PALESTINE E. PALESTINE
FINDLAY STATE
GALLIPOLIS COLONY
GENEVA SHEA'S
GREENVILLE STATE
HAMILTON RIALTO
LIMA OULINA
MANSFIELD MADISON
MARIETTA OHIO
MASSILLON WESLIN
MINERVA ROXY
NEWARK AUDITORIUM
NEWCOMERTOWN RITZ
PORTSMOUTH COLUMBIA
ST. MARTY ST. MARTY
SIDNEY MAJESTIC
SPRINGFIELD GRAND
STEBENVILLE GRAND
TOLEDO PARAMOUNT
TORONTO MANOS
TROY MAYFLOWER
WASHINGTON COURT HOUSE
WILMINGTON FAYETTE
WOODSFIELD MURPHY
XENIA NEW LIFE
YOUNGSTOWN XENIA
YOUNGSTOWN PARAMOUNT
ZANESVILLE WELLER

OKLAHOMA

MUSKOGEE RITZ
OKLAHOMA CITY HARBOR

OREGON

CORVALLIS STATE
EUGENE REX
GRANTS PASS RIVOLI
KLAMATH FALLS PELICAN
MEDFORD CRATERIAN
PENDLETON ALTA
PORTLAND MAYFAIR
SALEM CAPITOL

PENNSYLVANIA

ALTOONA STATE
ALTOONA MIDWAY
ALTOONA CAPITOL

SOUTH CAROLINA

AMBRIDGE STATE
BEAVER FALLS GRANADA
BELLEFONTE STATE
BELLE VERNON VERDI
BERWICK STRAND
BETHLEHEM PALACE
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BRADFORD MC KEAN
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BROWNSVILLE PLAZA
CANNONBURG ALHAMBRA
CARMICHAELS LUND
CHAMBERSBURG CAPITOL
CHARLOTTE PALACE
CLARION ORPHEUM
CLEARFIELD ROXY
COALPORT DIXIE
CONNELLSVILLE ORPHEUM
COUDERSPORT COUDERSPORT
DANVILLE CAPITOL
DONORA HARRIS
DU BOIS HARRIS
ELLWOOD CITY MANOS
EMPORIUM EMPORIUM
ERIE STRAND
FRANKLIN KAYTON
GREENSBURG MANOS
GROVE CITY LEE
HARRISBURG COLONIAL
HAZLETON CAPITOL
HUNTINGDON CLIFTON
INDIANA MANOS
JOHNSTOWN EMBASSY
KANE TEMPLE
LANCASTER GRAND
LANSDORF PALACE
LATROBE PALACE
LEBANON OLYMPIC
LEWISTON CLASSIC
LEWISTOWN EMBASSY
MAHONNY CITY VICTORIA
MAUCH CHUNG CAPITOL
MC KEESPORT LIBERTY
MEADVILLE PARK
MT. CARMEL VICTORIA
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NEW BRIGHTON BRIGHTON
NEW CASTLE VICTOR
OIL CITY LATONIA
PITTSBURGH J. P. HARRIS
POTTSVILLE CAPITOL
PUNXSUTAWNEY JEFFERSON
READING WARNER
RIDGWAY STRAND
ST. MARTY ST. MARTY
SAYRE SAYRE
SCRANTON CAPITOL
SHAMOKIN VICTORIA
SHARON LIBERTY
SHENANDOAH CAPITOL
STATE COLLEGE STATE
STROUDSBURG STRAND
SUNBURY VICTORIA
TAMAUQUA HARRIS
TARENTUM HARRIS
TITUSVILLE PENN
TOWANDA KEYSTONE
TYRONE WILSON
UNIONTOWN STATE
VANDERGRIFT CASINO
WARREN COLUMBIA
WASHINGTON BASLE
WAYNESBURG OPERA HOUSE
WELLSBORO ARCADIA
WILLIS BARRE ORPHEUM
WILLIAMSPORT CAPITOL

SOUTH DAKOTA

ABERDEEN CAPITOL
HURON HURON
MADISON STATE
MITCHELL PARAMOUNT
SIOUX FALLS EGYPTIAN
WATERTOWN PLAZA

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UTAH

CEDAR CITY CEDAR
LOGAN ROXY
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ROOSEVELT UINIA
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VERNAL VERNAL

VERMONT

BARRE PARAMOUNT
BRATTLEBORO LATCHIS
BRISTOL COLONIAL
MANCHESTER PLAYHOUSE
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MONTPELIER CAPITOL
RUTLAND PARAMOUNT
ST. ALBANS STUDIO
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VIRGINIA

BRISTOL LEE
CHRISTIANSBURG PALACE
DANVILLE NORTH
HARRISONBURG STATE
LYNCHBURG WARNER
MARTINSVILLE RIVES
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ELLENBURG LIBERTY
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KELSO 7th STREET
KELSO KELSO
OLYMPIA STATE
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ALL THIS...
And More!

THE RACE of the galley
slaves for Venice... under the
cruel lash of the whipmaster!

THE REVOLT of the rabble
against Prussian mercenaries!

MEDIEVAL TORTURE!
Tina—tortured on the wheel...
The Thief—broken on the rack!

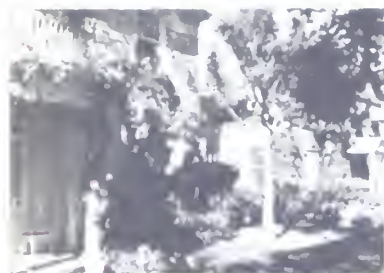
THE THIEVES against the
might of the Chief Inquisitor!

MARRIAGE PARADE OF
the Doge's daughter—tens of
thousands on the screen!

ANGEL'S ROOST... fabu-
lous hideaway of the cut-throats
of Venice—where all law ends!

THE INNOCENTS swinging
from the gallows—for the secret
crimes of the Masked Assassins!

If your favorite theatre is not listed
here... ask the manager when he
will be playing "The Thief of Venice."



Where does Pete Smith get ideas for film shorts?

ence had been limited to about 200 friend-of-the-hero roles in quickie Westerns.

Will Jason, who was my director at the time, spotted O'Brien on the set of some Western, clowning for the benefit of the rest of the cast. Jason was so amused by the unknown actor's antics that he insisted I use him in my next short. I did, and O'Brien has been doing prat falls and double-takes for me ever since.

O'Brien dreams up most of the slapstick comedy routines himself. Then he tries to sell them to me by acting them out in my office. He performs with much gusto, climbing on tables, turning over chairs, knocking down lamps, in fact doing all kinds of acrobatics to make his point. When he is through, my office is frequently a shambles, and usually O'Brien isn't in much better shape himself.

It's then that I ask myself: Is this something that will be funny to the layman? If the verdict is no, I throw out the routine, no matter how amusing it might be to me; then I throw O'Brien out as well.

Part of the success of any O'Brien comedy is the fact that he does his own stunts. When O'Brien falls off a ladder or out of a window, it's O'Brien falling, and not a stunt man or a dummy. The realism is what makes the audience laugh.

Several years ago we made a picture called *Let's Cogitate*. In one sequence, O'Brien, while cleaning a second-story window, lost his balance and fell to the ground. On the way down, he grabbed a rose trellis beneath the window and pulled it with him.

A dangerous scene to make—naturally—but by the time we were ready to shoot it, we knew exactly how to do it without injuring O'Brien. Our prop man would control the action of the trellis so that O'Brien, while appearing to land on his head, would first break the fall with his feet.

It was worth all the trouble we went to. It produced one of the biggest laughs we ever have got—because the audience appreciated the realism of the scene. O'Brien appreciated the realism of it too, because the prop man mistimed the falling of the trellis. O'Brien landed on his head—and was unconscious in the studio infirmary for six hours.

Sometimes a scene may be too realistic. In *Wrong Way Butch*, a safety picture, O'Brien was working an electric saw. His fingers were less than an inch from the blade, but he wasn't even looking at it. His eyes were on a pretty girl in a tight sweater who had entered the workshop. We thought the scene would get a Number One laugh; instead the audience sat through it in stunned silence. I guess we should have taken our cue from the cameraman on the picture. He had to look the other way while O'Brien was playing the scene.

Of all the sources of raw material available, I believe that my own personal experiences have proved as rewarding as any. We have just completed a picture showing the trials and tribulations of an average mailman, and all the obstacles he must hurdle before he can finally deliver the mail to

your door—obstacles like the roller skate on the front step, the boy with a squirt gun, the ferocious dog and the locked gate.

I got the idea from my dog—a boxer named Lobo. Lobo's a very sweet dog, but he hates all mailmen. For the past three years our mailman has lived in constant fear that someday Lobo would chew his leg off. Mrs. Smith was fearful he would, too, so one day she decided to have Lobo make friends with the mailman. She took Lobo by the collar and insisted that he shake hands with the postman, who in turn patted the animal gingerly on the head. It was a very friendly meeting, and all the humans concerned were hopeful that relations would be more amicable in the future. The reconciliation looked so promising, as a matter of fact, that Mrs. Smith let loose of Lobo's collar. As she did, the dog lunged at the mailman and ripped his pants, from thigh to shoetops.

Of course, we don't get our mail delivered any more—I've had to rent a post-office box—but what's a little inconvenience? I got a whole short out of the incident.

Writers Must Develop Humor

Once the idea is decided upon, it's up to my writers—O'Brien and whomever he happens to be collaborating with at the moment—to develop the idea and put it on paper. This process is probably the most painstaking part of laugh getting, for no matter how good an idea you may have, if it isn't developed properly, an audience won't think it's funny.

In my case, it's doubly difficult because my pictures are made without dialogue. In a dialogue picture, you can always throw in a joke or an amusing line to save a weak situation. But when you're working with pantomime, the action must speak for itself. Not only must it be funny, but we try to give every situation—even an old one—some semblance of originality.

Good props are also important in laugh getting—especially in a comedy which depends on sight gags rather than spoken jokes. A prop can be anything from a break-away door to a flower that squirts water. But whatever it's supposed to be, the prop has to look realistic enough to create the desired illusion on the screen.

For example, if you show a man taking a bite out of a telephone, you'll probably get a laugh. But if it's apparent to the audience that the telephone is really made of chocolate, you are not likely to get even a snicker. There's nothing funny about anyone eating chocolate; you and I do it often.

That's why I'm a stickler when it comes to realistic props. For the ending to a sun-bathing sequence in *Keep Young*, we wrote a routine in which a bee landed on O'Brien's neck, crawled up under his toupee and stung him.

Accustomed to the ways of eccentric producers, the prop department soon figured out a way to make a live bee harmless—by sealing its stinger with rubber cement—so that O'Brien wouldn't really get stung. Then the prop men rigged a device to control the action of the bee with an invisible thread.

The contraption worked like a charm. But when I saw the scene on the screen, I discovered the doctored bee looked like a fly; that killed the whole point of our gag. I decided to try again—this time with a bumblebee. But bumblebees, unfortunately, were out of season, and would be for the next eight months—at least in our part of southern California.

I refused to wait that long. I advertised

Left: This fall from *Let's Cogitate* was the real thing. O'Brien tumbled from the second story while washing window. He pulled down rose trellis during fall and landed on head. He was in coma for six hours afterward. Right: Dolly truck upsets ladder in *Seventh Column*, a short about safety. The audience sat silent through this sequence. It wanted man to fall and felt cheated when he escaped by grabbing hold of a ledge

The plot of his latest was contributed by his dog

in the papers, offering a cash reward to anyone who could tell me where to get a bumblebee. Four months later I got word that someone at Desert Hot Springs, in southeastern California, had a bumblebee in captivity. I dispatched a studio car to Desert Hot Springs, and within six hours I had a genuine bumblebee in a box on my desk. I was delirious with joy—we would shoot the scene the next day. But that night the janitor, while cleaning my office, threw out the bee, box and all.

I had to wait the full eight months for another bumblebee, but finally we got the scene on film. On the screen it ran approximately ten feet, or 6½ seconds. Not a very long glimpse of the bee, but the sequence got a very healthy Number One laugh.

After the picture is on film, it is cut, edited and put into sequence. Whether or not a gag gets a laugh frequently depends on just how effectively the editing is done. When we were editing *How Come?*, a short about good deeds which go wrong, we came to a scene in which O'Brien walked into an open manhole. Should we let the audience see the manhole before O'Brien falls in, or should we let them discover it at the same time O'Brien does?

Up until then I had always believed that it was better to let the audience in on a gag; they like to feel smarter than the man in the picture. So I suggested that it be done that way, and we showed the manhole first. The manhole got "ohs" and "ahs," and O'Brien falling into it got a big fat nothing. The next time we did a similar routine, we had O'Brien reappear with a flounder in his mouth. *That* got a laugh.

Two of the most important touches in any Pete Smith Specialty are the narration and the sound effects—each good for a few extra laughs when used correctly.

Explaining Isn't Always Easy

As I mentioned earlier, our pictures are shot silent, without dialogue. It's up to me to explain on the sound track what's taking place on the screen. The explanation isn't always easy, because frequently I'm not sure myself.

Once a year, for example, I make a picture called *Football Thrills*, in which I recap the best plays of the previous season. Now I can tell a drop kick from a hot dog as well as the next fellow, but believe me, I'm no expert on the game, so when I write my narration I try to remember that most of the people in the audience don't know much more about the sport than I do. Consequently I try to keep my remarks on a comedy level so that even if you hate football, you might enjoy the picture.

Another trick that pays off with laughs is synchronizing my narration with the action. In *Reducing*, for example, I showed a close-up of a fat woman about to put a forkful of salad into her mouth—while on the fork, unknown to her, was a juicy caterpillar. As she raised the fork to her lips, my voice over the sound track cried out, "Lady!" The audience yelled at my exhortation, but if it had come ten seconds earlier or later, it would have been meaningless—or should I say laughless?

Comedy sound effects can be used to the same good advantage. Friends often accuse me of employing this device too freely in some of my pictures, but, again, audiences love it. Show a football player skidding ten yards on his back, and you'll get snickers; add the sound of automobile tires screeching, and you'll get howls.

I learned the importance of amusing narration and sound effects when I made my

first picture, *Wild and Woolly*, back in 1931. Until that time I had been head of the M-G-M publicity and advertising department. But after the death of Joe Farnham, who had just started the first series of M-G-M short subjects with sound, I was asked to take over his job until he could be replaced.

For my first assignment, I was handed a couple of cans of newsreel footage on rodeos and told to make a short out of that.

I decided that the only way I could get by with it was to trick it up. I went to the sound-effects library, dug out all the effects that had nothing to do with rodeos, and synchronized them with the rodeo action. I used auto brakes when a bronco came to a sudden stop, glass breaking when a cow hand hit the dust and gunpowder explosions when a steer rammed into a fence. For good measure I employed every trick camera effect in the book: slow motion, speeded-up motion, stop action and running the film in reverse. And in one scene I even ran the film upside down. *Rodeo Thrills* was so successful that I was given Joe Farnham's job permanently.

Two of my shorts have won Academy Awards in the field of live-action one-reelers—*Penny Wisdom* in 1937 and *Quicker 'n a Wink* in 1940. Both were comedies—but the subtle kind. *Penny Wisdom* dealt with cooking hints, and *Quicker 'n a Wink* specialized in ultra-slow motion, showing such things as the impact of a football player's toe at the exact moment it kicks the ball and a golf ball being batted off a tiny wooden tee.

Two Oscars out of 300 or more shorts may seem a pretty poor average. But I think I'm safe in saying that, Oscars or no Oscars, most of my pictures have been successful at the thing they were designed for—getting laughs. At any rate, they've topped the popularity polls conducted by the Showman's Trade Review and the Motion Picture Herald for the past nine years.

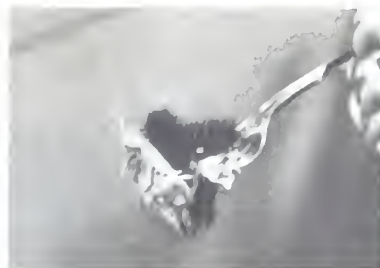
I got my biggest single laugh back in 1936, at the preview of a picture I called *Audioscopes*. Perhaps you remember it. It was the first third-dimensional picture ever made, and it had to be viewed through green-and-red gelatin glasses, which were passed out to the audience.

In one scene in the film, a stick with a live mouse on the end of it was extended out toward the audience. The third-dimensional photography made it seem as if the mouse were being shoved into your face.

Just as that happened, a young woman in the preview audience let out a blood-curdling scream which set off a thunderous roar of nervous laughter. The incident, properly exploited by a publicity man, created a stir which wound up on many front pages in the nation, and it helped make *Audioscopes* the biggest money grosser in the history of short subjects.

But it wouldn't have happened if director George Sidney, who was my assistant then, hadn't pinched his girl friend just at the opportune moment and made her scream. ▲▲▲

Left: Synchronizing the narration with action also can pay off with laughs as in this scene from *Reducing*. Narrator cried, "Lady!" just as woman appeared about to eat a caterpillar. Audience screamed at the exhortation. Right: Just falling into manhole as actor did in Pete Smith short called *Bus Pests* was not enough to produce a laugh. But when he came up with a flounder in his mouth, the audience really roared





THE STINGY SKYSCRAPER

By HANNIBAL COONS

In which Dear George has to manage a rich old lady and some
king-sized beauties, and again makes hard work of child's play

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

January 17, 1953
Air Mail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Conrad Hilton
Chicago, Illinois

Dear George:

George, old friend, I have a small job for you. One that a child could do. In fact, I would have a child do it except that they're all back in school now. But in this case, I have every confidence that

you can handle it—the whole thing being the work of a moment, a simple matter of inviting a single, deserving citizen to a real peachy party.

And now that you have agreed to do it, let us hasten to the details. You have perhaps heard that we have just completed a very tall production out here called Sky High, based on the activities of the noted Skyscrapers, the famous nation-wide club composed of young ladies over six feet tall. The amazing thing is that a lot of them turned out to be not only tall, but also beautiful; then we added the comic talents of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis to the proceedings, and the result is a picture that is a real smasher of entertainment. Also, since we got all the lady Skyscrapers to work for practically nothing, the whole thing didn't cost much,

"Ha, ha, ha," Abigail said to me. "Your contract called for me to attend this press party. Well, I have attended it. I will look forward to the payments"

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of fine tobaccos...
the finest quality money can buy

Here's Mildness You Can Measure

See how PALL MALL's greater length of
fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat.



Light a PALL MALL and notice how mild PALL MALL's smoke becomes as it is filtered further through PALL MALL's traditional fine, mellow tobaccos.

At the very first puff of your PALL MALL you will enjoy PALL MALL's cooler, sweeter smoking. And your enjoyment of PALL MALL doesn't stop there.



After 5—10—or 17 puffs of each cigarette, your own eyes can measure PALL MALL's extra length for extra mildness. PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobaccos travels the smoke further on the way to your throat—filters the smoke and makes it mild. PALL MALL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

Outstanding
...and they are
mild!

Wherever you go, notice how many people have changed to PALL MALL in the distinguished red package

**THE FINEST QUALITY
MONEY CAN BUY**



pictures go, so we confidently expect to make quite a satchel on it.

And thank heaven without the publicity department having to beat out its rivals to be brilliant. All I have to do is look out a few standard ads showing all these lovely big gals in lovely small dresses kissing Mr. Lewis and other male citizens on the top of the head, and we're in. The customers will see at once that we are offering not only comedy—ho, ho, ho—but also the large economy size in the female form divine, and they will rush to the ticket wicket in great numbers. In fact, except for a sweeping epidemic of cholera, there is just no way for us to miss on this one.

Well then, why roll you out of your hammock at this unearthly hour?

Because, George, things out here have been a little, shall we say, unsettled, and there is in truth an air of great seriousness all over town. Gone are the days when an hour in a Turkish bath was considered a good morning's work. Things are so bad that we are even starting to waste money only in small quantities, which will show you just how desperate things have become. Hollywood is, in other words, pretty well frightened up for squirrel, and no matter who you are, the best way to insure the continuance of the pay check is to do everything possible for the good of the firm. At all times.

In the course of publicizing this Sky High, therefore, I have decided to throw in a small volunteer executive coup. One that will not only make the bosses love me forevermore, but one that might even gain me rather a bouncey bonus. And though I know you're not one to think of money, George, a little of it might come your way, and you could give it to your favorite charity.

Here, boy, is the pitch. For several frantic months now, the studio has been trying to beg, borrow or steal the film rights to the current Broadway hit, Money Isn't Everything, as they figure, quite rightly, that it ought to be just what the doctor ordered for our present escapist tax-weary audiences. George, if we can just get hold of Money Isn't Everything, and soon, we can make a jillion dollars off of it. But so far we have got exactly nowhere, as the film rights are all tied up like a package for Europe by Miss Abigail Green of New York City.

George, does the name Abigail Green mean anything to you? At the risk of insulting your almost limitless general knowledge, allow me to recapitulate. Abigail is the elderly spinster sister of the late Arthur Green, the noted Broadway producer. When Arthur died about five years ago, Abigail inherited all his various theatrical properties, and she has since been guarding the estate like a starved Doberman pinscher. Actually, she has turned out to be an even cannier angel than Arthur himself, at this moment being the backer of the three biggest hits on Broadway. Which I must say rather supports the long-rife rumors that old Abigail was really the brains of the Arthur Green setup all along.

But let us hop on down to the important stuff—us. Because it is dear Abigail who now, by a whim of fate, has the strangle hold on the rights to Money Isn't Everything. And while it may not be everything, word of that fact has evidently never reached Abigail. By now that old girl has more money than Howard Hughes, but all she does in this world is continue to pile it up. She lives all by herself in a big shack up in Connecticut, and according to rumor the moat is alive with alli-

gators. At any rate, no one has personally seen her for some years. She just sits up there in the woods and pulls strings by telephone like an octopus playing four harps.

And, George, that isn't right. That poor old girl ought to get out and have some fun. Nobody in this world, rich or poor, really wants to be a recluse; it's just that nobody has ever offered them a lift to town. Either that, or they have some real or fancied problem that makes them shun their fellow man.

And, George, in casting about for some possible way to crack this Abigail nut, I have just discovered what her trouble is. George, that old woman is six feet three! And right there's her whole problem. When she was a girl, we didn't have all these tall dames we've suddenly got now, and her life must have been an utter hell. People

designer, and a dozen or more other prominent women I have found who are themselves overly tall. We are going to give them gold cards as honorary life members of the Skyscrapers, and they are to do great things in the worthy work of helping this splendid club for tall girls. The astounding thing is that they not only all agreed to participate in this great publicity mishmash, they were extremely happy to, evidently having felt the pinch of tallness, all.

Well, George, I need hardly go on. Our next step would seem to be self-evident. Rush posthaste to New York, swim Abigail's alligator-filled moat, and get that old girl to the party. Induct her, boy, induct her. And he just as nice to her as a boy can be. The gal Skyscrapers will also naturally be nice to her—they're nice to everybody—and in a matter of minutes you will see a



"Now, dear, I don't want you to buy anything expensive for my birthday. I've taken care of that"

COLLIER'S

BILL YATES

asking her how the weather was up there, possible boy friends arriving on stilts, why, George, she must have been miserable.

That's the amazing thing I've learned from working with these gal Skyscrapers. They were all miserable till somebody thought of forming their blasted club. The gal star of the picture, Vivian Blythe, who today is the happy chairman of the membership committee, is not only lovely of feature, but stacked like the complete works of William Shakespeare. Yet that girl sat right in this office with tears in her eyes and told me that until she got in the club she'd felt that nobody loved her.

Which I think you will agree gives us the key to a really brilliant maneuver. At one fell swoop I can do everybody concerned here a terrific favor.

So follow me closely. Some months ago, as the opening gun in the campaign on this Sky High picture, I scheduled a big New York press party to be held in the main ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria on next Friday afternoon, the twenty-third. Vivian and a lot of the other wonderful Skyscrapers will be on hand, and the feature of the afternoon is to be the public induction into the club of various tall and famous lady citizens of our land. People like Mrs. Henry Hartley, the wife of the head of the City Industrial Bank of New York, Sybil Morgan, the dress

new and happy Abigail. Gold eard in hand, deep in the hearts of her fellow Skyscrapers—why, George, it will be one of the happiest afternoons of her whole life.

And after she sees what swell folks we are, she can't help but realize that we are just exactly the right bunch of fine boys to film Money Isn't Everything. And she will hand it over, at something approaching a decent price.

And when the bosses here learn of my brilliant part in the proceedings, they will naturally all crowd around, kissing my hand and forcing on me their best cigars.

Isn't it a beauty? Go, boy, go.

As ever,
Dick

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WOULD LOVE TO JOIN IN THIS STRATOSPHERIC SOCIAL WORK, BUT I'VE CHECKED ALL OVER TOWN, AND ANY DECENT STEPLADDER AT ALL COSTS AT LEAST FIVE DOLLARS. SO I GUESS I CAN'T MAKE IT. WHAT ELSE IS NEW?
GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL CONRAD HILTON
CHICAGO ILL

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED WHAT ELSE IS NEW. TED BURNS, WHO HAD BEEN

WITH US FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, WAS FIRED THIS MORNING.

RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

IS THAT A FACT? LEAVING FOR NEW YORK IN TWENTY MINUTES.

GEORGE

HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York, New York

January 20, 1953
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, I am here. But beyond that simple word of successful navigation, the rest of this report isn't going to be very thrilling.

Dick, believe me, I've rushed around this town like a man trying to find a rest room, but this thing of trying to work Abigail Green in on this Friday shindig just isn't going to work. That's why I tried to discourage you by telegram even before I left Chicago. I agree that your purpose is, in a way, worthy, and God knows I, too, love my fellow man. About Ben Adhem had nothing on me.

But Dick, you can't just go about these things as though everyone else in the world were a complete idiot. I admit that an astounding number of people are, but some aren't. And whatever old Abigail Green may be, she is not a fool. Apart from her somewhat unusual love of solitude, she is evidently sharper than a lumberjack's razor. All by herself she has sat up there on that hill in Connecticut and made about three million dollars in the last five years, and even with a good start you don't do that if very many of your marbles are missing. Even if I could get to talk to her, which seems impossible, she would see through this scheme of yours as though it were cheesecloth. Those other prominent lady totem poles you have got into your toils have no connection with the theatrical business; old Abigail would know instantly that you had something ulterior in mind, and she would put her finger on it with the speed of Mr. Rand McNally pointing out Chicago. All we could possibly succeed in doing would be to make her mad, and then she wouldn't sell us Money Isn't Everything for any figure whatever. Believe me, she doesn't need the money. She's got more gold buried on that hilltop up there than they have at the Chase National Bank—with more pouring in every second, like wheat into a grain elevator.

And where did you get this naïve idea that she's so unhappy? From what I hear, she's practically beside herself with glee. She counts her money several times a day, with a scoop shovel, and her cackles of pleasure can be heard clear down in the village at the A&P. I say recognize a happy woman when you see one, and leave her alone.

At any rate, Dick, believe me, she seems like too tough a nut for us to tinker with in this amateurish fashion. In this time of economic peril, going out of our way to fiddle with this woman is just asking for the ax. There is nothing in this world worse than a left-footed volunteer. The sort of well-meaning ass who says, "Having a little trouble with the carburetor?" and then proceeds to rip out the entire engine, cylinder by cylinder. Old Bill Fields used to do that so wonderfully, and when he did it, it was funny; when we do it, it isn't.

Collier's for January 31, 1953

Richard, I beg of you, desist. This is the kind of a setup that could suddenly find us both in the deep end of the pool, with lead water wings.

Let us, in other words, get back into the publicity business. Without delay.
As ever,
George

GEORGE SFIBERT
HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
NEW YORK NY

GEORGE, WHEN I NEED YOU TO CALL OFF ANY OF MY PROJECTS, I WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOU ARE PROVIDED WITH A WHISKEY UNTIL THEN. IF YOU DON'T MIND, DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD. YOU JUST DON'T KNOW THESE SWELL SKYSRAPER KIDS. GETTING THAT WOMAN TO MEET THEM CAN'T HELP BUT HAVE A GOOD RESULT. THIS IS ONE CASE WHERE WE CAN HAVE THE STRENGTH OF TEN, BECAUSE OUR HEART IS PURE. SO GET THAT OLD LADY TO THAT PARTY IF YOU HAVE TO KNOCK HER ON THE HEAD. IF YOU'RE SURE SHE'LL SHY AWAY FROM FLASHLIGHT CAMERAS, HAVE HER MEET THE SKYSCRAPERS PRIVATELY. EVEN IN A BASEMENT. BUT HAVE HER MEET THEM. PERIOD. THAT'S FINAL. GOOD-BY. RICHARD L. REED

HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York, New York

January 22, 1953
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Reed:

Well, when I first got to town here I checked into the Waldorf, figuring that the slight extra tariff would be more than justified by the importance of being right at the scene of action. But in the future, no matter what town I'm in, I think I'll just stay at the Y. Then when I get one of your cheery telegrams, like the one yesterday, it will be so handy just to go downstairs and drown myself in the pool.

In other words, at ten thirty this morning the future looked bleak.

But just about then Fred Tupper, who's handling the basic details of the press party, called and said did I want to go out to the airport with him to meet the Skyscrapers?

Well, why not? I might just as well take one last look at a few more of nature's phenomena before hurling myself under a cross-town bus. So I went.

And, Dick, I don't know when I've had such a thrilling surprise. Why didn't you tell me what wonderful girls they were? Why, they're all so pretty and pleasant, and all so just tickled pink over their dandy club, that they couldn't help but sell anybody they meet on it. Why, Dick, after knowing them for no more than thirty minutes, there's only one possible thing for us to do—get that Abigail over here to meet them without delay. It's the chance of a lifetime. It'll give her a completely new view of Hollywood—one that she couldn't possibly get any other way—and in no time at all she is just bound to love us. Dick, if you would just tell me these basic facts at the start of these projects, it would save me so much torment.

But at any rate, now that I've had to puzzle it out for myself, to business—the problem at hand now being how in the devil to get that Abigail woman out of that barricaded bailiwick of hers, and over here to enjoy the charm of these lovely girls. That Vivian in particular is just delightful, and in fact my

one regret in this world at the moment is that I'm not a girl, and six feet tall, so that I could join her club.

But, as I say, to business—the point being that any means necessary now seems justified to get that old woman into town here to meet these splendid girls. But just what can we possibly bait the trap with? From everything I can learn here, that Abigail has in the last five years not even bothered to answer at least ten thousand invitations to the dandiest events imaginable. Everybody had by now just given up and stopped sending her invitations to anything.

But that, of course, doesn't stop me. If old George decides that somebody should come to a party, come to the party they will. And even as I speak, I have it.

As follows. What is the only thing that seemingly has ever had any attraction for Abigail? Gold. I will therefore forget any childish social approach to this matter and lure her to the festivities with a siren song of cash. Just as soon as I mail this I will sit down and whip up some sort of a phony money deal. Say a little contract, just enough of a thing to fool her for the moment, offering her maybe five per cent of the net profits of Sky High, in return for her lending her mighty presence to the press party. And she will forthwith put on her best black organdy and hasten over. Believe me, she'll do it. That old woman would fight Rocky Marciano if the terms were right. And as soon as the Skyscrapers have charmed her to the gills with their girlish freshness, I'll apologize for the little ruse I had to pull to get her to the party, and she'll say, "Oh, that's all right, George, glad you did it," and we'll all head for the nearest Italian restaurant, just one big happy family.

At any rate, please don't give this one another thought. It's in the bag.
As ever,
George

GEORGE SFIBERT
HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
NEW YORK NY

GEORGE, I DON'T KNOW. I'M BEGINNING TO CHILL ON THIS WHOLE THING A LITTLE. MAYBE THE ONLY WAY WE COULD ROPE HER IN TO START WITH WOULD BE WITH SOME SORT OF PHONY FINANCIAL DEAL, BUT SHE'LL SEE THROUGH THAT CONTRACT THING LIKE A YOUNG OSTEOPATH WITH A NEW X-RAY MACHINE. AFTER ALL, SHE'S NOT A COMPLETE FOOL. EVEN IF SHE BELIEVED IT, THE FIRST THING SHE'D DO WOULD BE TO WIRE OR PHONE LOU BENTLEY, OUR PEERLESS PRESIDENT, TO CHECK ON IT. AND THE FAT, WHAT'S LEFT OF OURS, WOULD BE RIGHT IN THE FIRE. ACTUALLY I THINK WE BETTER JUST HOLD OFF ON THIS WHOLE THING TILL WE CAN THINK UP A GOOD ONE.
DICK

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

DICK, DON'T WORRY. I TELL YOU. AS IN SO MANY OTHER WAYS, YOU HAVE GREATLY UNDERESTIMATED MY TALENTS AS A FORGER. ALSO AS A RISING YOUNG ATTORNEY, MEANING THAT ABIGAIL HAS GONE FOR MY PHONY CONTRACT, HOOK, LINE AND SINKER. THERE'S NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD TROUT. ONE OF HER UNDERLINGS HAS JUST RETURNED THE CARBON COPY. DULY SIGNED, AND SAYS THAT SHE'LL BE AT THE PARTY THIS AFTERNOON RIGHT ON THE



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"sealed-in-steel"
top, bottom and sides



Keep this Ray-O-Vac 2-cell flashlight handy in your home. Strong, spot-light beam.

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RISE EASY WERT IN WHT WRT YOU
AGAIN RIGHT AFTER THE PARTY.

GEORGE

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF
EVERYTHING FINE JUST FINE AIR
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DETAILS

GEORGE

HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York, New York

January 23, 1953

Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Dick, please forgive me for that last telegram I just sent you. Instead of being fine, everything here is really so horrible that I couldn't bear to tell you about it till I'd had a little while to think it over. I hoped I could save you from a terrible moment. But even after thinking it over with great thoroughness, the truth still is that things are about as fine here as a bad fire at the oil refinery. They could hardly be worse.

And the most horrible part of it is the sheer injustice of it. If ever real ability, the pure unselfish urge to do a good job, has brought a man to his knees, it has done so now.

But maybe you'd better just sit down and let me tell you about it.

The whole trouble came about, I see now, in my being overly conscientious in making up the contract. And the thing that tripped me up there was the fact that one of the many things I have always wanted to be was a lawyer. Many are the times that I have imagined myself in a wig and gown, or with coat off and snapping my suspenders like old Clarence Darrow, defending some hapless client before the bar of justice.

So, when the chance finally came for me to actually make up a contract, I naturally went all out. I first went to our New York offices here, secured a batch of genuine Federal Pictures contract forms, and began filling in the blank spaces with happy thoroughness. When I got through, for once a proper contract had been drawn, covering every contingency in this world including the possibility of a hydrogen bomb destroying the Mississippi River.

Then I came to the matter of how to sign it. Sign it myself? Maybe put your name on it? No, it should naturally be signed by Lou Bentley, the head of our mighty studio. So I tried his signature a few times, but it just didn't come off. It didn't look any more like Lou Bentley's signature than it looked like Mahatma Gandhi's signature.

Then I remembered a little thing I'd read years ago, in Popular Mechanics. That's another secret of my success, wide general reading. And if you ever had occasion to forge a signature, they said, simply turn both the signature you were copying and the paper you were writing on *upside down*, and merely follow the lines with no thought of how it would look right side up.

Well, I tried it, and, Dick, it's uncanny. When I turned that contract back around, there was Lou Bentley's signature to the life. So, thinking that ought to do the trick, I billed it off by special messenger, together with another duly signed copy for her to sign, and send back. Just to make everything seem properly official.

And as I told you, in not over two hours my copy was back, and she had

accepted our proposition. And taking time out only to send in a fast congratulatory note to Popular Mechanics, I hurried to the press party.

And about three thirty the man at the door summoned me, to announce that Miss Abigail Green had arrived. In person. I hurried to the door, and there she was—a tremendous length of old woman in black satin, with a look in her beady eyes that would have unlocked a gate. "How do you do, Miss Green," I said. "Come in and meet the girls. And you will be delighted to know that we have arranged to hold your induction in a small side anteroom, without any photographers or other of the madding throng present."

"That won't be necessary at all," she said. "Whatever you want me to do is perfectly all right. I'm at your service."

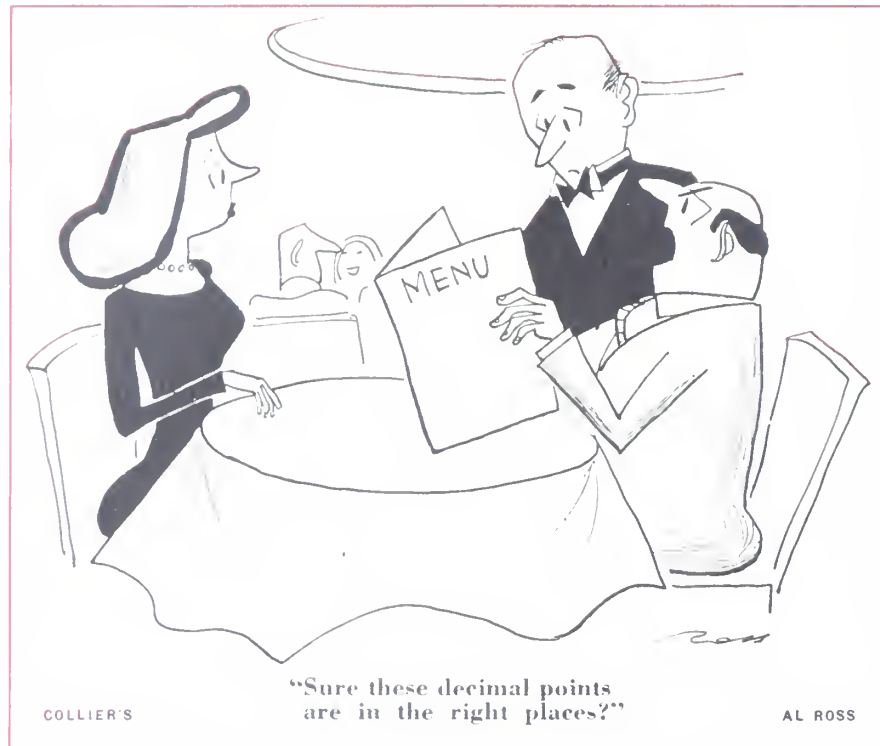
"Huh?" I said, staggering backward.

Good heavenly jumped-up days! My contract was evidently not only so genuine-looking that she believed it, but she intends to hold us to it! And the worst part of it is that, since I didn't think it meant anything anyway, while I was at it I just made it for an even twenty-five per cent of the Sky High profits. Which is now right in the contract. I am sorry to say, and any judge in this world would swear that Lou Bentley's signature on it was genuine.

But now don't you worry, Dick. I'll work it out. After all, I'm right here. As ever,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
NEW YORK NY

FINE. JUST STAY THERE TILL I CAN
FIND A HIRED ASSASSIN. BECAUSE



"Well, in that case, we might as well get a few pictures of this important event."

And we thereupon duly inducted her, smack in the middle of the dais in the main ballroom, with everyone looking on and the flashlight cameras going off in salvo, and the Skyscrapers behind her never looking lovelier.

"And now why don't you have a nice talk with the girls," I said, "while I see to a few details on the other side of the room?"

"Fine," Abigail said, "fine; anything at all."

And, a little dizzy, I left them, hurrying over to the bar for a quick brandy. Something had evidently slipped a cog. But there seemed to be only one thing to do, and that was to nail down our advantage before she regained her senses. So I hurried back to the fray, to find Abigail and the other girls talking most pleasantly and animatedly.

"Ha, ha, ha," I said heartily, joining the group. "Miss Green, I can see that you have met our wonderful Skyscrapers, and you are theirs. And I certainly hope you'll forgive me for that little joke about the contract which I had to pull to get you down here."

"Ha, ha, ha," she said. "Your little joke of a contract called for me to attend this press party. Well, I have attended it. And now, Mr. Seibert," she said, "as soon as practicable I will look forward to the payments for my percentage of the picture."

And she swept out.

I'VE JUST FOUND OUT HERE THAT THAT WOMAN ALSO CONTROLS ABOUT FOURTEEN OTHER DRAMATIC PROPERTIES WE'VE BEEN AVIDLY BIDDING FOR. AND NOW THE ONLY WAY THE STUDIO CAN POSSIBLY GET BACK INTO HER GOOD GRACES IS TO FIRE US BOTH, WHICH I'M AFRAID MIGHT MAKE ME ANGRY AT YOU. IN OTHER WORDS, MY ONLY ADVICE TO YOU IS TO GET A GOOD START.

RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

DICK, I BEG OF YOU, UNLOAD. I'VE GOT A NEW IDEA. NOW THAT I'VE FOUND OUT HOW TO MAKE THESE GENUINE-LOOKING CONTRACTS, MAYBE I CAN MAKE UP A FEW MORE AND SOMEHOW GET US OUT OF THIS.

GEORGE

FRED TUPPER
HOTEL LEXINGTON
NEW YORK NY

TUPPER, GET THAT GEORGE UNDER LOCK AND KEY TILL I CAN GET THERE IF YOU HAVE TO SHOOT HIM. YOU CAN REPORT IT AS PEST CONTROL. LEAVING HERE ON NEXT PLANE.

RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

GOSH, DICK, I'D LOVE TO SEE YOU BUT AS TIGHT AS MONEY IS I DON'T

THINK YOU SHOULD COME EAST NOW JUST FOR A VISIT. IN OTHER WORDS, AFTER A SOMEWHAT HECTIC DAY EVERYTHING JUST FINE HERE. ABIGAIL SENDS HER BEST AND AIR MAIL SPECIAL FOLLOWS WITH REALLY THRILLING DETAILS. BELIEVE ME. LOVE.

GEORGE

HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York, New York

January 24, 1953

Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, it's been a busy day. But before pausing even for a cup of cool water, I want to get this final communiqué off to you, so that you can dismiss those terrible thoughts of murder, which so poison the whole system.

But first I want to confess that I occasionally almost have them myself. Though normally an even-tempered man, there are times when even my patience wears thin.

For instance only this morning, when I finally arose after a thoroughly sleepless night, I could have jerked that old Green woman bald-headed. We had intended nothing but good for that woman, and she had cruelly taken advantage of us. I therefore shaved in a hurry and then got on the phone.

"Listen, you old idiot," I said, when I finally got through to her—I apologize for it now, but that's what I said in the heat of the moment—"you know perfectly well that was never intended to be a legitimate contract. It was nothing but a harmless little gag just to get you off that blasted hilltop of yours long enough for you to have a pleasant afternoon for once."

"I am quite aware that it was not intended to be a contract," she said. "After all, I'm not a fool. I knew it the minute I read the first three lines. But it's still got Lou Bentley's signature on it, or a good enough facsimile, and by the time I get through with you people, you'll never again try to drag busy and innocent persons into your silly publicity schemes. You people out there in Hollywood think that you can get away with anything. Well, for once, young man, you've met your match."

And she hung up.

So, it was to be war. Like so many men before me, I was left with the choice of knuckling down to a tyrant or fighting back with every weapon at my command.

I accordingly began pacing up and down that hotel room like a tiger. No seventy-year-old woman was going to lick me, even if she did have the reach on me. Let's see now—what to do, what to do?

It was at about this point that I got your other heartening telegram and dispatched my spur-of-the-moment return wire mentioning the making up of further contracts of some sort. And for a time there I did think that possibly I could pull us out of the hole with a rash of my newly found talent at legal documents.

But I didn't really like to compound forgery upon forgery. A man can get into trouble that way.

And then I paused with one foot veritably in midair.

Why, of course. Maybe we didn't need any other contracts at all! The only reason for a second contract is if the first one should prove inadequate. And though I by no means remembered all the stuff I'd poured into that first

one, me being as good a lawyer as I am, it no doubt covered quite a bit of ground. Like a man possessed, I sprang for the copy she'd signed.

And sure enough, there it was, right in the midst of page thirty-two: "... and furthermore and whereas, the party of the second part agrees not to become involved in any entangling foreign alliances without the express permission of Congress, or to bear arms at any time against the United States, and furthermore and whereas and to wit, agrees to sell to Federal Pictures the film rights to the current Broadway hit, Money Isn't Everything, for the sum of one dollar..."

A-ha! She was so smart-alecky she just hadn't read that far! Diek, *always* read every line of any contract you sign; there are a lot of smart lawyers in this world.

At any rate, it was with some relief that I grasped the phone again. "Miss Green," I intoned, "I know you're a busy woman, but I wonder if I could trouble you to read carefully page thirty-two of your copy of our contract? There's a stray line in there I think you will find of interest."

And I hung up.

Well, in a matter of minutes she called back, sputtering like a short-circuited electrical cord. "Why, you miserable whelp!" she cried. "You know I never intended to sign any such thing as that."

"But you did sign it, didn't you?" I said, setting off a burst of violence as though lightning had struck the instrument.

"It's a foul conspiracy!" she cried. "Even my own lawyer says I am bound by this ridiculous contract, and that I should somehow settle with you. I'll settle with you, you—you—"

"Now, now, Miss Green," I said, "harsh words will get us nowhere. The only important thing is that if anybody has got anybody over a barrel, we have got each other over it, and if you'd care to drive into town here, maybe we can work out a way for both of us to get off."

Which she did. Not over ten minutes ago we met at her attorney's, tore up my original all-encompassing contract

and replaced it with a simple new one, calling for us to give her no percentage whatever of anything, and calling for her to sell us at once the film rights to Money Isn't Everything, and at the last cash offer we made her for same. Which, if it's anything like our other preliminary bids for things, should give us a rousing bargain.

Also, she's going to see immediately about getting you those other little things of hers you want. "You know, George," she said—she calls me George now—"I'm really very happy that this has all worked out so pleasantly. Actually, meeting those lovely young women yesterday afternoon was a most enlightening experience. It took me a little while to admit it, but it did show me just how far into my shell I've gone and how foolish it's all been. From now on, I intend to get out and have a little fun."

"You are so right, Miss Green," I said. "After all, money isn't everything."

Which it of course isn't. But don't tell Lou Bentley till after you've discussed our bonus. Money may not be everything, but there's nothing wrong with a little of it.

Oh, by the way, speaking of money, one last little thing. You may fear that we owe Miss Green's lawyer a small sack of it for his timely intervention in the proceedings. Well, fear not. He came in for his little drum solo only because of the very luckiest of accidents. This very morning he had a call from Miss Green's personal physician, who was genuinely worried. For a woman of her age, he said, Abigail was getting much too wrought up over this latest contract hassel, and for her own good he thought the thing should be brought to some sort of conclusion, and as rapidly as possible.

Actually, it was this call that swung the deal.

And so what do we owe *him*? Again, nothing. Because it took very little of his time; in fact, none.

Not wishing to take him away from the care of the sick and wounded, I really just made the call myself.

As ever,

George



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Why Not Let the People Elect

By U.S. SENATOR ESTES KEFAUVER with SIDNEY SHALETT

The crime-busting candidate who won 14 of the 17 Democratic Presidential primaries in 1952—but then lost the nomination—tells how we can thwart the bosses who ignore the people's vote



Estes Kefauver thinks he could have made a better showing in 1952 Presidential election than Adlai Stevenson. But he says he found only humiliation at the Democratic convention

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, as he goes into the office of President of the United States (an office that I myself sought long and hard), has my fervent wish that he will give us an administration which will make our country strong and secure. Though he is a Republican and I am a Democrat, he will have my support as a United States senator whenever I believe he is right. This is no time for narrow and petty partisan politics.

There is a second equally fervent wish on my mind at the start of the administration of the man against whom I might have run had it not been for the rather peculiar brand of politics within my party: Whether Eisenhower is re-elected in four years, or whether the Democratic party returns to power, I hope he will be the *last* President to be chosen by the now prevailing undemocratic process which gives the people no real voice in the nominations of the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates.

The election system in this country is bad enough, pegged as it is to the antiquated electoral college tradition which makes it possible for a candidate to receive a minority of the popular vote and still be elected President. But the convention system is a mockery of our democratic processes. The system—as was demonstrated by the 1952 Democratic National Convention—is an easy tool for the political bosses, the slick manipulators and the unscrupulous kingmakers. Boss-ridden Republican conventions, of course, have been notorious in American politics.

There is nothing particularly new about this situation. Students of politics have known for a long time what a weak reed the convention system is for our democratic government to lean upon. What is new, however, is that now, thanks largely to television, the people are on to it, too. TV has brought the national convention into the living room of the American home, and has exposed it for the undemocratic spectacle that it is.

Those of us who are interested in good national government long have felt that election reforms are needed, if we ever are to break the hold of the bosses and others who make decisions in smoke-filled rooms. Our efforts so far have been fruitless; we try, but the political bosses of both parties—those smug, self-satisfied advocates of the *status quo*—won't listen.

Last year, for instance, long before the convention, I joined in a bipartisan movement with Senators Douglas, Smathers, Tobey, Hunt, Murray, Aiken and Margaret Chase

Our President?

Smith. We wanted a simple bill, authorizing the U.S. Attorney General to make agreements with all the states to conduct preference primaries for selection of Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates. We couldn't even get our bill onto the Senate floor for a vote. Similarly, I have joined repeatedly in bipartisan moves to reform the electoral college along twentieth-century lines. All have failed.

Hope for Election Reforms

This year, however, thanks to greater knowledge of the people, who now have seen for themselves what shabby performances the national conventions really are, we have new hope. Nineteen fifty-three may be the year of decision, the year to get something done. Toward that end, I already have introduced a resolution—and similar legislation has been introduced by others—calling for a constitutional amendment on election reforms.

I purposely have made my bill flexible. If Congress will pass it, there will be a national referendum to decide whether there shall be a nation-wide primary for selection of Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates by the major parties. If legislatures of three fourths of the states vote "yes," it then will be up to Congress to work out the details and enact such legislation.

Obviously, I have more than an impersonal interest in the subject of convention reforms. In seeking the Democratic nomination for the Presidency last year, I knew in advance that most of the big-city machines would be against me, so I took my case to the people. Even though I made a good showing with the voters, the boss-run convention machinery had me stopped in Chicago. Because the archaic convention system makes it so easy for the bosses to control the show, I could not win, despite my popular support.

I sought the nomination, I might add, only after thoughtful, serious consideration, in which I took into full account the difficulty involved in running against such a distinguished adversary as General Dwight Eisenhower. It was not a frivolous impulse.

I worked hard for the nomination. Democratic primaries were held in 16 states and the District of Columbia. I entered all but one of these primaries, and won 14 of them. Out of a total of some 4,600,000 Democratic primary votes cast, I received 3,140,000. The second-placing candidate received only 370,000 votes.

Just before the Democratic convention in Chicago, the Princeton Poll showed that, in the preference of Democratic voters, I led the field. I went to the convention—the winner of the primaries, the choice of the polls—with the largest number of delegates. These delegates held firm

to me for two ballots—and then the power of the machine overcame us.

What happened? I had aroused the implacable enmity of certain politicians, including some defeated hacks and various political yeomen who were taking orders implicitly from the outgoing Truman administration. There were a number of reasons for their enmity, none of them very inspiring. Some resented my call for new, young, vigorous leadership in places where the party had fallen into stodgy and selfish hands. Others were angry because I had announced for the nomination before Mr. Truman made his intentions known. Still others were irked because I did not withdraw from the New Hampshire primary after Mr. Truman decided to let his name be entered. My victory in New Hampshire, of course, didn't help.

Then there were those who were angry with me because, as chairman of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, I carried out my sworn obligation to uncover facts where I found them, without regard for party politics. I might say that, regardless of what my policy cost me at the convention, nothing in my public career brings me greater satisfaction than the fact that our committee didn't consider the politics of a man before we exposed his crookedness or criminality. So far as we were concerned, a Democratic crook was as bad as a Republican crook.

The Man Who Was Drafted

Being thus committed to "stop Kefauver!" these "machine stalwarts," who were all-powerful behind the convention scenes, disregarded what the people and largest bloc of the delegates said they wanted. They chose a man who was virtually a political unknown on the national scene; a man who publicly insisted he did not want the job, and who had refused to enter a single primary. His selection was said to be a "draft," but some observers have remarked that it was a mighty peculiar draft, with such stalwarts as Truman, Jake Arvey, Sam Rayburn, Scott Lucas *et al.* blowing on the fire, and minor wood carriers tossing in their little bits of kindling.

As it turned out, Adlai Stevenson showed himself to possess many attributes of greatness. He spoke with moving eloquence, displaying courage, vision and nobility of purpose. I would not be honest if I denied my disappointment at not receiving the nomination which many observers felt was denied me not by the people but by the party bosses. But I put down my disappointment and campaigned vigorously for Governor Stevenson. I campaigned in good conscience, believing that the country would be best served through his election.

I do not think that Stevenson him-

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Let's force parties to choose their Vice-Presidential nominees from among the

self altogether liked the company he was bound to by the circumstances surrounding his nomination. He tried to rise above it and I suspect he genuinely wished he could have done so. But it could not be done.

Would the election have gone differently for the Democrats had I—a candidate not obligated to the administration—been nominated instead of a candidate hand-picked by Truman & Co.? I would not be so inmodest as to predict that, with the temper of the country as it was, I would have beaten the formidable General Eisenhower. But I will quote what an old friend, experienced in politics, said to me just before the convention. "Estes," he said, "I don't see how you're going to lick the Democratic bosses, but, if you do, I think you've got a good chance, at least, against Ike."

Certainly, I thought that by putting on a vigorous nation-wide campaign, by frankly discussing the issues with the voters and presenting a positive program for achieving peace, international security and morality in government here at home, I stood a chance to be successful. I felt my candidacy offered the change in government the voters obviously wanted. If I had thought it impossible for me to win, I would not have done my party—and myself—a disservice by seeking the nomination.

Stevenson at a Disadvantage

Quite possibly, with the demonstrated reaction against the recent administration, I, too, would have been defeated by the general. However, I would have had fewer burdens to carry than Governor Stevenson. For one thing, through my participation in the state primaries, my views and what I stood for were better known to the voters than those of Mr. Stevenson, who entered no primaries.

For another thing, I would not have had the handicap of having such enthusiastic support from Mr. Truman, whose campaign placed the efforts of the Presidential nominee himself into such a peculiar and undignified second billing. In retrospect it is obvious that the give-em-hell whistle-stop tour by the outgoing President was a mistake.

In fact, when I went to Springfield at Governor Stevenson's request and discussed campaign strategy with him, one of the principal pieces of advice I gave him was to disassociate himself from the apron strings of the White House. In this opinion, Charles Neese, a Tennessee attorney who had covered the entire United States as principal organizer of the Kefauver-for-President Clubs, heartily concurred.

Mr. Stevenson was to go to Washington the next day for his first briefing at the White House. He asked me what I thought, and I told him the best thing he could do was to come down with a sudden threatened attack of appendicitis or something and cancel that trip to Washington. At least, that was my opinion, and I still think he would have been better served at that point had he stayed in Springfield and run his own campaign. While future history may applaud—and rightly so—many of the sound accomplishments of the Truman administration, it was an obvious fact that the President's popularity and the prestige of his administration were in a decline.

I believe the proposal for a national Presidential primary has a greater chance for success if we advance it first as a general principle, then work out the details after the reform has been approved by constitutional referendum. For this reason, I purposely kept my resolution simple and nonspecific as to details. I have in mind, however, a pattern for a nation-wide Presidential primary, and I will work for adoption of a bill along such lines if the basic idea is adopted as a constitutional amendment.

A Primary for Every State

My plan is as follows:

Step One—There shall be a primary in every state, provided for by federal law, to determine the popular choice of the people for President. In each primary, delegates shall be elected to cast their votes at a streamlined national convention for the choice of their state's voters.

Discussion: There have been Presidential primaries in various states since Wisconsin passed the first such state law in 1903. Currently, 19 states have primary laws of one sort or another. The laws, however, are not uniform, and in some states are not even binding on the delegates; the lack of uniformity, plus the fact that most of the states do not have primaries, leads to a helter-skelter pattern that prompted Mr. Truman, just before the New Hampshire primary, to brand Presidential primaries as "eyewash."

With a uniform and binding law applicable to every state, Presidential primaries no longer would be "eyewash," but would be meaningful. Mr. Truman, incidentally, has endorsed the principle of national primaries, as did the late Woodrow Wilson.

Step Two—No candidate shall be placed on the ballot in any state primary without his consent, and he must file a qualifying petition signed by not less than one per cent of the total number of voters who voted for the Presi-

dential candidate of his party in the last election.

Discussion: This provision would make it necessary for a man to be a willing candidate and to work for his nomination. I believe it is a good principle, and a democratic one, for "the man to seek the job"—particularly under the proposed new system where the voters really would have something to say about selection of candidates. It also will eliminate many of the non-serious candidates—"favorite sons" and others.

Step Three—A uniform nation-wide system of choosing delegates, based on the vote of the political party of each state in the previous Presidential election, shall be adopted. There shall be provisions to limit the number of delegates so as to avoid the present unwieldy size of national conventions, and there shall be no split votes—such as one-half and one-third votes.

Discussion: It would be politically healthy to peg a state's delegates to the total votes mustered by the party in the last election. For one thing, the system would strike a blow at local bosses, who sometimes actually connive to keep down the total vote, because of the greater dictatorship they can exercise when only a few citizens vote.

I suggest that, instead of the present 1,200-odd votes at a convention, with some of them split between two and three delegates, the total be limited to no more than 600, with no split votes. It is impossible to conduct an orderly convention with some 2,000 (counting the split votes) delegates—not to mention their alternates—milling about.

Step Four—Delegates shall be firmly pledged to cast their votes on a proportional basis geared to the state vote received by the candidate. As a simple illustration, if a state has 10 delegates and Candidate A receives approximately 60 per cent of the vote, he will receive six votes at a convention. (To avoid undesirable fractional ballots, machinery can be set up whereby the division of

delegates is calculated by round numbers, rather than by exact fractions.) The delegates will continue to vote for the candidate to whom they are pledged as long as he receives as many as 10 per cent of the total vote cast at the convention (with certain provisions in case of deadlock).

Discussion: I gave thought to the alternate possibility of having the candidate who receives a plurality of the state vote capture all the state delegates. I believe, however, that proportional division is fairer, and would reflect the wishes of the voters more accurately. Such a division is more in line with the belief of many legislators, myself included, that the electoral-college vote should be divided proportionately, rather than letting the candidate who gets the most popular votes in a state take all of the state's electoral votes.

Another possible alternative, which might be considered as an interim measure pending reform of the electoral-college machinery, would be a federal primary law patterned after the excellent Wisconsin state law. In Wisconsin, the candidate receiving the largest statewide vote wins a certain number of delegates running as the state delegates at large, while winners in various Congressional districts get the votes of delegates for those districts.

As a means of breaking an early deadlock, a candidate should be given discretionary authority to release his delegates when he feels he cannot win. The law should be written to indicate strongly that the delegates, once released, are free agents, at liberty to exercise their best judgment as to preference among the remaining eligible candidates; the practice of trading delegates to accomplish private political deals should be discouraged.

When Delegates Are "Freed"

Step Five—Nomination for President shall be by a simple majority of the total number of votes cast by delegates at the convention. If no candidate has a majority, and has not released his delegates, after 10 ballots the delegates shall be considered free of their obligation to vote for the winner of their state primary, but must vote for one of the candidates receiving the top three total number of votes in the national primary.

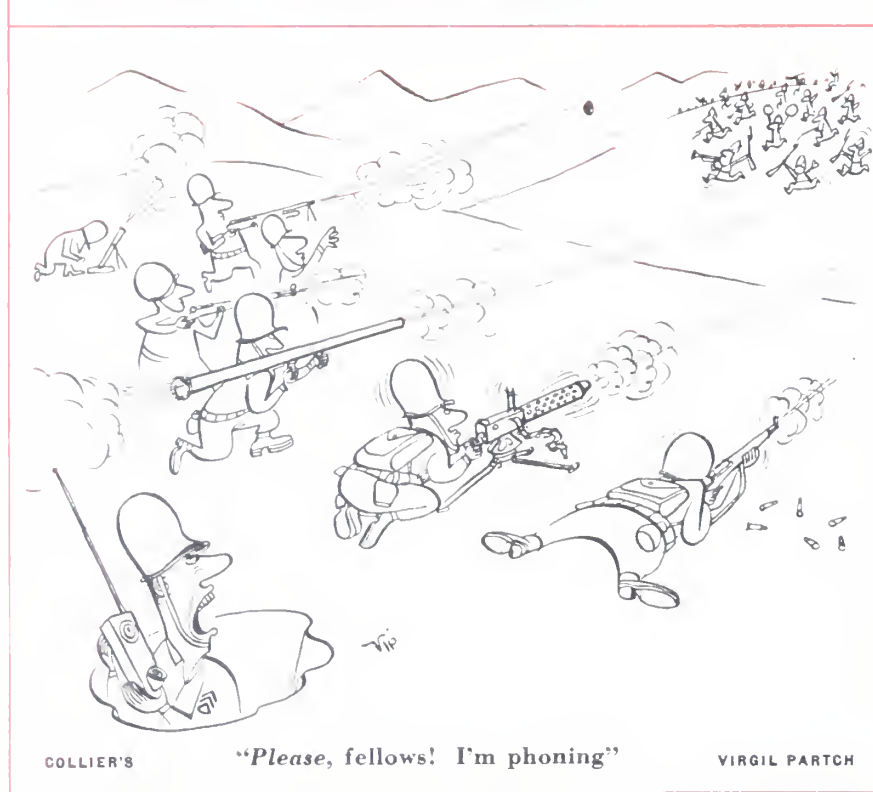
Discussion: This step provides a key which makes the proposed system practical. In combination with *Step Four*, it would mitigate the "nuisance value" of any surviving favorite sons, who could not hope to hang on for 10 ballots, but would try to trade delegates for favors. The provision for picking the Presidential nominee from the aspirants who placed first, second and third in the nation-wide primary popular vote is a means of respecting the will of the voters. It also has constitutional precedent, for the Twelfth Amendment provides that, in the case of a deadlock in the electoral college, the House of Representatives shall select a President from among the top three candidates.

Step Six—Finally, after the Presidential nominee is chosen, the Vice-Presidential nominee shall be chosen by a vote of the delegates from the three candidates who polled the next highest number of votes in the nation-wide primaries.

Discussion: This proposal is made in

Collier's for January 31, 1953

VIP'S WAR



"Please, fellows! I'm phoning"

Presidential also-rans, Sen. Kefauver says. Here's his election reform program

an effort to respect the wishes of the electorate; if adopted, it would keep nonentities out of the Vice-Presidential office, and effectively curb the practice of degrading the office of Vice-President to an object of political barter. It would mean that the Vice-Presidential post would go to a man sufficiently interested in public service to get out and work for his nomination in a primary, and that the post would be filled by a man whom the people knew, and who was of sufficient stature to have placed at least fourth in the national Presidential primary.

With all respect to the Republican and Democratic Vice-Presidential nominees of 1952, can anyone say they were the choice of the people? Under the system I propose, there would be an opportunity for any political skeletons hiding in the closets of the eventual Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates to be brought into the open—before, not after the nomination.

If Senator Richard Nixon, for example, had wanted to be Vice-President, he would have had to expose himself to the electorate as a serious candidate for President. The facts about his qualifications, and presumably such issues as his \$18,000 private fund, then would have come out, and the Republican voters would have judged whether they wanted him in a critical post. We must remember that a Vice-President always is a "serious candidate" for President, for seven times in our history Presidents have died in office. The office of Vice-President always should be filled by mature, capable individuals of whom the voters have full knowledge. We should not take chances on political accidents elevating unknowns and mediocrities into the highest office of the land.

A "Cumbersome Procedure"

One of my colleagues, Senator George Smathers of Florida, who also has introduced a bill favoring Presidential primaries, has proposed that, if a Vice-President succeeds to the Presidency by reason of death, there shall be a special Presidential election at the next general election to choose a new President. This procedure, in my opinion, would be cumbersome. The system by which one of the top four choices of the victorious party would become Vice-President would eliminate the necessity for such a special election.

Another healthy reform that could evolve naturally from such a program would be a shorter campaign period for the men finally chosen by the major parties as Presidential nominees. The party candidates would fight it out in the primaries, which would be held simultaneously throughout the country on a fixed date in August. The national conventions then could be held in September. Assuming that the successful candidates would take the usual amount of time to map out their campaign, the actual campaigning could be limited pretty much to the month of October. That plan would be good life insurance for our chief executive.

Personally, I would like to see all campaigning elevated to a less strenuous, more intellectual level, with less wear and tear on the candidates.

I have never seen any sense in practically killing off our Presidents before we elect them, and I do not believe

the American people really want that.

From my own experience in the pre-convention primaries and on the campaign trail for Stevenson, I can testify that national campaigning is a rugged ordeal. I'm a reasonably durable physical specimen, but the grind got me down at times. I'll never forget the day I was campaigning with Nancy, my wife, during the New Hampshire primary. We passed from one snowbound town to another, and every time I saw a crowd of prospective voters I automatically left my car, went over to them and started talking. In one town, I approached such a group, saying: "I'm Estes Kefauver, I'm running for President—how'm I doing here?" One fellow answered me dryly: "You're doing fine here, but you'd better get back to New Hampshire where the primary is—this is Vermont!" Without knowing it, I'd crossed the state line.

While campaigning for Governor Stevenson, I used the same chartered airplane in which I covered the country in my own campaign—only the coonskin cap and the "Kefauver for President" legend were painted out. Once in Willmar, Minnesota, we had to switch to a smaller private plane to make a landing on a small field; Dick Wallace, my administrative assistant, and I actually had to help the pilot chase cows off the runway before we could take off. Anyone who wants my support for a federal fencing law covering airports can have it.

Another time, I was supposed to fly back from an ox roast given by my friend, Representative Wayne Hays, at Wellsville, Ohio, to debate in Cleveland with a Republican senator on a nation-wide TV hookup. The plane provided for me was of ancient vintage, and I kept poking the pilot futilely to try to go faster. The telecast already was on the air when we landed, and Cleveland police took me through the city streets at a terrific pace to catch the tail end of the program. I almost became the subject of a crime inquiry myself, instigated by the justly irate local chief of police. I felt obliged to write him, asking him to blame me, not his officers.

Critics may argue that the strain of running in 48 separate primaries might kill a candidate. I do not think so, particularly with the advent of television. The campaign in each state need not be as intense as the full-dress Presidential campaign. And, when the successful candidates of the major parties finally enter upon the shorter campaign to decide the election, both they and what they stood for would be so well known to the voters that the campaign actually would be easier. It could be conducted on a higher plane, involving issues rather than personalities.

Others may contend that, with a national primary system, the race might go to the candidate with the biggest organization and the most money. Again, I disagree. Certainly with scant organization and very little money, I fared well in the primaries I entered. How well that was demonstrated in Nebraska! There, my opponent, Senator Kerr, was able to blanket me with campaign literature, professional workers,

entertainment, newspaper advertisements, radio and TV time. In Omaha, I remember, the opposition even bought up all the advertising space on the sides of the city trash cans. Yet, even with the trash cans against me, I captured more than 60 per cent of the votes.

My own experience at the Democratic convention demonstrated how easy it is for the faction that controls the convention machinery to operate unfairly against the candidates it opposes. Let me cite some examples:

On the platform committee, several members favorable to my candidacy felt the convention should have the opportunity of voting on a stronger anticorruption plank; also a plank advocating Congressional reforms to mitigate

in the convention hall was squarely in front of Mr. Rayburn's perch on the rostrum but despite some highly athletic maneuvers on the senator's part, the chairman couldn't quite recognize him. "He looks me straight in the face but he can't seem to see me!" Senator Douglas exclaimed in a broadcast from the floor. It finally took a fire in the convention hall, and an ultimatum from the Chicago fire marshal, to get the recess.

Final Gesture of Contempt

Some disillusioned delegates have commented that the most undisguised demonstration of contempt for the men and women who were supposed to represent their home states at the convention was the Scott Lucas-Clarence Cannon act, staged on the Friday evening before the convention closed. All the intrigues had been played out, the "ins" had had their way. The exhausted delegates wanted merely to vote for a Vice-President—for any Vice-President—and go home.

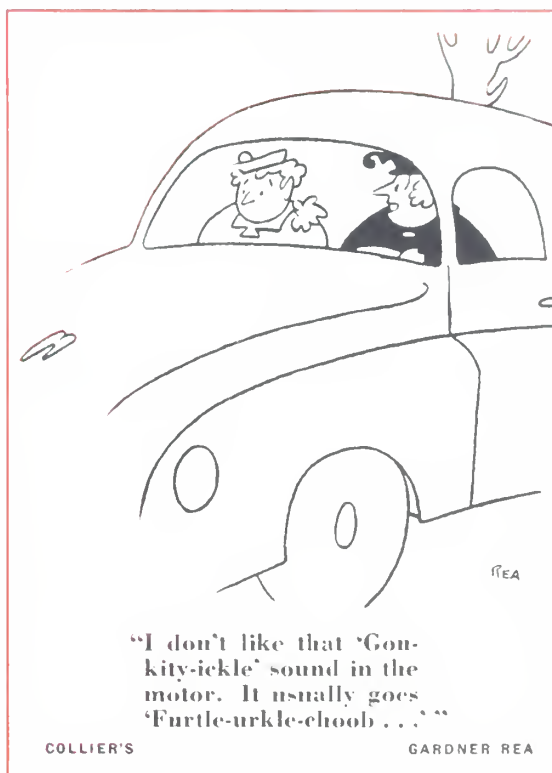
The powers that be, however, hadn't quite got together on who would be tapped. Up stepped former Senator Lucas, who blames my investigation of Illinois politics for his retirement from public life, to present a motion to recess until Saturday morning. Acting chairman Cannon, the parliamentarian of the convention, banged his gavel and put it to a vote. Almost to a man, the delegates jumped to their feet and roared, "No!" Brother Cannon gave them his famous scowl, banged the gavel again and declared the motion carried!

The most aggravating personal humiliation that those who ran the convention tried to heap upon me came when they denied me the privilege of taking the floor to release my delegates and

end the long fight for the Presidential nomination. Had they shown me this courtesy, much intraparty bitterness and several hours of a useless roll call would have been saved. Though I did not enjoy the physical and emotional strain of sitting on that platform for several hours while they played out their game, I could be philosophical about it for I am reasonably hardened to some of the strange ways of politics. What was harder for me to take, however, was their attempt to stop my wife, Nancy, and my father, who were bewildered by the turn of events, from even reaching me on the platform to inquire what was happening.

There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that the electorate is fully awake to the need for election reforms. Public-opinion polls already have shown an overwhelming majority in favor of selection of the President and Vice-President by national primary.

The era of boss rule in American politics is fading. Every time the issue of bossism versus the American people is tested at the polls now, the bosses take another licking. Let's hand them a death blow by taking the Presidential elections out of the smoke-filled rooms and the rigged convention halls, and placing them, via the national primary method, firmly in the hands of the people. ▲▲▲



the effects of "McCarthyism." Colonel Phil Whitaker, a distinguished Tennessee attorney, and Jimmy Roosevelt, son of the late President, made the necessary arrangements to present the minority reports and to offer amendments. They were told to take seats on the rostrum so as to be available to speak in support of the amendments. We had eight other speakers on the rostrum to back them up.

The platform, which contained a pious "we're-against-sin" plank, was read. Then chairman Sam Rayburn hurriedly came to the podium and, with his well-known finesse, put the motion and declared the platform adopted. Colonel Whitaker and others protested his speedy action. Finally, Mr. Rayburn allowed Colonel Whitaker the grand total of two minutes to "explain" the proposed amendments. Since the deed had been done, the belated recognition was quite academic. We were angry about it and said so. Our anger only made Mr. Rayburn rougher from then on when my supporters sought recognition.

On the Thursday night of the convention, when a recess was obviously in order, the distinguished senator from Illinois, Paul Douglas, who was one of my supporters, did everything but tear out his hair and throw it at the chairman in a fruitless attempt to make a motion to recess. Senator Douglas' seat

R-O-M-A-N-Y REVISITED

By DIANA HIRSH



After his memorable appearance at G.O.P. convention, former Judge Marcelino Romany (l.) got big welcome at Troy, N.Y., Eisenhower rally. With him and Ike are Douglas Hudson and Troy Mayor Edward Fitzgerald (r.)

San Juan, Puerto Rico

RESIDENTS of this ancient walled capital find it fitting that a mere stone's throw separates the Plaza de Colon with its impressive marble statue of Christopher Columbus, from the modest law offices of Marcelino Romany on neighboring San Francisco Street.

Columbus, they point out, discovered Puerto Rico 459 years ago, but it took Marcelino Romany really to put the island on the map.

Romany, as no American with a TV set needs be reminded, is the redoubtable little Puerto Rican who stole the show at the Republican National Convention in Chicago last July with the ringing demand that his three-man delegation be polled on the Credentials Committee's minority report favoring the seating of pro-Eisenhower forces from the state of Georgia.

Bantam-sized Señor Romany, who bears both a facial and vocal resemblance to Jimmy Durante, now knows at first hand what a beautiful Channel swimmer or Hollywood starlet goes through when the American public decides to clasp her to its bosom; the nature of the phenomenon became evident to him at once after his unforgettable if unrehearsed debut on millions of TV screens.

First came a flood of wires to his Chicago hotel room: "CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR YES," one Ohioan put it. Some self-styled "admirers Rhode Islanders" echoed:

MANY THANKS FOR STICKING TO IT. Next came an astounding variety of personal encounters. Old ladies in elevators pumped his hand; strangers interrupted his meals in restaurants to demand his autograph. Commercial TV offers poured in: Would Mr. Romany accept \$250 to appear for only five minutes on video—to talk on anything, just anything? Mr. Romany would not—for pay; with considerable dignity, he explained that he was a lawyer and preferred to make his money that way. But he did appear, gratis, on some television shows to discuss a subject dear to his patriotic heart—the problems of Puerto Rico.

Mail Piled up Back Home

Señor Romany spent three weeks in all in the States after the convention, visiting friends in New York and in Philadelphia, where, as a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, class of 1914, he has many sentimental associations. Then, on his return home, came the real (and pleasant) shocker: an avalanche of mail awaited him—from Maine to Texas, from Democrats as well as Republicans, from R.F.D. numbers and big cities. Fully half a year has elapsed since what he calls "the Chicago incident," but he has yet to dig out from under.

Bewilderment still occasionally assails him, as well as a feeling that per-

haps his leg is being pulled. At such times he leafs through a fat clipping-book or a Manila folder marked *convención* and draws reassurance from letters such as this one from Omaha, addressed to him simply at "Purito Rico, West Indies," and saying in part: "Please believe that the laughter following your demand for a roll call was born not of ridicule but of admiration. . . . In our peculiar manner we were expressing our approval of your action . . . the laughter was intended as a big 'ole' from the United States."

Or this one from an Army first lieutenant stationed in Seattle: "To us in the service of our country, it is a consolation to know that we can depend on men such as you."

Or this one from Minneapolis: "You certainly displayed your courage and persistence under somewhat trying circumstances. Occasions like this draw us even closer together in our united effort for world peace."

Señor Romany's office walls display, framed, two other tokens of American esteem. One is a citation from the National Association of Gagwriters "for creative humor in the best American tradition." The other is a newspaper ad of Zimmermann's, a Glenside, Pennsylvania, children's clothing specialty store, which appeared shortly after the convention and heralded a sale with this preamble: "Not even Romany would question these reductions."

The señor concedes that there was seeming humor "in that I should ask for a poll of such a microscopic delegation of three." But his own view of the incident which brought him continent-wide fame is sober, although he considers the event far from the "heroic stand for the rights of the individual" which many of his admiring correspondents have called it.

As Romany tells it, Señor Gonzales Blanes, spokesman for the Puerto Rican delegates and a Taft supporter, told his colleagues that he was going to vote "no" for the whole delegation when the question of seating Ike's Georgia contingent came up, although Romany had previously indicated that he wished to vote "yes."

Warning Ignored by Rival

"He thought he was going to get away with it," Romany recalls with flashing eyes, "even when I warned him I would grab the mike and demand a poll. He thought I didn't have the nerve. He should have known me better."

Time has not dimmed the señor's memory of his classic exchange with temporary chairman Walter Hallahan; he can, and obviously likes to, repeat it word for word, and in the same stentorian tones. "First I said, 'Mr. Chairman, I call for a roll call (sic) of the delegation!' The chairman replied, 'Will the gentleman who has requested that the delegation be polled give his name to the chair?' And so I said, 'My name is Romany—R-O-M-A-N-Y!' . . . Then he said, 'The roll call can only be demanded by a member of the delegation whose name appears on the temporary roll.' Then I told him, 'My name appears on the temporary roll. My name is Romany—R-O-M-A-N-Y!'"

Although to the convention at large Romany proved a much-needed relief from mounting tension, and to the rest of his own delegation only a brief irritant (disqualified as a permanent delegate, he left the floor for good that night), to Romany himself his performance meant no more than the logical assertion of his rights under the convention rules. "After all," he says, "anyone who could put the whole Puerto Rican Cabinet in jail could do a small thing like challenging the delegation's vote."

The señor did, indeed, once put the island's entire Cabinet in jail—even if only for an hour. Romany, who for years had been a crusading district attorney, was by 1944 a judge of the San Juan district court. The island's governor at the time was Rexford Guy Tugwell. Romany issued an injunction ordering top officials under Tugwell to cease and desist from spending war emergency program funds not yet appropriated by the island legislature. "They were using the money for political purposes," he says. For disobeying the injunction the officials in question went to jail, until they were freed an hour later by a court writ.

What's happened to the roll-call-demanding delegate from Puerto Rico who convulsed the nation and eased the tension at the Republican National Convention?

Subsequently retaliation came when Romany's judgeship was legislated out of existence. He returned to private law practice, becoming what his son and law partner, Jorge, describes as an "outcast." The memory of those bitter years made all the sweeter Romany's triumphal return to the island from the convention last summer. Friends unheard of for years flocked to the airport to give him a latter-day conquistador's welcome.

Thus another by-product of the Romany rhetoric in Chicago has been to make him, once more, a social lion back home. The lean years of his personal unpopularity are past; his home in the fashionable suburb of Santurce has again become a focal point for well-wishers.

Señor Romany is now much in demand as a speaker at such places as the Rotary and Lions Clubs (the theme, naturally, is the Chicago incident), and his frequent nonoratorical appearances at the baseball games at the Sixto Escobar Athletic Park provide further opportunities for demonstrations of how warmly his fellow islanders feel about the local boy who made good.

A Family Baseball Feud

In baseball as in politics, Romany happily confesses: "I am also a dis-senter." A feud as classic as that of the Dodgers and the Giants exists in Puerto Rico between the teams of San Juan and Santurce. The Romany family—wife, son, daughter and grandchildren—are staunch San Juan rooters. Romany is a Santurce aficionado, and when his team loses: "I go home after everyone is in bed. The next morning I get up and go to the office very early."

Since making history at the G.O.P. convention, the señor has been back to the States only once—at the invitation of Congressman Dean P. Taylor of New York to appear at an

Eisenhower rally in Troy. "The congressman thought," Señor Romany explains, "that on account of my popularity in the States I could be a big attraction. At that time we didn't fully realize what a big attraction the general himself was. He didn't need anybody!"

The rally took place on October 22d, Romany's sixty-first birthday. As he entered the hall at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute with Taylor and Mayor Fitzgerald of Troy, thunderous applause and cries of "Poll the delegation!" greeted him. Romany responded with a rousing attack on the Truman policies in Korea.

No Introduction Needed

General Eisenhower came in late with Governor Dewey. After the general had spoken, Mayor Fitzgerald turned to Romany and asked if he did not want to meet the man on whose behalf he had so audibly labored in Chicago.

"General," said the mayor, "I want to introduce to you—"

Ike interrupted: "That man doesn't need an introduction! I know him!" He grinned and put his arm around Romany's shoulder, and the photographers snapped away.

Romany recalls: "Then I said to the general, 'General, this has been the biggest honor of my life, having my picture taken with you.' The general riposted, 'Oh, no. The honor is all mine.' Wasn't he nice?"

Right now the Romany future looks pretty busy. He plans to continue a fight, begun before Chicago, to get G.O.P. National Committee recognition of the Eisenhower faction of his party in Puerto Rico. And he certainly plans to attend the next Republican convention in 1956—not as a national committeeman, but as a delegate. "I'd rather be a delegate," he smiles.

But most of all he aims to keep on fighting for Puerto Rico's inclusion in the Union as a state. Señor Romany's pride in his American citizenship would give pause to any resident of the continental United States.

"My grandfather, my great-grandfather, and my great-great-grandfather were all born in Puerto Rico," he says. "When the Americans landed in Guánica in 1898 during the Spanish-American War, I was a small boy and living in nearby Yauco. I watched the Spaniards march out, bands playing and flags flying, to fight the Americans, and along with the rest I shouted, 'Viva España!' Who was to dream then that someday I would be a full-fledged American citizen?"

"I'd rather be back under American military government, even, than independent. The United States has built this country, and we've learned a lot from it. I only wish we could have an electorate as good and as capable as the American electorate." ▲▲▲



Romany won a place in history during heated credentials battle
Collier's for January 31, 1953

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A Bachelor Surrounded

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

abuse. "Mrs. Skinner," I said firmly, "it was just a little stag poker party."

"Drinking and carousing until all hours!"

"Nonsense," I said, "perfectly respectable."

"Don't tell me," old lady Skinner said. "I saw the super carrying out the empty beer bottles. Next time I'll call the police."

Beaten again, I went cravenly into my apartment down the hall. As usual, I left the door open. Why? I asked myself. Probably old lady Skinner had looked like Susan sometime back around the Civil War.

My apartment was a mess. I had a cleaning woman who took advantage of me. I paid her seven bucks to come once a week, leaving the money on the kitchen table. I think she spent the day looking at my television set and drinking up my liquor. Once I put a chalk mark on a bottle of rye in order to trap her. She erased the chalk mark, and the following week she said she'd have to have more money.

I went into the bathroom to wash up before going out to eat, and when I came back into the living room, the door was shut. I figured it had blown shut. I started over to open it, and something went "woof." There was nobody living in the apartment but me, and it wasn't me.

SUDDENLY the ragged little black cocker from the pet shop came out of my bedroom and bounced over to me, his ears flopping. It looked as if he'd walked into my apartment and shut the door after him.

"How did you get in here?" I said. "Miss Hillerest and old lady Skinner will make mincemeat out of you. Dogs aren't allowed here."

He sat there looking wistful, and I was trying to figure it out, when there was a tap at my door and my next-door neighbor, Susan Chalmers, darted in.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said; "but I was desperate. Come here, Topper. Come here." Susan picked up the dog, and rubbed her cheek against his fur.

For a minute I was speechless, sort of putting myself in the dog's place.

"The super called to say he was coming up to fix a leaky faucet," she said. "I was terrified. I was afraid Topper might bark if I put him in the bedroom. Then I remembered that your door was sometimes open, and on the spur of the moment I shoved Topper in and shut your door. The super just left."

"You got that dog in the pet shop down the way, didn't you?" I said.

"Yes," Susan said. "I go by there about four times a day, and I just couldn't stand seeing him in that window any longer. I bought him this evening."

"Women always do things on impulse," I said. "Now the dog will think he has a home, and in a day or so the super will discover him, and the poor dog will end up in the pound. It would have been better to have left him in the pet shop."

Susan stared at me, her cheeks flushed. She looked lovely. I couldn't believe old lady Skinner

had ever looked like that. Maybe Susan was different, I told myself. I suppose every married man has said that to himself, at one time or another.

"You think you know a lot, don't you?" Susan said.

I avoided answering that. "I'm just going out to eat," I said instead. "Come with me. We'll get a steak and give Topper the bone."

"I'll go, but only for Topper's sake," Susan said. "See if the coast is clear."

I TOOK her to Rod's, about a mile out of town. I knew the dog would be a problem, and I was hoping it wouldn't be my problem.

After we'd ordered, I said, "I was sorry for the pup myself. But you shouldn't have bought him."

"Just like a man," Susan said, her eyes flashing. "They're so smug, so smart. They know everything. What good did your sympathy do him? It takes a woman to act. You're so sure of yourself, aren't you? Well, it just so happens I'm going to give Topper to my nephew, and his birthday's the day after tomorrow."

"How old will your nephew be?" I asked.

"He'll be two," she said.

"Well," I said, "that's the end of the dog. The kid will think he's a toy and take him apart."

"I disagree with you completely," Susan said. "Timmy's a well-behaved child, not a monster. I just have to keep the dog until tomorrow night. You have nothing to worry about."

"I hope so," I said. "Would you like to dance?"

She was a very good dancer. She looked good and smelled good, and as we danced I mentally contrasted her with my secretary, my cleaning woman, Miss Hillerest and old lady Skinner.

We finished our dinner, wrapped the remains of the steak in a paper napkin and went out to the car to let Topper

become a man and chew on his first steak bone.

"How cute," Susan said, and I agreed, but I was looking at Susan. This girl really was different, I told myself. She had bought the dog, which indicated a warm heart, and she had figured out what to do with him, which indicated a mind.

We drove home, and I sent Susan in ahead of me. When her door was open I hurried down the hall with Topper in my arms.

"I'm going to call my sister," Susan said. "She'll be thrilled."

I stood at the door and listened. I heard her say, "Hello, George, is Betty there? Well then, I'll tell you. I've got the most exciting news. I've got a little puppy for Timmy."

There was a silence as Susan listened. I saw her swallow. "But, George," she said. "He's so cute—but, George—" Another silence. "All right, George," she said, finally, "I'll get him a dump truck," and she slammed down the receiver and kicked at the wall.

"That big jerk," she said. "A girl as pretty as my sister, and she has to throw herself away on that big lug. Get the boy a real, live puppy, and he says I could give Timmy a dump truck. Says he isn't old enough to have a dog. He's just too tight to buy dog food."

She stared at me. "Think you're smart, don't you? Stop looking so smug." "I'm not smug," I said. "I've always had woman trouble. Now it looks like I've got dog trouble, too."

"This does not concern you in the least," she said. "You're as free as the air, and you'd better take some. Thanks for the steak."

She practically pushed me out the door. If that was how she wanted it, that was the way she could have it. In my own apartment I lighted my pipe and turned on the television. It began to rain outside, and I sat there in my bachelor's quarters, feeling completely relaxed and comfortable.

Suddenly I heard a suspicious noise. Turning down the sound, I went over to the wall and put my head against it. I could hear Topper, very faintly; he was whining and scratching at Susan's door.

I went to the window and opened it a few inches. The rain was slanting down hard. It's unfortunate, I thought, but that's what she had to expect. Dogs have to go out once in a while. Besides, I said to myself, the rain wouldn't bother her as much as it would me. The scientists have proved it.

Women are much tougher and have better resistance, I told myself as I put on my rubbers and my trench coat. I went out into the hall and knocked at her door.

She opened it two inches. She had her raincoat on. "I'll take Topper out," I said. "That dog can't be housebroken yet—"

"He's not," Susan said. "I've had a busy evening. But I can't let him bark. It's my responsibility, I'll take him—"

"No, let me. I'll hide him under my trench coat," I said. She snapped a leash on Topper, and I started down the hall. It was lucky Topper was hidden. The

door of 1A opened as I was passing it, and old lady Skinner, ever on the eager lookout for scandal or vice, peered out at me. She stared hard at the bulge under my trench coat.

"Falsies," I muttered under my breath, and only when I got outside did I notice that I was trailing the leash. I hoped the old lady hadn't seen it.

Topper and I huddled under a protective tree down the street for a few minutes, and because I was afraid Mrs. Skinner's door might still be open, I didn't dare go back in right away. I got my ear out, and drove downtown to a delicatessen, and bought a box of dog biscuits. When I got back it looked as though old lady Skinner had given up. At any rate, her door was closed as I saw by peeking through the glass of the front door.

Topper and I made the dash for safety. I unlocked the main door as silently as a burglar, then raced on tiptoe down the hall. Susan's door flew open, I handed her the dog, shut the door, leaped sideways and was inserting my key in my own lock when Mrs. Skinner lunged into the hall.

"Good evening," I said, bowed and went inside. I put down the dog biscuits, which I had forgotten to give to Susan, hung up my trench coat, and settled down again in front of the television screen.

No sooner had I done so than my doorbell rang. It was the super.

"Mind if I come in?" he said. "I want to take a look at your stove. Thought I smelled gas outside in the hall."

He sounded as phony as a three-dollar bill. Old lady Skinner must have telephoned him.

"Come ahead," I said blithely.

HE WENT into the kitchen and pussyfooted around like a stage detective. "While I'm here," he said, "is there anything I can do for you? Bathroom fixtures all in order?"

He took a look around, but he came back empty-handed, his suspicions apparently allayed.

"Guess everything's all right," he said. He started for the door, then stopped as though he'd been shot, and stared grimly at the telltale box of dog biscuits.

"All right," he said, "where is it? Where's the dog?"

"A friend of mine left those biscuits in my car," I lied. "You can see for yourself there's no dog here. Have another look if you like."

Suspicious but baffled, he left. I went to bed and put in a restless night. . . .

I was up at seven. Glancing out my bedroom window, I saw Susan's head come round the corner of the garage and then disappear. Then Topper's head poked out and was withdrawn just as quickly. The super appeared on the scene, struggled with an ash can, and was gone, and then Susan and Topper came flying from their sanctuary around to the front door. Susan showed a good burst of speed, and excellent underpinning.

I tapped on Susan's door on my way to work. She opened her door a bit and looked out at me. Her eyes were big with apprehension.

"That dog's going to make a wreck of you," I said. "Any plans?"

"I'll sell him," she said. "I'll put an ad in the paper."

She had no right to look that nice



COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

so early in the morning. Fascinated by her face just above the door chain, I bent toward her lips. I'd never kissed a girl at seven twenty in the morning. I didn't then, either.

"No, you don't," she said, and closed the door against my chin.

I went outside and found Charley Gordon waiting. He lived around the corner and had no car, and I drove him to work regularly. I didn't like him much, but it was one of those things that's easier to start than stop.

He walked down to the garage with me, and just as we got into the car he said, "You know where I can buy a dog cheap? My wife's got a crazy notion she wants a dog."

A miracle! I looked at him in amazement, then hauled him out of the car. "Your problem is solved," I said, and took him back to Susan's apartment.

"Man wants to buy a dog," I announced.

Susan looked at me in awe. Charley Gordon looked at Topper quietly chewing a corner of the rug. "Give you twenty bucks if he's a thoroughbred."

She'd told me she'd paid thirty. Getting out from under with only a ten-dollar loss was nothing at all. She'd be eternally grateful to me for coming to the rescue.

SUSAN looked straight at me, then shut her eyes. "The price is one hundred and fifty dollars," she said.

Charley almost collapsed, but he was no worse off than I was. Sore as a boil, he strode out of the apartment. I shut the door after him.

"What's the matter? You crazy?" I asked Susan.

"I didn't like him," Susan said. "He didn't even pat Topper. He wouldn't be nice to Topper. So I put the price out of reach. And as for you, stay away from me. Don't you try to kiss me."

"Who's trying?" I said. "I wash my hands of the whole affair. I never want to see Topper again."

"You won't," she said. "Or me, either. Beat it, or I'll scream for the super."

"No, you won't," I said. "Not with Topper here. Even if I did kiss you, you wouldn't scream for the super."

She looked alarmed, and I turned and walked out. I was through with that girl forever. I got in my car and backed into the street.

"That crazy dame," Charley said angrily. "Trying to hold me up. Playing me for a sucker. Stands there with the big come-hither smile on her face. Gives me the eye and tries to hold me up. Nothing but a gold digger— Hey, what's the idea?"

I'd pulled over to the curb. "You can ride the bus, Charley," I said.

"You crazy?" he said. "You in with that holdup artist?"

"Nobody can talk that way about my girl," I said. She wasn't my girl, but suddenly I wanted her to be.

He shouted insults after me as I drove off. It was a bad start for a day's work, and my secretary was worse than ever. I took it on the chin for eight hours and came home beat.

When I rang Susan's doorbell, she opened it and looked at me from behind the door chain.

"Let's go to Rod's," I said. "Let's get a steak for Topper."

"Topper and I prefer to eat at home," Susan said.

"I'll walk him for you."

"That's not necessary."

"Well," I said, "I'll bring over those dog biscuits."

"Thanks, I bought some," she said. "Eat them yourself."

I lunged, and made it this time. I kissed her. She stared at me for a minute. "Okay," she said, "now we're even. You're paid off," and slammed the door.

I went into my apartment, but the evening wasn't much better than the day. The next morning I was up even earlier than usual to watch Susan and Topper play hide-and-seek behind the building. But this morning the super made an unexpected trip to the garage, and she was trapped in no man's land.

She had only a few seconds in which to act. I whistled and she saw me. She came running to my back window and hoisted Topper up in the air. I hung out over my window ledge, grabbed him, and hauled him in and out of sight just as the super came in view. All he saw was me leaning out the window talking to Susan.

Topper had disappeared under the bed. I shaved and began getting dressed. I took out a clean shirt. It was as starched as a board.

I'd told the girl at the laundry about a dozen times that I didn't like much starch in my shirts. I think she did it deliberately because I was a bachelor.

I put on my clothes and reached for my brown shoes. I put on the right one; the left one was missing. I searched in the closet to no avail. Then, bending over, I saw something under the bed. Topper looked out at me, his paw, bits of leather sticking to his tongue. At that moment the doorbell rang.

I limped out to the door. This time I'd really end it—I'd tell Susan off. I flung open the door, but it wasn't Susan, it was old lady Skinner. I stared at her, paralyzed. "I just discovered I'm out of coffee," she said in a very phony voice. "Could I borrow a little from you?"

I left the door open and hurried her into the kitchen, praying that I might get her out before Topper investigated. In my rush I spilled coffee all over the table. The old bat was trying to look in four directions at once, but I got the coffee into her cup and got her outside, and there had been no sign of Topper.

"Good old Topper," I said weakly. "Smartest dog in town. Come on out, kid, the old bat's gone."

NOTHING happened. I looked under my bed. My chewed-up shoe was there, but no Topper. He'd vanished. I tried to puzzle it out, and suddenly I heard a scream from down the hall that made my blood run cold.

I jerked open the door. The hall was empty, but the super was running up the front steps. Suddenly Topper came out of Mrs. Skinner's apartment, followed by Mrs. Skinner. It was my opportunity if I ever had one, and I took advantage of it before she could open her mouth. "Well, well," I said, "fine thing. I didn't know you had a dog, Mrs. Skinner. I didn't realize you were an animal lover. When did you get the little dog, Mrs. Skinner?"

Her face got purple. "It was in my apartment—"

"How'd he get in the building?" I said. "How'd he unlock the front door? Where'd he get a key?" I wagged my finger at her. "A likely story!"

I thought she was going to burst. The super, popeyed, clutched at the regulations in his mind and said, "Dogs aren't allowed."

I went over and picked up Topper. "Too bad, Mrs. Skinner," I said. "Would you like me to dispose of him for you?"

The answer was a slammed door that shook the building. I tucked Topper under my arm and started jauntily for my apartment.

"Hey!" the super said, coming out of it. "No dogs."

"It takes time to dispose of a dog," I said. "The wheels have to turn. There's red tape. I'll handle everything."

I shut my door and put Topper down. "Topper," I said, "you have freed me from female tyranny. You are a dog of dogs."

Feeling like a man reborn, I went to the telephone and called Miss Hillcrest at her home; that was something she hated. "Miss Hillcrest," I said, "this is Mr. Shelton. How long do you expect me to put up with an obsolete refrigerator? When I rented this apartment I was promised a new one. That was eight months ago. This model doesn't hold enough beer for my poker parties, and I refuse to serve warm beer to my guests, Miss Hillcrest. I expect action immediately."

I should have left for work, but a new exhilaration had taken possession of me, and it was the day my cleaning woman was due. I was waiting for her

Whatever Happened To Good Old Swing?

This bop has got me all confused,
My mind's completely hazy;
They call it cool, instead of hot—
Now, man, that's really crazy!

—BARBARA REA RENWICK

when she came in. She gave a little cry of surprise when she saw me.

"Twenty-five minutes late," I said. "I want a word with you. I can't put up with this kind of thing any longer," and I drew my finger along the dust of the kitchen window sill. "I am not operating a rest home."

She just stared at the new Shelton, flabbergasted. All you needed to do, I realized, was to take a firm stand with a woman.

I got up, put on my hat, and snapped on Topper's leash. We walked out to find Susan at the door.

"I'd have come earlier," she said, "but the hall has been full of people. Thanks so much. I'll take Topper now."

"Not now or ever," I said. "From now on, Topper is my dog. Heel," I said, and marched down the hall.

I put him beside me on the car seat and drove to work. My secretary was admiring her image in her compact mirror when I arrived. She did a double-take at Topper, knocked over her chair and backed into a corner.

"I don't like dogs," she said, her baby-blue eyes wide open.

"That is an unfortunate addition to your other dislikes, such as spelling," I said, looking at Topper for approval. "This dog is a fixture, and if you don't care to associate with him and walk him two or three times a day, I suggest you would be happier elsewhere."

She flounced out of the office. I patted Topper on the head, and telephoned the employment agency to send over a new girl.

I had routed my enemies, but suddenly I felt uneasy. I had a notion that, though I had won several skirmishes, the war was not yet over.

At noon I decided to drive home. "We will reconnoiter the battlefield," I told Topper. I parked in the street out-

side the building and we went in, to find our worst fears realized.

My apartment door was wide open. Miss Hillcrest was inside. Beside her, virtue triumphant, was old lady Skinner. My cleaning woman, leaning on the mop in the kitchen, was ready to attack on my left flank.

EVEN Topper gave up. He sat down on my feet and looked up at me with the whites of his eyes showing. I could feel him tremble.

"Something wrong, Miss Hillcrest?" I inquired, trying to sound defiant but with a quaver in my voice that gave me away.

"Just one question," Miss Hillcrest snapped. "Is that or is that not your dog, Mr. Shelton?"

My cleaning woman leered at me. "Course it's his dog," she said. "I found dirty dog hairs all over the apartment."

Like a trio of witches they had us surrounded, and Topper and I backed into a corner, beaten.

"You'll have to vacate this apartment at the end of the month," Miss Hillcrest said.

I was nodding abjectly, completely routed, when Susan burst into the room like an avenging angel.

"He will not," she said recklessly. "Because that happens to be my dog."

"It's your dog—" Miss Hillcrest began shrilly, and I tensed, waiting for Susan to be completely overwhelmed.

"We'll discuss that later," Susan said. "In the meantime this happens to be Mr. Shelton's apartment, and he's entitled to privacy. And may I ask what you are doing in here, Mrs. Skinner?"

Old lady Skinner had met her match. She slunk out of the apartment, followed by Miss Hillcrest. "Golly, Susan," I said, "you're sensational."

Susan paid no attention to me. "And just what is your interest in this situation?" she said to the cleaning woman.

"Just scrubbing the kitchen, ma'am," she said, and tumbled back out of sight.

While I gazed worshipfully at Susan, she said, "You've been terribly sweet, but I won't let you do it. I'll get you out of this."

"Nothing will ever induce me to part from Topper," I said.

"You really like him?" she said. "You weren't just trying to make an impression? What can you do? Where will you go?"

"On the way home just now," I said, "I took a different route, and passed a newly completed garden apartment house on the edge of town. I saw someone walking a dog out front, and there was a vacancy sign on the lawn."

"Oh, I know the house," Susan said. "There's a big field out back. Topper will love it."

She picked up the dog and hugged it to her. "How can I leave you, Topper?" she said. "I'd move into that apartment myself, but I can't afford it."

The strain was telling on me. "Topper and I," I said hoarsely, "are hoping you'll come over often. We're hoping that someday you'll move in with us—damn it, put that dog down and listen to me! I'm trying to propose."

Susan put Topper on the floor. "I heard every word," she said. "I think I'm going to love the apartment."

"One side, Topper," I said, and put my arms around her. Her hair tickled my nose. Being a bachelor, I thought, has its good points, but when a man finds a girl who's really different, there's nothing in it. ▲▲▲

MY PET BEAR

By WARD MOREHOUSE

The story of a lucky critter from Thailand learning to live in Southern comfort



Bangkok, Himalayan bear, greets his New York owner

I OWN a bear. I've never met anyone else who does, but I do. I got him in the mysterious and irresistible city of Bangkok, Thailand, while flying eastward and homeward from an around-the-world spin last spring. I paused in colorful Bangkok, crossed the muddy Choa Phraya River, and spent an afternoon in the sales yard of the Boon Vanit Company, Ltd., merchants of jungle animals, on Burapa Road. I got the cash-and-carry prices on a baby elephant (\$400), a baby tiger (\$400) and a black panther (\$350), but it was a playful Hi-

malayan bear cub at \$35 that caught my fancy, and I left the outdoor menagerie with the cub in tow. He was about the size of a full-grown Scotty, six weeks old and fed on goat's milk.

I carried my pet to Bangkok's Hotel Oriental and later, with considerable difficulty and with the help of wide-eyed airline attendants, got him to New York via the airways, not as regular air freight, but along with me in the planes on which I rode, making hectic stopovers in Hong Kong, Tokyo, Honolulu and San Francisco. In San Francisco he made a wreck of the bathroom in the elegant Hotel Fairmont. He did likewise in my apartment at the Plaza Hotel in New York.

I then took him by car to the 700-acre Franklin farm in Bulloch County, Georgia, near the tiny village of Register, and introduced Bangkok, as I was now calling the cub, to my somewhat alarmed brother-in-law, H. V. Franklin, Jr. He mumbled something, glanced at the health certificate I had brought all the way from Thailand, and told a boy to run and get some milk—cow's milk. That was in May of 1952.

Well, during a recent holiday from my job as a theater columnist-critic for New York's World-Telegram and Sun, I returned to Mrs. H. V. Franklin's acreage and found that my little Thailand cub has changed startlingly. He is about ten months old and weighs around 125 pounds—I was told in Thailand that he will get to weigh 400. His home is in an elaborate pen built around a tall sycamore tree. Bangkok has become king of the Georgia farm and pet of the village of Register, to which he is frequently taken on a leash.

Bangkok has also become a tireless actor; the larger the audience the better his show. He is never savage unless molested during a meal; try to take an ear of corn or a chicken wing from him and his growl is that of an animal of the jungle. But it is gentle treatment that he gets from the Franklins, loving attention along with the best food any bear ever had. He will eat and drink anything and his appetite is enormous. No goat's milk since he left the Orient, but every day he has plenty of milk from fine cows and six pounds of dog food in three regular meals. He also gets, in generous handouts, Southern fried chicken, soda pop, potatoes and tomatoes, biscuits and bread and coconut cake, peanuts and oranges and catfish. He will stand on his hind legs for candy, grapes and lump sugar.

Bangkok is allowed out of his pen frequently, but never without being watched. He's had one fight with the Franklin's solemn chow, but he gets along amiably enough with John, the bird dog, and Florabelle, a white kitten. Beauty, the saddle horse, is quite terrified of him and stays well out of his reach.

I was told out in faraway Thailand by the animal man, one Luang Visal Bochanakich, that Bangkok would probably like candy of all kinds, and I saw evidence of it in Georgia when we got him to the big crossroads store of Moses Jackson Bowen. He ate a large assortment of penny candies, in many shapes and colors, but when he reached Main Street in the village of Register he was still hungry and gobbled up a pint of ice cream in the H. H. Olliff drugstore.

Farmers of Bulloch County drop by, ostensibly to talk with my brother-in-law of cotton, wheat, corn and soybeans and of the spring planting, but they always turn their gaze toward Bangkok's pen and ask: "How's that bear getting along?" Such a question had just been put to "H," as my wife's brother is called, at a filling station on Route 301 one afternoon when a Franklin farm hand drove up and rushed toward him, greatly agitated. "The bear's gone, the bear's gone," he said. "Got out of his pen and we can't find him—we've looked everywhere."

"Why," "H" said, "you couldn't run that bear off the farm." He got into the car with the man and they drove to the house and made a tour of the nearby woods, looked into the barn and the cowshed, and the tool shed and the kennel and finally entered the house, via the back door.

There, upon the kitchen table, sat Bangkok, with a sugar bowl in his paws. He looked up unconcernedly and then went along with his licking of the bottom of the bowl.

"H," in his Georgia drawl, observed quietly, "That bear is more fun than anything this farm ever had—and we'd like to keep him . . . but someday we might sell him to a circus or a carnival or something. Either that, or let my Broadway brother-in-law keep him in his New York apartment. We've heard tell that Mr. Morehouse likes to bring 'em back alive." ▲▲▲

Ward Morehouse, theater columnist-critic of N.Y. World-Telegram and Sun, plays with bear he brought back from Thailand and left on mother-in-law's farm in Register, Ga.





Bangkok now weighs about 125 pounds, is sometimes given run of farm. When he can, he sneaks to kitchen, steals sugar. He'll someday weigh 400



On porch of Moses Jackson Bowen's big general store near Register. Jerry Price, a visitor from Walterboro, S.C., tries to look brave near Bangkok



Morehouse's pet has duplex apartment built around sycamore tree. To go up to second floor he climbs through chute and up ladder leading from pen
ollier's for January 31, 1953



One thing Bangkok dearly loves is trip to Olliff's drugstore for an ice cream party. His hostesses here are Missy Lanier (left) and Naney Riggs

I GO BACK

Just about everyone with a drop of Irish blood in his veins wants one day to make a pilgrimage to the old sod, to see for himself that green paradise, land of heroes, kings and leprechauns. The author, who's half Irish, tried it—and received a few surprises

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ELAINE STEINBECK



Steinbeck (left) and the sexton look over last evidences of the author's immediate family in Ireland: the burial plot of the Hamiltons in the little churchyard at Ballykelly

TO IRELAND

By JOHN STEINBECK



Mr. Richey (r.), though a distant cousin, did not recall the author's grandfather



The Hamilton house, now overgrown with weeds—and, worse, owned by strangers



Miss Elizabeth Hamilton's prized roses, neglected and choked by towering grass
Collier's for January 31, 1953

THERE must be a kind of apprehension in the sleepy little villages of Italy, Germany, England and Ireland in the summer, when the descendant of the native comes back to discover the seat of his culture. I suppose Ireland suffers more from this than any other land. Every Irishman—and that means anyone with one drop of Irish blood—sooner or later makes a pilgrimage to the home of his ancestors. There he crows and squeals over the wee cot or the houseen, pats mossy rocks, goes into ecstasies over the quaint furniture, and finds it charming that the livestock lives with the family.

He wouldn't live there if you gave him the place. And the locals don't think they're quaint—they think they're perfectly normal. To them, it's the American descendant whose speech sounds outlandish, particularly when he puts on a nostalgic brogue, which he usually does. The natives must think the pilgrims are crazy.

I have just made such a pilgrimage. I am half Irish, the rest of my blood being watered down with German and Massachusetts English. But Irish blood doesn't water down very well; the strain must be very strong.

I guess the people of my family thought of Ireland as a green paradise, mother of heroes, where golden people sprang full-flowered from the sod. I don't remember my mother actually telling me these things, but she must have given me such an impression of delight. Only kings and heroes came from this Holy Island, and at the very top of the glittering pyramid was our family, the Hamiltons.

My grandfather, who had come from there carrying the sacred name, was really a great man, a man of sweet speech and sweet courtesy. He died when I was quite young, but it is remarkable how much I remember about him. His little bog-trotting wife, I am told, put out milk for the leprechauns in the hills behind King City, California, and when a groundling neighbor suggested the cats drank it, she gave that neighbor a look that burned off his nose.

Anyway, we grew up feeling singularly favored because of even our demi-Irishness. There was very little running back to Ireland for a look; there was none, in fact. My grandparents never went home to visit. I can recall only two relatives who did. One was a cousin of my mother's who was a judge of the Supreme Court in California. He went back, I guess, mostly to impress the Irish relatives with the importance of the American branch. They must have cut him down to size, because he rarely spoke of his visit.

Later, one of my uncles made the trip. He reported that he had wept out of pure sentiment the whole time. He also reported that the family was just about played out; there remained two sisters and a brother—Katherine, Elizabeth and Thomas—children of my grandfather's brother, all old and all unmarried. They lived in the "new house" (the old house had burned down several hundred years ago).

After my uncle's return, we had an occasional letter from Elizabeth. She wrote a thin, elegant hand, and her English had an exquisite quality, reminiscent of the eighteenth-century writers. We felt good about that; we didn't really believe any dull or illiterate Irish existed—in Ireland, at least. We knew plenty of that kind in this country, but perhaps we thought they had degenerated here.

I should have gone to visit long ago, but I didn't. During the war, I landed at various Irish airports and could have gone, but some curious, powerful reluctance always came over me when I got close to the home place. Meanwhile, the letters had stopped and we heard nothing more.

Last summer, my wife and I finally went there.

It's green, all right—but so is Scotland. It seemed to me a different green, but I wouldn't submit the two greens to a color test. We rented an automobile to cross from Belfast to Londonderry—an extravagance which outraged even the man who owned the car, a Rolls-Royce of sneering gentility, a little younger than Stonehenge and in a little better condition. Summer was full-blown in Ireland and the grain was bowing golden-headed, ready for the cutting.

Then we crossed and came to Derry, and it's a dour, cold city to an outsider—dark, angular buildings and uncrowded streets, waiting for something—a city of protest against the rolling green of County Derry and the lovely hills of Donegal across Lough Foyle.

There was no home feeling in the bleak hotel, that carried its own darkness with it. The girl behind the desk would not smile nor pass a cordial word, no matter how much we tried to trap her. In the bar there was no gaiety. I don't know whether laughter was there before we went in for a drink or after we left, but none was offered for us to share, and curtains of rules brushed against us.

So Many Things Were Not Permitted

A drink in our room? Not permitted. Two minutes late to the dining room? Not permitted to serve after hours. A London paper, then. All taken. There was a hush on the people like the hush on the city, and the feeling that eyes brushed over you and dropped when you looked up. We were strangers.

The porter—not the real porter, he hastened to tell us, the real porter was away—said he would get us a man to drive us into the country the next day, a man who knew the countryside.

This not-the-real-porter was nice to us. He was sorry he couldn't have some clothes pressed for us; it was after hours. He wanted to bring a drink to us. He looked sadly at the bribe in his hand. He would try.

In a while he came back. The liquor was locked up, the manager had the key, and the manager was gone. A sandwich? The pantry was locked up. I don't know who had that key. A copy of the London Times in the morning? They were all ordered and it was too late to order another one. He looked as though he wanted to return the bribe; he was a young, dark, sad-looking man. I found myself trying to explain to him.

"Does the young lady at the desk never smile?" I asked.

"Rarely," he said.

"Is no rule ever broken at all?"

"I don't understand," he said.

"Look," I said, "my people came from hereabouts. They were law-abiding people, but there was a filament of illegality in them. My mother wasn't above putting too much catsup on her plate and sopping it up with a piece of bread in a restaurant."

"Catsup?" he asked.

I said, "One of my uncles had a major difficulty in college for stealing chickens. Another of my uncles had to be disarmed when he had murder in his heart, and I, myself . . ."

I stopped, because the not-the-real-porter was looking at me helplessly, trying to make out my meaning. My voice was rising against a wall of frustration.

"What I am trying to say is this," I said. "Has all illegality gone out of this rebellious island in three generations?"

"Sir?" he asked.

"I mean, if I should give you in your hand more than enough—twice more than enough—to buy a bottle of whisky, a loaf of bread and a sausage,

My heart broke for him.
'I'm not the real porter,' he said.
Good night, sir. I'm sorry.'

We drove right through Ballykelly without knowing it was there, but at Finavady they turned us back. I guess I had thought of Ballykelly as a town; it isn't—it's what they call in Texas a wide place in the road. Except for two churches, it wasn't different from the cottage-lined highway we had been driving on. An old man stood in front of one of the churches. "Mukeraugh?"

Everyone knew the three children of my grandfather's brother, Miss Katherine, Miss Elizabeth and Mr. Tom. It was a good farm they had—about 200 acres—and a good house of two stories. These children never married, the two sisters and the brother; why? No one knew why. They were well-endowed, well-educated people, and they had more land than most. They had silver spoons and fine china and little coffee cups, so thin you could see through them, and all the collected things of the family for hundreds of years, pictures and books and records and furniture, to make them envied all

And when neighbor women were having tea with her from those thin little cups you could almost see through,

The neighbors said it was a sorrow to see the house torn apart. It was well known that the Hamiltons had beautiful things. On the day of the auction, the automobiles and the carriages came by the hundred, and people bought pictures just for the frames; and the beautiful silver went, and the fine china, and the books, bought for the binding only—and all by strangers. Strangers bought the farmhouse. It was a sorrow, the neighbors said.

I took it. And that's the seat of my culture and the origin of my being and the soil of my background, the one full-blown evidence of a thousand years of family. I have it pressed in a book.



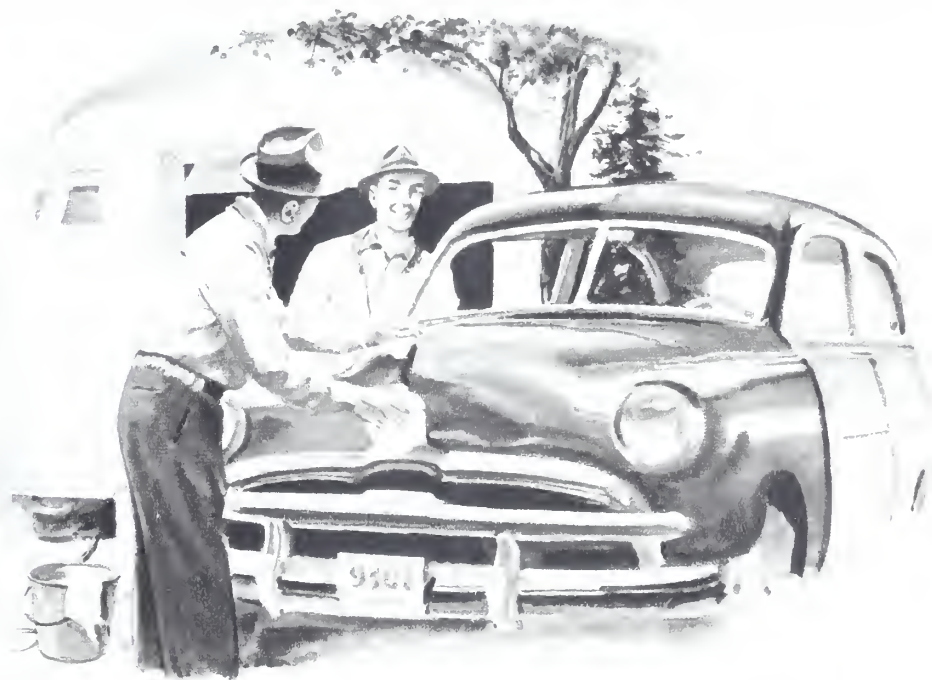
HOW FIRE INSURANCE GIVES THEM

a better chance to live



For years insurance engineers have been working to reduce fire and accident hazards in the nation's hospitals. In the last three years alone, they have surveyed over 7,000 hospitals and recommended essential safety measures. As a result of this public service, hundreds of people are living today because of fire tragedies *that did not happen*.

But capital stock fire insurance service benefits us in many other ways. When you're building or buying a home, fire insurance protects you and helps make your investment secure. It keeps stores open, plants humming. Because of it, business men can plan ahead with confidence, relying upon insurance to protect them against unexpected fire losses.



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STOLEN PEARL

Candleblow had a gambling blister: a shell-encrusted pearl that might make him rich if he played it right—or might get him killed

By JOHN KRUSE

THE monsoon rain slapped down, exploding in a fine mist on the roadway. It hung like a head curtain across the doorway and splashed me where I sat inside. The smell of it was everywhere, like warm, rotting vegetation, and it got in the coffee.

I was sitting in a water-front café in Colombo, Ceylon, engaged in watching the scum bubble across the sidewalk and roll in a thick, oily swell along the gutter. The pace was killing me. The monsoon always made a wallflower of me; I just had to sit it out till it quit waltzing with the sea. The big combers that came rolling in over the reefs day and night churned up a fog underwater which made my job—spear fishing—impossible. And the rain—that made *everything* impossible; everything except drinking coffee, that is.

I was just wondering whether I should pack up my gear and hitch east to Trinco, where they don't get the southwest monsoon, when a chunky, sun-wrinkled guy in a battered bush hat came in. I grabbed him by the arm. "Candleblow!"

He blinked his watery blue eyes at me. "By all that's holy—Mike Gardener! How are ya, cobber?" he said, seizing my hand in both his and pumping it. "Gosa, it's good to see you!" He peered shortsightedly over his shoulder, hooked a chair round with his foot so he could see the door, and sat down, still pumping my hand. "How'vya been, tella?"

"Swell," I said, thinking how quickly pearl diving ages a man. Candleblow had never got his voice back. He spoke with only his breath, somehow, in the back of his throat, with the noise a rasp makes on soft wood. He had got that way saving my life.

We had been skin divers together a couple of years back, up at the pearling grounds at Mannar. Smith, his name was then. You have to dive in pairs up there because of the sharks, and we were down on the bottom together, me lifting shell and him on guard, when a big blackfin took a lunge at me. Smith plunged his spike up into the shark's belly. It did a back flip and slapped him across the throat with its tail as it made off. It did something to his vocal chords. He'd gone by the name of Candleblow ever since.

"Bring the bottle," I shouted to the proprietor. "Ah, ah. Not today, pal," Candleblow said. "I just came in for some tags."

I scrubbed the order and stared at him. "Sick?" The Australian laughed. "Got to keep sober. Big things afoot."

"What sort of things?" "Oh, things. How are ya, Mike? Still the lone spear fisherman?"

I nodded, wondering why he kept watching the door. "And you? Still diving?"

"I've quit." "Quit? Since when?" "Since today."

I laughed. "You quit at Mannar, remember? You were going back to Australia, had it all saved up, remember? You never even got clear of the water front."

"Go ahead and laugh. I tell you I'm quitting. There's a tub pulling out for Sydney tomorrow afternoon, and I'm going on her. I ain't even sniffing a cork till I'm aboard."

"Say!" I said. "You really mean it. I wish to

hell you would, Candleblow. How're the eyes?"

"Terrible. They're getting worse all the time. I'm all washed up, Mike. Pearl diving's all right when you're young. But I've had too much sleeping wet, too much Tamil-cooked skilly, too much air from a rubber hose—or maybe not enough. My lungs taste like the inside of a rotten auto tire. I been diving drunk lately to keep out the cold, but hell, it don't make no difference; I get the shakes either way. No, cobber, when you're past it, you're past it, and I'm quitting."

I looked at him, knowing how it was with him, knowing how the thrill of it had caught him as a kid and how, as disillusion set in, the liquor had held him. Each time he drew his ten per cent of the pearl money, he had been going to quit; but by the time he'd paid back his advance and celebrated his having quit, he never seemed to have quite enough left for the fare home from Ceylon. When the pearler signed on his crew again, Candleblow would be there, rugged, just a mite unsteady on his feet, but determined that this positively would be his last trip.

I looked at his friendly face, the color of a walnut, and his blue eyes, a little worried-looking, and hoped like hell that this time he'd make it. If he didn't I knew—and he knew—that sooner or later he'd wind up like the rest, minus a leg maybe, or an arm; or curled up like a leaf with paralysis.

"How're you staked, Candleblow?" I asked him. A queer look came into his face. "I dunno," he said. "Pretty good, if my guess is worth a bob."

"You mean to say you haven't got the dough?" "I mean I don't know."

My impatience must have shown, because he shoved his hat back and scratched his head. That told me he was making a decision. He glanced about him, leaned toward me. "Look, Mike. I'm a pretty excited guy. I got a gambling blister!"

That surprised me. A blister is a swelling that occurs sometimes on the inside of the valve of an oyster. It is caused by a pearl becoming overlaid by the continually forming shell nacre. Sometimes the nacre builds up flush all around and buries the pearl completely, and you can't tell it's there. But if the pearl is big enough, it forms a blister in the nacre. It is a "gambling" blister because it's often auctioned blind. "I can't flash it in here," he said, sideways, "but it's a beaut!"

"Say, that could be worth some tidy dough—if you play it right."

"I'll play it right." "How did you get it?"

"I got to be ruddy careful, Mike. Could you promise not to blab? No. Don't answer that. I'll tell ya. I been diving for Olaf Peterson."

"That bastard!"

"That bastard. I been with him ever since you left. We just got off a trip."

"But the season ended in mid-April."

"That's right."

I stared at him. "Poaching, huh?"

He nodded.

"But how about the customs?" I said. "Do

Slowly, before our eyes, the pearl dawned. Batliwallah didn't stop working, and it was impossible to tell if there were any spots on her. We watched each stroke of the file





the mail to tell me they let a fully equipped pearling lugger put in to Colombo with a cargo of shell in the middle of May."

"Who said anything about a lugger? We got a motor cruiser. And we weren't carrying no shell. Pearls only were our orders. I tell you, cobber, this was a fine setup. My guess is Olaf has one of the big Colombo buyers behind him. When we hit port Olaf was lounging back on deck smoking a cigar as thick as a wrist, with six big tuna strings all around him. The blint was cluttered with fishing gear—we were the crew. The customs looked us over, but there was nothing to see."

"But how about the air pump, the diving gear?"

"In a submarine canister towed underneath," Candleblow explained. "It's still there, ready for the next trip—the gear, that is. The pump's built into the engine."

I whistled. "So that's how it is. That stuff's not for you, Candleblow."

"You don't have to tell me, cobber. I didn't find out till I'd spent the advance; then it was too late. Anyway I'm through with all that now."

YOU hope, I thought. Quitting wasn't so easy when you were in that deep. How did you pick up the blister?" I asked.

"You'll never guess. Off the bottom."

"Dead shell? Are you sure it's not worm-eaten?"

"Nope. Live shell. I been trying to do it for years. She hadn't closed up. Quick as light I nipped the toe of my boot in and held her. How many times does a guy do that? Maybe twice in a lifetime. And what are the odds against there being anything inside her? A thousand to one. But cobber, it happened. When I saw that blister, I knew it was a sign from heaven telling me to pull out."

"You didn't turn it in to Olaf?"

"Turn it in? Yeah, sure I turned it in right into my glove! Olaf makes his own extras two-timing us on our percentage."

"You know what'll happen to you if the crew finds out you got something and didn't split it?"

"Those dirty T. muls? Look, Mike, I been in this game too long not to know I'm on a knife-edge. From now on everything's set dead against me. If the crew finds out, they'll slit me open like a sack of corn. Olaf will be more subtle, he'll just fix it so I starve. The pearl doctor I take it to will try and blackmail me, and the buyers will gang together and not bid against one another. I tell you, Mike, pulling out from here is going to be just about the toughest job of my life."

"I'm glad you realize it," I said. "Now I'll tell you something. I'm not letting you out of my sight till you climb that gangplank tomorrow afternoon. I'm going to watch every move you make. And if you screw it up I'll break your neck!"

Candleblow's face wrinkled all over like a sea lion's neck. "Good on ya, cobber! Watch me, I want you to, I'm going to play this like you'd play a game of chess, move by move. I'm going to play this real good."

Going out into the rain was like stepping under a waterfall. With one slap, it plastered our clothes to our skin. The streets were empty.

"I suppose you know it's Sunday, Candleblow," I said.

"We're going to his house."

We went up through the tort district and on into the poorer quarter. Once

when two figures came toward us through the rain, Candleblow said: "In case we run into any of the crew, remember they're Tamils, nearly black, broad, short. The tender has a moustache over a harelip. The shell opener is older, with gray hair—handsome, kind of."

Presently, without any warning, Candleblow turned up a flight of steps and into a house. I got a glimpse of a concrete front streaked with rust, then we were in a dark, narrow hall. There was a lot of noise coming from upstairs. Candleblow peered about for the apartment bells, but there weren't any, so we went on up the stairs, which were made of stone and were very wet. The paint was scraped off all the way up,

cheap Indian furniture, felt in his pocket, and brought out the blister.

The Indian adjusted his glasses with one hand and took the blister with the other. He turned it slowly between his fingers.

I hadn't seen it before. It was big all right. Candleblow had cut away the surrounding shell, leaving a rough knob about the size of a walnut. It was black and dirty-looking.

The Indian carried it over to the window. Candleblow went with him. "Why are you bringing this to me?" Batliwallah said, holding it up to the light.

"I heard you were good with these things."

The Indian said nothing. He shook

first to Mr. Ganga, the jeweler. He is my employer."

"I thought you Indians were smart," Candleblow said. "If I took it to Ganga, you'd have to do it on salary. This way you'd get a commission."

"A commission would be no good to me in prison. I will give you five hundred rupees for it, though I am probably a fool."

"You are no fool," Candleblow said. "And I'm not either, so let's quit fencing around. If you'll agree to work on it, I'll give you five per cent of what the pearl fetches."

Batliwallah unhooked his glasses and breathed on them. "And if it is a baroque, leaching nothing?"

Candleblow hesitated. "I'll pay you a hundred rupees for the work."

The Indian replaced his glasses with a mixture of reproach and contempt. "I see that you are not understanding about the work. One man in millions can do it. It requires the highest skill." He paused. "Five hundred rupees and twenty per cent."

Candleblow looked at me. The Indian was interested; that meant the blister had promise. The two of them started to bargain. I kept out of it; Candleblow had it all figured out how much he was prepared to pay.

It took twenty minutes. The Indian settled finally for ten per cent and a guarantee of two hundred and fifty rupees—about fifty dollars. They wrote out a contract and both signed it. They were cagey as a couple of mountain cats. Ten minutes later, work on the blister began.

We sat on two chairs in front of the desk. We were too excited to feel cold or wet.

BATLIWALLAH flicked on a work lamp, laid a piece of white card on the desk, and emptied a roll of files and blades onto it. He changed his spectacles for a pair with thicker lenses and started to work.

First, with a knife, he scraped away the serrated remnants of the outer shell. They came away quite quickly, leaving him with a slightly oblong, discolored ball. He exchanged the knife for a file and began to erode the protruding ends.

He worked quickly, turning the blister from end to end, until he had worn it into an almost perfect sphere. He rolled it about on the card, evened it up some more.

When he was satisfied, he straightened his back and took a breath. It had taken him half an hour.

I don't think either of us had moved up till then. We shifted our cramped positions. Batliwallah eased his glasses down his nose to increase their magnification, glanced quickly at us, and went on. He worked now with a polishing movement of the file, rotating the blister continually in order to maintain its roundness. His face was set in a look of concentration. No part of him seemed alive but his hands, working with minute precision in the strong light, turning the discolored lump between his forefinger and thumb so that the file moved over all its facets.

The rain kept up a continuous tattoo on some ash cans out in back. A clock struck two somewhere. We hadn't eaten. I wondered how long this sort of procedure took. Suppose it was a dud—misshapen, or ringed or baroque? Candleblow wouldn't pull out, that was all, not now or any time. I watched the blur of the file. It was crazy that our lives could depend on such things.

Mrs. Batliwallah brought in some tea from the kitchen. She had put on her



"I'm so glad you came South with me, dear. It's much nicer than writing you for money all the time!"

COLLIER'S

JACK MARKOW

and the air was sickly with the smell of ghee. On the first landing three Indian women in saris were splashing about with buckets. The rain was coming in fast from somewhere. A thin fellow in a crumpled alpaca jacket and house slippers was flitting about and jabbering instructions.

"Where can I find Mr. Batliwallah?" Candleblow called up to him.

The Indian turned sharply. He wore gold-rimmed glasses, and his cheeks, which were dark, looked as though they had been gouged out with a chisel. "I am he," he said in a finicky voice. "You wish to see me?"

"If you got the time."

The Indian issued a final burst of instructions and came downstairs. He glanced sharply from one to the other of us as he passed. He led us back to the ground floor. "Terrible bad business," he said over his shoulder. "We are quite flooded out."

He took us into a small, dark apartment and shut the door. "You are very wet. Excuse me." He kicked back the Afghan rug, looking up penetratingly as he was doing it. "I don't believe I know you two gentlemen."

"You don't," Candleblow said, and that was that. He glanced round the room at the hair sofa, the screens, the

it, chipped at it with his thumbnail. He had craftsman's hands, large, precise, with surprisingly fresh-looking fingers. There was something strikingly dexterous about them. The rest of him was nothing—clerkish, wasted, faintly disreputable. It was as though the hands had drained the goodness from the rest of his body.

He handed the blister back to Candleblow and looked at the pair of us without any expression.

"Well," the Australian said.

"Well, what?"

"What do you think of it?"

"Really indeed"—the Indian smiled and shrugged—"what does one think of such things? Merely that they are gamblers' toys. Sometimes they are containing a pearl of worth; nine cases out of ten, they are not. If you mean, will I buy it—I will give you three hundred rupees for it. You will not get more."

"I haven't come here to bargain, Batliwallah," Candleblow said. "If I wanted to sell this nut, I'd have gone where the money is. I came here to have it scraped."

"Really?" The Indian pretended to be surprised. "But I do not do private work. Is too dangerous. If you are wanting it done, you should have gone

best sari, and was all drapes and eyebrows and smiles. She asked us, speaking in a whisper, whether we took milk, and we answered her quietly, as though we were in church. Presently she went out, and the business went on, with the noise of the file vibrating through the desk, and the rain beating on the cans outside.

The whole of the outer crust had gone now, leaving a grayish ball about the size of a marble. Candleblow's eyes never left it for an instant. I had never known him to go so long without a cigarette.

By five o'clock Batliwallah had something that looked more like a pearl. It was much reduced in size, still gray, but with a silver sheen to it. He was using the finest file I had ever seen in my life, and the work was much slower. An hour passed, and the sphere diminished still farther.

Suddenly I caught a whitish gleam breaking through the gray. Candleblow saw it too.

"It is only the underskin," Batliwallah said.

We watched the spot slowly spread under the file until the whole pearl gleamed an unnatural silvery white. The Indian stopped, took off his spectacles, and inspected it minutely through a glass. Presently, he handed it to Candleblow.

The Australian took it. His hand was shaking. "Is it going to be all right?" he asked.

"She is clean," the Indian answered. "So far."

He took back the pearl and went on filing. Candleblow controlled himself very well. He had lived with pearls long enough to know that a lot of things could happen yet.

More tea arrived, this time with wheatcakes. The food was cleared away. Seven o'clock, eight, nine, chimed the distant clock through the rain, with all the time the steady scratching of the file.

Slowly before our eyes the true pearl dawned. No other word can describe the process. She came up out of the silver with a creamy glow which brought the two of us to the edge of our seats. Batliwallah didn't stop working,

and it was impossible to tell if there were any pinholes or spots on her. We watched each stroke of the file with the agonized fear that it would reveal some discoloration. A single dark spot would halve the value.

Batliwallah worked around her carefully, his face showing nothing. Then he was finished, and there was again the business with the glasses. He turned her slowly under the magnifier, turned her again, passed the pearl and the glass across to us.

"You are usually so lucky?" he asked. "She is perfect; not large, but perfect."

Candleblow uttered a sort of strangled grunt, as though somebody had slugged him. Then he was hunched over the pearl with the glass, trying to look at it, but he was shaking so much he couldn't get the focus. He thrust them both toward me. "Oh, Gawd! Here, cobber, you look. Oh, Gawd in heaven!"

THE polishing, the final rolling between oiled palms was over. We stood around the desk and gazed at the dewy luster of the finished pearl as it lay in the tray of the scales. Batliwallah was working out some figures.

Finally he said, "Approximately eleven hundred pounds sterling."

Candleblow punched one hand into the other palm, and shook hands with us with his lips turned in as though he were going to cry. Batliwallah asked us if we would like some beer. The Australian would have accepted if I hadn't cut in quick and refused. He gave me a grateful look and quieted down a bit.

"As an interested party," Batliwallah said, smirking, "might perhaps I know where you are intending to sell?"

Candleblow hesitated. The Indian hurried on. "It is a personal thing. You see, I should like for Mr. Ganga to have first chance to buy. He pays a very good price."

Candleblow looked suspicious. "Are you after more commission?"

"My dear sir! He is my employer. It is merely a matter of etiquette. If you are not having objection, I could speak with him tomorrow morning."

Candleblow considered. "Tell him,"

"But Why The Candles, Holy Water And Beads?"



"It looks like hokus-pocus to me," Dave Smith said to Father Crane.

Dave was expressing a quite common view held by many non-Catholics... that the Catholic use of such articles as beads, crucifixes, medals and holy water is unnecessary in religion and even smacks of pagan superstition.

"What good does it do," Dave asked, "to light a candle or burn incense? And how can a little medal around my neck protect me from accidents?"

Unfortunately, too many people outside the Catholic Faith have a complete misunderstanding of these religious articles and the use to which they are put. There is nothing pagan or superstitious about them, and they do have a very real religious meaning and value.

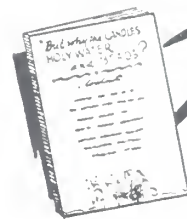
"Actually," Father Crane told Dave, "religious articles used by Catholics are meant to be helps to their religious life—nothing more. The value of such articles is not in the metal, wood or wax of which they are made, nor in the form they may have... but in the prayer of the Church and of Christ, in whose name the Church prays in blessing them... as well as the fervor of the user's own prayer and his good disposition."

But Dave was still not convinced. He argued that religion is a spiritual thing... that it requires no external manifestations. "Yes," the priest agreed, "it is spiritual. But isn't it the natural thing for a human being to give outward expression to the things within his heart? How, for example, could you be sure that your mother loved you if she gave no sign that she did?"

Our Lord, Father Crane added, could have cured the blind man (John 9:6)

merely by willing it. Instead, he first made a salve of clay and anointed the man's eyes. In blessing little children. He did not have to lay His Hands on them—but he did. Many people, Father Crane added, think the Catholic practice of kneeling to pray is unnecessary... yet Jesus, in the Garden of Gethsemane, "kneeling down... began to pray" (Luke 22:41).

Many Catholic practices which seem strange to you now, would make a deep and convincing impression upon your mind and heart if you really understood them. And this is your invitation to investigate.



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interesting pamphlet explaining such things as the Catholic use of crucifixes, medals, incense, holy water, candles, and special Catholic prayers and practices such as the Rosary, Devotion to the Sacred Heart, and Lent. It costs you nothing to learn the truth about these things... and the truth will be most interesting. For your free copy, write today. Ask for Pamphlet No. C-38.

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"There's nothing wrong with it. I'm happy to say, that money can't fix"

RAY HELLE

COLLIER'S

he said—that when he opens up, I'll be there on his doorstep.

The Indian smiled. "Ah, very good gentlemen." He picked up the pearl with a pair of forceps and dropped it into a small chamois bag and put it away in the drawer of his desk.

"Hey! What the hell are you doing?" Candleblow demanded. "It will be safe here tonight. Tomorrow it will be waiting for you at Mr. Ganga's."

"Don't make me laugh," Candleblow said with a dangerous growl. "Come on, Batliwallah. Hand over."

"But you may take the key if you wish. See, it is quite safe."

"Sure sure. Come on, Batliwallah. Quick!"

THE Indian looked scared. "But how can I be sure I will ever see you again? I am not even knowing your names. I must protect myself."

Candleblow took a pace forward. The Indian opened the drawer, fumbled for the bag.

"Very well. Very well," he agreed quickly. "But please, I must ask you to do one thing." He brought out a safety pin and stuck it through the neck of the bag. "Pin it to the inside of your pocket. Please!"

Candleblow grunted, took the bag, scowled at Batliwallah and stuffed it into his pocket. "Tomorrow," he said.

As we went out into the night and the rain, the Indian came to the door and watched us go. He stood in the shadow with only his hands catching the light of the street lamp, and when I looked back I saw just two hands, folded in the darkness of the doorway.

As soon as we were round the corner, Candleblow took out the bag and pinned it to the inside of his shirt.

"Can't trust 'em a foot," he said. "If I'd let him keep it, he'd have turned up tomorrow with a substitute, ringed as a coon, most likely. From now on we got to expect trouble, cobber. Ten to one Batliwallah's on the telephone this minute trying to find out who we are. He'll find out, and inside a couple of hours all the pearl boys in Colombo will know what's cooking, and that could include Olaf. We might even get a visit."

"Better come to my place," I said. "There's just a chance they won't link me up with this."

We got a taxi to the Galle Face and walked the rest of the way, with the sea wind blowing the rain, down a narrow track with bungalows among the palms. The track became sand, and there was my shack silhouetted against the white breakers.

We skirted round it but couldn't see anyone, so we went inside, closing the shutters before we lighted the lamps. We got into some dry clothes and rustled a meal on the oilstove. It was late by then, so we tossed up for the camp-bed. Candleblow won. I rolled up in some blankets on the floor, and we lay in the darkness, talking for a while.

Candleblow was pretty excited still, and it made him chatty. He talked about Batliwallah and about Olaf and about what he was going to do in Australia. I lay there listening to the soft rasp of his voice. The sea and the rain made wild, sad sounds outside. Something was troubling me. I lay there trying to think what it was. Something that had happened. Somehow we had slipped up. I went back through the events of the day carefully, but the trou-



ble eluded me. The more I thought about it, however, the more I was certain that something was wrong.

Candleblow's monologue tailed off eventually. Presently I heard him snore. I lay awake a long time with suspicion nagging at me. It mustn't go wrong now, I thought. He would never get a chance like this again; somehow we had to strengthen our hand.

I worked on it for about an hour; then suddenly I knew what would have to

be done. It was risky, but it was the only way.

I got up silently, slipped into my swimming trunks, collected my knife and fins, and let myself out the back. The rain was like an electric shock on my skin. The sea was pounding furiously along the beach, and for a moment I felt like turning back—but only for a moment; then I remembered a certain afternoon in Mannar and a certain black-fin shark, and I started off along the sand.

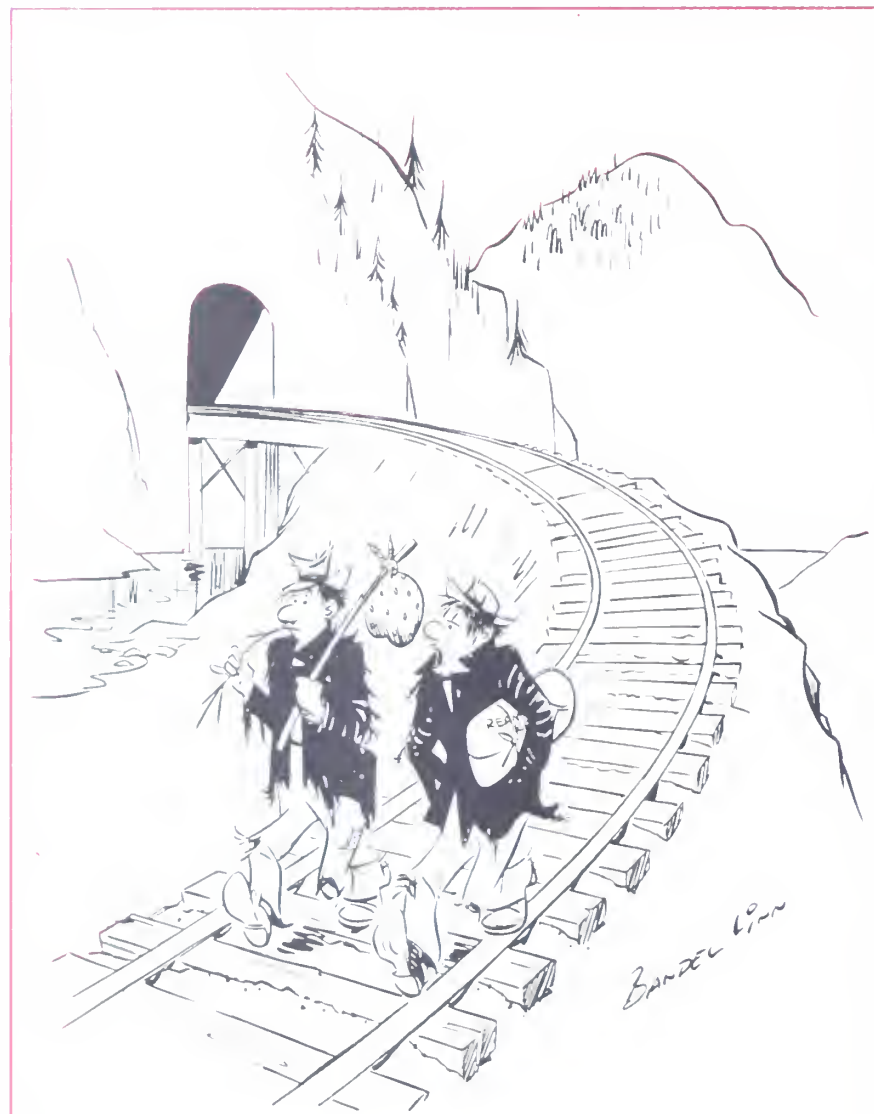
I moved parallel to the sea, trotting to keep warm, past the Galle Face Hotel with its lights, and along past the Esplanade. I ran till I was as close to the town as I could get on the beach; then I stopped and put on my fins. The sea looked angry and cold. Getting out through the surf would be the tough part; after that, nothing but sharks could stop me.

I stepped into the water, taking the waves sideways. They were warm after the rain. I waited until there was a lull, then struck out into the darkness.

I GOT back just as dawn was breaking. I was tired and cold. When I entered the shack, Candleblow was standing in his shirt making coffee. "Where in hell you been, Mike?" he asked, looking me over.

"For a swim," I said.

"In a bucket of tar, looks like," he said, and his eyes were full of suspicion.



"Just think . . . This time last year we had a nice soft job in Washington!"

COLLIER'S

BANDEL LINN

"The beach is filthy," I said. "Sleep well?"

"Uh-huh."

On that note we ate breakfast. Candleblow was unusually silent; I caught him looking at me a couple of times. He'd probably been up for some time, I thought, and knew damn well I hadn't just been for a dip. I considered telling him the truth, but my fears of last night seemed suddenly ridiculous by daylight. Only a big fool would have done on spec what I had just done. I kept quiet and didn't say anything.

When we were ready to move, Candleblow said to me, "Look. There ain't no need for you to come traipsing all the way into town."

"Well, I'm coming," I said, "so relax."

We took a bus into Colombo. The markets were full of early shoppers dodging the rain from awning to awning. We moved warily through the crowds. Candleblow pinching the pearl tightly under his shirt in case he should brush against a pickpocket.

Ganga's was already open. We paused on the steps outside and took a look around the street. We saw nothing particularly suspicious.

"Well, this is it!" Candleblow said. He pushed open the swinging door.

It was a typical Colombo jewelry shop. The walls were lined with show-cases; big fans hung in rows motionless overhead. At the back stood several screens.

A half-caste, with skin the color of parchment, came whispering across the marble toward us. "Good morning?"

"We've come to see Ganga."

"You are Mr. Smith? Oh, yes. Come, please."

Candleblow raised an eyebrow at me. We followed the old man behind the screens to a door at the back. He knocked and went in, closing the door in our faces. A moment later it opened again, and we were looking into an office. A tall, well-nourished Singhalese was standing behind the desk.

CANDLEBLOW advanced warily. Batliwallah was in there; three other men sat in easy chairs. Ganga came around the desk to us, smiling with rubbery, polished-looking lips. He was younger than I had expected, about thirty-eight, with a black mustache and cheeks that looked as though he were sucking a couple of boiled sweets.

"Mr. Smith, I believe? And—ah—Mr. Gardener?"

English public school, I thought. And he knew our names. Suddenly I knew that we were going to have to be awfully smart.

"This is Mr. Sin, Mr. Rashid Beg and Mr. Krishna." There was a nodding of heads. "They are in the trade. I have invited them here to have a look at this pearl Batliwallah speaks of so highly. They may bid for it if they wish. That is," he added, with a side-long glance at Candleblow, "if you have no objection. Cigarette?"

He lifted an ivory box carelessly by the lid. Candleblow took one. What the devil, I thought: why is Ganga passing up the chance of a private deal?

"Smoke, Mr. Gardener?"

"No, thanks."

Ganga's eyes looked into mine for an instant. "Well," he said. "To work." Retiring behind his desk, he cleared a space on his blotter and looked up expectantly.

Slowly, almost reluctantly, Candleblow unpinned the chamois bag from inside his shirt and turned it upside down on the pad.

There was complete silence. The pearl before us was a piece of baroque, as blind as an upturned eye.

Candleblow gasped. The dealers, who had leaned perceptibly forward, sank back, looking at one another. Ganga did not move. He glanced at the Australian as if to see how he was reacting. "This is perhaps some kind of joke?" he said.

IKNEW instantly, then, what it was. That had slipped my memory last night. When he had fumbled in the drawer of his desk, Batliwallah had switched bags. The one he had produced had been darker than the one he had put in. I turned on him angrily.

But at that moment he stepped forward. There was a smirk on his thin mouth as he pocketed the baroque and emptied the real pearl from its bag onto the blotting paper. "A slight precaution," he murmured, glancing at Candleblow over the tops of his glasses.

"Why, you dirty—" The Australian took a step forward.

"Please!" Ganga held up his hand. He was smiling. "Batliwallah was acting in my interests, weren't you, *mera dost*? You must forgive us our little comedy. Our lives are so dull." He hid his smiles with a folded, spotless handkerchief and looked at the pearl. Candleblow made a baffled sound and stood opening and closing his fists.

Completely the master of the situation now, Ganga said: "You know, this is quite perfect, Smith. A really lovely thing. Do you mind?"

He handed it to the dealers. They examined it minutely with the lens he passed them. Ganga sat on the desk and hugged his elbows casually. "I should be interested to know where you picked her up."

The Australian grunted. "Around." Ganga looked him up and down, with one beautiful nail pressed against his lip, and nodded.

"May we weigh it?" Mr. Sin asked.

Ganga pointed to the scales. Batliwallah applied the weights. There was a moment of calculation.

"I, myself, will offer one thousand pounds sterling," Ganga said, to start things going.

"One thousand fifty," Mr. Sin said.

"Eleven hundred," Krishna said.

I glanced at Candleblow. The sullen look on his face was giving way slowly to triumph.

"Eleven hundred fifty," Mr. Sin said.

The bidding was brisk and to the point. Ganga did not bid again. There was something mighty screwy somewhere, I thought, watching closely.

The Indian, Krishna, reached thirteen hundred and stopped. No one raised him. In a fine humor, Ganga shook him by the hand. "She is yours," he said. "You are too rich for us. Or perhaps I should say your customers are, eh?" There was a ripple of laughter from the other two. "I will make out the bill of sale." He sat down at the desk.

Krishna brought out his checkbook. "To whom shall I make it payable?" "Richard Ganga," the Singhalese said, "and Company."

Candleblow jerked upright as if he'd been knifed. "Hey!" he exclaimed. "What's the big idea?"

Ganga looked up at him coldly. "Sit down, Smith, and control yourself. Show Mr. Peterson in, Batliwallah."

Candleblow wheeled around to me. "If you're back of this, Gardener, I'll kill you!" he said.

BEFORE I could say anything, the door opened and Olaf came in. He stood in the doorway, his hands in the pockets of a sopping trench coat, looking around—short, dark, a yard wide. He scowled at Candleblow and me.

"Is this your fellow?" Ganga said.

"That's him," Olaf said.

Ganga turned to Candleblow. "You see, it just can't be done. You can't double-cross us. But then you're not very bright. Didn't it occur to you that as the biggest pearl buyer in Colombo I might also be Peterson's backer?"

"You?" Candleblow said. He looked round at the gentlemen in the chairs.

"Don't concern yourself about them, Smith," Ganga said. "They are fully in my confidence. I don't know how you obtained the so-called gambling blister that Batliwallah operated on yesterday, but since you obviously came by it during your trip with Peterson, you have unwittingly brought it to its rightful owner. You have saved me the

trouble of having you rounded up. I suppose I should be thankful, certainly you should—you probably saved your life." He opened a drawer. In it was a short, black automatic. He didn't touch it. "We don't want any violence. Just take your hat and go."

Candleblow swayed on the balls of his feet. I thought he was going to make a grab for Ganga's throat.

"Hold it, Candleblow!" I snapped. I approached the desk. "See here, Ganga. I've been riding in the back seat through all this. I came here for one reason—to help Smith raise enough dough to pull out of this racket and go home. You're plugging the line that all the pearls resulting from a certain shady trip are rightfully yours. Okay. Not that you talking legitimate isn't like a trollop getting married, but that's the pitch and we'll bat it. If you have a right to the pearl, then the crew must have a right to their percentage. Divers get ten, Ganga, so pay the man his dough! One hundred thirty pounds!"

Ganga stared at me; then he laughed. "Really. These two are absurd. I'm under no obligation, you understand. But I'll pay you, just to get you out of my office. My checkbook, Batliwallah."

He started writing out the check.

"Payable, if you please, to Batliwallah," said the Indian.

Even Ganga was surprised.

"Pearl doctor's fees," Batliwallah explained. "I have Mr. Smith's signed contract here."

That did it. Candleblow was dumfounded, but there was no way round it. Ganga completed the check. Then he began to laugh. He laughed with a high-pitched nasal sound. "Oh, go away, you two," he said, laughing and dabbing his eyes with his handkerchief. "Go on, push off. Run along home." He closed his checkbook.

"Don't put that away," I said quietly. Ganga looked up. "What's that?" "I said, don't put that away. You're going to buy something."

"Such as what, you funny man?"

"Some hose, a couple of diving suits, thirty fathoms of life line—all neatly packed in a submarine container."

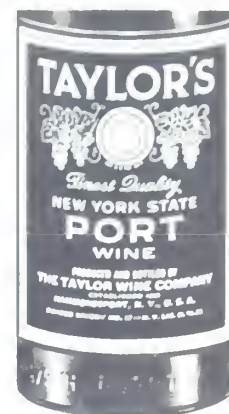
The room was suddenly silent. Ganga sat absolutely motionless. His doll eyes went from me to Olaf. Olaf stood in the doorway—still as a flashlight photograph—with his bald bullethead thrust forward, his hands hooked as though ready to wring my neck. "What about it, Gardener?" he demanded.

"I've got it," I said. "I cut it loose last night and towed it away. It's for sale; anyone can buy it. Anyone who has thirteen hundred pounds, that is. And the check, by the way, should be made out 'cash.'"

CANDLEBLOW got the boat. He was very apologetic about having mistrusted me. It seemed that the night before, he had waked up the moment I left the hut and when I didn't explain myself, he thought I was in on the double cross.

I stood on the dockside and watched him pull out. The rain had hauled off, and a bright light was showing out along the western sea. It looked eerie behind the filth of the quay and the four-rupee-a-day coolies and the blistered barges—like gold plate in a kitchen.

Candleblow forced his way to the rail and waved his hat. He was shouting something, but his rusty voice got mixed up with the cries of some sea gulls. Sounded like: "I love you!" I grinned. I was glad for him, gladder than I had been for a long time about anything.



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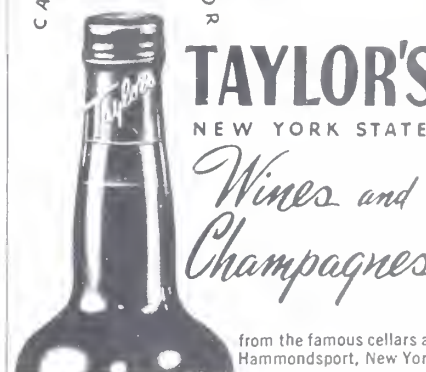
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We sat there, drinking tea and making conversation. I envied Ed and admired his taste.

THE FAVOR

By WALTER MALDAY

ALL the way East on the plane, I thought about Ed. He had driven me to the airport in Chicago and, as I had expected, at the last minute he had asked me to do him the favor. "When you're in New York," he said almost shyly, "will you do something for me?"

"Of course."

"Will you go and see Jean and little Mary? Then when you get back, you can tell me how they are." "I'd be glad to, I'd."

He reached into his pocket and took out a slip of paper with an address written on it. "Her mother's," he explained. "They're staying there now."

Then he said good-by hastily, and Ed walked back to his car.

I liked Ed. So did everybody else in our Chicago office. A few months earlier he had been transferred there from our New York branch, and right away he had become one of the most popular men in the place. He wasn't a glad-hander or a back-slapper; he was just plain likable.

There was a little bar near our office where most of us stopped off for a beer or two on our way home after work. Soon after Ed came to the city, we asked him to join us there one evening. At first he seemed a little hesitant—he was on the wagon, he said—but we persuaded him, and he came along.

We soon learned that he was a wonderful drinking companion. Company stimulated him far more than the two or three beers he drank; it made him a storyteller. A light would come into his eyes, and he would begin one of his stories: "I talked to this bus driver once—maybe you read about him in the papers. He got tied up with Fifth Avenue and drove his bus all the way to Florida. He told me..."

All of us caught on pretty quick that Ed was, well, not lying exactly, but exaggerating, inventing for our benefit these strange encounters, these odd turns of fate. But his fantasy amused us, and nearly every day at five we would head for that bar, like a bunch of children heading for the Saturday-afternoon movie at the neighborhood theater.

Before I had known Ed very long, I sensed that there was something beneath this unfailing good humor of his, an undercurrent of sadness. And I guessed what it was when I once asked him casually when his wife was coming to Chicago. "I don't know," he said. "Jean isn't too keen on the move."

And finally, one day when the two of us were having lunch alone, he told me that they were separated, that his transfer to Chicago had come when Jean was about to walk out anyway. He didn't say it, but it was clear just from the way he said her name that he was still crazy about her. And as the weeks passed, it became even clearer. He used to find occasions to mention her. Sometimes we would pass a girl on the street, and he would say, "Jean's hair is just about that color," or perhaps, "Jean used to have a coat like that."

Of course, to a prejudiced male eye, Ed looked like a nearly perfect husband, and we all figured Jean was a prig or worse. But, again from some stray remarks of Ed's, I gathered that his drinking hadn't always been limited to a few beers. More than that, he had used some of his exaggerations and his stories to avoid some straight talk and explanations. Somebody from New York said that he had been drifting around the field for quite a while before our firm gave him a chance.

"A woman wants security," he said to us once, and I knew he was thinking about Jean.

But he had made a fine showing in our office, and it was common knowledge that he was in line for a better job as soon as there was an opening. So I really hoped that something would come of this visit I was going to make for him in New York.

I CALLED Jean up and explained that I was a friend of Ed's. She asked me to come around that afternoon.

When I got there she was alone in the apartment. "Mother has taken Mary, my little girl, out for a walk," she said. "They ought to be back in a few minutes."

I told her that I had heard a lot about her and about Mary, and that I had been eager to meet them both.

"How about some tea?" she said, and when I said that would be fine, she excused herself and went into the kitchen.

When she came back, I found myself envying Ed a little and admiring his taste. Jean was a tall girl with soft, sandy-colored hair and deep-brown eyes; the sort of girl who would always be attractive. She had a distinctive, slow way of walking. You would pick her out in a crowd, I thought.

We sat there, drinking tea and making conversation. She asked me a few polite questions about Chicago and about our work there; I answered them politely, disturbed because I felt there was a wall between us, that I was doing Ed no good at all. Though Jean had given me no opening, I came out and said how well Ed had been doing, and I told her about the likelihood of his being promoted.

"I'm glad," she said, as if we had been talking of some old friend she hadn't seen in years and remembered kindly, but vaguely.

THEN, as I was beginning to run out of subjects, the door opened and a little brown-eyed, sandy-haired, five-year-old edition of Jean ran into the room.

"Where have you been, Mary?" I asked her.

"Out for a walk," she said.

It was uncanny, I thought, how much she looked like her mother. "Did you see anything interesting?" I asked.

"We went to the zoo," she said, "and I saw a lion and some monkeys and a tiger..."

When she saw that I was paying close attention to her, she looked quickly from me to her mother, and a funny look came over her face; her eyes shone, and her mouth twitched with repressed laughter. "And... and then..." She said, almost bubbling with laughter, "I saw a funny little old man. He had green hair and green eyes and a green beard."

Her own joke was too much for her. She started to laugh, the way a child does, completely. And all at once she looked exactly like Ed. She was irresistible. I was laughing myself.

I looked at Jean. Her expression was strange, a mixture of love, amusement and something else—regret, I thought. But she was laughing, too. "Oh, Mary, Mary—" she said in an odd voice, as if she were talking to somebody not in the room, to Ed.

The wall around her had disappeared; my talk had had more effect than I had realized, and now Mary's sudden outburst, the sudden imitation of her father's fantasy had brought Jean's love to the surface again.

"Don't you have anything else to say, Mary?" Jean asked, conscious, perhaps, of what I was thinking. Mr. Preston is a friend of Daddy's, and he'll be seeing him soon."

Mary looked at me with interest. "Well," she said, her eyes still shining with excitement and invention. "There was something else. That funny little man gave me a letter. It was from Daddy, and he said he was coming to get us in an airplane as big as this building, and he was going to take us to his new house that's all covered with snow you can eat and—"

Her grandmother called Mary, and she ran out of the room.

"I guess she's quite a handful," I said, looking after Mary.

Jean shook her head. "She always seems to be excited about something, but I wouldn't want her any different. Life would be pretty dull without her kind of imagination."

Then I was sure Jean was thinking of Ed, missing his stories and his liveliness, that all the security in the world couldn't make up for.

I looked at my watch. "It's getting late," I said. "I expect I'd better be going." I got up. "It's been a great pleasure to meet you and Mary."

"We both enjoyed your visit," Jean said, shaking my hand. And with a smile that recalled her laughter of a few minutes before, she added, "When you see Ed, tell him we're well, and—tell him we'll be seeing him soon."

Maybe I Look Like a Crook

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

If you feel ill at ease when asking for credit, read this saga of frustration and feel superior

ONE morning last August my wife walked into a strange bank in a Massachusetts town to cash a check for \$50 which she had signed against our joint account 250 miles away.

"Did you have any trouble?" I asked her when she returned to our rented cottage carrying six quarts of milk, two dozen cans of beans and a case of beer.

"Trouble?" She looked puzzled. "No. Why?"

"I mean at the bank. Did you have sufficient identification?"

"Don't be silly," she said. "I just handed the man the check and he gave me the money, minus ten cents for a service charge."

"Well, I mean—didn't you even have to write your address on the back?" I asked.

"Of course not," snapped the mother of our son, as she put the beans in the refrigerator and set the beer cans on a kitchen shelf. "Do I look like a rubber-check passer or a gun moll or something?"

"No," I admitted with a sigh.

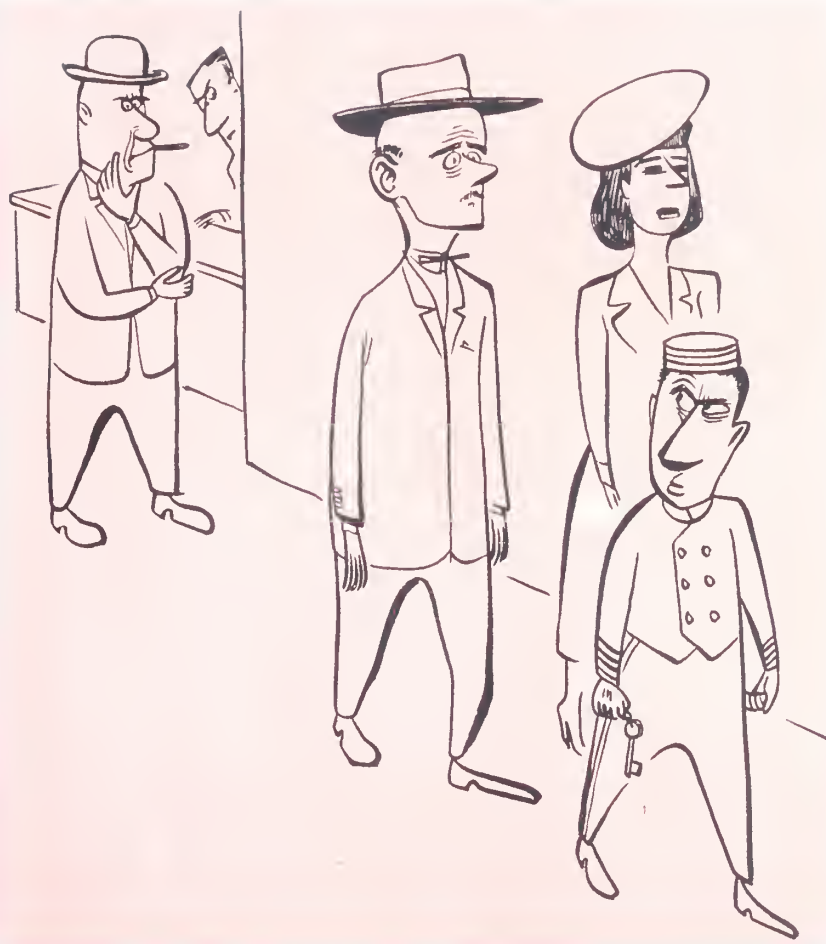
I was thinking back to the week before when I had obtained \$50 from the same bank. After I had slipped the check (too furtively, I decided later) to the teller, he scrutinized it carefully, then went into the next cage to confer with a fellow teller. They examined both sides of the check, glanced at me several times and whispered something I couldn't hear. My teller then returned to his cage and asked me if I could identify myself. I produced my auto operator's license, seven credit cards from various department stores and hotels, a commutation ticket on which was pasted my photograph and, lastly, a Civil Defense document bearing my fingerprints.

The teller read everything, compared my signature and photograph, asked me how long I was going to be in the vicinity, requested my endorsement and local address—and a dime. I licked my dry lips (a guilty gesture, I suppose) and shakily complied with his requests, feeling meanwhile as conspicuous as a guy in a nudist colony wearing a tweed suit and spats.

As the teller finally doled out the dough, I got the distinct impression he felt it was going to be deducted from his salary.

* * *

I must look like a crook, because no matter where I go, for merchandise or service involving credit, I seem to be suspect. (Before I hear loud screams from establishments with which I have been on the best of terms for years, this, boys, isn't for you.) I don't mean to carp overly about banks. But despite the fact I have a special checking account in a Manhattan financial institution, when I want to cash a modest check I do so in our office



The bellhop will probably warn the house detective

accounting department. And I make sure to call out cheerily through the window at various acquaintances working at desks inside so the girl with the greenbacks will hand them to me without asking to see a birth certificate and a character reference from my pastor.

The first and only time I cashed one of my own checks drawn against the bank in question, the teller gave me a long look, glanced significantly at a pistol lying in the cashbox and had a protracted



No matter where I go, I seem to be suspect

telephone conversation with a book-keeper while two armed guards moved in with jaws clenched. To give the bank *some* credit, I did get the money.

* * *

One of my unfavorable nightmares has to do with finding myself somewhere without funds. This has in reality happened several times, notably when I once ran up a taxi bill of \$1.45 only to discover I'd left all my cash with the Bureau of Internal Revenue. "I'm sorry, Mac," I told the driver, "but I'll have to run upstairs here and borrow a fin from a friend."

"That's all right, Mae," said the driver agreeably. "I'll go up with you."

This happened to my wife, too. The only difference in the outcome was that in her case the driver smiled, said, "That's all right, lady," gave her his name and address and drove away. Her fare was \$3.25.

You could assume from all this that my wife looks like a Conover model and that I have a sallow complexion, a shifty look and a five-inch scar on my right cheek acquired in a knife fight with a gang of counterfeiters who didn't cut me in on my share of the queer. Neither assumption is correct. My wife is certainly attractive, and I have never been frisked by the police at midnight in a cafeteria; otherwise we're pretty average.

But although I have been married to Lois for 19 years, we can't walk into a hotel minus baggage without my feeling I'm the No. 2 man on the FBI list and a forthcoming witness in a vice scandal. Hastily, I assure the clerk I will pay in advance; and when the bellboy shows us to our room, tests the tension of the window shade, makes sure the cold-water tap in the bathroom is in operating condition and drops the key on the bureau, I wonder if he is wondering why I didn't sign the register "Mr. and Mrs. William Smith" or "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones" instead of the highly unlikely—but quite legitimate—name I do sign.

"I think you better tell Murphy to keep an eye on that bum," I can imagine the hop advising the room clerk, even though—or perhaps because—I handed the lad a buck for a bowlful of ice cubes. "The dame looks okay, but him . . ."

I can't figure out why I should feel guilty about asking people to trust me. The other side of the picture is, I'm generally a soft touch. If a Skid Row character accosted me on the street and asked for \$50 until Saturday, I'd probably give it to him—if I had it. (If I didn't have it, don't lay any bets I wouldn't take him to the bank—I mean the office—and get the scratch for him.)

Sometimes I think I haven't a brain in either head.





So many times nowadays he saw her in his mind, could almost smell the freshness of her hair, almost feel the firmness, the

The Good Land

By WILLIAM FULLER

He loved this bountiful land he had wrestled out of the harsh Florida jungle. Just because he was a stubborn, proud old fool, must he leave it to a passel of fools?

THE old man was awakened just after dawn on his eighty-fifth birthday by a brace of crows squawking noisily high in the branches of the slash pine tree just outside his upstairs bedroom window. He cursed the crows, mumbling flap-jawed and toothless in his anger. He tumbled his store teeth from the Mason jar of water on the bed table, popped them into his mouth, clacked them into position and resumed his crow-cursing—this time more audibly. The crows cracketed and rasped in reply.

The old man threw covers aside, swung spiky, work-gnarled feet to the naked pine floor, and, groaning, slowly straightened to his full height of six feet and four inches. His muslin nightgown flapped about his hony shanks as he made his way unsteadily to the closet across the room. He took his .22-caliber rifle from the corner of the closet and creaked back to the bed. He sat cross-legged on his bed, aimed carefully at the farthest of the two crows, squeezed, and, rapidly swinging his sights, fired again and sent the second crow plummeting to the ground after the first.

He grunted in satisfaction. He made a mental note to have Odum, the colored man who cared for his needs, patch the two holes in the screen against the mosquitoes. There were patches on almost every screen in the house, for the old man, Calhoun Sumpter, just purely did hate crows; he had hated them ever since he'd started snatching this place away from the hungry Florida jungle growth, away back there in eighteen eighty-eight. Away back there, the damage crows could have done to a man's corn and tomatoes might just have made the difference between hanging onto the place one more year, or creeping home, flat on his belly like a whipped feist, with his pa saying: "Well, now, hoy—I told you. But you was too danged stubborn to heed me!"

He heard Odum calomphing up the stairs. He sat in his bed as Odum pushed, without knocking, into his room. "Lord God, Mister Cal," Odum said, his dark face mournful. "You done shot more holes in the screen?"

"My screen, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir, Mister Cal, hut—"

The old man grinned impishly at him. A sudden wave of affection for Odum swept him. Odum had worked for him for almost as long as he could remember—ever since that night he'd found him, a lean and hungry youngster, huddling under the hackdoor stoop like a scared puppy, with two tweed caps on his head and the rest of his ownings in his pocket. He'd left home in a hurry after a beating by a drunken father. Cal's wife Ophelia had complained, as usual, when he'd taken the boy in. He'd had to shush her whining with the threat of the back of his hand.

Poor Ophelia, Cal thought, more charitable now in his memories than he had ever been—discounting the first few months of their marriage—while Ophelia was still alive. Poor woman, she had not been able to take to sweating a living from the earth. She'd reluctantly borne him a son and a daughter and had then started disintegrating in the heat and the rain. He'd tried to get her to leave him in peace, to move to the nearest town rather than live away out here by the river with the near-

est meetinghouse fifteen sand-rutted miles away. But she had refused, declaiming in noble self-martyrdom that she had made her bed and would continue to lie in it. And so she had stayed on—straggle-haired, sunken-cheeked, and resentful—until the quick Florida growth had claimed her, as it would claim an acre cleared in its midst, if nature were not fought back and mastered.

One thing Ophelia had done for him, though; she had helped make him a rich man. She'd driven him early from his house, and she'd kept him late in his fields. He wouldn't waste much time warming his hacksides at the hearth with Ophelia whining and grumbling through her house chores. Yes, he had worked relentlessly in anger, and now his land—all fenced and seventy per cent in improved pasture—stretched farther than a man could see in all directions at noon of a cloudless day. His eight thousand odd head of cattle ran strong to the Brahma strain and were as fat, sleek and pretty as any in the Kissimmee River valley.

ODUM was still mumbling and grumpling about the holes in the screen. Cal shook his head to rid it of thoughts and memories. A man of eighty-five with an ailing heart lived—for the most part—inside his head. And the memories seemed to grow stronger each day. It seemed strange to him that he could remember some trivial thing that someone had said sixty years ago—could see the sunshine as it had shone that day, could see the expression on the man's face as he had spoken—yet could not remember what he had had for supper the night before.

"... looks like you might remember them Herefords, Mister Cal, when you start getting mad at crows," Odum was saying.

Damn the man's impudence! If he wasn't so right, Cal thought, I'd crawl his frame for that! The shooting of the Herefords had been a foolish, petulant, stubborn, sick old man's trick—though he would admit it to no one, now or ever. And it had lost him Jack, his grandson, the only one of his kin he'd ever cared a hill of beans for—lost him, probably forever.

Jack Sumpter was all of twenty-four or twenty-five now, Cal reckoned. He was as tall and broad in the shoulders as Cal himself. His hair was reddish-brown, as Cal's had been, and there was devilment almost constantly in his blue eyes. The boy simply hated authority, couldn't stand being checked any more than Cal's prize palomino stallion Amigo could stand a curb or hit.

The boy's hatred for authority had hurst for the first time into open rebellion when he'd left school at fourteen declaring that he was through with his formal education. He had hitchhiked to Lake Okeechohee and thrown in his lot with a group of hard-drinking, hard-cussing catfish fishermen. His father had had him brought back. He had taken Jack to the modern equivalent of the woodshed—his three-car garage—and had started giving him a belting. The boy had stood up to his father with his two fists and had, much to Cal's delight, whipped him fair and square.

It wasn't long before Jack ran away again, lied to a recruiting sergeant about his age, was awarded a Silver Star and a promotion to corporal on Guam,



coolness of her flesh—almost but not quite

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a Purple Heart and a promotion to sergeant on Two Jima. He was court-martialed later for going over the hill for a week in San Francisco, reduced to the rank of private, and subsequently discharged.

After the war he refused to work for his father, whom he despised. Cal took him on at his ranch. Ten days later Jack broke Cal's foreman's jaw in a hassle over a crap game, and Cal was obliged to fire him.

Much to his mother's and father's horror—neither of them could understand why a young man would sweat himself lean and whip-hard grubbing in the earth, when he might have gone into any one of his father's successful businesses—Jack negotiated a loan and started buying a hundred and fifty acres of virgin land along the river. He put together a tractor from junk-yard parts, moved into a falling-down shack on his property, and started clearing land for his own spread. Cal had his own ways of finding out things. The boy had his share of juke-house brawls and Saturday-night sprees, and when he was on the verge of losing his land, Cal hired him back. He settled down this time, though the wildness was still in him, and Cal was careful not to head him. The boy had a real feeling for the earth, the grass and the stock. Eventually Cal made him foreman. And after Cal's first sickness he gave over the buying and the marketing of the stock to his grandson. And then came the debacle of the Herefords.

AS AN experiment, Jack had bought five registered Hereford steers. The old man hated the animals from the moment he first laid eyes on them; the way they grazed together—fat, stolid, implacable—irritated him beyond words. He took Jack to task for buying them. Jack reminded the old man that he had been authorized to use his own judgment in the purchase of stock. There were hard words, hard feelings. Cal, his authority outraged, was unable to sleep that night. Early the next morning he took his .30-.30, had Odum drive him to the range, and shot and killed the five Herefords as they stood, then told Odum that the meat was to be a gift to the colored help on the ranch.

Jack came storming into the house an hour later. "You shoot those steers?"

"My steers, weren't they?"

"I'm hired to run this place," Jack said. "That true?"

"Maybe."

"You didn't ask me if you could shoot them, did you?"

The old man's face became mottled with rage. "Whose ranch do you think this is, you damned, ungrateful upstart, you!"

Muscles twitched in Jack's cheeks. "All right. It's your ranch. You're a damned-fool, stubborn old man, and I should have had better sense than to try and work for you in the first place. To hell with you and to hell with your job!" He wheeled and started toward the door.

"Get off my property!" Cal shouted at his broad back. And he hadn't seen Jack since then. . . .

Odum was saying something to him again. Cal shook his head. "... help you get dressed, Mister Cal," Odum was saying. "Folks'll be getting here real soon."

The old man grunted. He had forgotten that his kin were coming to celebrate his birthday. Fat lot they cared about him, either, the whole mealy-mouthed lot of them! They were com-

ing to look at his stout barns and his green pasture land and to remind themselves that they hadn't much longer to wait. "I don't need any help," he told Odum.

"You ain't forgetting what the doctor says, are you, Mister Cal?"

Damn Odum's hide! Treating him like a baby. They all treated him like a baby. Just because his heart was finally giving out. No more cigars. Two ounces of bourbon a day. No more work—except a few hours weekly at his desk. No more hunting, no more fishing. And, worst of all for a man who loved horses as he did—a man who had, until he was eighty-three, sat strong and straight and sure in his saddle—no more riding. That had been the hardest blow of all, especially as he had just acquired Amigo, the finest, seventeen hands high of strong-willed, powerfully muscled, beautifully proportioned palomino stallion he had ever seen.

"Cal," Doc Grey had said, "that's about all it would take to finish you off. A man of your age has got no business on a horse anyhow—bad heart or no!" Why, Cal thought, couldn't they let an old man die in peace?

He sent Odum downstairs for a cup of coffee, bathed, and started shaving. As he scraped away at the stubborn, snow-white bristles, he damned his kin again for the misery they were causing him. Shaving in the middle of the week! That daughter of his, Dora, was probably the worst of the lot. Dora was pretty much like her mother had been: forever whining, forever complaining.

"Father," she'd told him once, "you're a disgrace to the family. Look at that beard! Look at those clothes! You look more like hired help than one of the richest men in the county!"

"Nobody cares how an old man looks," he'd told her.

"Well, I care. I've got a position to maintain in this town, and so has Tom. Tom says he thinks you must lie right down and roll in the compost pile before you come to town—just to be stubborn!" Tom had been her husband, a doughy lump of a pale-skinned, pale-haired man who had surprised everyone, and won Cal's grudging admiration, by finally getting a bellyful of Dora's whining and complaining and leaving her for a buxom widow half his age. Tom and Dora had produced three pale-skinned, pale-haired, unimaginative children—all grown now, all living

in town, all married and with children of their own. Cal couldn't even call the names of Tom's and Dora's children and grandchildren—or pretended that he couldn't. And he wouldn't have thrown in a can of stale fish bait for the whole passel of them.

CAL had just finished shaving and was wiping his face when one of his bad times started coming on. They'd been coming oftener lately. First there was the numbness that started in his left shoulder and traveled down his left arm to his hand, and then came the constriction of his throat, the feeling of strangulation—and then the dizziness. He lurched, half falling, gasping, to the bed table where his white pills were. He choked down two of the capsules and sprawled, face downward, on his bed, waiting for the steel band around his throat to go away, waiting for life to return to his arm and shoulder.

The pills worked. He could breathe again, and the numbness was gone. He mopped sweat from his face and rose unsteadily. One of these times—and soon, too, he knew—the medicine would not save him. He accepted this fate calmly, with no fears, no real regrets. He had lived his life—all he'd wanted to live, and more, too. His only real regret was that he had not died sooner, while he was still active. He'd much rather have gone doing the things he liked to do—working, riding, hunting, fishing. This way, he knew, they would find him in bed or huddled pitifully on the floor. He rose, crossed the room on shaky legs, and commenced dressing.

"Coffee, Mister Cal?" Odum had returned and was looking anxiously at him. "You been sick again? You're looking mighty poorly."

"Never felt better," Cal lied.

"Folks has started coming."

The old man tried, and failed, to fight the concern from his voice. "Mister Jack here?"

"No, sir."

Damn that Odum, Cal thought. Odum knew, and knew that Cal knew, that Jack wouldn't come today—not after that Hereford episode.

"Mister Henry and Miz Sarah, they're here."

Henry, the old man's son, and Sarah, Henry's wife, were Jack's father and mother. "Dang fools," Cal muttered. "Tell 'em I'll be right down." Henry



"Just pretend that you're writing a novel about Army life. You'd be surprised how they leave you alone"

IRWIN CAPLAN

BUTCH



"I can see now I shouldn't have said nothin', but it struck me funny, findin' ten bucks in th' guy's shoe"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

was one of the nearest town's most successful citizens. He owned a hardware store, a real-estate and insurance business. He operated a loan company that had been forced, during the depression, to take over a number of farms and ranches that were now highly productive. He kept three large sedans in his garage and gave a hundred dollars each year to the United Drive. A solid, well-thought-of citizen—respected and admired by almost everyone in town except the members of his immediate family. His wife Sarah ruled him with an iron hand. Cal disliked him intensely.

THE old man, dressed in his linen suit, which had once been white but was now yellowed with age, made his appearance in the living room. Henry, a full head shorter than his father, gave him a limp hand and a flaccid smile. "Happy birthday, Father," he said. "And many more of 'em."

The old man grunted. Sarah kissed his leathery cheek. Now she'll start talking, Cal thought, and she won't shut up until she's home in bed asleep. "Father Cal," she said, "have you heard what Jaek's doing to us now?"

Cal had heard. But he knew that Sarah would tell him anyway, so he shook his head.

Sarah said, "There's this dreadful, common, cheap woman—Ruth Somebody-or-other—who's working in some roadhouse out in the county, and Jaek thinks he's in love with her and is threatening to marry her!"

"Might settle him," Cal said.

"But a woman like that! What will our friends think? He'll never bring a woman like that in my house. Not while I'm alive!"

The old man closed his mind to Sarah's prattle. He thought of Mary Bates. Strange, he thought, that he

should think so often lately of Mary, who'd been dead for so many years. He had wondered many times lately what his life would have been like if he and Mary had married. He could see her now; see the slim grace of her; see her shining black hair, her Irish blue eyes. They had really been in love, those two—and Cal reckoned he'd always loved her, still loved her, if a man of eighty-five with a sick heart within him is capable of love. He had met her in Tampa, when he'd been stationed there waiting to be transported south to help free Cuba from Spain. They had fallen desperately in love. He had known, long before that, that he would never be happy with Ophelia, nor she with him. But he had lacked the courage to do as his heart dictated—leave his wife for Mary Bates. He hadn't been sorry for Ophelia; she had made life miserable for him. He had cared little for his children.

"Then, why, why—" Mary had wanted to know.

"I don't know," Cal had told her miserably.

BY THE time the war with Spain was over—and a sorry, mixed-up excuse for a war it was, too—Cal had made up his mind to tell Ophelia that he and Mary were in love. But by then it had been too late—Mary had married another man. And Cal had learned from subsequent letters it had been an unhappy marriage. And so it was, Cal knew now, that because of his hesitation two lives had been without fulfillment. So many times nowadays he could see Mary, could almost smell the freshness of her hair, almost feel the firmness, the coolness of her flesh—almost, but not quite. She was on the far side of a narrow, racing stream, in a shaded, secret place surrounded by blood-red hibiscus. She was leaning against the

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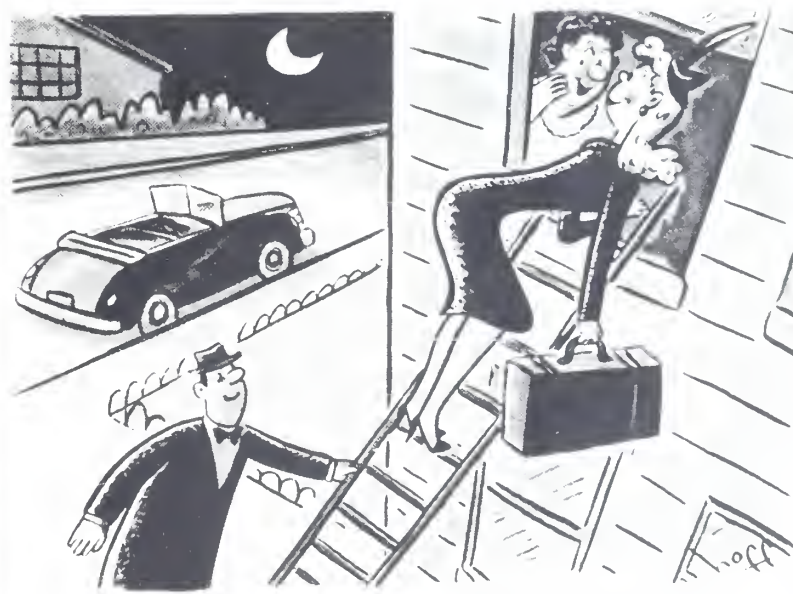
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COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

Cal wanted with all his heart to plead with him to stay, to ask his forgiveness for the words he'd spoken in anger, to beg him to come back and run the ranch, and keep his own land, too. But Cal had never in his life asked a favor of any man. And when the words came they were not at all as he had wanted them to be.

"No use being a damn fool, boy. You promise to behave yourself and I'll give some thought to taking you on here again."

Jack shook his head. "It won't work. Maybe for a while, but it just wouldn't last. We're bullheaded, you and me. You had your say and I had mine. I want to leave you with no hard feelings. But I could never work for you again."

The old man said harshly to the girl, "How about you?"

THE girl's eyes were bright with tears, and Cal sensed that hers had been a hard life—with little security—and that she wanted badly to stay. She moved closer to Jack, took his hand, and leaned her head against his broad shoulder—and Cal knew that this was her final answer.

The old man glared at Jack. "Damn your stubborn hide, boy! She's more than you deserve!" The anger in his voice gave way to weariness. "You coming in to tell your ma and your pa?"

"All right," Jack grinned. "We'll get it over with."

"I'm not afraid," his wife said.

From the end of the long living room Jack said proudly, defiantly, "This is my wife Ruth." In the openmouthed silence that followed Jack's announcement, Ruth—her body straight, slim, poised, her face a little pale—walked straight to Sarah and held out her hand. "I'm glad to know you, Mrs. Sumpter."

Sarah reluctantly took Ruth's hand. At a loss for words, she simply stared at her. Ruth returned her gaze steadily. Sarah dropped the hand and turned away. Ruth went to Henry. Before the girl's straightforward and obvious sincerity, Henry giggled and fluttered like some gauche and self-conscious child, and Cal, watching him, turned away in disgust.

Ruth met the others, and it was only Sam Randall who greeted her with warmth and sincerity. Then Jack said, "We'll go now. There's lots to be done in the next few days. We're pulling stakes, Ruth and me. We're selling out and heading West."

Cal watched Sarah and Henry. They both looked relieved. They thought alike, and Cal could read their minds. He'll be back, they were thinking, as soon as he finds out that life with a cheap little tramp like her is no bed of roses. He'll be back—without this woman. And in the meantime Sarah would be spared the social awkwardness of the situation. And Henry—who had a pretty good idea why women of this sort married the scatterbrained sons of wealthy fathers—would, quite possibly, save himself a respectable sum of money. Yes, it was much better that Jack and this woman went away.

The old man walked to the driveway with Jack and Ruth. They all stopped at Jack's car. The two men, so much alike, victims of the same pride and stubbornness and independence, faced each other.

"Well, you know what you're doing, I reckon," Cal said.

"Yeah," Jack said. "I reckon."

Ruth stood beside them, sympathy for them both apparent on her face. If she would only speak, Cal thought. One word from her might break the barrier

between them. But in his heart he knew that she wouldn't. Her husband's way must, because she loved him, be her way. Cal cursed the stiff pride within him that made it physically impossible for him to reach out and embrace both of them.

He cleared his throat. "Well," he said, "I think you're a fool. But good luck to you."

"Thanks, old-timer," Jack grinned stiffly. "Take good care of yourself." He hesitated for a moment, then took Ruth's hand, and turned.

THE old man went back into the house. Birthday festivities went on around him. He answered when spoken to, was even strangely polite to the group; he was submissive to Dora's complaints and patient with Sarah's prattling, attentive even to Henry's constant concern with the making of more money. But his mind was not on the things that were being said.

"Sam," he whispered, as the others were preparing to leave. "You stay for a few minutes."

He waved his family good-bye, then led Sam to the library and made still bourbon highballs for them both. Then he went to his strongbox, took out his copy of his will, and tore it up. "There's a pen and paper beside you, Sam," he said. "I want you to make a new will. You write down what I say. It won't take long." He started dictating.

"Cal," Sam said. "Think it over."

"I've thought it over."

"But—"

The old man grinned. "It's my property, ain't it?"

The new will—short and to the point—was made, and witnessed by Sam and then Odum, who had no idea that he was signing a document that would make him independent for life.

When Sam had gone, Cal sat in the library until Odum's room was dark. He reached for the bottle of bourbon beside him, tipped the bottle to his lips, and drained it. For months he hadn't felt better, hadn't thought as clearly. Jack Sumpter, he knew, would never leave this land if it were his. And though Mary Bates had never lived here with him, Ruth, who in his own mind had come to resemble Mary so much, would live here in her stead. They would wail and moan, the rest of them, and they would say that he had been selfish, stubborn, contentious, right up to the end. And perhaps they would be partially right.

He put the empty bottle on the floor beside him. He crossed the room to his desk. His white pills—Doc Grey had insisted that he keep a box of them in each of the rooms—were there. He dashed the box to the floor, and the pills scattered.

Amigo stood strangely still for him as he bridled him and lifted the heavy stock saddle to the animal's back. He quivered only slightly as Cal, his body wet with sweat and his mouth brassy, labored into the saddle. The corral gate was open, and, beyond it, the good land that Cal had cleared with his own hands lay shimmering beneath moon-shot, lowland mists. Beyond the cleared land, at the river's edge, were the bayheads. Cal closed his eyes and saw the great magnolia and the blood-red hibiscus among the bays.

Mary Bates was leaning against the magnolia, and Cal could see her lovely smile and her outstretched, beckoning arms.

He gave Amigo his head. The stallion gathered his massive strength and thrust forward toward the river. ▲▲▲

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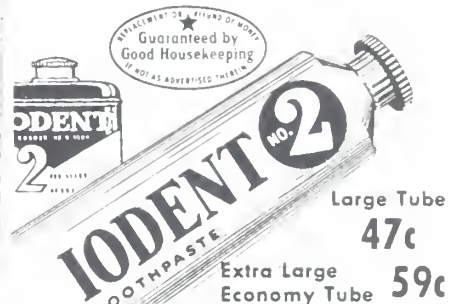
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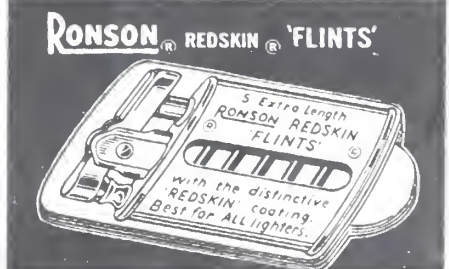


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Round the World with the

How do Malaysians like their basketball? A famed exhibition team found out by living u

SINCE 1927, I've been the owner-coach of a professional basketball team. Once they were called the Savoy Big Five, because they played their home games in the Savoy Ballroom on Chicago's south side. But then we had to move, and I changed the team's name to the Harlem Globetrotters. That's what they've been called ever since—Harlem, to identify us as a Negro team, and Globetrotters because I hoped people would think we'd been around.

But we hadn't been around, and for years that bothered me. Even after we had barnstormed all over the United States, I fretted because we couldn't really justify that grandiose title.

I fret no more. Last year the Globetrotters by name became globetrotters in fact. Together with the New York Celtics, another topflight pro exhibition team, we traveled around the world, by chartered plane, train, bus, gondola and even camel. In 168 days, we whirled 51,850 miles through 34 countries. We played 141 games before 1,500,000 spectators in 87 cities, starting at Recife, Brazil, on April 19th and winding up at Honolulu on October 1st.

It was a great trip. We had visited Europe in 1951, but nothing that happened then had prepared us for our 1952 round-the-world junket. We played literally any hour of the day or night. In siesta countries like Spain and Portugal, local promoters started our games at one o'clock in the morning! We started another game, in the Philippines, at 7:30 A.M. (to avoid midday tropical heat), on a solid mahogany court hewn out of the jungle.

We weren't fussy about accommodations. We played indoors or outdoors; in drained swimming pools, bull rings, opera houses, airplane hangars and baseball parks; in fog, rain and sunshine; in temperatures ranging from a finger-numbing 33 degrees at Amsterdam, Holland, to a blistering 120 degrees at Taipei, Formosa. It was so hot at Taipei, our players had to wear water-soaked towels, wrapped turban style around their heads.

As might be expected, our schedule was subject to change without notice. At Athens, we were booked for an afternoon game on an asphalt court hurriedly constructed in a soccer stadium. But 100-degree temperatures made the asphalt pudding-soft. So we postponed the game until 10:00 P.M., and hardened the court by hosing cold water over the hot asphalt for seven hours. Next, we dusted the water-slick surface with a special powdery absorbent similar to the stuff the Navy uses to give sailors better footing on slippery decks.

Five minutes after the game started, it began to rain—hard. Instead of quitting, our players donned their hooded, knee-length rain jackets and kept right on dribbling. When their canvas shoes became sopping wet, they took them off and splashed around in their bare feet. I don't think even the Greeks have a word for the kind of basketball the Trotters played that night. Yet nobody in the capacity crowd of 11,000 went home early. At least, nobody asked for a ticket refund.

Our share of the gate receipts was 79,679,325 drachmas. Next morning, I took my drachmas to an Athens bank in a cardboard box. Sorted in stacks, the paper currency—ranging in denomination from 100 to 10,000 drachmas—made a pile three feet long, two feet high and two feet wide.

A drachma, I hasten to add, is worth 1/15,000th of a dollar, so our Athens stopover grossed about \$5,300. That wasn't an enormous amount, con-



In 1948, Abe Saperstein told Collier's Bill Fay: "A basketball boom is on the way in South America. The Philippines, too. I never saw anything like Manila. All the kids play the game. You'd think you were in Evansville, Indiana." That was the idea that developed into a world tour last year for Saperstein's famous Harlem Globetrotters. The team already had visited most of the United States, besides Europe, Canada, Mexico and Cuba

sidering the size of the bale of drachmas, but I got a kick out of banking the Greek currency because it recalled a December evening in 1927 when the Globetrotters made their premiere in the Loyola University gym in Chicago. Admission was 35 cents, and there were 27 people in the crowd. Afterward, the promoter, who had guaranteed us \$25, said: "Abe, we took in \$9.45."

"How about making our end five dollars?" I suggested. "That'll be a buck for each of the boys."

At that bleak moment, I had absolutely no reason to suspect that the Globetrotters would develop into one of basketball's most popular attractions, much less take a trip around the world. I was then twenty-seven years old, basketball-crazy, too small (5 feet 3 inches) to play well, not experienced enough to coach—but young enough to be optimistic.

Fortunately, my optimism was justified. Over the last 25 years, basketball has become America's No. 1 spectator sport, and the Globetrotters have kept pace with basketball. We've traveled farther (about 2,000,000 miles) and performed before more people (some 12,000,000) than any other professional team.

The Trotters, as you can see, should know something about basketball crowds. Even so, our players were amazed at the enthusiasm of the fans who paid American-scale prices (\$1 to \$3) to watch our world-tour exhibitions. Judging from the hoop hysteria the Trotters encountered on five continents, I'll make this prediction: Before the next Olympic Games in 1956, basketball will be recognized as the world sport.

Even now, all over the world, more people seem to be playing basketball than any other sport. That's really something, when you consider that basketball is one of the youngest major sports. It wasn't even invented until 1891.

Even the Reds have gone hoop-crazy. We weren't permitted behind the Iron Curtain (al-

though we carried on negotiations through the Russian embassy in Washington for 18 months), but I've been told that 1,000,000 Russians are taking part in a nation-wide program aimed at Olympic victory in 1956.

But I don't believe the Russians, or anybody else, are as balmy over basketball as the Filipinos. They're the world's most enthusiastic, most critical fans. They actually booed us in our opening game in Manila, because we were more interested in putting on an exhibition than in playing for blood. Here's what happened:

Before a cheering, capacity crowd of 12,000, the Trotters accumulated a comfortable 55-39 lead over the Celtics, who were led by Tony Lavelli, the former Yale All-American. Then Marques Haynes, our sensational dribbler, touched off one of the clowning routines that have been the Trotters' trade-mark for the last 20 years.

Starting from mid-court, Haynes went into his dribbling act, running, sliding, sprawling, but always keeping the ball under perfect control. Haynes has such a delicate touch that he can execute a dribble only one inch high, and he's so agile he can keep the ball away from two or three opponents almost indefinitely.

Everywhere we had played, Haynes's dribbling had absolutely wowed the spectators. At San Remo, on the Italian Riviera, exiled Queen Nariman of Egypt was so captivated by Haynes that she sent an attendant to the dressing room to request Marques's autograph. Later, Haynes's dribbling also won the approbation of the Sultan of Morocco and Aly Khan. Marques was the darling of royalty, all right, but when he started dribbling in Manila, the Filipinos booed—long and loud.

Startled by this unprecedented outburst, the Trotters switched to their football routine. From mid-court, gangling Goose Tatum drop-kicked a field goal. Now, drop-kicking is a lost art, even in football. However, by practicing hundreds of hours, Goose has acquired amazing accuracy. He invariably kicks the ball near the basket (a feat in itself), but the odds against his lofting the ball into the basket must be about 300 to 1.

I almost fell off the bench when Goose's kick swished the net for a bull's-eye. But those fans kept right on booing.

I found out why after the game. Filipinos are so enthusiastic about basketball they thought our clowning was downright sacrilegious. They wanted straight basketball—and no funny stuff!

Oddly enough (as I explained to the Manila sports writers), the Trotters can't stop their clowning. No team can play upward of 300 games a year at top speed. To conserve energy, the Trotters bear down for about 22 minutes of each game—and take it easy the other 18 minutes. However, we disguise our stalling with razzle-dazzle ball-handling displays and comedy routines—during which the ball moves but the players' feet stand still! Even Haynes's dribbling is a glorified stall. While he's dribbling, his four teammates are resting.

But the Filipinos wouldn't stand for that. During the remainder of our nine-game stopover in the Philippines, the Trotters cut the comedy and played 40 minutes of straight basketball per game. The players had to work almost twice as hard as usual, and Tatum quipped: "Abe, if we stay here much longer, you'll have to pay us for overtime."

In Manila, a wealthy sugar plantation owner named J. Amado Armeta made what I considered

Globetrotters

By ABE SAPERSTEIN with BILL FAY

its name with a global tour

a fantastic offer. Armeta offered to pay \$5,000, plus expenses, for a Trotters-Celtics exhibition at Bacolod City, two hours by air from Manila.

Armeta just smiled when I told him he'd lose money. "Look," I said, "you'll have to transport 27 players—15 Globetrotters and 12 Celtics—plus our two referees, Pat Kennedy and Ellie Hasan. What's more, we carry four entertainers—Ray Wilbert, a hoop manipulator; Jack Cordon, who juggles while he's riding a unicycle; and the Tumbling Farrises, Les and Bev. They're trampolin artists."

"Bring them all," Armeta said, "and don't worry. We'll make money."

Money No Object to This Promoter

At Bacolod City, I discovered that Armeta owned eight plantations employing 81,000 people. He had constructed a solid mahogany court in a beautiful jungle setting, and he had sold 12,000 tickets at 10 to 25 pesos each (about \$4 to \$10). He grossed about \$30,000, the largest gate of our entire tour. (By way of contrast, our largest crowd—the 50,376 in Rio de Janeiro—paid \$20,991 at the turnstiles, and our opening night in Paris—a 12,000 sellout—grossed \$17,142.) In a way (a nice way), Armeta did lose money on the deal, though: he donated all gate receipts, less our guarantee, for the construction of a church in Bacolod City.

What with keeping track of 34 players, referees and entertainers all the way around the world, I didn't have much time to keep a diary. But here are some highlights of the tour I'll never forget:

In Buenos Aires, capacity crowds of 22,000 turned out eight straight nights. On opening night, there were 10,000 fans in the stands at Luna Park three hours before game time. Afterward, the players were surrounded by about 1,500 souvenir-hunting fans.

We escaped without even the loss of a necktie, and I can thank our 1951 European tour for that. On the European junket, we were mobbed time after time, and more than once our players literally lost their shirts—and their coats, ties and trousers—to enthusiastic souvenir hunters. So we knew what to expect on the world tour.

We licked the problem with rabbits' feet.

Actually, the rabbits' feet were fakes—life-size chunks of simulated white fur pinned to a "good luck" button. All the players carried at least a couple dozen of them in their equipment handbags at all times. They worked fine. In Buenos Aires, we handed out hundreds: the total for the entire tour was about 50,000.

We started the European leg of the tour at Wembley Stadium, London, on June 2d. The British like basketball. Playing on a wooden floor laid down in the Empire pool, we enjoyed six straight nights of sellout crowds (8,000 each); then we flew to Amsterdam to pick up our two Globetrotter buses, which had been shipped overseas from New York.

We played our first outdoor game at Lille, France. Afterward, we were guests at a party where, for the first time in their lives, our players were toasted with champagne.

Fifteen thousand fans saw us for three consecutive evenings in Paris—and we saw Paris, too, from the Eiffel Tower to Pigalle. We also saw the Communist-inspired "Go home, Americans!" signs

Collier's for January 31, 1953



Famous Globetrotter comedy star Goose Tatum kept his head warm as he lobbed one in for a score against Trotters' travel mates, the New York Celtics, at Palais des Sports, in Paris



draft we ran into jammed Tony's accordion—a discovery he made, much to his embarrassment, when he attempted to tune up in front of our first Bangkok audience.

In the Far East, temperatures climbed to a high of 126 degrees at Kuala Lumpur, capital of the Malay States, and our players lost from 10 to 20 pounds each over a two-week period. As a further complication, an overzealous promoter at Kuala Lumpur sold 40,000 tickets for an outdoor stadium seating only 20,000. So we tried to play a double-header. After the first game, a torrential rain came down. The second-game crowd sat for two hours in a virtual monsoon, so the boys went out in raincoats and tried to play, but they had to quit after 20 minutes. It was raining so hard the players could scarcely follow the ball.

Our next stop was Manila, where we were booed. From there, we went to Hong Kong—where we were hissed! A crowd of 14,000 Chinese squeezed into the Happy Valley Stadium, a strange auditorium with bamboo walls and a thatched roof. Until you've heard 14,000 people hiss, you've missed

one of life's unusual sounds. The hissing worried us until we found out it was intended as applause.

Our reception in Tokyo was fantastic. At least 5,000 fans and more than 100 cameramen and newsreel photographers met us at the airport. A motorcade of 15 convertibles, filled with lovely dancing girls, paced our welcoming parade to downtown Tokyo. Three helicopters flew above the motorcade, and office workers hurled confetti from the downtown buildings. We experienced more of the same kind of welcome at Yokohama, Nagoya and Osaka. Throughout our stay in Japan, we played in baseball parks before crowds ranging from 15,000 to 35,000.

Unfortunately, most of the native players we observed in the Far East were handicapped by their lack of size. The best Filipino performer was Ponchiano Saldana, of Manila, who has terrific drive and is a great floor man.

Saldana would be included on the Trotters' All-World Team, along with Tom Furlong, a rugged six-footer who plays with the Argentine Olympics and recently spurned an offer from the Minneapo-

lis Lakers; José Santos, a six-foot, three-inch forward from Monterrey, Mexico, who is a great hook-shot artist; Marc Quibbler, a barrel-chested guard from Lyon, France; and Wong Ni-cheun, a gangling Chinese who plays with the Seven Tigers of Formosa. I'd win a lot of games with that team.

I want to say a good word for my own boys, too: fellows like Tatum and Haynes, Ermer Robinson, Clarence Wilson, Josh Grider and Bill (Rookie) Brown—and for such Celtic stars as Lavelli, Bob Karstens, Joe Lyles, Bob Clark, Bob Luksta and Claudell Overton. The Celtics did a swell job on the tour. Of the 141 games, they played us in 90; the rest of the games pitted the Trotters against local competition.

Will the Trotters make another world tour someday? Probably not. The traveling is hard on the players, and even harder on the bank roll. Despite the tremendous crowds, the trip resulted in a net loss of about \$40,000. But this tour was well worth while. It was the thrill of a lifetime. And in what better way could we have celebrated our 25th anniversary?

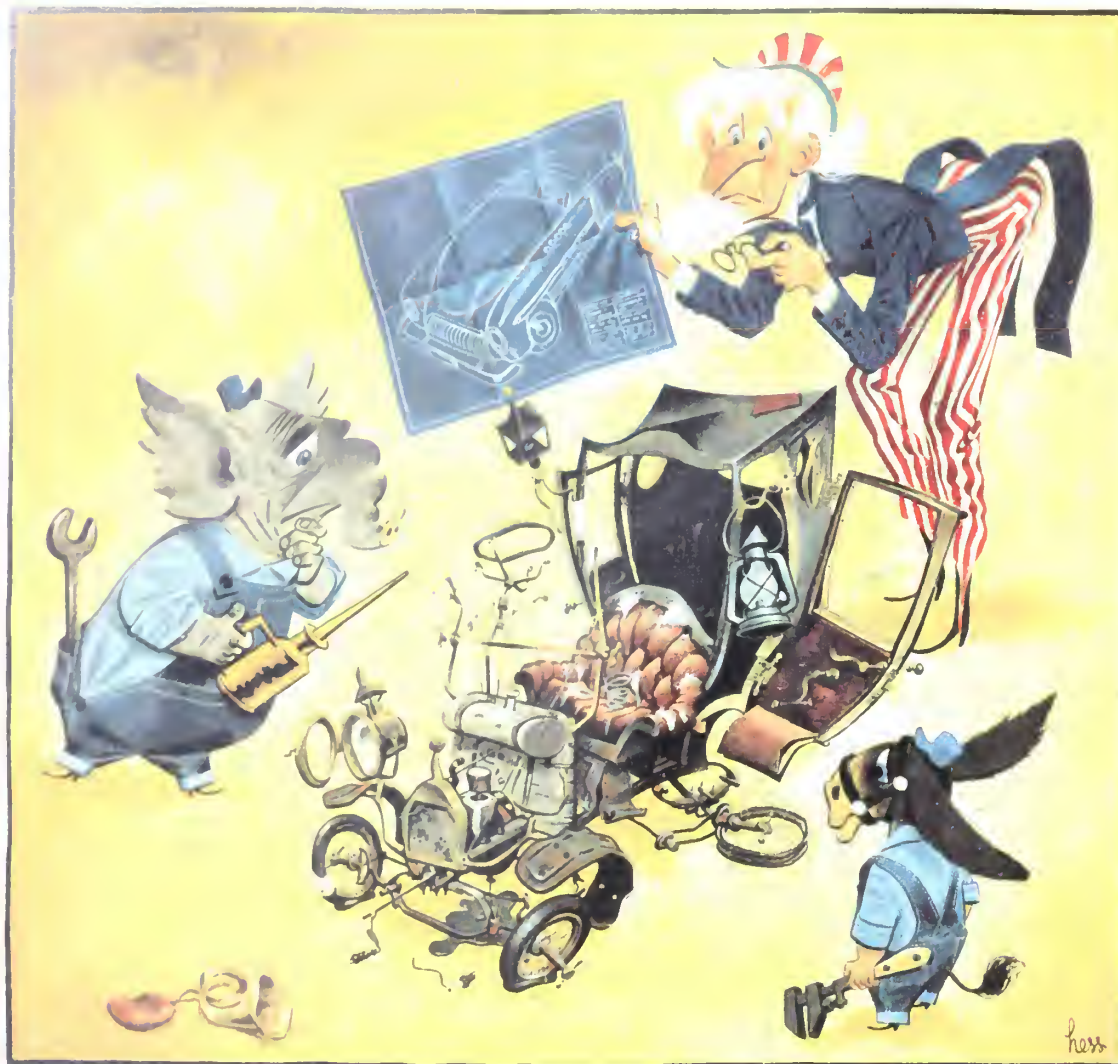


EUROPEAN



WIDE WORLD

Most memorable audience of trip consisted of one spectator: Pope Pius XII. Globetrotters and Celtics party visited with the Pope for 45 minutes, later exhibited trick plays for him



LOWELL HESS

Blueprint for a New Model

IT WAS THE American people's good fortune to have a choice between two excellent candidates in the last Presidential election. But that good fortune reflects no credit upon the antiquated, undemocratic convention system by which those candidates were chosen, and about which Senator Estes Kefauver makes some justifiable complaints in this issue of Collier's.

Senator Kefauver speaks as more than an unsuccessful office seeker, even though he frankly confesses to his disappointment in missing the Democratic nomination for President. Long before the convention, as he points out, he had joined a bipartisan movement to streamline the American electoral machinery to conform to twentieth-century realities. Mr. Kefauver generously admits to an admiration of his party's choice which was shared by many millions of his countrymen. But, even so, we think the senator made a good case for his contention that the popular will was by-passed in favor of some strong-arm political methods in Chicago that helped assure the selection of Governor Stevenson.

We give an enthusiastic second to Senator Kefauver's current proposal that preferential Presidential primaries be made nation-wide, and that the conventions be governed by the first choices of the country's voters in choosing their Presidential nominees. We say amen to his suggestion that the Vice-Presidential candidates be

named from among those men whom the people consider to be of Presidential stature.

We agree with the senator's plan to make the electoral vote conform more accurately to the popular vote. We welcome his agreement with this magazine's contention that active political campaigning should be limited to about a month's duration. And, in addition, we think that something should be done—particularly in view of the new constitutional limit on two terms for one President—to assure a shorter, more orderly and legally designated means for the transfer of authority from one administration to the next.

There is no reason why all this cannot and should not be done, because there is nothing so sacred or perfect about our method of choosing and installing Presidents as to prohibit change. Modes of living and thinking have altered drastically since that method was first established. It has already been amended to some extent, and it ought to be amended further.

Most of the laws and customs which govern the American political process date from the days when the country's economy was largely agricultural, and when the horse was man's swiftest means of transportation. We still vote in November because once upon a time it was more convenient for farmer citizens to take the day off when all the harvests were over. Until recently we inaugurated Presidents in March

because, in the days of the republic's infancy, roads were likely to be impassable earlier in the year. We still nominate candidates for President some four months before election because the nominees needed that much time in horse-and-buggy days to show themselves to even a small portion of the electorate.

In addition to all that, the authors of the Constitution were by no means unanimous in their respect for the people's intelligence, or in their confidence in the people's ability to choose their governments wisely. So they built a political structure through compromise, with a delegation of authority to the electors, which carried over more than a hint of aristocracy into the new democracy.

Thus what seemed sensible and practical 150 years ago is awkward and cumbersome, or worse, today. It is time that our lawmakers took cognizance of the existence of trains, automobiles, airplanes, radio and television. It is time they admitted that the uncertain compromises of the 1790s have become the vehicles of undemocratic bossism, deals and trades. And the time to do something about the whole situation is now.

It may take two or three years to bring about the necessary changes. There will still be stubborn defenders of the *status quo* to contend with. And even when they are won over or voted down, the process of amending the Constitution is no overnight matter. So we hope that the members of the new Congress who believe in the need of change will make electoral reform an early order of business. It will be one of the finest contributions that the new administration can make to the cause of truly democratic government.

Beyond and Above Politics

AS THE REPUBLICANS take over control of Congress, we should like to pay a tribute to some members of the departing majority in both House and Senate. We can't recall all of their names, but that in itself may be part of the tribute. For they were men who took a minimum of bows while doing a lot of valuable work.

We refer to the Democratic heads of committees who did a thorough, businesslike job of uncovering the well-known "mess in Washington," while the Joe McCarthys did most of the feather-preening and chest-thumping. The fact is sometimes forgotten or overlooked that it was Democrats who started and engineered and pursued the investigation of such unsavory characters as the five percenters, the influence peddlers, the bribe-takers, the cover-uppers for tax evaders, and other betrayers of public trust.

These Democratic committee heads exposed the scandals in the RFC, the Treasury and Justice Departments. They spotlighted the link between gangsters and politicians in some of our big cities. And even in the period between the election and the opening of the new Congress, they were still at work on the matter of subversive Americans in United Nations jobs, and the possible connection between their appointments and the State and Justice Departments and one of their own colleagues.

Such zeal and courage are in marked contrast to the practice, all too prevalent with some of the Truman appointees, of overlooking wrongdoing or covering it up for political reasons. The departing committee heads leave to their successors an example of seeking truth rather than publicity, and of putting honesty above party. We hope the example will be followed.

Most Completely New Car On The Road



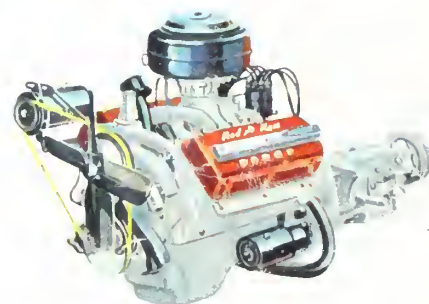
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The Action Car for Active Americans

JA 29'53

Collier's

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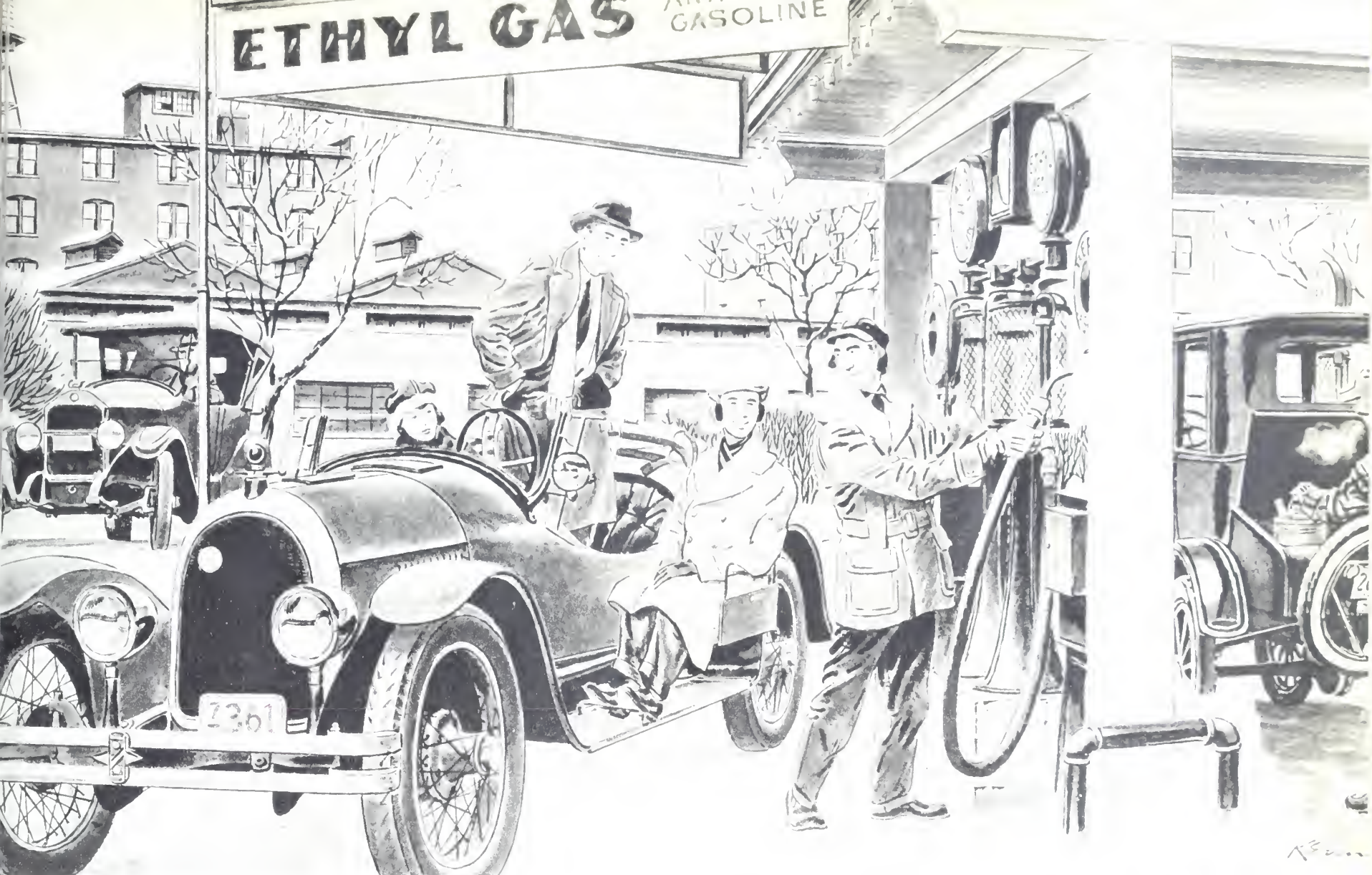
**A Forger Tells How
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**IKE'S PIPEFITTER
What Will Durkin Do?**

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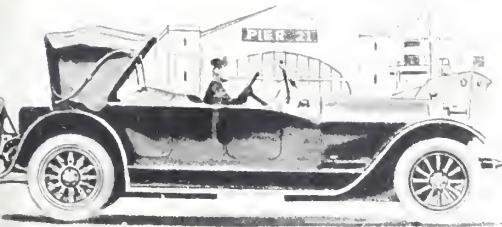
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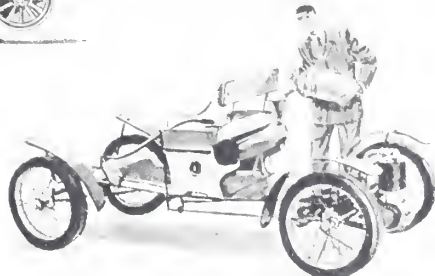
cars run their best on the best gasoline

1953 OLDSMOBILE Super '88 is described as the "power car of the year." It offers power steering, power brakes and a 165-h.p. engine.



1903 ORIENT Buckboard sold for \$375, stripped of frills. It was promoted as the "cheapest auto in the world." A 4-cylinder engine, in the rear, pushed the light frame along at a lively speed.

1923 LOCOMOBILE, at \$7,600, was the highest-priced American stock car that year. This Model 48 had been introduced in 1911 and lasted until 1929, with minor changes



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ON FEBRUARY 2, 1923—thirty years ago this month—car owners went out of their way to stop at this little station in Dayton, Ohio. They wanted to try a new kind of gasoline . . . a gasoline that promised to stop the "knock" that was plaguing them.

This new gasoline was "Ethyl" gasoline. And these first purchasers were delighted to find that it really did stop "knock." But that wasn't all. It opened the door to the modern, high compression engines that give today's cars such thrilling power and performance.

To get the most enjoyment from your car, fill 'er up with "Ethyl" gasoline. For today, as yesterday, cars run their best on the best gasoline.

Picture OF THE MONTH

It has been just a picture about Hollywood, it would be just another picture, but it's more than that. This is a picture about people—interesting people. These people happen to live in the fabled and fabulous world of sables and swimming pools, of love-liness and loneliness. It is called "The Bad and the Beautiful" because it is about a man of consuming ambition, who used people to achieve his ends. He has the great quality of creativeness, but as a social force he is personally destructive—an amazing performance by Kirk Douglas.

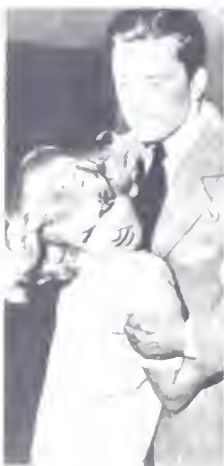
But it is also about a woman—a woman who is beautiful and who happened to love this bad man. Here's Lana Turner in her most exciting dramatic role. The severest critic will have to admire her acting as she plays a movie star, catapulted into fame by the genius of her mentor. Hers is a life of romance and rapture and pain. Her love is pulsating, with but one alloy—the mad desire for a niche in film's Hall of Fame.

With these brilliant stars, is one of Hollywood's most outstanding, Oscar-bound casts. Handsome Walter Pidgeon as the worldly, assured executive, Dick Powell and Gloria Grahame as the writer and his wife who are carried along in this powerful surge towards fame... Barry Sullivan, Gilbert Roland—all hand-picked for the greatest roles of their careers.

"The Bad and the Beautiful" is the Hollywood of today. It takes you inside the studios where the make-up man's skill erases sorrows and yearnings, where glamor is born... brings you on to the actual sets where pictures are made, shows you a picture within a picture... carries you to Hollywood's palatial homes. It tells the truth about a business of legends. You'll see Hollywood with the roof-tops ripped away... with its people revealed, the notorious and the famous... the failures and the successes... the bad and the beautiful.

★ ★ ★

An M-G-M picture starring LANA TURNER, KIRK DOUGLAS, WALTER PIDGEON, DICK POWELL in "THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL" co-starring Barry Sullivan, Gloria Grahame, Gilbert Roland with Leo G. Carroll and Vanessa Brown. Screen play by Charles Schnee. Based on a story by George Bradshaw. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. Produced by John Houseman.



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February 7, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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The Cover

Several deductions could be made here. For example: (1) from the number of hats on the rack, everyone is home and presumably in bed; (2) obviously, the dog wants out; (3) naturally, Pop is elected; and (4) it must be snowing, raining or sleeting. The conclusion to be reached is that (a) the setter will renege the instant he is exposed to the elements and (b) Pop will be compelled to arise again at 5:45 A.M. to respond to the barks and whines of the impatient pooch. The moral: raise hamsters, which don't have to leave the house.

Week's Mail

Prefabricated Greeting

EDITOR: I greatly enjoyed designing my own Christmas card from you with the material supplied in your Christmas Editorial (Dec. 27th).

I know I wasn't supposed to take you literally but I knew that Collier's Christmas wish was for Santa to place a bough of peace on every Christmas tree around the world. The angel rings the bells while good Saint Nick obliges.

What a wonderful gift from Santa Claus that would be!

RITA C. LEVY, New Orleans, La.



... Dear Collier's, I've read your rhyme About the holy Christmastime. I really studied very hard Each item on your Christmas card. And now I come to ask you why The Star of Stars up in the sky? Why the angels, why the dove, On wings of peace from heaven above? Why the carolers, why the tree? Please explain this mystery. I humbly send this protest mild, And ask you, please, where was the Child?

PATRICK C. BRENNAN, Burlington, Vt.

Command vs. Staff

EDITOR: The article, What's Wrong at the Pentagon? (Dec. 27th), by Dr. Vannevar Bush, sure hits the nail on the head. He brings forth strongly the differentiation between command and staff. Basically and psychologically the designation of the head of a large military organization such as the Army, Navy or Air Force as the Chief of Staff is wrong. The top man is the commander.

In an army you have a corps. Each corps has a commander, and in a division, a subordinate part of a corps, you also have a commander. The staffs are purely and solely advisers to the commander. However, under present designations, the staff has usurped the

Just a moment, girls!

Pretty soon telephone operators will take over here... but *not* until these men finish what they're doing.

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Week's Mail CONTINUED

command functions, and in many lower echelons the staff has really become the command and issues orders on its own initiative.

This does not apply so much in a combat theater, but in the zone of interior it is a very prevalent procedure. Also it has created a wrong impression in the minds of junior officers who now work for staff jobs instead of command jobs, as their experience indicates that it is the staff that runs things.

The present organization has also created a tremendous increase in staffs. This has been caused by the fact that the staff feels that they must work out any problem down to the minutest detail before transmitting to the subordinate commander, thereby killing his initiative and reducing his position to one of chore boy. In many cases the senior staff undercuts the subordinate commander and goes directly to his subordinates. In addition, today a commander often finds himself saddled with an officer to fill a certain position who has been picked by the senior staff, but who may not be suitable to the commander.

It is firmly believed, as a result of observation, that starting in the Pentagon the staffs of various echelons of commands could be cut 50 per cent and then function more efficiently and more effectively. This would cause the staff to pass to the subordinate command a general directive and permit him to work out the details in accordance with his experience, judgment and conditions under which he is working. It would also give a true picture of the ability of the commander.

The present staff functioning also works in the reverse. Today a commander who makes a mistake can throw it back on his staff. This has created a buck-passing situation which is anything but good for military organizations.

I would like to see Dr. Bush work out an organization table setting forth his ideas in chart form, indicating clearly that the staff is purely an advisory function and is in reality just advisers to the commander.

GEORGE H. BRETT,
Lieutenant General, United
States Air Force (Ret.),
Winter Park, Fla.

ever, I doubt that anyone other than myself has made such measurements so that no one will have the basis for criticism.

C. H. GREENWALT,
Wilmington, Del.

Though no one else caught the wing-beat error, we are grateful to Mr. C. H. Greenwalt, who took the picture, and who, when he is not photographing birds for Collier's, is president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company.

Local Pride

EDITOR: Your answer re Williamsburg of the West to Mr. Zuckerman, of Brooklyn's Williamsburg (Week's Mail, Dec. 27th), is one of the funniest squibs I've read in a long time.

It reminds me of the New York girl who, when she heard I was from Nebraska, straight-facedly said, "Oh, yes! I remember studying in geography that Nebraska had so few people it really isn't entitled to two United States senators." Then she added, "How do you live out there?"

I felt like saying, "In tepees," but resisted, remembering the lady at home who heard I was going to Vassar and said, "That's that seclusive girl's school in the East, isn't it?"

MRS. GILBERT GARDNER, Deerfield, Ill.

They Know Their Crackers

EDITOR: As one of the smaller "independents" in the biscuit industry, Megowen-Educator Food Company took notice of Robert Froman's article (Dec. 20th) titled What Do You Know about Crackers 'n' Cookies?

Although small in size, we are proud of the fact that the Educator company, through the years, has pioneered several of the important developments in this industry. The first Sandvik band sold in the United States, for baking purposes, was purchased by Johnson-Educator Food Company in April, 1931. It was 24 inches in width and 208 feet long. A gas-fired oven, approximately 100 feet in length, was constructed in our bakery at Cambridge. This oven was the first band oven in America.

RALPH G. SMITH, Lowell, Mass.

10-Beat Error



EDITOR: I enjoyed very much the piece on Bird Watching with an Electric Eye (Dec. 27th). For the record, I might point out a small error in one caption. The nuthatch's wing beats are actually about 20 per second instead of 30, as stated, and the chickadee (a much smaller bird) does 30 per second. How-



Collier's Album of Favorite Christmas Art carried the above reproduction of Giotto's Adoration of the Magi with the credit line, "Arena Chapel, Padua, Italy." The credit should have read, "Reproduced from the book Italian Painting, Volume I, published by Skira, Inc., New York."

Collier's for February 7, 1953

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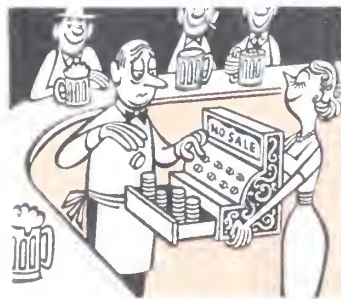
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

A protest from Mr. Lloyd Catridge, who explodes as follows from Roanoke, Virginia: "I wasn't alive in the good old days. I don't expect to live far into the glorious future. I'm living *now*, and for Pete's sake, stop telling me how lousy the present is."

★ ★ ★

Should you drop in at Jack Braun's tavern in Kansas City, Missouri, for a solacing glass of beer, please pay for same with nickels and dimes. Or folding money, anyway. He's a good guy,



but a victim of conspiracy. The boys have been tossing silver dollars on Mr. Braun's bar in payment for their drinks, and he'd like to know who spread the news that when he opened the place some months ago he told his wife that he'd give her every silver dollar he took in. In the short time we were in Mr. Braun's place, 15 lads silver-dollared him. "She'll soon be owning the joint," sighed Mr. Braun. "Guess I ought to be glad it's staying in the family."

★ ★ ★

Seems to be something missing in this contribution from a customer in Cheboygan, Michigan. Didn't even bother to sign his name. Anyway, see for yourself. Here's the whole letter: "I have been intending to write to you for some time so I am doing so. I know how busy you are so I do not expect any answer."

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Ella Poffenroth hasn't much trouble with her students. She's superintendent of the Coulee Dam, Washington, High School. A number of members of the local Parent-Teachers Association complained that educational fundamentals were being neglected, that the kids, for example, couldn't spell. So her pupils challenged the PTA to a spelling bee. It was a slaughter. Not only did the parents fall down on such simple words as efficiency and laboratory but some of them were not even able to pronounce them.

★ ★ ★

Now if you should happen to pause during one of your many onerous daily tasks and ask yourself: What in the world is wrong with today's writers of fiction and poetry?, we advise consulting with Dr. Martha Pingel of East Carolina College at Greenville, North Carolina. "Authors," says Dr. Pingel, "are taking the view that we are living

in the 4-F age—Fear, Friction, Folly and Frustration." We mentioned this to one of our more cheerful authors, and it sounded pretty pingel to him.

★ ★ ★

Schoolteacher in Laramie, Wyoming, was doling out a little sound advice to a chronically morose pupil. Told the lad it was foolish always to be wishing for something he didn't have. "What else is there to wish for?" he asked.

★ ★ ★

In a few weeks you'll be reading joyous dope from the Southern baseball training camps. All about downy-cheeked southpaws, apple sluggers, second sackers and shortstops destined to make Carl Hubbell, Joe Gordon, Babe Ruth and Marty Marion in their prime look like amateurs. Of course, we won't believe a word of it. But gosh, how glad we'll be to read it.

★ ★ ★

A headlong guy in Indianapolis asks the court for a divorce. Says his wife left him 30 years ago, and he has concluded she probably won't be back. That's precipitate youth for you.

★ ★ ★

There was no clerk at the desk of this hotel Mrs. M. Miller of Mahaska, Kansas, entered. Just an array of keys under a sign: "Take a key. Find your room. Pay when you leave. Sleep well." No clerk in the morning either. So Mrs. Miller put down three bucks and her key and was on her way. Doesn't tell us the name of the town.

★ ★ ★

We're told on authority which has been fairly inaccurate now and then that the Army is about to train a few regiments of soldiers in the new art of neutralizing atomic-bomb duds. If an A-bomb should drop in your vicinity and fail to go off, these lads will march in and denature it so that it won't decide to let go later. Same authority tells us that these men will be awarded the Medal of Honor before going to work.

★ ★ ★

Restaurant owner in Nashua, New Hampshire, asked one of his waitresses where she lived. Said he might want



IRWIN CAPLAN

her in for extra work on Sunday. She said she was flattered and that she lived upstairs over a vacant lot. ▲▲▲

Collier's for February 7, 1953



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Which one belongs in a sailor's dungarees?

OF COURSE, you're familiar with the knife in the center (1)—the handy pocketknife small boys long for.

But do you know the uses of all the other interesting knives shown on this page?

The farrier's knife (2) is very useful to the blacksmith in trimming inside a horse's hoof before he fits a shoe. With the budding knife (3) the nurseryman can insert a tiny bud from a heavy-bearing peach tree under the bark of a no-good seedling so it will grow into a tree, producing luscious fruit. The ringknife (4) is used by packing clerks—it snips off a cord with the flick of a finger.

You'd be apt to find the rigging knife (5) in a sailor's dungarees. Its strong, sharp blade is just the thing for cutting a rope—and at the other end is a marlin spike for splicing and for loosening tight, water-soaked knots.

The cigar maker uses the handleless blade (6) to clip off the lighting end of a newly rolled cheroot.

And the long thin pocketknife (7) is used by citrus buyers and growers to slice through an orange or grapefruit with one swipe—to see if the crop is ripe and juicy.

Just from this sample, it's pretty plain that when it comes to knives, you have a wide variety to pick from. And you buy the one that's suited to the job you want to do.

Although it may never have occurred to you, that's about the situation you face when it comes to choosing insurance to make your family financially secure. There are many forms of insurance. And in selecting the policies that will give you the most for your insurance dollar it's wise to talk with a man who *knows* insurance—your Travelers agent or broker.

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What We've Learned about

WINTER WARFARE

By PETER SALISCHER

Two years ago, the thermometer put the temperature in North Korea lower than did enemy weapons. They were the only weapons that could freeze.



U. S. ARMY PHOTO

Seoul, Korea

HOW many wounded?" I asked the medic captain. The captain said, "About fifteen. The rest are frostbites."

The time was early December, 1950—the place a collecting station on the outskirts of Pyongyang. The Eighth Army still held the North Korean capital but time was running out. Stretched on blankets and litters in the pyramidal tent were scores of U.S. 2d Division troops who had fought and straggled their way out of a Chinese trap at Kunu-ri, 75 miles to the north.

Fifteen wounded against scores of frostbites. Red China's entry into the Korean war may have surprised some of our military experts, but it was the cold, as inevitable as a date on the calendar, that really caught them with their winter pants down. Neither the men nor their machines were ready for winter war.

No one knows how many Americans died in no man's land—or were captured—simply because they couldn't cope with the weather. But official records show that 6,000 hospitalized casualties, one out of every five in the winter of 1950-'51, were victims of frostbite or exposure. (The Korean war's first quadruple amputee was a frostbite case.) Add to this record the normal five-to-one ratio of minor cold injuries treated at first-aid stations and returned to duty within 48 hours and we face the conclusion that the thermometer put more American troops out of action than did enemy weapons.

The real shocker to these statistics is that these men suffered in temperatures no colder than prevail in many sections of the United States. The icy "retreat, hell" march by the Marines from the Changjin reservoir to the sea was in the same lati-

tude as southern Pennsylvania. Yet an army can freeze in Pennsylvania, as history recalls, and in terms of modern winter warfare our troops in Korea were almost as bad off as Washington's at Valley Forge.

By the time heavy clothing reached forward units racing for the Yalu River, the men were going the other way and often had to burn or abandon stocks en route.

Vehicles were without antifreeze, gasoline and lubricants froze, batteries cracked, and jeeps were either thawed out by bonfire and blowtorch, towed with their wheels locked or left behind. All the unpreparedness that marked our entry into the Korean police action snowballed into one winter of misery and discontent.

Communist soldiers suffered, too, but at that time their more primitive transport—man power,

Winterized sentries wear up to 22 pounds of clothing and an 8-pound armored vest

horses, oxen and even camels—functioned better than stalled trucks. Their cotton padded uniforms were not stylish, but they were warmer than field jackets—and their felt boots were better than our leather ones or the execrable shoe-pacs, perhaps the most disappointing winter footgear ever devised by a gadget-happy nation.

Last winter the quantity of winter equipment improved, but the latest in cold-weather gimmicks didn't reach the troops until late—and then in dribbles.

This winter, for the first time, United Nations ground forces are benefiting from the bitter lessons learned two years ago. They are now unquestionably the best—and most expensively—winterized army in the world. Each front-line American fighting man wears and sleeps in \$156.25 worth of cold-weather gear, and so do many other UN soldiers supplied by us.

The Army Quartermaster and Ordnance had not been asleep since World War II—just dozing. The Pentagon knew that any future war, with Russia the likeliest adversary, would demand rugged efficiency in cold-weather gear. But an economy-minded Congress and the lack of urgency hobbled manufacture, restricting it to the pilot-model stage. Now a panoply of up-to-date weapons against cold, first tested in Alaska and then on the Korean battleground, are in mass production.

General James A. Van Fleet, who spent this winter and last in command of the Eighth Army, named what he considers the three most important items of personal equipment: the mountain sleeping bag, the parka and the new insulated boot.

The zippered sleeping bag, stuffed with down in a windproof cotton case and rubberized carrying bag, weighs slightly more than seven pounds, and costs around \$36. With a blanket or wool liner, and an air mattress, it affords comfortable sleeping at almost any temperature. The one draw-

back is the difficulty of unzipping and getting out of the bag in a hurry—something an infantryman has occasion to do.

The knee-length parka was developed in Alaska and perfected in Korea. It has a heavy alpaca-type lining that zippers and buttons into a windproof cotton shell, and the hood is frequently fur-trimmed and has wire stiffening that can be molded to the head.

But it is the insulated boot that draws Van Fleet's—and the GI's—highest praise. Known as the Mickey Mouse, or the thermos jug, and sometimes as the sweatbox, the boot is an ungainly creation weighing five and three-quarter pounds a pair, and setting the taxpayer back \$18—one pound heavier and \$10 more expensive than a pair of shoe-pacs. The old-issue rubber-shoed, leather-topped shoe-pac makes the feet sweat prodigiously. When the thermometer drops, the perspiration freezes and frostbite begins.

Insulation Minimizes Frostbite Risk

The Mickey Mouse is *all* rubber to the calf—an inner and outer sheath with a half inch of blanket-like insulation between. The feet sweat, but the insulation keeps the perspiration from freezing. It's uncomfortable at times, but an occasional change of socks makes the boot almost trench-foot- and frostbite-proof—almost, because even the best equipment isn't enough.

"Few Americans know how to take care of themselves in cold weather," said Brigadier General L. Holmes Ginn, the Eighth Army Surgeon. "Most of us come from places where heat and shelter are taken for granted. We have to be taught."

To teach them, two-man teams from every unit down to company take a cold-weather course at division or corps level. There they are shown horror movies of trench foot, the four stages of

frostbite (the light red "sunburn" stage, the darker red, the peeling and finally gangrene), and how to avoid or treat them. The teams then go back to their outfits and spread the word.

"We had only one case of frostbite by mid-November," Ginn said wryly. "The man didn't change his socks for four days."

Along with the new chemical hand warmers, the improved field-jacket liners and the pajama-type long underwear go a few old-fashioned cold-weather tips:

1. A man should change or dry his socks once a day, try to massage his feet with foot powder or have a buddy do it. Even with Mickey Mouse boots, the toes and feet should be kept active whenever possible.

2. Boots can be dried out with a hot rock or an inlaid piece of paper.

3. Socks can be dried by carrying them inside the underwear next to the skin.

4. A little exercise before turning in will help heat up the sleeping bag.

5. Wherever possible, bedding should be placed on something 30 inches off the ground, with as much insulation under the body as over it.

6. In emergencies, frostbitten hands or feet should be warmed inside another man's shirt, next to the skin, and never heated by anything above body temperature.

Because a wounded man is twice as liable to shock in cold weather, the Medical Corps has devised new ways of keeping him warm. Foremost is an oversized, down-filled evacuation bag big enough to accommodate splints and fitted with zippers permitting one part of the body to be exposed at a time. Chemical heat pads for litters is a World War II device, but new plastic "pods" for airborne stretchers cover wounded men flown out by helicopter. And aid men now carry plasma in flexible plastic bottles that won't freeze or crack.



PETER KALISCHER

Group of Seventh Regiment Marines face Korean weather in new knee-length parkas and eighteen-dollar, wool-insulated Mickey Mouse boots

Collier's for February 7, 1953



Two Marines sleep comfortably in snow-covered sleeping bags near Koto, Korea. Windproof, cotton-cased bags are stuffed with down



Members of the best—and most expensively—winterized army in the world, a United Nations patrol plods through snow on Korean front

An army still travels on its stomach, and to warm the inner man winter rations are increased to 5,000 calories daily—800 more than in summer—and every effort is made to get a man to one hot meal a day.

A mechanized army, however, is more thirsty than hungry. Two thirds of the total military supplies shipped into Korea are petroleum products, and for winter they have to be of a special kind.

While a shivering soldier may not differentiate between 10 and 30 degrees below zero, his vehicles and weapons do. So private oil companies, in co-operation with the Defense Department, have produced a whole new line of wonder fuels and lubricants which are meeting their first true test of battle this winter.

Eighth Army now has large stocks of a new Diesel oil (freezing point, 65 degrees below zero) to heat bunker and tent stoves; an all-purpose gear oil and a grease that function efficiently "from the desert to the North Pole"; a thin recoil oil for every weapon from a .45 to an eight-inch howitzer; and an alcohol mix for arctic-type gasoline to keep water that seeps in from freezing. Someone even invented a cold-resistant plastic spout to pour fuel from one container to another.

Lieutenant Colonel Charles Peterson, of Boston, chief of the Far East Command's petroleum division, QMC, is the main worrier over how the fuel is handled.

"We've got to educate the high brass as well as enlisted men on servicing gas in the winter," he said. "Until we got this low-pour Diesel oil, there was a rash of tent and mess-hall fires. When the old zero-pour Diesel froze up in the feeder can outside the tent, the men used gasoline. It was only a matter of time before the explosion."

A team of oil-company technicians made a hush-hush Korean inspection early this winter and concluded that most of the arctic-grade fuels and lubricants went far beyond the temperature requirements of the *present* battle line. But should we ease to roll north again, this time the wheels won't lock.

What is the Army doing with the old-type winter outfits?

I found out from a man who could have used one two years ago. He was Pfc James W. Hayes, of Mount Vernon, Ill., serving his second tour in Korea. His first was driving an ammo truck for the 99th Field Artillery Battalion in temperatures that hit 36 below on one night. The battalion was overrun by the first Chinese surprise attack at Unsan in October, 1950, and Hayes made it back 30 miles in a field jacket and sweater. (He wasn't issued an overcoat until December nor a pair of

shoepaes until March.) And where is Hayes now? Working in a warm, rear-area supply room, wallowing in mufflers, long underwear and old parkas. Only the front-line troops get the brand-new stuff, Hayes explained. Class B (support troops) and Class C (rear area) get heavy gear according to their jobs. Every item has a life expectancy of two years, and salvageable clothes go to prisoners of war.

"Sure could have used some of that Class C issue baek in nineteen fifty," Hayes said.

Some of the biggest changes aren't found in the supply room but in the men's attitude toward living and fighting in the cold. From Army headquarters down, everybody is busting out with old and new ideas on how to lick the weather. Some of the foxhole improvisations have wound up as staff studies and been distributed back down to the men who invented them.

Yankee Ingenuity in Anti-Cold War

It takes most of a man's energy just to exist in cold weather, and all along the front the troops are doing strange and wonderful things to make that existence easier.

They are building bunker entrances with right-angle baffles to keep out the wind and a step lower to drain off the cold air. The bunkers are heated with 10-pound, made-in-Japan stoves that will burn wood, charcoal or Diesel. (Five thousand, at \$10 apiece, were delivered in 45 days after pilot models proved a success.) Fancier bunkers have radiant heating to warm the floors (Korean style).

Outpost sentries, in the coldest weather, will wear as much as 22 pounds of clothing and an eight-pound armored vest. This outfit is considered a little too bulky, and sponge-rubber plastic undersuits—designed to replace long johns, wool shirt and sweater—are being tried out.

A piece of World War II equipment being worked to death is the slave kit—a boxlike hot-air blower towed in a trailer or carried in a truck. Hooked into any vehicle's ignition coil, it will thaw an iceberg in half an hour.

Grouzer teeth, another old item, are back in favor. They are solid, cast-iron triangles fitted into the center of a tank tread to keep it from skidding in the snow. Mountain roads, incidentally, are having their crowns bulldozed so that when anything does skid, it will slip toward the mountainside and not off the embankment.

With the coming of snow and sleet, the men froze barbed wire, rocks and posts into defensive barriers. A 3d Division company coated a forward slope with ice—called it the Skating Rink—

and at last reports were waiting eagerly for the next Communist patrol to cross.

Sometimes the field manual asks a little too much—like the recommendation that the enemy be made to attack into a biting wind.

"Maybe the Navy can whistle up a wind to order," growled one major, "but we have to take 'em like they blow."

Artillerymen, however, have learned to fire according to the weather. They've found that fragmentation shells are less effective over snow than bare ground or ice. And the tankers have got used to parking on blocks of wood to keep their treads from freezing into the ground.

One Marine company commander is afraid the tendency to snug down can be fatal—and not from frostbite. "A man's reactions slow up in the cold," he said. "He gets a psychological feeling of lassitude—a kind of dopey hibernation, particularly in this bunker war. Cold weather is when we should send out more patrols."

One man who agrees with him is General Van Fleet. I asked Van Fleet how we stacked up against the Communists in winter warfare.

"The UN ground army," he said, "is so vastly superior in cold-weather gear and equipment, there's hardly a comparison. Only the UN army could function in all types of warfare throughout the winter."


Here he qualified himself. "I'm speaking, of course, of *offensive* warfare in which we have the decided advantage. Our advantage lies in all-weather certainty of evacuation and far superior clothing."

Van Fleet is more than a theorist on winter fighting. He beat the Communist guerrillas in Greece during the cold months when they were snow-bound in the mountains. Conditions are different in Korea. "The war in Greece was against guerrillas—the war in Korea is orthodox," Van Fleet explained.

Van Fleet had recently ended three days of conferences with Eisenhower during the President-elect's Korea visit.

"I should like to point out," he said, carefully, "that winter is not an obstacle to modern fighting. During the American Civil War the fighting stopped during the winter and at sundown. During the first World War it slowed down during winter, but continued day and night at other times. In World War II, as well as in Korea today, war is waged day and night, winter and summer, and nothing stops it except a mission and the means."

"I do not believe," he said, "that we could be better prepared for cold-weather fighting than we are in Korea."



The woman under the blankets raised herself and said, "So you're back. What do you want now? There's nothing more to take. Leave us to die in our home place"

THE FINGER OF

By **STUART CLOETE**

THE prisoner roll call was at six in the evening. First there was the bugle call. Then the men collected on the red hard-baked parade ground. Not tidily, not fallen in, because the prisoners were Boers—farmers, free burghers—who had been captured as they fought for liberty.

Then came the young officer and the fat sergeant. To the officer, the prisoners were rebels, an undisciplined lot who couldn't even form fours. He was Authority. He stood by the sergeant, who called the roll. The sergeant was the Voice. The Voice did not speak till the officer said, "Call the roll, Sergeant." Then he began. There were no A's, so he began with B.

"Basson!" he shouted.

A tall slouched man said, "Ja."

The sergeant went on: "Beyers, Brink, De Jongh, Duminy . . ."

The men said, "Ja, ja . . ."

Once they had answered, they ceased to be there. Their bodies were there, but their attention—their minds and hearts—wandered. There was no need for more attention. They could go back to their dreams of their wives and children, of their homes and cattle, their dogs, the horses they had lost in the war.

Jan Moolman heard his name called. "Ja," he said. In his mind he smiled. Tomorrow, when they called, he would not be there. His plans were made. Tomorrow, when the roll was called, Japie de Wet would answer in his place.

Moolman was a hunter by profession. He had

never married and so was less unhappy than the others. He had not married because once he loved a girl—a little thing with blue eyes and blonde hair. Then she had a fever and in a week she was gone. After that, something died in his heart. But it was curious that, having suffered so much when he was young, he suffered less now than the others. God was just. If a man must suffer, He saw to it that he did not suffer too much, and never paid twice for the same thing.

Jan was a man of medium height, dark-haired and dark-eyed as are many Boers with French blood. His skin was leathery, creased with the wrinkles of exposure to the sun and glare of Africa. He moved quickly, softly, with a slight horseman's roll.

Stripped, he was a man of iron and whipcord, bound with brass. Though he was very quiet you



GOD

The last hard core of Boer resistance lay fifty miles ahead.

"You must go on," she said. "We can manage now." But
could he, even though there was a price on his head?

felt that this stillness could explode into action at any moment.

He was a legend among his people. Sometimes it amused him. Any man could become a legend if he took enough risks and survived them. With Francina gone, he welcomed risks. They were the only thing that could take his mind off her, and if he was killed he would be with her. But he had told no one about her. Why should he? That had been in the beginning, twenty years ago.

And now that way of living, taking chances, had become a habit. He knew no other. Three things he loved—his country, hunting and horses. He hated nothing except the English, after they started burning the farms and taking the wives and children of the Boers into protective custody, as they called it. Unfortunately, being unused to confinement, many of them died in these camps, though

they were cared for and well fed. They died the way a caged wild bird will die, of a broken heart—the way he himself might die if they sent him away from his land and over the sea.

He thought of a British officer—a lancer—who had accompanied the general who had inspected the camp yesterday. The lancer had put out his hand and said: "Will you shake hands, Moolman? We are both hunters. When this is over I should like to hunt with you in Africa."

Moolman had asked about him afterward and learned that he was a rich young man who had hunted all over the world except Africa. He was, in his way, a notable hunter with some record heads to his name. Jan did not give a damn for records; he hunted for money and for meat. But to get records a man must have some qualities. *Ja*, there were good men among the English. There

must be. There were so many of them. And even this business of burning farms was understandable in a war that had dragged on so long. Every farm was a base where tired Boers could rest up and refit. *Ja*, that was war. And it brought much hatred in its train. But war was never good. Men should not hunt one another like wild beasts.

But they were fools, these English. No one knew it better than Jan Moolman because, among a nation of scouts, he was one of the best. He was so good that there had been a price put on his head. That made him laugh too—a price, a hundred pounds. *Ja*, he thought, I am worth as much as fifty young oxen. But it was time he went. Next week the prisoners were being moved to another camp farther to the rear, and from there they would be sent over the sea to Ceylon or St. Helena. He was one of the few (Continued on page 62)

WHERE ARE BASEBALL'S



.300 HITTERS?

By TOM MEANY

There were only 17 of them in 1952. And it looks as though big hitters are going the way of the dodo

A .300 hitter in major-league baseball has become just about as rare as an American bison. If the decline continues at its present rate, he soon will be as extinct as the dodo.

Frank (Shag) Shaughnessy, president of the International League, puts it another way: "A big-league regular hitting .300 soon will be as rare as the pitcher who wins 20 games year in and year out."

Statistics bear him out. The number of .300 hitters among big-league regulars has shrunk steadily since before World War II. In 1939, for example, there were 39. Last year, there were only 17 in both leagues—eight in the American and nine in the National.

What's happened to .300 hitters?

Shaughnessy has his own theory. "Maybe the batters no longer work hard enough at their trade," he suggests. Some others among the men who know baseball best—big-league managers and players, scouts, farm directors and minor-league operators—take a similar view. But most have other—and varied—opinions.

Perhaps the most widely accepted view is that players are discarding old-fashioned batting science in a growing mania for home runs. In some ways, you can't blame them. Home runs usually pay off better at contract time than all-around batting ability.

The two highest-paid players in baseball last year were Ralph Kiner of the Pittsburgh Pirates, who got \$90,000, and Stan Musial of the St. Louis Cardinals, who got \$80,000. Musial has never hit below .300 in his 10 years as a major-leaguer, has led the National League in batting six times, including the last three years in a row, and has hit as high as .376. Kiner, on the other hand, has never batted higher than .313 and has dropped as low as .244, his 1952 average. But Ralph has led or tied

for the lead in home runs every one of his seven seasons in the National League.

"The player who hits home runs drives a Cadillac," Kiner has been quoted as saying, "and the .300 hitter drives a jalopy."

Whether Kiner actually delivered this epigram is by now immaterial; it has been attributed to him so often that it has become a baseball legend. Rogers Hornsby, that outspoken and often-outgoing baseball figure who now manages the Cincinnati Reds, says the phrase is part of the baseball language.

"You should hear the fellows on our bench yammer when a player takes a wild swing and misses," Hornsby says. "'Listenin' to Kiner again,' they yell. Or 'Wadda ya doin'? Tryin' for the Cadillac?' Sometimes they're pretty funny about it."

There is no question that while the number of home runs in the majors has increased—there are now 500 to 800 more a year than in the first post-war season of 1946—the batting averages have been fading. So it's easy for those so inclined—like Hornsby—to build a cause-and-effect case.

"That big, lunging swing for the home run is the bunk," says Hornsby, warming to his topic. "I never knew when I was going to hit a home run and I don't think Babe Ruth did either. It isn't the swing that gives you your power, it's the follow-through."

"The good hitter takes a level swing at every ball, hits the ball where it's pitched, and follows through with his body. That way he's meeting the ball solidly, hitting line drives. If he happens to hit the ball on the fat part of the bat, it can go for a home run. Some players today actually uppercut the ball in an effort to loft it into the seats. Sure, they get some home runs, but what about the times they pop up? The good batter concentrates on meeting the ball. If he hits a home run, that's all to the good. But it shouldn't be his primary objective."

Hornsby began the 1952 season as the manager who was to have led the St. Louis Browns out of the American League cellar. He finished it in the National League as the miracle manager of Cincinnati; during his regime, the Reds for the first time in years won more games than they lost. Consequently he is in an excellent position to pass judgment on the hitters in both major leagues.

Top Hitters Didn't Aim for Fences

"Who led the two leagues in hitting?" demands Hornsby. "Ferris Fain, of the Philadelphia Athletics, and Musial. And both of them hit the ball where it was pitched. You didn't see them breaking their backs trying to knock it out of the park."

Musial himself agrees that baseball is in what he calls a home-run cycle. But he says there are other reasons for the paucity of .300 hitting regulars. "Sure it's always hard to get a piece of the ball when you're trying for the long one," Stan admits. "But the pitching is much better than it used to be—almost as good as it was when I left to go into the service in 1942."

"Even veteran pitchers are getting better—guys who are in their thirties, like Maglie and Jansen of the Giants, Raffensberger of the Reds and Drews of the Phillies. And it seems as though every young prospect who comes into the league is a good pitcher. Look at Black of the Dodgers and Wilhelm of the Giants last season. Every club has a couple of good pitchers to throw at you."

Kiner, the phrasemaker and home-run clouter, also blames the dip in batting averages on improved pitching—plus better fielding. "I would say the fielders play the batters better," says Ralph. "They make more use of the percentage, playing the hitter where he hits the ball most of the time. And the shifts clubs use against batters who hit to one field certainly cuts down the averages."

"I have another theory that I think has a lot to do with the lower averages," Ralph continued. "The pitchers don't give you a good ball to hit, even when they're behind three-and-one or three-and-none. They still come in with their best pitch and they don't care if they walk you, so long as you don't hit the long ball. I think that's why there are more bases on balls—not because the pitchers haven't got control, but because they don't lay the ball in there any more when they get behind."

"That's why I no longer feel I have the pitcher in the hole when the count is in my favor," Ralph concluded. "And that's the way we pitch to the big hitters on the other clubs."

Brooklyn Home-Run King's Theory

Gil Hodges, Brooklyn's home-run king and the last major-leaguer to hit four home runs in a single game, has never batted even as high as .290. But he holds the record for homers by a Dodger in a single season—40 in 1951.

"I wish I really knew what's happened to the .300 hitter," grins Gil, "but I never hit .300 in my life, even in the minors. Naturally you swing harder when you try for home runs—that's the style now. I do think that pitching is getting better and that fielding has improved tremendously, even in the short time I've been in the majors. Tighter defensive play naturally cuts a hitter's average."

Yogi Berra, whose 30 home runs in 1952 established a new high for homers by a Yankee catcher, denies his batting average suffered because he concentrated on home runs. "Sure, my average dropped about 20 points," says Yogi, "but I hit three more home runs than I did in 1951. I'm pulling for the fences, like everybody else who wants to get in the upper brackets, but I don't think that affected my average. It was my finger injury in the spring, which caused me to miss about three weeks of practice."

Bill Veeck, owner of the Browns and the man who hired and fired Hornsby last year, says the mystery of the disappearing .300 hitter can be solved in two words: the slider.

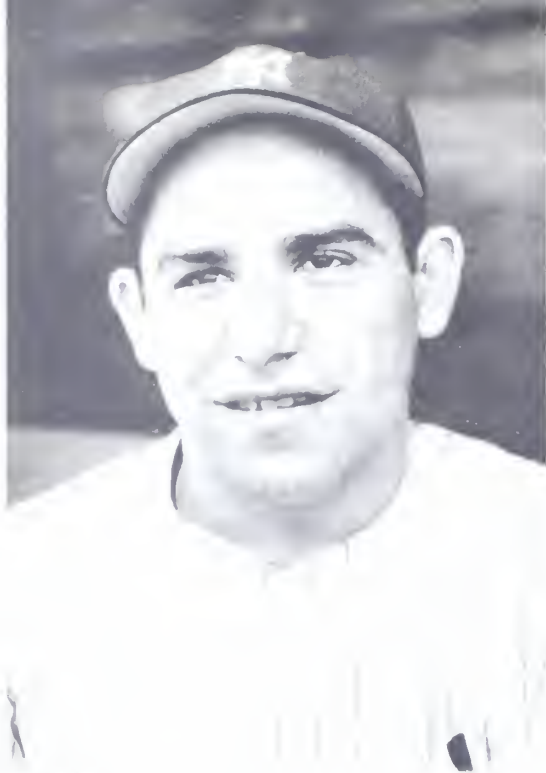
"The slider," chortles Sport-shirt Bill triumphantly, "may be only a fast ball with a wrinkle but it gives the pitcher an extra pitch. It means that a batter who guesses with the pitcher now has two chances of being wrong instead of only one. A batter once had to look for only the fast ball or the curve, which gave him a .500 chance of guessing right. Now the odds are down to .333."

Frank (Lefty) O'Doul, former big-leaguer and a successful manager on the Pacific Coast for many years, disagrees. O'Doul, considered one of the keenest students of batting in the game's history, is tied with another scientific hitter, Bill Terry, for the most number of base hits ever made in a National League season—254. He blames the present scarcity of .300 hitters on a lack of ingenuity among batters, rather than any increased effectiveness by pitchers.

"The slider is nothing but a nickel curve," snorts

The men who know baseball best—big-league players and managers, scouts, farm bosses and minor-league operators—say these are some of the reasons why .300 hitters are a vanishing breed. But home-run sluggers are increasing—and so are their salary checks



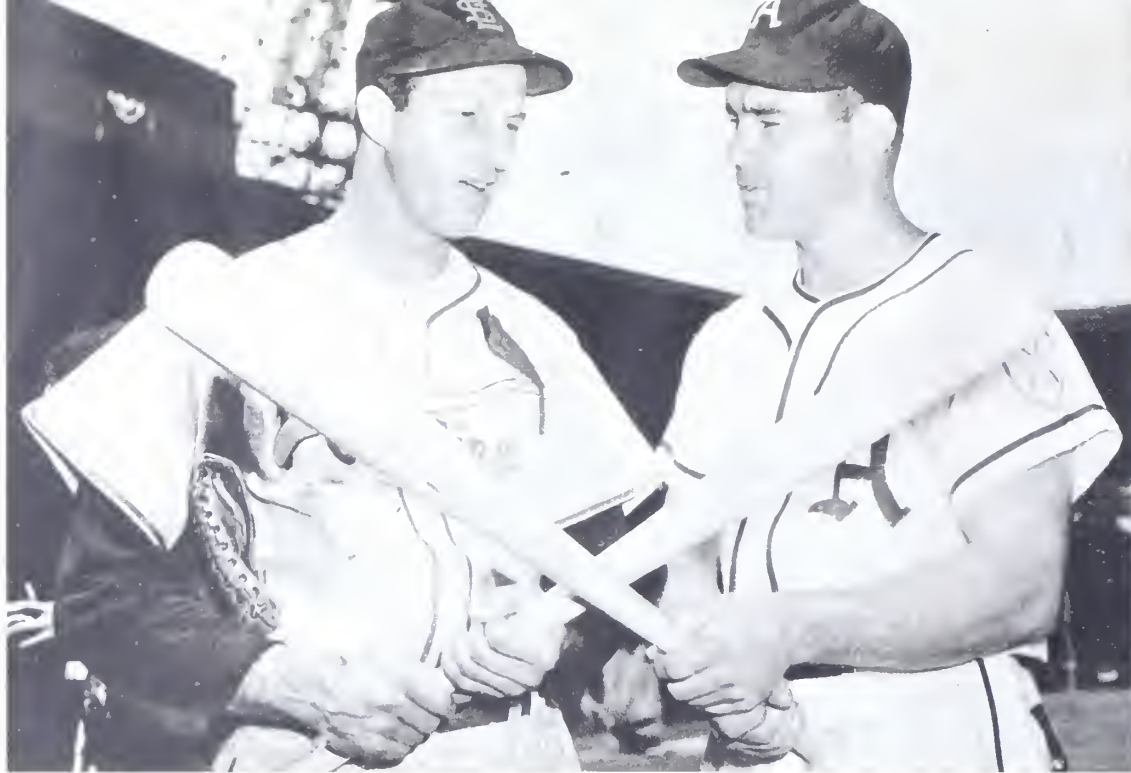
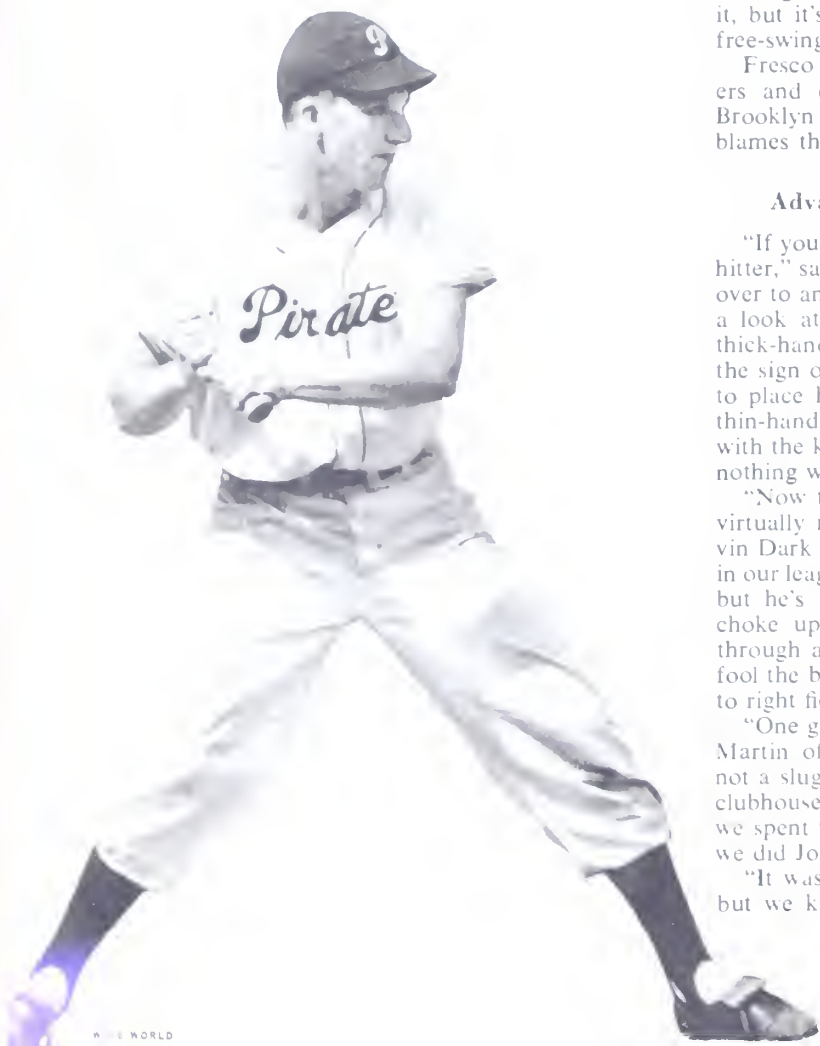


Yankee slugger Yogi Berra says his batting average dropped 20 points in 1952 because he hurt his finger during spring practice

Lefty "We used to call it a 'sailer.' It breaks only horizontally, whereas the real curve ball breaks both horizontally and vertically. What would these guys who holler about sliders have to say if they had to hit against Carl Hubbell's screwball? Or Burleigh Grimes's spitball? They don't know how well off they are.

"The main fault is with the batters. They won't experiment. They don't look for holes in the infield to hit the ball through. They don't try the hit-and-run to pull the fielders out of position. They don't try to hit behind the runner. Ferris Fain, who played for me at San Francisco, is an excep-

Ralph Kiner batted only .244 in 1952, but he was highest-paid player of the season. The reason: he hit home runs



Batting champions of 1952: Stan Musial of the National League (left) and Ferris Fain of the American League (right). Musial says better pitching is gradually reducing the number of .300 hitters. Fain believes night games also are cutting down the averages

tion. He'll slap at a ball in an effort to push it through a gap for a base hit. And he's led the American League for the last two years."

One of O'Doul's most successful pupils, Dom DiMaggio of the Red Sox, thinks his old boss may underrate the effectiveness of the slider. "When Ted Williams went into service shortly after the season opened," Dom recalls, "I told some of the fellows on our club that with Ted and my brother Joe gone, there wouldn't be ten regulars in the American League who would hit .300. And the slider is the big reason.

"The slider has now become standard equipment with nearly every pitcher. They all have it in their repertoire and it makes their fast ball and their curve just that much more effective. It's faster than a curve and not as fast as a fast ball, but it has spin on it.

"That slight deviation is the difference between hitting the ball solidly and popping it into the air or beating it into the ground. A slap-hitter can meet it, but it's a tough pitch to pull and it's hard on free-swinging hitters."

Fresco Thompson, vice-president of the Dodgers and onetime teammate of O'Doul both in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, sides with Lefty and blames the batters themselves.

Advantages of a Thick-Handled Bat

"If you want to know what's become of the .300 hitter," says Thompson, "all you have to do is walk over to any bat rack in the major leagues and take a look at the lumber. You don't see any more thick-handled bats. And the thick-handled bat was the sign of the scientific hitter, the guy who liked to place his hits. Most of the batters now have thin-handled bats, which they hold right at the end with the knob of the bat in their palms. It's all or nothing with them. And too often, it's nothing.

"Now that Eddie Stanky of the Cardinals has virtually retired to concentrate on managing, Alvin Dark of the Giants is the only bat-manipulator in our league. He hasn't got the power of a Musial, but he's tough with men on base because he'll choke up on the bat and try to push the ball through a hole. Pee Wee Reese of our club will fool the boys once in a while by punching the ball to right field.

"One guy who is smart around the plate is Billy Martin of the Yankees. Like Phil Rizzuto, he's not a slugger, but they both can be tough. In our clubhouse meeting before the last World Series we spent twice as much time discussing Martin as we did Johnny Mize.

"It wasn't that we didn't respect Mize's punch, but we knew Johnny had a definite weakness, a

spot in which he could be pitched to. With Martin it was different. Our scouting reports on Billy showed that sometimes he hit outside pitches, sometimes low ones, sometimes inside and sometimes high. He didn't bat for any set style the way Mize did."

Casey Stengel, Yankee manager now aiming for his fifth straight world's championship, agrees that Martin is "a clever kid, a cutie-pie up at that dish."

"As Fresco says," explains Casey, "you can't dope out any direct formula for pitching to Billy because he changes up on you at the plate, too. He thinks with the pitcher. It strikes me, however, that if the Dodgers knew that Mize had such a definite weakness, they should have figured out some way to keep him from hitting those three home runs and batting .400 against them in the World Series."

Roy Campanella, the great Dodger catcher, has still another explanation for his own batting slump last season. His average dipped from .325 in 1951 to .269 and his home runs dropped off from 33 to 22.

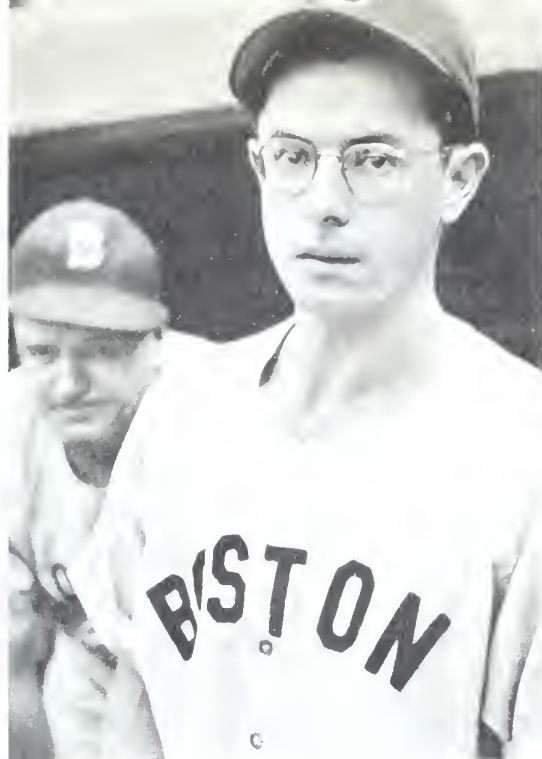
"It was the hottest summer I ever experienced and I've played a lot of baseball in Latin America," Roy says. "The heat just got the batters down and made it a pitchers' year. Even though there weren't many pitchers who won 20 games, there were a lot of guys who won from a dozen upward—guys who didn't win 10 in previous seasons."

A more dismal view of the decline of the .300 hitter is taken by Wilfred (Rosy) Ryan, former big-league pitcher and now successful operator of the Giants' American Association farm at Minneapolis. He believes the source of talent is drying up.

"Fewer and fewer good young ballplayers have shown up since 1940," says Ryan. "A lot of kids who would be learning their trade in the minors have been in military service. I know it is far more important for the country's welfare to have soldiers than ballplayers, but we have been losing our players right at the source. It wasn't only the draft; there were economic reasons, too. A kid who couldn't serve in the Army could make as much money in a week in a defense plant as he could in a month in the minors.

"This loss of talent at the source took the pressure off those who were in baseball, particularly in the majors. The player no longer had to fight for his job because some younger and hungrier kid was on his heels. This relaxation was especially true of most of the bonus kids, who had their payments spread out over a three-year period. The money in the bank meant the kid had enough dough to take it easy, and the major-league club had too great an investment in him to drop him."

Collier's for February 7, 1953



Dom DiMaggio, Red Sox slugger and brother of famed Joe, says slider is the principal reason why batting averages are on decline



Roy Campanella, Dodger catcher, believes extreme heat was responsible for the dip in his batting average during '52 season



Bobby Shantz, who won 24 games in 1952, was surprised by drop in the averages. He thought batters were as good as ever

Ryan, the first National League pitcher ever to hit a home run in a World Series (1924), recalled his own days with the Giants under John McGraw.

"In my day," he says, "the custom in batting practice was to serve the hitter three fast ones and two curves. Now if you throw a batter a curve in batting practice, he'll throw down his bat and indignantly accuse you of trying to show him up. The hitter of today can't hit breaking stuff—curves, sliders, knucklers—because he won't practice against it."

Not Eager to Correct Their Faults

If old-time batters had a weakness, Ryan continued, they would work on it until either they had eliminated it or had devised a defense against it. "Now the players are too well-satisfied with themselves to concentrate on removing flaws from their batting style," he says. "Their attitude is, 'They need me. My job is safe.' And the worst of it is, they're right most of the time. We just haven't got the talent to replace them."

Ferris Fain, the American League batting champion, believes the increasing number of night games also has served to cut down batting averages. "Night ball makes it tough on the hitters," says the Athletics' star batsman. "There isn't any question about that. And those two-night double-headers that so many clubs have fallen into the habit of playing now are even worse. No matter how good the lights are, I don't think you can follow the ball as well as you can in daylight."

Steve O'Neill, who did such a tremendous resuscitation job with the Philadelphia Phillies when he took them over in mid-fifty-two, also blames night baseball.

"I don't mean that the lights have too serious an effect on the players' eyes," Steve explains. "It does shorten their careers, but the lights are improving all the time and the net effect is probably no worse than going to the movies or looking at television every night. But the night games—and there are more and more of them every season—cut into the time a player gets in batting practice. The player not only doesn't get as much batting practice as he should, but he doesn't get it at the right time. To start the games at eight or eight thirty, the visiting player has to take his batting practice during twilight."

O'Neill says that when he was with Tris Speaker's championship Cleveland Indians in 1920, the squad used to turn out for batting practice at 10:00 A.M. while at home. And games then didn't start until three or three thirty, which meant that the players practiced before and after lunch. Steve was quick to admit, however, that batting practice

wouldn't help a player much if he used it merely as a test of strength instead of an opportunity to correct his faults.

"I used to shudder at what I saw when I was with the Red Sox," says O'Neill. "I'd watch my players go up to the plate one after the other and pull for that short fence at Fenway Park. That was in practice, mind you, when they were supposed to be trying to improve themselves. All they wanted was to hear the customers oohing and ahing over the long drives they belted, most of which went foul because they were trying to pull every pitch. We'd use up more baseballs in one day's batting practice at Fenway than we'd use in an entire World Series when I was playing."

O'Neill insists his ace slugger at Boston, Ted Williams, was an exception, however. "Ted didn't bunt the ball, or drag or try to hit to the opposite field," says Steve. "Instead he concentrated on his hitting. He would ask me to have left-handers pitch against him when he wasn't going well against southpaws, and there wouldn't be all this business of feeding him only fast balls, either. Williams would insist that the catcher signal for every pitch, not let him know in advance what was coming, and behave just as though it were a regular game."

Bobby Shantz, who won 24 games for the Athletics and was named the most valuable player in the American League, maintains that he hasn't noticed any marked decline in the .300 hitters. He feels there are just as many difficulties for the pitchers as ever. He did make an interesting observation regarding the free-swinging and the bat-manipulator, however.

"You can change up on the swingers," says the tiny southpaw. "Throw them a slow one and it knocks off their timing. But you can't slow up on a guy like Bobby Avila, for example. He can shorten up his grip and punch the ball through the infield."

The most unusual explanation for the dearth of .300 hitters comes from Lefty Gomez, the gay *caballero* who pitched so brilliantly for the Yankees in the thirties and is now a salesman for a sporting-goods firm.

"I don't see what all the fuss is about," says Lefty. "I can tell you what happened to the .300 hitters, at least in the American League. In 1952, there were eight regulars who batted .300 in the league. Back in 1937, when I was pitching, there were 27 regulars who hit over .300. They just disappeared when I stopped pitching."

The figures are correct, but the modest Mr. Gomez failed to mention that in 1937 he won 21 games despite the greater number of .300 hitters then.



Gil Hodges, Brooklyn home-run champ, blames better pitching and fielding for the decline in big-league batting averages

My Schoolmate Geminder—

RISE AND FALL OF A

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

Two boys grew up in the same Czech town. One grew from a moody child to a top Red leader to a convicted Red traitor. The other tells, now, of what happened in the years between



The author, a noted freelance journalist, writes as a lifelong acquaintance of the executed Communist leader, Bedrich Geminder. Covering the European scene over the last eight years, he was familiar with events leading up to the recent Czechoslovak purge. Wechsberg first arrived in the United States in 1938, is now a citizen and, when he is not reporting from abroad, lives in Hollywood

PRAGUE, Nov. 20, 1952—Fourteen former top leaders of the Czechoslovak Communist party went on trial today in the greatest Red purge since the Moscow trials of 1936. Second among those indicted was Bedrich Geminder, long-time mystery man of the Czech Communist party, and often regarded as the behind-the-scenes ruler. He was accused of high treason, espionage, sabotage, military treason, Trotskyism, Titoism, Zionism, Jewish bourgeois nationalism.

I have known Bedrich Geminder since the first World War when we were boys in my home town of Moravská Ostrava, in Czechoslovakia. The city then wasn't the large, coal-mining and industrial center it is today, people knew one another as in any middle-sized town. Everybody knew the Geminder boys. Sigi, the younger one, shared my love for music—I played the violin—and often accompanied me on the piano. Fritz, as he was called then (Bedrich is Czech for Frederick), was a soccer player. Perhaps this difference in interests has colored my relationship to the brothers; I used to play music with Sigi, but on the field I would often play soccer against Fritz.

Twice a week, after supper, I would gather my fiddle and a folding stand and walk over to the apartment, near Nádrazní Trida, where the Geminders lived. The boys' mother had died some years back and their place curiously lacked a warm, homely touch. There were Persian rugs, ornate curtains, embroidered tablecloths; on the mahogany buffet stood china figurines, typical paraphernalia of local middle-class elegance; but there were no flowers in the vases and always dust covers on the armchairs. The cooking and cleaning were done by a gruff, elderly housekeeper.

The Geminders were reasonably well off. Father Geminder, a small, bald-headed, kindly man, owned a wholesale grocery business. He would spend his evenings at the Café Royal playing whist with other prosperous businessmen, had a subscription seat at the local theater, and every summer went for a month to Karlovy Vary (Karlsbad) to take the cure. He was proud of his boys and hoped they would go far.

The brothers were quite different. Sigi was blond, tall and friendly, wearing neat clothes and horn-rimmed glasses, everybody liked him. Fritz, the older one—he was born on November 19, 1901

—was dark, stooped, an introvert. His uncombed hair always fell into his forehead which gave him the air of a thinker. He professed disdain for the amenities of social life; his pants were always unpressed. Even in subzero weather he would walk bareheaded through the streets, his body slightly hunched forward, hands in his pockets, a book under his elbow. He rarely bothered to acknowledge other people's greetings. Some boys said he was a bore; others thought he was an interesting eccentric. No one in our group really liked him. He had a supercilious air that made us feel he knew more than the rest of us; and he probably did.

In the cramped Geminder living room, I would put up my folding stand next to the Bechstein piano, and Sigi and I would launch into the sonatas by Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms. Around ten o'clock, the door would be opened and Fritz would come in. He would slump down in a chair, still in his topcoat. Sigi secretly admired his older brother and wanted to impress him. He would slip me the Finale from Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, which we considered our *pièce de résistance*.

For a while, Fritz would listen in gloomy silence. Then he would get up, in the middle of the piece, and go to his room. We stopped playing. Sigi looked crestfallen. "He didn't like it," I would say. "What's he doing in there?"

"Reading," Sigi said. "He's always reading. Father is angry because the light bill goes up. He reads everything: War and Peace, Dostoevski, Kafka, Rilke, Sigmund Freud, Marx."

"Does he understand those books?" I asked, somewhat awed. I was reading Goethe's Faust (only the first part), and A Midsummer Night's Dream.

"Fritz understands everything," Sigi would say, wistfully. Many of my schoolmates agreed with him. Fritz Geminder was a few years older than the rest of us, but owing to a peculiar school setup and the shortage of space, there were courses in French, Czech, drawing and advanced German literature which we took together. The teachers disliked Fritz but had to give him good marks. He liked to start arguments and would debate his point with brilliant dialectics that delighted us and confused the pompous, unpopular teachers. On such occasions, we almost came to like him.

Preferred Scout Work to Dancing

Many of us spent our evenings at Mr. Exner's Dancing School, learning the shimmy and suave manners, and flirting with the pretty girls from the local Lyceum, but Fritz had no time for fun. He was deeply interested in the Blau-Weiss (Blue-White), a Zionist Boy Scout group devoted to hiking and the study of Jewish history and Zionism. He was greatly admired by the younger boys and was elected *Oberführer* (main leader), a position carrying considerable prestige in our circles. He lectured on Socialism and on the writings of T. G. Masaryk, the first President of Czechoslovakia. Everybody agreed that he was going to go far.

PRAGUE, Nov. 23, 1952—Bedrich Geminder, accused in court of plotting to overthrow the regime of President Gottwald, and to deliver the country to "Western capitalism," today admitted his early membership in the Blau-Weiss as proof

of his "cosmopolitan Zionist heritage and of his bondage with the West."

One night, while Sigi and I were playing sonatas, Father Geminder came home. He listened for a while and sighed. "I wish Fritz were like the two of you," he said. He went into Fritz's room and came back with a few books. Among them were, I remember, some books by Lenin and by Rosa Luxemburg, the German Communist leader.

"What kind of reading is that?" the old man said. "When I was his age, I used to go with girls and have fun. That boy has never any fun."

"Fritz is serious, Father," Sigi would say. "He's worried about the world."

"Too much for his own good," said the old man. As it turned out, it was a prophetic statement.

Romance with a Banker's Daughter

A few months later, Fritz Geminder did go with a girl. Edith, the daughter of a local bank manager, was a vivacious, pretty brunette, a fine skier and ice skater. For a while, Fritz would be seen with her everywhere, at the confectionery, the Kosmos Cinema, on the "corso." It gave me a jolt to see Fritz carry the girl's skates when he accompanied her to the ice rink. I'd done it many times but you just didn't expect Fritz Geminder, the serious thinker, to carry a girl's skates. He didn't skate. He would stand there, watching her, and he would blush when Edith smiled at him.

And then, everything was over, as suddenly as it had started, and Edith fell in love with Paul, the outside-left on our first-string soccer team, and an accomplished shimmy dancer. Fritz dropped out and went back to his books, reading, brooding, looking more hunched than ever. When I came back from a vacation, Sigi told me that Fritz had gone to Berlin to continue his studies.

During the next few years, I saw Fritz occasionally in Prague, where I studied at the university and graduated from law school. He was always surrounded by groups of younger boys, quite a few of them coming from wealthy families, with unkempt hair and revolutionary leanings. Most of us studied French and English, but Fritz Geminder and his crowd studied Russian so they could read the writings of Lenin in the original. He had become a member of the Czechoslovak Communist party back in 1921, one of its earliest members, read only *Rude Pravo*, the party paper, and despised the "bourgeois" *Prager Tageblatt*, for which I wrote and which his father and brother read daily. It was useless to get into political arguments with him; he was already trained to win every argument, by sophistry, distortion and dialectics. Once, in exasperation, I asked him why he, a non-proletarian, was a Communist.

"Because I believe in the Communist philosophy," he said.

In 1933 he went to Moscow. He had been selected to study at the Lenin School, where outstanding members of the Communist International were being trained. When I went back to Ostrava to visit my mother, I would still play music with Sigi, who was doing all right as a dentist, but we never talked about Fritz any more. Fritz had become something of a black sheep.

My wife and I came to the United States late in

COMMUNIST LEADER

1938. During the second World War, I served in the American Army. I returned to Prague two days after V Day, the first American soldier to get there during the revolution. The people of Prague had risen against the German oppressors. For a few days it was touch and go, until the liberators—Marshal Ivan S. Konev's army—appeared in Prague. History in postwar Europe might have been rewritten, if Prague had been liberated by the United States Third Army which was only 40 miles away, near Pilsen, but had orders to stay there.

There was much elation in Prague. The war was won and we were all brothers, happily mixing ideologies, vodka and whisky. Everywhere, I saw pictures of Roosevelt, Stalin, Churchill and Benes.

Two years later, when I returned to Prague, the city seemed changed. In the national election of 1946, the Communists had polled 38 per cent of the popular vote, emerging as the strongest party and winning 114 out of 300 seats in the Parliament. Benes was still President and Jan Masaryk his Foreign Minister, but most pictures I saw were of Joseph Stalin and Klement Gottwald, the new Prime Minister. Many large enterprises were being nationalized. There was no doubt which way things were going.

The former stock exchange had been transformed into Parliament, and the former Parliament at the Rudolfinum was now used as a concert hall. The buildings of what had once been the large banks had been taken over as headquarters by the big political parties. The largest building, a modernistic structure of the Czech Eskompte Bank, on Prikopy, was now headquarters of the Communist party; almost overnight the citadel of capitalism had become the citadel of Communism. There were red banners, pictures of Soviet leaders, a large book store with Communist literature, and large Tatra automobiles, symbols of power, since they were allotted only to top leaders.

Return of a Czech Brigade Veteran

A few days later I met Paul, the former outside-left. He had fought in a Czech brigade attached to the British Middle East Army and had returned a few months ago. Like many other returnees, he had trouble getting his property back from the National Council. "I fought with the Western armies, which is the wrong side nowadays," he said bitterly. "It would be a different story, if I'd been with the Red Army, like Fritz Geminder."

"Is he back in Prague?"

Paul gave me a where-have-you-been look. "He's been here since '46. His office is next to that of Rudolf Slansky, the secretary-general of the Communist party. Geminder is invisible. And terribly powerful."

"Did you ask him for help?" I said.

Paul looked at me, with faint irony. I felt awkward. I suddenly realized that I didn't understand the people here any more.

"Fritz Geminder won't remember me," Paul said. "I wonder whether he still remembers his father and his brother. Sigi and his wife managed to get out in time. Sigi is now a dentist in Santiago de Chile." Paul looked over his shoulder to make sure we were not overheard and said, in a whisper, "They say that Gottwald takes orders from Fritz Geminder. You know how they call him at party headquarters? The Gray Eminence."

I was dumfounded. You just didn't think of one of the Geminder boys as the country's Gray Eminence. This was a job for a tough, cold-blooded man, and somehow I'd always thought of Fritz as an ineffective dreamer. But gradually the story began to emerge—a preposterous story.

After graduating from Lenin School in Moscow, Geminder had been transferred to the Communist

International (Comintern), the most important instrument of world-wide Communist expansion. During the second World War, when the Comintern was formally dissolved to appease the Western Allies, its machinery was incorporated in the International Section of the Secretariat of the All-Union Communist (Bolshevik) party. While working for the Comintern, Geminder used the pseudonym "Bedrich Vltavsky." During the Battle of Stalingrad, he is said to have distinguished himself as leader of a parachutist youth brigade and was decorated for bravery. In Moscow, he attracted the attention of Georgi Malenkov, now generally considered Stalin's successor, and closer to the boss than any other Politburo members. Malenkov, a master organizer, knew a talented fellow when he saw one. Geminder was secretly trained to become the Kremlin's watchdog in Prague.

His position in the Czechoslovak Communist party was anomalous and it bewildered old party regulars. He was a member of neither the party's Central Committee nor of the elected Party Presidium, but he took part in the top-secret meetings of both the Central Committee and the Presidium, and during the party's general sessions sat on the platform among the mighty ones.

"Of all the party leaders," an editor of *Rude Pravo*, the official newspaper of the Czechoslovak Communist party told me, "only Geminder and

Gottwald have direct access to the Kremlin. Gottwald is the front man. But Geminder runs the show. We have orders not to print his picture in our paper."

When the nine-nation Communist Information Bureau (Cominform) was revived in 1947, Geminder became its master architect and Czechoslovakia's top delegate. (Other delegates were Rudolf Slansky, Ladislav Kopriva, St. Bastovansky.) Geminder was editor in chief of the Cominform Journal, "For a Lasting Peace—For the People's Democracy," printed in Bucharest.

A Plea for the Overthrow of Tito

On November 29, 1949, he coauthored the Cominform's call for the overthrow of Tito and urged non-Communists to get behind the Communist "peace offensive," regardless of their political and religious affiliations. And although Geminder was arrested as early as September, 1951, his name disappeared from the Cominform Weekly only in January, 1952.

The Kremlin's choice of Geminder was typically realistic. Gottwald had always been a Czech first and a Communist second; an ex-carpenter and proletarian he was, and still is, popular with the masses, and has the potential makings of a Tito.

Geminder, on the other hand, was Jewish,



In 1948, Wechsberg visited Geminder, then a powerful figure in Prague, to ask a favor for a friend. "The party," Geminder said, "can't be bothered with problems of the individual"

What was Geminder's crime? Was he a traitor? A saboteur? Or just a scapegoat?

German-educated, an alien, of middle-class background, widely hated inside and outside the party. Anti-Semitism not much of a problem during the Masaryk and Benes regimes, had been successfully fomented during the Nazi occupation and has been lingering on in Czechoslovakia ever since. Unlike Gottwald, the national, Czech-trained Communist, Geminder was the typical Moscow-trained internationalist, a man without homeland, allegiance, loyalties.

His wife, Herta Falcone, was the former secretary of Dolores Ibarruri, "La Pasionaria," Spain's Marxist-Fundus Communist fighter. The Geminders lived at Petřín No. 4, in the pleasant upper-middle class district of Praha-Bubeneč.

Geminder at the Height of His Power

Officially, Geminder was "Chief of the International Section of the Secretariat of the Central Committee of the Czechoslovak Communist party." Actually, he made sure that the policies of the Czechoslovak Communist party were tied in with Moscow's interests, he bossed foreign policy, supervised all appointments in the Foreign Affairs Ministry and the Ministry for Foreign Trade, watched Rudolf Slansky, who ran the vast party machinery. At one time, 2,500,000 of Czechoslovak's 12,500,000 inhabitants, one out of every five, were members of the Communist party. Geminder and Slansky, originally close friends, later on became hostile to each other. And Gottwald was afraid of Geminder, who read the president's confidential correspondence with all foreign countries.

PRAGUE, Nov. 22d—Asked by the chairman of the Prague State Court, Geminder said, "I have never in my life been a true Communist."

I went to see Geminder one morning early in 1948, shortly before the Communist Putsch in Czechoslovakia. Paul, still trying to get his property back, had asked me to intervene on his behalf. Geminder hadn't answered his letters.

I have since been in similar party headquarters, in Budapest, Warsaw, East Berlin, Leipzig, but that morning at Communist headquarters on Prikopy was a new and frightening experience for me. The posters on the wall, the dreary corridors, the broken window panes, the sullen men wearing two-day beards and unpressed suits who were watching

me suspiciously. (If you shaved every day and wore pressed clothes, you might be called a reactionary.) I was taken into a large, bare waiting room on the second floor. People were sitting in tense silence. After a while, a man took me to a smaller waiting room, which was furnished with rugs and comfortable chairs.

"Soudruh (Comrade) Geminder will see you in a moment," he said.

Then I knew the stories about Geminder must be true. Among the half-dozen people waiting to see Comrade Geminder were Alexej Cepicka, then Minister of Justice and the son-in-law of President Gottwald and today Defense Minister and perhaps the most powerful man in Czechoslovakia; and Antonin Zapotocky, head of URO, the central trade-union organization, and today Prime Minister.

Geminder worked in a large, comfortable office. I remember many books, three telephones, pictures of Stalin and Gottwald. He greeted me, unsmiling, speaking Czech. (No one in Prague dared speak German in those days; German had been the language of the oppressors.)

He wore a dark shirt, no tie and no party badge in his lapel; he didn't have to. His hair still fell into his forehead, but he wasn't hunched forward any more.

Our talk was short and chilling. He asked me where I'd been during the war, and when I said, "In the American Army," he nodded, sardonically, as if this was just what he'd expected. He skillfully parried my questions. Yes, he'd been "away" for many years. Now he was doing a job, "like everybody else, like the miners and workers and peasants in our country."

I asked him whether he had gone back to our home town.

"I go there frequently," he said. "We're going to make Ostrava the Czechoslovak Magnitogorsk, a miners' and workers' paradise, the industrial heart of our country."

I said, "I met Edith last year. She's married, lives in Australia, and has two kids."

He looked blank. "Edith?"

"But surely you remember the pretty daughter of the bank manager who—"

"You must be mistaken." His voice was cold and razor sharp. "I don't remember."

I'm sure he didn't. Paul had been right: Geminder had forgotten his family, his bourgeois past, his ties with a world which was no longer his world. Memories and sentiments were useless ballast, to be tossed overboard.

I asked him to consider Paul's restitution case. After all, Paul had done his share for the liberation of Czechoslovakia.

He said, in an impersonal voice, as though he were addressing a meeting, "The party can't be bothered with problems of the individual. The individual steps aside when the interest of the collective is concerned. In the end, there is justice for everybody."

"But—"

"I don't expect you to agree with me," he said. For a moment I saw the abyss in his eyes. The thought crossed my mind that it was utterly hopeless to ask this man for anything. Then the phone rang. I left and was escorted out of the building.

In June, 1950, General Heliodor Pika, former Deputy Chief of Staff of the Czechoslovak army, was executed in Prague's Pankrac Prison for "high treason." Gottwald wanted to commute the sentence but Geminder ruled that Pika must die.

The First Indications of Downfall

Fourteen months later, a speaker at the Czechoslovak Youth Organization conference in Prague referred to Geminder as a "traitor." It was the first news of his downfall. On September 7, 1951, it was reported that Rudolf Slansky had been removed as the Communist party's secretary-general, in a "party shake-up." Because of insufficient coal production in the Ostrava region, Czechoslovakia had failed to deliver its quotas of machinery and electrical goods to the Soviet Union. Scapegoats were needed.

PRAGUE, Aug. 19th—Bedrich Geminder, once considered the Kremlin's chief spokesman in Prague, was today denounced as a leader in a plot against the Gottwald regime. Geminder, who disappeared last September, was accused of aiding Rudolf Slansky.

During the trial, the Prague radio every evening broadcast a commentary, interspersed with playbacks of tape recordings from the courtroom, where no Western observer or correspondent was admitted. And thus in Vienna, 125 miles away, you could hear the voice of sixteen-year-old Thomas Frejka demanding the death sentence for his father, the author of Czechoslovakia's five-year plan. You could hear of a letter written by the wife of one of the accused, ex-Deputy Foreign Minister Arthur London, asking the court, on behalf of her and her children, for a "just verdict" against her husband. And you could hear, for the last time, the monotonous voice of Bedrich Geminder, a dead voice already, making abject confessions and asking for "severe" punishment. When he was asked by the chairman of the court whether he wanted to appeal the death sentence, he renounced his right to appeal.

Why the big show trial? To give Gottwald in Prague, Matyas Rakosi in Budapest, Jakub Berman in Warsaw, Ana Pauker in Bucharest, Gerhardt Eisler in East Berlin and other satellite Communists a foretaste of what might be in store for them? To win friends among the Arabs and influence the Hitler-conditioned inhabitants of Soviet Germany? To punish a few scapegoats? Maybe the world will know one day, and maybe it never will, as in the case of the Moscow trials.

PRAGUE, Dec. 3d—The Prague radio announced at noon that 11 former Communist leaders, sentenced to die on the gallows after a seven-day trial by the state court, were executed a few hours earlier. The place of the execution was not announced. It was generally assumed that the men were hanged inside the Pankrac Prison. Among them was Bedrich Geminder, once the most powerful man in his country. ▲▲▲

Collier's for February 7, 1953

In one of the rare pictures taken of Geminder (second from left), he attended a May, 1947, meeting in office of Klement Gottwald (far left), then Czech premier, and other party leaders

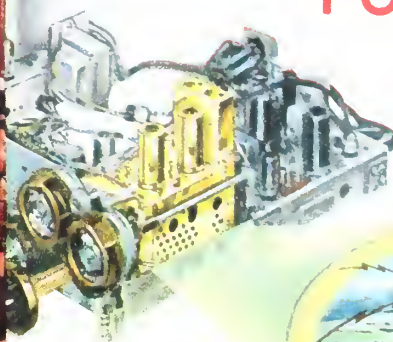


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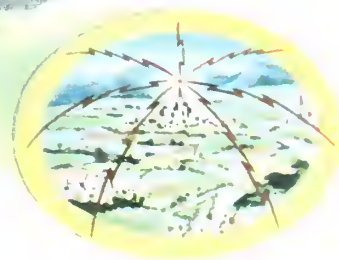


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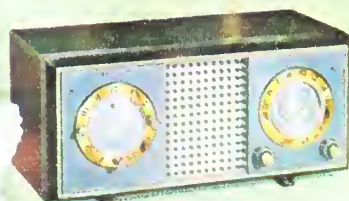
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Just One of the BOYS

By **HARRIET FRANK, JR.**

That Milty. A regular dictator. Just because he hates women, I'm supposed to feel the same way. Does he want me to stay a kid all of my life?

WE WERE playing in the sand lot out in back of school. The light was getting lousy, and I started missing the easy pop-ups. I hollered to Milty, "'At's enough! They're dropping all over the place!"

"One more." Milty was swinging his bat all over the place, like he was going to rock it and sock it. He has runty shoulders. He looks smaller than the bat when he gets sweated up about hitting 'em.

George was pitching. I could see he was about fed up with Milty smacking everything he had, and sure enough, George turned and waved me in. I would've let Milty take one more cut but George gets snotty when he's had enough, and we were playing with his equipment.

Milty rested on the bat and watched me. I pumped my arms like I was a track star or something and sprinted up to them. Right away George asked for the bat and ball. He always carries them. He *owns* them and he lets you know it for sure.

"Listen, it's early. Why don't we knock around a few more?" Milty said.

"No. I'm going home," George said. He reached out his hand for the bat.

"It's pretty late," I said.

"You guys are crumbs," Milty said. "We were supposed to work out today. I didn't even go to my piano lesson on account of working out. Wait'll my mother gets a load of that."

"Nobody asked you to not go to your piano lesson," said George. "Gimme the bat, will you?"

Milty slammed it into his gut. George frowned, but you could hit that guy with a sledge hammer, and he wouldn't feel it. He's insensitive to pounding. He just went off without saying anything, and Milty and I started for home.

I like walking home with Milty. I even like going the same way every day so you always know where you're at. I could do it blindfold. The Insurance Agency, the Malt Shop, the bench right at the old bus stop. Generally if we go home at the regular time we meet a lot of guys there. Guys we know from school. We go around in packs. I guess I know about seven other guys as well as I know



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Milty There's Jackson, Schmidt, Taylor, Quartz, Whitefall, Miller, Kendall (that's Milty) and me—Ben Seller. That makes eight if you count me. I don't know why we always are hanging around together but wherever we go, we really take over. For instance when we move into the Malt Shop we take up the whole place. Nobody else can get in. When we go to the Palace to see a show we get a whole row to ourselves. We don't give ourselves any names, like some jerky guys. We don't call ourselves the Panthers or the Tigers or the Malt Jokers or anything stupid like that, but we're together most of the time.

I S I the most of Milty. That's because he lives in the upper part of the duplex where I live. When a guy lives that close, you're going to spend a little time with him. That suits me all right, because I don't like to hang around by myself much. I don't like to stay home either if it comes right down to that.

My mother and father are okay, but they're not so young. My mother had me when she was about thirty-five, and I guess I was kind of a surprise to her and to my old man, too. He's older than my mother even. He's a tax man, and he has an office in the back of our apartment. He keeps hours in there like it was a regular job, and when he comes out to eat supper he's pretty beat. He doesn't do much but sit around and look at the television.

They're not rough on me or anything like that. I can stay out as late as I want to and I don't have to say where I've been. Milty's mother really lights into him if he's late, but my mother just looks up to make sure it's me and that's all that happens. She doesn't talk much. She does a lot of sewing, embroidery or something. We've got clothes and stuff all over the house which she made. She likes things sort of frilly. She always looks surprised when she comes into my room, like she didn't know how it happened that she ever had a boy. I don't think she knows what to say to me half the time; the truth is we don't know each other too well. I guess that's one of the reasons I like hanging around with the fellows. It's almost like having brothers.

But Milty says that's not so great either. He's got two brothers: one is a lot younger than he is, and the other one's twenty-three. He says Bill, that's the older one, gives him a hard time. Milty hates women. He says before Bill started chasing around with girls he was a swell brother, but the minute he was going steady he turned into a crumb. Also he fights with Milty's mother, because sometimes he doesn't come home at night and Milty's mother cries and says what kind of an example is it for Milty? Once Bill said, "To hell with Milty," and Milty heard it. For a couple of days he acted kind of funny. He wouldn't talk to me or to any of the fellows. Finally I had to take him out in the garage and put it to him. I told him either we were buddies or we weren't, but I was getting plenty sick of his going around like a kicked dog, and what was the matter?

His face got all wrinkled up, and for a minute there I thought he was going to bust out crying, but he just said he hoped Bill would turn blue, and his women with him.

At the time it didn't matter to me how Milty felt about women because I didn't care much for them myself. For one thing, I didn't know any. You certainly couldn't call the girls in school women. I can't stand them. All they do is stand around and laugh a lot or

read movie magazines at lunch hour, or else they walk back and forth out by the sand lot with their noses stuck up in the air when we're working out.

I didn't even think about women until a couple of weeks ago. Most nights we eat supper around six o'clock because my folks like to get it over with and watch the television. We eat our meals in just about fifteen minutes because we don't do much talking. Sometimes my father'll ask me how school is or something like that, but usually he just eats. Mom is pretty much that way herself. She just picks around at her food. I don't know why, because she's a pretty good cook. She doesn't like to eat, I guess. Anyway, afterward I'm supposed to dry the dishes, but Mom lets me off most of the time because Milty usually comes down the back stairs from his apartment and hollers out for me. On school nights we don't go to the show or anything like that because most of the fellows have to stay in. Quartz and Miller and Schmidt aren't doing so hot in their schoolwork, and the rest of the guys have pretty strict parents, so it's usually only Milty and me. There's this back yard we've got that we share with Milty's family. It's not so hot to look at, but there's a little piece of grass, and Mom put out two canvas chairs there last summer. Well, this one night Milty comes down and hollers out for me, and Mom says go ahead, so I went outside. Milty was already sitting in one of the chairs. I went out and sat down in the other one and asked him what's new. That was crazy because I'd only walked home with him that afternoon, but I always say what's new.

"Bill's getting married," he said. "Boy, is she a dog." He looked very red in the face like he was plenty sore. "Women are poison."

I could see he was getting all steamed up about it, so I started talking about the Brooklyn Dodgers.

"I don't want to talk about the Dodgers, Ben," he said.

"Listen," I said, "I think your trouble's psychology. You know, maybe you're jealous on account of you being buddies with Bill and everything."

Milty made a move like he was running a knife across his throat. He always did that when he wanted to show he was fed up with something.

"You can't go axing your own brother," I said.

"You saw me just now, didn't you? He's axed."

"Listen," I said, "Milty, maybe you got this thing figured out wrong."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"What's so terrible about girls?" I said. "I mean basically?"

"I hate 'em."

"I'm not so hot for 'em myself," I said, "but I can stand 'em. You can't even stand 'em."

"That's right."

"Pretty soon," I said, looking him right in the eye, "you're not going to be a kid any more. Then what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to join the Marines."

"Marines go out with girls. Plenty of 'em."

"Then I'll join the Air Corps."

It wasn't working so hot. "Between the two of us," I said kind of slowly, "don't you ever . . . think about 'em . . . or anything?"

"What's there to think about?"

"You know," I said.

"I'm going upstairs," he said.

"Well, don't get sore."

He got up and looked at me like I had crawled out from under a rock. "You and your psychology," he said.

I began to get sore. "Listen," I said, "psychology is the greatest thing ever invented. Don't knock it, see."

He didn't even answer me. He just started climbing up the back stairs to his own apartment. I let him go, too.

I'd never had a beef with Milty be-

fore. Oh, I got sore the time he left my mitt out in the rain and it got ruined, and I was sort of browned off when he let the air out of my bike tires for a gag. But it was nothing like this. He even went to school by himself. I missed him all right. Not so much at school, because the other guys were around, but after school, when I came home to our block, and he wasn't around. It was really murder. I guess that's why what happened, happened.

I came home one day, and I saw this big moving van parked across the street. This house had been for rent, but it was sort of crummy so nobody moved in. Only now it looked like somebody had taken it. I hung around in front of my apartment watching the guys move the stuff. They had muscled, I mean! They moved in a sofa and an icebox as big as a horse like they were straws or something. They were really developed! Then, all of a sudden I saw her. This girl. I guess she was around my age, but she wasn't too tall. A lot of girls are great big cows. They make a guy look like a runt. This girl was smaller than me by a head. She had on a red dress. She kept looking at me while I was watching these muscle guys. Finally one of 'em came out and gave her a piece of paper. I could see she was reading it and she didn't look too happy. A couple of times she stopped and looked at me. Then she said something to this guy, and he nodded. She started across the street right for me.

WHEN she came up close I saw she had green eyes and quite a few freckles, but she didn't look as bad as some girls. "Hello," she said.

I said hello back. I wondered what she wanted with me.

She looked sort of nervous. "I'm sorry to bother you," she said, "but . . ."

"What's the matter?"

"I'm just moving into that house," she said, "with my mother. Only she went to see about getting a telephone, and I'm supposed to pay the movers."

"Oh," I said.

She got sort of red in the face. "My mother left twenty-five dollars but the man says the bill is twenty-six fifty."

"Uh-huh."

"I haven't got the rest. He wants to be paid now."

It just so happened that I had three bucks on me from doing some errands around the neighborhood, but I wasn't so hot on shelling it out to somebody I didn't even know. I was going to tell her that I didn't have it, but she got this sort of scared look on her face. "Well, I guess I could lend it to you," I said.

"It's only till tonight. My mother will give it right back."

Like a sucker I shelled out, only first I turned away so she couldn't look in my wallet. I held it out to her.

"It's awfully nice of you, Mister—"

"Ben."

"My name's Elizabeth. Everybody calls me Beth."

"Uh-huh."

"Thanks." She took the money and ran across the street. When she got on the other side she kind of waved at me and smiled. I didn't want to stand around with egg on my face, so I went in the house.

Then I did a stupid thing. I went into our living room and looked out from behind the Venetian blinds. She was still sitting on the front porch. The movers had gone. I thought it was kind of funny. I wondered why she didn't go in the house. Maybe her mother hadn't paid the rent for that, either. I must have looked out of that



"Maybe they'll look better tonight in dinner jackets"

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

window for about an hour, but nothing much happened. I don't even know why I did it.

That night after dinner I waited around thinking maybe old Milt would come down like he always does, but he didn't show up. About eight thirty, though, this girl comes over and rings the back doorbell. I said I'd get it and went outside.

SHE had the money in her hand. "Here," she said, and gave it to me. I stuffed it into my pocket. I couldn't think of anything to say.

"You've got a nice back yard," she said. "The one over there is full of junk."

"Yeah," I said. "nobody lived there so everybody used it for a dump."

She kept on standing there. Finally she said that her mother had gone to work. I don't know why she told me.

"She's a waitress. The manager's

think of any way to top it, and I didn't know what to talk about. Usually it makes me itchy to hang around with a girl and not have anything to say, but it was sort of nice with her, kind of peaceful. Pretty soon she asked me what school did I go to. I told her

"I'll be going there too, I guess. I've always gone to school in Philadelphia up to now."

"How come you moved?"

"My mother got a good paying job here. My father's dead and she has to go to work."

I figured out from that that she couldn't have any friends yet.

"Are the girls at your school very stuck up?" she asked me.

"Plenty."

She nodded like she knew the answer before I said it. "They usually are. They warm up after they get to know you, I guess."

"Who do you hang around with?"

"Nobody. Myself."

"Oh."

"I don't mind it."

"I suppose you read a lot and stuff like that."

"No. I make things. When we get unpacked I'll show you if you like."

"Sure," I said. I didn't really want to see what she was doing. It was probably embroidery, like Mom has all over the place, but I said "sure" because I felt kind of sorry for her.

"Oh, we'll be unpacked by tomorrow. You could come over after school."

"Yeah," I said. I was just humoring her because we have sand-lot practice after school. I wasn't giving up practice to see a lot of crummy embroidery.

THE next day we were out in back of school working out. I was really in the pink. Nothing got away from me. Milt showed up looking plenty

sheepish and starting knocking 'em all over the landscape. We were really in form. The sun was out, you could see for a mile, and the fellows were hooting and yelling. We do a lot of hooting and yelling when we feel good. I was standing out in left field giving the old Confederate yell when I saw her again. She was wearing that same red dress, only now it showed up like a stop light. She was standing behind the fence watching me. Right away I missed a blooper. It went right through my glove like it had a hole in it. Schmidt was pitching. He started to razz me. I smacked my hand into my glove and told him to knock it off. I acted like I hadn't seen her, but she didn't go away. She just stood there by herself in that dress that would have made a bull go crazy. Then I did a stupid thing. I jumped for a high one. I knew I couldn't get it but I grandstanded it. Then I grabbed my arm like I had pulled it out. "Hold it!" I shouted. "I've wrecked my arm!"

I started in towards them hanging onto it and making faces like it was killing me. They all knotted up around me. Even Milt looked worried, even if he wasn't talking to me.

"I can't play with this arm," I said.

"Maybe you ought to get a doctor."

"Naw, I just pulled it out. I'll knock off for today." All the time I could see her standing there.

"Boy, that's rough."

"It'll be okay," I said. I got my



kind of cranky to the girls, but Mama says she can stand it because she's got plans. We talk about it a lot. She's going to be the hostess in a real nice tearoom, the kind that has flowers on the table all the time." She stopped and then she said, "We've never lived in a house before."

I knew what it was. She was seared. "In an apartment there are a lot of people," she went on. "You can hear the radios and everything."

"What time is she coming back?"

"Late, I guess."

I don't know why I said it. "I'll walk you over," I said.

We went across the street and up on her porch. There was a swing on it, but it was in lousy shape. She sat on it.

"Listen," I said. "Shouldn't you go inside?"

She shook her head. She was sort of shaking like she was cold.

"There's nothing in there but a few empty rooms," I said. "I'll take a look if you want me to." I could see that's exactly what she had in mind. I opened the door and went in. I walked around through the rooms. There wasn't much to see, just some furniture and some rolled-up rugs. They didn't have a lot of stuff. I came out again. "Nine o'clock," I said, "and all's well."

She laughed so hard you'd think I was Bob Hope. It wasn't such a hot joke, but it made me feel good to have somebody laugh like that. I couldn't

Collier's for February 7, 1953

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...off the fence and put it around me with one hand. "See you guys,"

I said, "Ben, boy."

I went around the back so the fellows wouldn't see me, and there she was. I felt kind of sore at her. How was I expected to work out if she was going to hang around like some dog in a kennel? I made up my mind to tell her not to follow me around. Pretty soon I realized that was just stupid. The fellow was public. I couldn't tell her not to work on it. I decided I was sore at myself for putting on that jerky act about my arm.

SHE caught up with me near the bus stop. "Did you hurt your arm?" she asked.

"No. I pull it out about every week. It's nothing, only I don't want to wreck it so I quit playing."

"Are you the captain of the team?"

"Yeah, is the captain but I figured Ben might find out." "Yeah," I said, "I'm the captain."

"I thought so."

Just like that. She thought I was the captain.

"You're settled in?" I asked, feeling pretty good.

She nodded her head. "I've got my stuff out," she said.

"That's fine."

"It's on the back yard if you'd like to look at it."

I'd already loused up the workout, and I didn't feel like just hanging around the house, so I said okay. She got into the car on the bus, but not too far because she was on the side of my school zone. It was like she was taking care of me.

Her house looked a lot better. The room was enfolded, and the chairs and table were set around.

I saw a note on the dining room table, and she said it was for her. "It's my mother," she said. "She's going to work overtime."

"Well, you're scared?"

She acted a bit. "Not any more. If anything happens I could holler off the porch and you'd hear me."

"That's right."

"Come out in back," she said.

We went out on the back porch. There was a kind of bench set out and on it were all kinds of ship models. Sloops, galleys, and outriggers and four-masted. Anything you could think of. They were really something.

"You made those?"

She nodded.

"Man, they're great." If there's anything I go for, it's boats. I'm figuring on counting the merchant marine when I get out of high school. I really get a charge out of boats.

"My father taught me," she said. "He used to build real ones. It takes a lot of time but it's not so hard." She started telling me about each one, how much stuff they carried, how much weight they shipped. She was really salty. You wouldn't even have thought she was a girl, except for that red dress.

"Will they float?"

"Sure."

"We got to find a place to launch 'em," I said. "Hey, we could go to Medford Park. They got a lake." I started moving my arms all over the place. She saw it but she didn't say anything, except that she'd like to try out the lake whenever I said.

The next day I went to school with my arm in a sling. I told the fellows that my arm was pretty bad and I'd have to take it easy for about a week.

They were all pretty worried except Milty. Milty kept on giving me the eye,

Later on he caught me down at our locker. "I guess your arm's pretty bad," he said.

"Yeah."

"Bad enough to keep you out of practice?"

"That's right."

"I've thought it louses up the whole team."

"What do you want me to do," I said, "wreck myself for good?"

"You'll wreck yourself all right," he said, "but it won't be on no ball club."

"Don't give me any double talk. What's eating you?"

"I saw her hanging around," he said.

"What are you doing?" I said, very sore. "Having me tailed?"

He just gave me a look. Then he kind of nodded his head and gave me the old axing, his hand across his throat.

"Listen," I said, "if that's the way you feel you'd better get your stuff out

bring her back down there, but I wasn't in the mood for it. She was all right, considering she was a girl, but I'd known Milty for a long time. Pulling that crazy stunt about my arm seemed kind of lamebrained to me. What did I want with a girl anyway? The more I thought about it, the sicker I got. Especially when I thought what kind of a girl she was. I'd already noticed that she was plenty skinny. I'd just about decided I wouldn't show up at the lake, when I remembered that I couldn't show up at practice because I'd already said I was wrecked. I had to go to the park whether I liked it or not. That's what hanging around women does for you. It puts you right up the creek.

I stalled around about getting to the park. I thought maybe if I was good and late she'd get fed up and go home. But she was there. This park I go to is about the only place in town where I

crazy or something like that, but she didn't act like it. She just said, "Oh," and that's all.

"If we're going to launch 'em let's get started," I said. "I can't stick around too long."

She didn't get sore at my shouting. She just unwrapped the boat. It was a sloop, and painted right across it was "Benjamin the First." "Benjamin the First" in gold paint. I looked over at her and I couldn't open my mouth to say a word. She was smiling and shaking at the same time, but all she said was, "It's yours." Like it was nothing.

Then I said a crazy thing. "What did you do it for?" I said. Like she was trying to pull something. It came out all rough and loud like I was sore. I wasn't sore at all. In fact, I'd never felt anything like it, not even when I'm out on the sand lot catching everything in sight.

"I don't know," she said. "I thought you'd like it, I guess."

"Oh."

YOU'D think I had a mouthful of mush. Something was sticking in my throat. It made me feel awfully funny. I wanted to shake hands with her or something. Instead I grabbed at her. I got hold of her arm, right above the wrist where it's sort of bony.

"Beth—"

"Yes?"

"It isn't my birthday or anything in case you thought it was."

"No."

I kept holding onto her. I've got awfully big hands from being so big for my age. I could hardly feel her, she was so skinny. It was like having a hold of a scared bird with its heart beating like crazy. Then a funny thing happened. All of a sudden I knew that being here with her was better than a million years of Milty. It's a hard thing to figure out, considering that Milty is my best friend and a fellow, whereas she is just a girl, but that's what I felt. It didn't make any sense, and I didn't know what I was going to do about it. I couldn't just sit in Medford Park the rest of my life holding onto her like she was handcuffed to me. Only I didn't want to let go, either.

Then she spoke up very quiet, like I was asleep and she didn't want to wake me up. "Don't you want to put the boat in the water?" I guess she could tell something crazy was happening to me.

"Let's just sit and rest for a while," I said. "Maybe a wind will come up. I'd like to see the old Benjamin tacking into a wind."

"All right."

We settled down on the grass, and the sun came down smack on her red dress. It was as bright as a fire wagon and it made her face look pink.

"Maybe you'll move away," I said.

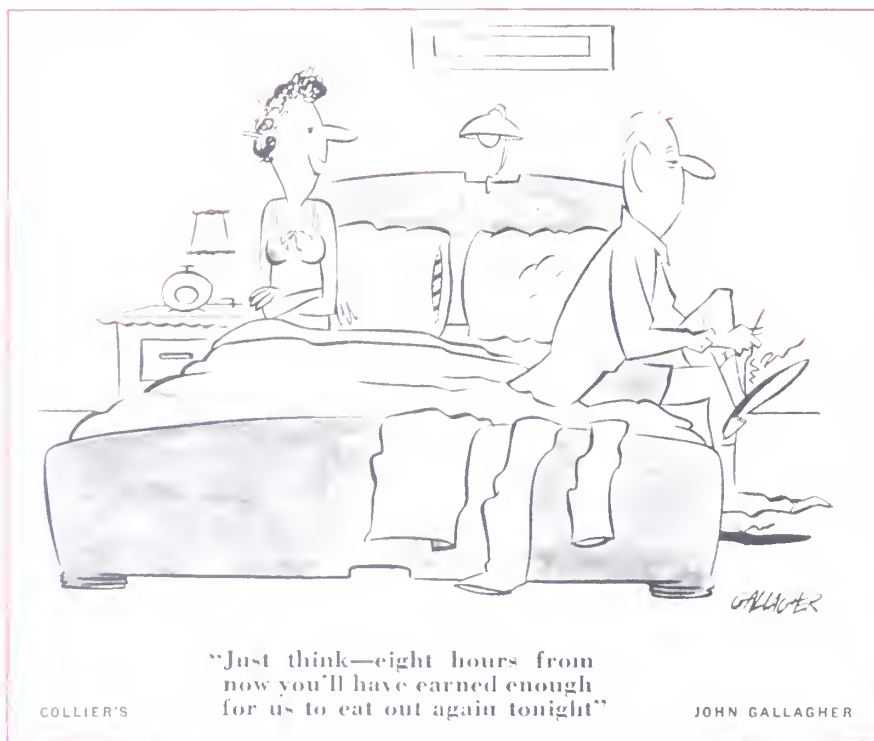
"My mother thinks she'll like it here. The other girls at the restaurant are awfully nice to her."

"That's good," I said. "Listen, you might as well go home with me after school. How about it?"

"You'll be practicing, won't you? The captain has to be at practice, doesn't he?"

"I'm not the captain. I just said that. A lot of times I just say things for the heck of it. Like my arm, for instance; that was just for the heck of it."

I expected she'd ask me a lot of questions about why I did stupid things like that, but she didn't. After a while a breeze did come up, and we walked down to the water and put the boat out to catch the wind. It was terrific to see it scudding along. I wished that all the



"Just think—eight hours from now you'll have earned enough for us to eat out again tonight!"

COLLIER'S

JOHN GALLAGHER

of the locker." He and I have kept our stuff in the same locker ever since we started school about a million years ago.

"Okay, okay," he said real fast, "that's perfect with me." He started hauling out all his gear. Boy, he had everything in there. It took him a million years to haul it out. I wanted to walk away, but I couldn't. I just stood there watching him pull his junk out. All I could see was the back of his neck. It was as red as anything. Milty gets red when he's sore, and he was on fire.

"There's one thing I can't stand," I said, "and that's being called a phony or a quitter. Right now this arm is pretty bad. Pretty bad. I'd expect a guy who knows me to understand a thing like that."

Milty grabbed up his stuff. He didn't even answer.

"You're acting very childish," I said.

He stood there all finished. He really looked funny. He had a couple of sweat shirts tied around his neck, and he had a hold of two tennis rackets, some dirty old tennis shoes, and about six tons of other stuff. "Okay, you got what's yours and I got what's mine. I'll see you around." He started down the hall. He looked so crazy and so runty walking off like that I couldn't stand it.

"Milty," I said, "don't be a jerk." He kept walking so I decided he was a jerk and he could turn blue.

I wasn't in such a hot frame of mind after that. I'd told Beth I'd be at the Medford Park Lake and she could

don't mind hanging around by myself. It's got a lot of trees and this lake that the city engineers put in with a lot of swans and stuff. Not many kids hang around there. It's mostly old people. They come to feed the birds and just sit around in the sun.

I SAW her right away because of the dress. She was waiting on a bench down by the lake. When she saw me she waved. I wasn't going to wave back so I just kept walking toward her. She had something wrapped up in a big package sitting right next to her and she was smiling. One thing, she doesn't have all those wires and braces and stuff that a lot of women have on their teeth. I gave her a kind of lame hello and let it go at that.

"How's your arm, Ben?" she said.

I didn't want to discuss that, so I said it was all right.

She slid over and made room for me on the bench, so I had to sit down. I didn't say much. In fact, I didn't say anything. I just kept wondering if I'd lost my marbles—having a fight with Milty to hang around with a girl.

"I guess I'd better launch them," she said after a minute. "With your arm and all."

"There's nothing the matter with my arm," I said very loud. I stood up and tore the sling off and threw it into the lake. Then I started smacking my hands together like I had my glove on. You'd think she would have thought I was

guys I knew in the world were there watching. Benjamin the First. That's what she thought about me. That I was the First. I guess maybe that was what was making me feel like such a hot-shot. My Mom and Pop are pretty used to me and they don't do any talking about how great I am. Milty doesn't talk about personal stuff such as how he feels about anybody, except when he axes 'em, and the rest of the people I know just let you alone. Then all of a sudden I've got my name plastered around a boat in gold letters.

"Hey," I said, yelling it out, "look at her go! Look at her go!" Then all of a sudden I stopped hollering. "Are we crazy or something?" I said, hitting my head. "How'll we get her in?"

By now that old sloop had gone half-way out on the lake.

"Never mind," she said. "I'll make you a lot of them. All you want."

I didn't even listen. I was watching my name floating in the sun where anybody could see it if they looked.

"It'll stay afloat forever," she said. "Honestly."

I hadn't thought about that. Maybe it was better than having it on a line. It was free out there to bob around for a million years.

I was willing to go then, but Beth hung back and watched it dipping up and down for a while. "It's the best I ever made," she said. I thought maybe she was sorry for giving it to me.

"You didn't have to give it to me," I said. I thought I'd go off my nut until she said one way or another.

"Yes, I did," she said. "I had to, Ben." Then she took ahold of me around the wrist right in the same place I grabbed her. I guess she didn't know too much about stuff like that. I guess it was her way of shouting and yelling.

It was getting kind of dark when we got to our block. The minute we got off the bus I could see Milty and all the

guys sitting on my front steps, waiting to give me the business. They never get together like that all in one place unless they want to give somebody a big razzing.

She saw them too and she saw my face. "You go on alone," she said. "I'll sneak around the back way."

Boy, I was grateful to her. I'd get off with my hide that way. Then I remembered about her and dark houses. "It's dark," I said. "You don't like to go in the house alone."

"It's all right this time."

"No," I said. "It's not all right. Come on." I put my arm around her and we moved right in on them.

Milty opened his face the very first thing. "Hey, Ben, lover-man!" he called out. Then they all started.

"It's Tony Curtis, fellas!"

"Kiss me again. I'm still breathing!"

"Ben," I heard her say very slow, "you don't have to do this."

W E WERE walking up to her porch. I shoved her down on the lousy old swing and sat beside her. I pushed the swing back and forth very fast, wondering if I shouldn't go over and hit somebody in the face. I heard Milty's voice squeaking and breaking like he was going off his nut. He was shouting louder than all the rest and even when they got tired he kept on. I felt sorry for him. He had nothing to do but yell and yell over something he didn't know anything about.

"Come on," I said to Beth, "let's go inside."

She looked at me sort of seared and said, "They're your friends."

"Listen to 'em," I said. "Listen to 'em, will you? Kids. Just kids."

"Yes, but . . ."

I began to feel good again. "Forget it," I told her. "Maybe it's good enough for them, but it ain't for me. You can't stay a kid forever." ▲▲▲



"And be sure to catch me on TV Wednesday night. I'm having my appendix removed on Channel 13"

Mary Gibson

MARY GIBSON

GREAT SCOT

Born 1820...

still going

strong!



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Wonderful
Whisky!

Smooth, suave, mellow... the choice of connoisseurs the world over. That's Johnnie Walker—Scotch from Scotland, and Scotch at its best always. Red Label... Black Label... both 86.8 proof.

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You're a Sucker if You CASH

By LEONARD HART

with DEAN JENNINGS and LEE EDSON

A slick con man says it's easy to pass a rubber check. Some tradesmen are so anxious for business they don't bother to ask for identification. In a few years of high living, he pocketed \$100,000

ONE rainy day in the spring of 1926, I parked my car a block from a grocery store on the main street of Anaheim, California, and walked through the swinging doors toward the vegetable counter. I had no money in my pocket and couldn't have bought so much as a bean. But I would have money soon, because I was going to pass a bad check.

The check was in my pocket, signed by a non-existent doctor. I had been in the market once before, and had picked a young clerk as a likely victim. It was easy. I'd hand him the check and pocket the money.

In my hotel room the night before I had carefully thought out every angle and knew that if the boy cashed my check at once, I would be out of town before it could bounce. I was a stranger in Anaheim, and there would be no way to trace me.

Nevertheless, while I waited for the clerk to finish weighing a sack of potatoes, I was shaky. Suppose he questioned the check? Or asked for identification? Or called a cop? I was as jittery as a pig on a greased pole. I had no criminal record and had never committed a crime, but I could see myself being dragged off to prison. I saw the clerk looking at me. I pulled the check from my pocket and thrust it at him so he wouldn't notice my trembling hands. "Bud," I said as calmly as I could, "my wife stuck me with the shopping and I've just discovered that I left my wallet home. How about you cashing this small check for me?"

The boy glanced at the check. "Are you Dr. Hammond?" he asked me.

"That's right," I said. "My office is just around the corner." I thought he would never stop staring at the little piece of paper, and for a moment I was tempted to hit for the door. But my appearance must have reassured him.

He turned to the cash register, and counted out two tens and five singles. "Here you are, Doc," he said.

Five minutes later I was in my car and out of the neighborhood. I felt a tremendous sense of relief coupled with high elation. I had passed my first bad check, and it looked like easy money. Since that day I have cashed some 2,000 checks for a total exceeding \$100,000. I have used 285 aliases—names I made up. I've passed the paper on almost every kind of establishment you can think up, including places with big signs reading: NO CHECKS CASHED.

On the other hand, I have never raised a legitimate check, nor forged a real person's name. I've never used specially printed checks, check protectors, or any other equipment familiar to the professional forger. With nothing more than a stack of blank checks and an intimate knowledge of people—I was an actor, you might say—I made and spent a fortune and gave a headache to the police of all the major towns in California. If

there are any doubts about my standing in the field, my record is one of the longest in the California State Bureau of Criminal Identification and Investigation.

It covers 15 pages, beginning with that long-ago afternoon in Anaheim. I have been asked many times since why I cashed that first check, and I'm not sure there is any specific reason. Among other possibilities, I had been married not long before, and there was a baby coming. My mother had always indulged me, and kept money in a checking account for me while I was still in high school. But suddenly I was on my own, and I found that I just couldn't get by on the weekly pay check. I had expensive tastes and didn't want to give them up, and at the time it was easy enough to justify the step I took.

I wish now that I had been caught in that first

Leonard Hart is the pseudonym of a man who for years was one of California's "most wanted." The name is one of the 285 he used to cash phony checks. Now trying to go straight, he wanted to tell his story for the benefit of the trusting people who yearly are defrauded by bad-check artists out of \$100,000,000, according to an estimate of The Surety Association of America. The writers first interviewed Hart when he was in San Quentin Prison, at the suggestion of the then warden, Clinton T. Duffy. They have checked his story with prison authorities, court records and the police of the various cities where he swindled the careless and the innocent

step. I am sure I wouldn't have taken it again.

Forgery is one of the most common crimes in the country today, but few people know how much it has increased during the last 20 years. In the San Francisco and northern California area alone businessmen are losing \$2,000,000 a year. The national total is about 200 times as much. Nobody knows the exact figure, because many bad checks are never reported to the police. Much of the loot has gone into the hands of one-shot amateurs who pass rubber checks to pay for some single extravagance or to show off for some girl, but most of the take was grabbed by some 2,500 lone-wolf pros like me.

Why do so many "smart" businessmen fall for the forgery racket? I think there's only one answer: They're so anxious for a sale or new customers that they don't want to be finicky about checks, even when they suspect a fraud. Also, most people have the silly idea that they can judge character by appearance alone. "Sure," they say, "I can spot an honest man."

Well, let's take a look at me. I am now fifty-five years old, round-faced and ruddy and on the plump side. I have been told I have an innocent look. I always dressed neatly, often expensively. I

cultivated the detached look of a man who's thinking about business and not the routine, everyday chore of cashing a check. I had enough educational background to talk intelligently with anyone. I was polite, even courtly, in manner.

Most important, I tried to look as though I belonged in the neighborhood. In Los Angeles, I often posed as the district attorney, a building inspector or an assistant public-health worker. In the university towns of Palo Alto and Berkeley, I successfully impersonated visiting professors. I never used any corny disguises, but I often went into stores without my suit coat to give the impression that I had just stepped out of a nearby office. Once I put on a dentist's smock and with no further identification cashed 20 checks in one afternoon. Occasionally I wore a doctor's white coat, with a stethoscope hanging from the breast pocket.

Identification? I never had any. I learned long ago that the more identification cards you offer, the more your prospective victims will think you need it. You might be surprised how few storekeepers ask for identification, anyway, especially if checks are made out to a doctor or some other kind of professional man. In any case, I worked out a psychological approach that effectively forestalled questioning. I'd walk right up and say: "I'm Dr. Ed Jones. My wife usually does the shopping but I'm filling in today." If the clerk still had the temerity to doubt me I would shrug and say: "Oh, that's all right. I'll go down the street where someone knows me." In almost every instance the man would apologize and promptly cash the check.

One time I walked into a place just after the owner had refused to cash a check for a fireman who had vainly produced his driver's license, Social Security card and draft card. On the wall behind the counter was a sign: NO CHECKS CASHED, and the owner was obeying it to the letter. I handed over my own check, made out to a "Dr. Hart," with a penned notation in one corner which said: "In part payment for tonsils." Without a moment's hesitation he cashed it for \$35.

I thanked him and pointed to the sign. "That's a great idea," I said. "After all, you've got to know your people."

"That's right," he said brusquely. "Nobody's going to take me for a ride."

You probably suspect by now that I enjoyed myself, and that, indeed, isn't far from the truth. While I needed and wanted money, there was also considerable emotional stimulation and I cashed a lot of checks just for the excitement of beating the game. It was dangerous business, of course, but I took in a good deal of money before I made my first mistake.

I'll never forget it because, though it meant disaster, there was something grimly humorous about it. I went to a service station in my home

MY CHECK

CITIZENS COUNTY BANK
SPRINGFIELD

NO 385

PAY TO THE
ORDER OF Cash

DATE Sept 23

Fifty and
00/100 — \$50.00

Leonard Hart DOLLARS

The swindler had no trouble cashing bad checks when he posed as a doctor and went

town of Berkeley one December day in 1927, chatted idly with the attendant, then gave him a check. He said he didn't have enough cash and would get it at another station across the street. I was pretty cocky at the time and like an idiot I let him go. I didn't know the police had just issued a new circular and that the attendant had recognized me from the description on it. Instead of doing a quick fade-out, I waited patiently for him while he was phoning the cops.

Two detectives picked up the call in their squad car and shot down the street so fast they hit and overturned a peddler's wagon. My brains must have been missing that day because when one of the dicks stepped out of the car and slipped on a pile of lettuce and cabbage, I went over and helped him up. He turned out to be Jim Wilson, an old boyhood friend. "Hiya, Ien. Much obliged," he said. He was brushing his clothes when the attendant rushed up all out of breath.

"There's the guy!" he yelled, pointing at me.

"What guy?" Jim said.

"The check passer!" the attendant told him.

Jim gave me a sort of foolish grin. "Yeah?" he said. "How about that, Len?"

"The boy's just kidding," I tried to explain.

The lad jerked the check from his pocket, and waved it angrily. "Like hell I am!"

Jim quit smiling and motioned me into the police car. He drove me to several other stations where I had cashed checks, and the attendants there promptly identified me. They took me to the city jail and booked me. When my wife heard about it, she was so shocked and hurt she bawled. The fellows in the police department were shocked, I guess, almost as though they'd been caught in something themselves. Many were personal friends and they weren't quite convinced until they got a report from the State Division of Criminal Identification. There were 75 "holds" on me in different California cities, and I was really in for it.

I sat in their neat jail that night, but I can't say I felt any remorse. I called myself a sucker for getting trapped by a fuzzy-faced kid, and I think I was resentful of the fact that I was locked up with a bunch of burglars, gun toters and other criminals. I didn't consider myself a criminal. I wasn't tough. I still don't know how to load a gun. In my neighborhood I was always known as a regular fellow, and no one in my family had ever been in trouble. I had good marks in school and adequate spending money during those early years. I was indignant when there were incidents of petty thievery at school, and I'd have been the first to yell for the police if anyone had picked my pocket.

But there I was in jail, and the people who cashed my checks came in for a closer look and called me a crook. I couldn't explain what I had done. I'm not sure even now. I told myself I was playing a game with people, and that I was just outwitting them the same way a clever businessman puts over a fast deal. I didn't stick a gun into their

ribs to make them take the check. They could always turn me down.

I was in jail about 15 hours before my uncle came down. He was a well-known lawyer and an officer in the State Bar Association. He said he had arranged a compromise deal for me. "You plead guilty to one check charge," he said bluntly, "and the D.A. will take it easy. You may even get probation if your dad makes up the losses." I took his word for it, but I guess the judge didn't like the setup. He bawled me out, gave me a one-to-14-year sentence, and in March, 1928, I went to San Quentin. Eventually my name came up on the hearing calendar and I was taken before the Board of Prison Directors to

1936, before my term was up. I decided to pass checks on a big scale and get even with the world.

I developed a simple routine of working one area at a time, covering only one kind of business. In one city, for instance, I went only to butcher shops. I worked this way: I drove down the main street, getting the general layout of the stores and the names of the local banks. I then parked on a parallel street, making sure I wasn't violating any traffic or parking laws. I left my hat on the car seat, and went to the nearest store—usually a florist shop—where I'd be likely to find blank checks and a table on which to write. I filled out about a dozen checks, varying the names and limiting the amounts to \$50. I put one in my shirt pocket and the others in my hip pocket. I memorized the letters of the local phone exchange and a few residence addresses in the neighborhood to be prepared for merchants who might ask for my address and telephone.

It's always easy enough to walk into a store, browse around and give the owner or clerk a quick going-over. If they were obviously in a mean mood or were just naturally unfriendly—and a surprising number of them were—I'd get something inexpensive and walk out. But if they were smiling and seemed full of optimism, they were made to order for a clip.

The prize sucker is the man with larceny in his own heart. I recall going into one butcher shop and peering down at the meat on display.

"Just had some unexpected company," I said. "I don't know much about meat because my wife usually does. Would you pick me out six good

Right away I could see he had me pegged for a yokel. He weighed his hand and his foot and gave me bigger cuts than I wanted. So after he wrapped the meat I tossed him a \$40 check. "Take it out of this," I said pleasantly.

He was so pleased with his chicanery that he stepped jauntily to the cash register. "Sure thing, pal," he said, and handed me the change.

In most cases I loaded up with merchandise and went up to the owner with some casual remark about the weather, politics or business. Sometimes I hit the stores at slack hours, when the clerks were alone and seemed willing to gab. At other times I went in during the rush hours, especially on Saturday afternoon when a store's regular customers were cashing pay checks. It was easy, for instance, to step behind a woman with a check in her hand, and if I could make out her name I'd say: "Well, hello, Mrs. Jones. How's every little thing?" More often than not—human nature being what it is—she would "recognize" me, smile and return the greeting, thereby establishing me in the owner's eyes as a neighborhood man.

The business of loading my arms with merchandise had another advantage. When I got to the counter or the cashier's desk I would shrug helplessly and say: "Hi, guess I need a third

arm. Want to take the check out of my pocket?" He'd reach into my shirt pocket for the check, cash it and give me the difference because, as he could plainly see, I was an okay guy stuck with the afternoon's shopping. I had another little trick which worked wonders, too. I would have a book of checks with the stubs attached, and after I wrote a check I would make the proper notation on the stub and subtract it from the balance. I did this very slowly so the man could steal a peek at my balance, and the whole process seemed normal and convincing.

I didn't keep any of the merchandise, incidentally, and usually dumped it into a public refuse can. That little habit also helped convict me later when a poor Chinese laborer testified he saw me throw away six lamb chops, and was so annoyed by this wasteful gesture that he reported it to the police.

A Good Town to Keep Clear Of

I didn't keep any record of my travels either, because I didn't want any documentary evidence available, but later I began to wish I had. One time, for instance, I went into a place at Walnut Creek, forgetting that I had sheared the owners some months before. A clerk recognized me and called the police. I was rolling out of town when I heard a siren. My heart jumped like crazy, and, because there were no other cars in sight, I knew they were after me. I took my foot off the gas, slowed down and pulled off the road while they were still behind me. They stopped, too, and in my mirror I could see two cops get out and walk toward me. I could also see they hadn't pulled their guns, and my engine was still running.

I waited until they were about 100 feet away, made a sudden U turn, and bore down on them. They dived into a ditch without getting a chance to see my front license plate—I never used a rear plate—and I was a mile down the road before they got reorganized. I hit it up to 80, turned off a side road and hid behind a clump of trees. I waited and saw them tearing down the road. I felt 10 years older.

Another time I was chased by a suspicious victim who jumped on my bumper just as I was starting off. He kept yelling at me to stop, but he stuck like a suction cup until I luckily found a very rough road and literally shook him loose.

I encountered another wise guy that same week, a fellow who might have outsmarted me under other circumstances. He ran a filling station. I told him I was known in the drugstore across the street, but that they didn't have enough cash on hand. "Tell you what you do," he said. "Have somebody from the drugstore wave to me if it's okay and they know you." I went to the drugstore, got a pack of cigarettes and pulled out a check.

"Your buddy at the service station is short on cash," I said. "But he will vouch for me. I'm an old customer. Just wave to him and you'll see."

The druggist stepped outside and waved. The station man waved back. The druggist cashed one check and the station man cashed the other. The power of suggestion is wonderful.

I went along unrestrained for almost a year before my luck went sour again. I always knew, to be sure, that reports



"It has a secret compartment where you can hide your husband's wallet"

COLLIER'S

CHON DAY

have my sentence fixed within the limits set by the judge. Unfortunately, the board chairman at the time was the late Charlie Neumiller, a gruff, hard-boiled old man who had no use for forgers. He whacked me with a 10-year stretch.

I went back to my cell, and when it finally sank in, I couldn't take it. I cried, and I was sick, and it was months before I could shake the feeling that I'd been double-crossed. I had it coming, of course, but I wasn't thinking in those terms during the four years I served. I finally got a parole and the board stipulated that among other things I would have to go to sea.

One Sea Voyage Was Enough

I signed for a trip to the Orient on a freighter, and I made one round trip to Manila. I never liked ships anyway and when I got back I drove to Los Angeles and got a job selling electrical fixtures. I didn't clear the trip with the parole people, and the police picked me up in two months. I was slapped into Folsom as a parole violator, with six years more to do. Nowadays, I think they would give a fellow another chance, but the prison and parole setup in California then was quite different. I hated Neumiller and I hated the police, and if there had been any thought of going straight when I left San Quentin, it was pretty well blotted out by the time I was released from Folsom in September.

into a store with a stethoscope in his pocket

on my checks were piling up at Sacramento, and that bulletins for my arrest—they had my picture on them by that time—were being posted all over the state.

But I always felt—as every criminal does—that I was too sharp for them, and meanwhile I was living high. All the best hotels, nice clothes, good liquor and good cigars, and if my conscience bothered me, which I don't think it ever did, I could always tell myself that at least I was putting my son and daughter through college.

I never lived at home during this period because the cops knew the address and would have easily picked me up. My wife believed I had a new traveling job and that my experience in Folsom had cured me of the check-passing habit. I encouraged her belief, of course, and I continued to visit San Francisco to see the children whenever I thought I could get away with it. I sent her money during the time she thought I was going straight. While I was in prison she worked in a San Francisco department store. I don't know whether the cops ever asked her about me while I was on the wanted list. Thus I was in San Francisco one day in July, 1937, and had just about decided to work the game in another state, when two cops bracketed me on the street, and I knew this was it again.

I didn't see how I could possibly beat the rap. They had me on 200 counts or more. I refused to identify any of the checks, and phoned a couple of criminal lawyers for advice. Too bad, they said, if I couldn't afford their high fees. I couldn't. I took a long chance and decided to fake insanity. I did it by picking imaginary lint from my clothes and by pretending I couldn't talk. I must have put on a wonderful act, because I fooled the guards, a judge, and even the psychiatrists, and during 1937 and 1938 I spent 10 months at the Mendocino State Hospital before other psychiatrists got around to exposing me. I was discharged and taken to court on an old charge of the Berkeley police. I handled my own defense, pleading "not guilty" and "not guilty by reason of insanity." The latter plea I thought was a brilliant idea, because, in their joy at getting me out of the hospital, the doctors had neglected to give me a certificate of recovery. But the district attorney belatedly got one from the hospital, and in November, 1940, I entered San Quentin again.

Couldn't Stick to Shipyard Job

I wish I could say that the third trip to a big house taught me a lesson. It didn't. I was paroled after three years, got a job (a job which the parole board approved) in a shipyard and was soon spending more than I earned. I got sore about the whole situation, and wrote a check. When you pass one, you might as well hit for the jack pot because the rap is the same for one or a hundred. I quit the shipyard job and went out on my old circuit, and in time the police caught up with me in Long Beach. They came up to my hotel room, and I emptied my wallet on the table. There was \$500 in bills in the pile and I said: "I've got an urgent business appointment in Denver and I don't really need this money." One of the dicks gave me a deadpan look and told me to put it back. I was returned to Oakland a

couple of days later, and they had me cold with a whole parade of people I had swindled. The trial lasted 10 days and I wound up in November, 1943, in San Quentin for the third time.

The prison was now staffed with psychiatrists, and in one early interview they told me I was behaving true to form. They meant that check passers are the worst repeaters in the entire criminal group, and probably unredeemable. I heard them say that forgers need an ego-lift to compensate for an inferiority complex, and there may be some truth in that. I have thought more than once that this explanation is probably a lot of nonsense but it's one that is perhaps convenient for all concerned. To my mind a man is a criminal or he isn't a criminal, and I believe that a fellow can quit crime the way an alcoholic quits drinking. It's no push-over, but it can be done. I've done it.

A Haven for Check Passers

I discovered a lot of new outlets in San Quentin. I took up architectural drawing and I was assigned to the chief engineer's office where most of my fellow check passers seemed to be assigned sooner or later. I had always been mechanically inclined, and I began to work on a couple of inventions I had always wanted to develop. I also wrote a 24-page booklet on how to stop check passers and gave it to the warden. I was willing to print it at my own expense—it contained a lot of information I've discussed here—and I wanted it distributed to banks, stores and business organizations.

The idea got publicity, but was considered impractical by many businessmen. They told me that many merchants are insured against check losses, that most of them expect a certain percentage of loss anyway, and that the steps I had in mind would irritate potential customers.

In short, as I've said before, these stores want to go right on cashing checks and taking the loss. I think it's significant, just in passing, that it is always the same stores that are swindled.

In case you would like my suggestions, however, they go like this:

1. Don't cash checks for total strangers.
2. Don't cash a check and hand over the money immediately. Tell the customer it will only take a moment to clear it, and if he's willing to wait, you can bet he's honest.
3. Don't cash checks for unknown customers during the hours when you can't reach the bank on the phone.
4. Don't cash ANY checks.

As for me, I know I will never cash another bad check. My so-called criminal career was a costly luxury, and when I was paroled from San Quentin in June of 1951 I had nothing left to show for it except a total of 19 years in prison. I am earning \$600 a month as a mechanical engineer in a West Coast manufacturing plant now, and I have a clean record. My wife divorced me long ago—and I must say I don't blame her—but my son stuck with me, and one day soon I hope we will be in business together. My son and my employers understand something of the emotional quirks that made me a check passer, and they are confident that I now have a different perspective on life. ▲▲▲

Collier's for February 7, 1953

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Skilled medical team performs an operation

These Tools Help Keep Your Body In Repair

A surgeon needs a good deal more than a sharp knife and a needle and thread for today's lifesaving operations



Instruments, gauze, basins and sutures (above) form a basic group of tools for any major surgery. While set is typical, hospital procedures differ and it is subject to variations

ALMOST everyone can describe the tools a carpenter uses to do his work, but few of us have more than a fuzzy idea of the vast number of specialized instruments a surgeon may call upon to keep the human body in repair.

In the minds of many laymen, just about all a doctor needs in surgery is a sharp knife and a needle and thread. Actually, the modern hospital operating room is equipped with literally hundreds of medical tools of all kinds. They can range in size from a small, tweezers-like instrument for removing splinters to a rib-spreading retractor about a foot square which keeps the chest open during cardiac operations. And they make possible such varied surgery as the delicate splicing of the large aortic artery leading into the heart or the job of transplanting a cornea from one eye to another.

The instruments in the picture at the left are a basic set of tools for use in any major operation. In the page of photographs on the right is a selection of specialized instruments for eye, abdominal, heart and bone surgery, and for the removal of tonsils and adenoids. The instruments were photographed at New York City's Mt. Sinai Hospital.

In the basic group (clockwise from top right):
¶ Gauze pads which protect and hold body organs away from the area of surgery. The metal ring on top remains outside the incision in abdominal operations to make sure that the pads are removed before the wound is closed.

¶ Four sets of similar-looking instruments. On top is a set of hemostats—clamps which pinch off the blood vessels and control the flow of blood. Next are tissue clamps, and then two more sets of hemostats.

¶ And in the following order: two thumb forceps for grasping tissue; two pairs of scissors; two forceps for applying clips which will hold skin edges together while wound is healing; three scalpels, and skin clips on a wire holder.

¶ Skin hooks which hold the skin while the clips are applied.

¶ A basin that contains tubes of catgut sutures for stitching tissues.

¶ A pad on which are surgical needles and spools of thread for stitching or tying.

¶ A needle holder used in actual stitching.

¶ Towel clips which fasten towels to the skin around incision to keep the opening sterile.

¶ Forceps for holding gauze and sponges.

¶ Two groups of retractors (including the forklike instruments) which hold incisions apart.

¶ And in the center, reading down, are: gauze sponges, a basin of antiseptic solution and a needle holder.

The doctor's tools can be a little unpleasant for the layman to contemplate, but less so, if you look on them as symbolizing the centuries of steady medical progress which have helped make possible today's miracles of lifesaving surgery. ▲▲▲



For eye surgery (bottom left and clockwise): needle holder, in hand; implanter for inserting gold ball in socket after removal of an eye; implants in jar; needle holder; eyelid retractor; two self-retaining eyelid retractors; special eye scissors; a different type of retractor



For abdominal surgery (top left, clockwise): pair of surgical gloves; self-retaining abdominal retractor; a clamp which is applied to the intestine before cutting; large abdominal retractor; rubber-covered clamp for occluding (temporarily closing off) a portion of intestine



For heart surgery (top left, clockwise): basin; clamp for temporarily closing off major blood vessel; rib-spreading chest retractor; another clamp for blood vessel; instrument for dilating large blood vessel valve; instrument for cutting large blood vessel valve; clamp handle



For bone surgery (top left, clockwise on outside): bone drill; retractor (for tissue); bone saw; mallet; ruler; gonges and chisels; mallets. In center (top down): another bone saw; wire sometimes used for suturing bone or tissue; wire cutter



For tonsillectomy and adenoidectomy (top left, clockwise): snare to pinch off tonsil at base; instrument used to extract adenoid tissue; tongue depressors; bottle containing anesthetic agent; mask through which the anesthetic will be given; long hemostat

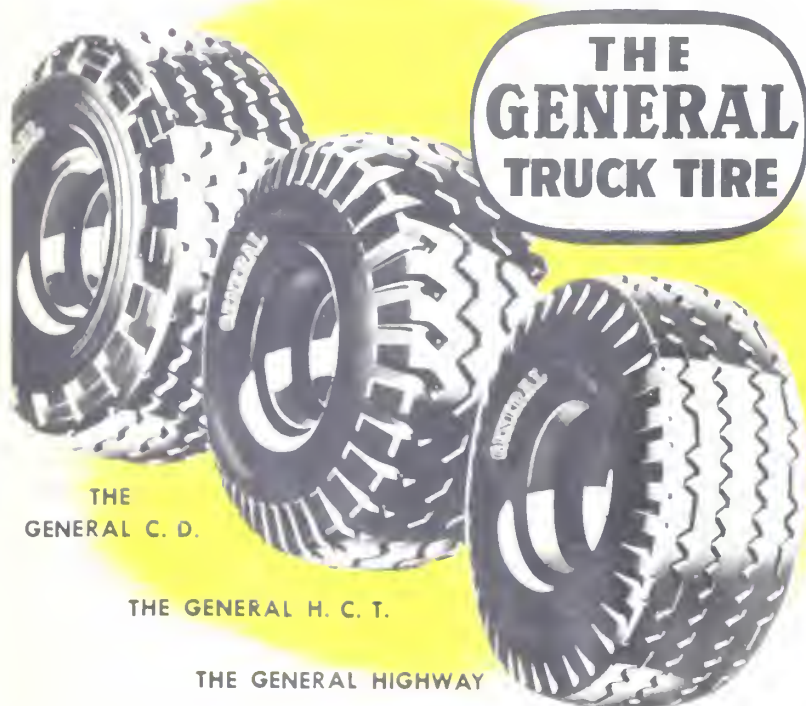
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Glendale, Fred Kinsley Service
Hayward, Hayward General Tire Service
Inglewood, Inglewood Tire Service
Lodi, Holz-Chapman General Tire Co.
Long Beach, Richardson Tire Co.
Los Angeles, A. H. Ross & Co.
Los Angeles, Bathrick Pontiac, Inc.
Los Angeles, The General Tire Co. of L. A.
Martinez, C. & R. Tire Co.
Modesto, J. S. West Tire Sales & Serv. Co.
Oakland, C. D. Rand & Co.
Oroville, R. H. Caborn
Palo Alto, Bill King General Tire
Pasadena, Tobias General Tire Co., Inc.
Riverside, Rome's Tire & Auto Supply
Sacramento, Parshall General Tires, Inc.
Salinas, Don Hultz General Tires
San Bernardino, General Tire Service Co.
San Diego, Durnal & Sons General Tire Co.
San Francisco, Gurley-Lord
San Jose, Cumming & Newton, Inc.
San Pedro, Pete Moretti Tire Service
Santa Ana, Cowart General Tire Co.
Santa Barbara, Rohrs & O'Reilly
Santa Maria, Gen. Tire Co. of Santa Maria
Santa Monica, Gen. Tire of Santa Monica
Santa Rosa, Barber's Service Station
Southgate, Wood's General Tire Serv., Inc.
Stockton, Wilson Way Tire Co.
Vallejo, M. & R. Tire Co.
Ventura, Warren General Tire Co.
Watsonville, Carroll's Tire Shop
Willows, Del's Tire Service

COLORADO

Colorado Springs, Dostal-Howard Tire Co.
Denver, Raboay General Tire Co.

CONNECTICUT

Bridgport, The Bridgeport Gen. Tire Co.
Danielson, Danielson Oil Co., Inc.
Hartford, Jack The Tire Expert
New Haven, The General Tires, Inc.
New London, Tire Service Co.
Norwich, A. J. Sent & Son
Stamford, Lincoln & Co.
Waterbury, King-Hill General Tire Co.

DELAWARE

Wilmington, General Tire Co. of Delaware

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, Croker General Tire Co.

FLORIDA

Clearwater, Pinellas Tire & Rubber
Ft. Lauderdale, Parker General Tire Serv.
Jacksonville, Pruitt Tire Co., Ltd.
Miami, General Tire Service, Inc.
Ocala, Jack Tucker's Service
Orlando, General Tire Supply
Panama City, Central Tire Service
Pensacola, Town & Country Tire Service
St. Petersburg, McIntyre, Incorporated
Tampa, The Pioneer Tire Co., Inc.

GEORGIA

Atlanta, General Tire Service Co.
Augusta, General Tire & Supply Co.
Dalton, Doyle-Hoyes Tire Service
Macon, Gordon Bush Tire Co.

IDAHO

Boise, Hardy Bros.
Buhl, Glen's Super Service
Lewiston, Gen. Tire & Retreading Co., Inc.
Pocatello, Sorenson-Hardy Gen. Tires, Inc.

ILLINOIS

Alton, Alton Tire Sales Co.
Aurora, Stafford Auto Supplies, Inc.
Bloomington, Uptown Tire Service
Chicago, Dunne General Tire & Sup. Co.
Chicago, Interstate General Tire, Inc.
Danville, The Geo. B. Satterwhite Co.
Decatur, Lukens Tire Co.
Peoria, Nelson General Tire Co.
Rockford, Karl Bietow General Tire Co.

INDIANA

Anderson, Rollinger Gen. Retreading, Inc.
Evansville, Van Winkle Stagg, Inc.
Ft. Wayne, Sagstetter General Tire Co.
Hammond, General Tire Sales & Service
Indianapolis, General Tire Co.
Muncie, Clark Service Company
New Castle, Henry County Tire Store
Sheilbville, Hites General Tire Company

IOWA

Cedar Rapids, Culver General Tire, Inc.
Davenport, Westphal General Tire Co.
Dubuque, Theisen-O'Neill Tire Co.
Sioux City, O'Keefe Gen. Tire Service

KANSAS

Great Bend, Furrey General Tire Co., Inc.
Topeka, Daily General Tire Service, Inc.
Wichita, Boone General Tire Company

KENTUCKY

Ashland, Wurts Bros., Inc.
Henderson, Schmidt Service Center
Lexington, Marlowe General Tire Co.
Louisville, Hurry-Up Broadway
Owensboro, Gen'l Tire of Owensboro, Inc.
Paducah, Owens General Tire Service
Princeton, Sweeney's Service Station
Somerset, Ben S. Mattingly

LOUISIANA

Baton Rouge, Commercial Tire Co., Inc.
Bogalusa, Castanova Sales & Service Co.
Houma, 63 Tire Service
New Iberia, Ray Tire Co.
New Orleans, Jimmie Hanemann Tire Serv.
Shreveport, Adair Tire Co.

MARYLAND

Baltimore, O'Toole General Tire Co.
Frederick, Keyser General Tire Service, Inc.
Hagerstown, Hanna General Tire Serv., Inc.
Westminster, Yingling General Tire Serv.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston, General Tire Co.
Fitchburg, Tower's General Tire
Greenfield, Petrin Motor Sales, Inc.
Pittsfield, Pittsfield Retread & Tire Co., Inc.
Springfield, Fagan's General Tires, Inc.
Worcester, Bowker-Hamblin-Malmquist, Inc.

MICHIGAN

Adrian, Hadden General Tire Co.
Alpena, Alpena Tire & Gas
Ann Arbor, Robey Tire Service
Battle Creek, Bill Wood Tire Co.
Benton Harbor, Benson Tire Co.
Detroit, General Tire Service Company
Detroit, Motor Truck Services, Inc.
Detroit, Tires, Inc.
Flint, Flint General Tire Co.
Grand Rapids, Bill Elder
Holland, Bill's Tire Shop
Iron Mountain, Hoskings Uptown Service
Ishpeming, D. & C. Sales & Service
Kalamazoo, Otto Kihm Tire Co.
Lansing, Roberts Tire Sales, Inc.
Mt. Pleasant, Bill Murray's Tire Service
Muskegon Hts., General Bader's Tire Serv.
Pontiac, Pontiac General Tire Co.
Traverse City, Doug Linder Tire Co.

MINNESOTA

Brainerd, Mathisen Tire Co.
Duluth, Mathisen Tire Co.
Minneapolis, The General Tire Co.
Montevideo, Anderson's Super Serv., Inc.
Virginia, Mathisen Tire Co.
Winona, Kalmes Tire Service
Worthington, Barrier Tire & Recap.

MISSISSIPPI

Clarksdale, Bill Ogden Tire Service
Cleveland, Kossman Buick Co.
Columbus, Cochran Tire & Oil Co.
Greenville, England Motor Co., Inc.
Hattiesburg, Ames Tire & Service Co.
Jackson, McLemore General Tire Service
Vicksburg, Williams General Tire Service

MISSOURI

Boonville, Boonville Retreading & Tire Co.
Cassville, Smith Tire & Service Station
Columbia, Whiteley General Tire Service
Jefferson City, Cole & Smallwood
Kansas City, McDowell Tire Co.
Kirksville, Frank R. Truitt Service
St. Joseph, Van Tire & Battery Service, Inc.
St. Louis, General Tire Co. of St. Louis

MONTANA

Billings, Empire Tire Co.
Butte, General Tire Supply
Helena, Johnston Motors, Inc.
Kalispell, Harry Koch Tire Service
Miles City, Beacon Carter Service

NEVADA

Reno, Marshall A. Guisti, Ltd.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Dover, John P. Cassily Tire Co.

NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park, McManus & Fisk, Inc.
Camden, Camden Storage Battery Co.
Dover, Schwalb Tire Co.
Elizabeth, John J. Cross, Inc.
Hackensack, Brown Hanselman Co.
Jersey City, McGuinness Gen. Tire Co.
Newark, The General Tire Co.
Orange, Saenger Smith Co., Inc.
Paterson, Brustlin Bros.
Perth Amboy, Perth Amboy General Tire
Salem, Hassler Tire Service
Toms River, Reliable Tire Service
Tranton, Duffy Tire Co.
Vineland, Strauss Bros. Gen. Tire Serv., Inc.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque, Galles Motor Company
Hobbs, Moyers General Tire Service, Inc.
Roswell, Lance Bros., Tire Service
Santa Fe, Santa Fe Motor Co.

NEW YORK

Albany, Terry-Haggerty Gen. Tires, Inc.
Binghamton, General Tire Service
Bronx, Bronx General Tire Co.
Brooklyn, Kings County Gen. Tires, Inc.
Buffalo, Dowdall-Palmer General Tires, Inc.
Canandaigua, Clifford E. Murphy
Corlaid, Jallmidge Tire Service
Dunkirk, George Ray, Inc.
Flushing, Northshore Tire Corp.
Franklin Square, Nassau Gen. Tire Serv., Inc.
Herkimer, W. D. Stearns Tire Company
Hornell, Hornell General Tire Service
Jamaica, Jamaica General Tire Co.
Jamestown, Emblem Oil Co.
Kingston, Hudson Valley Tire Co.
Long Beach, J. & J. Miles Rubber Co.
Long Island City, Astoria Tire Co., Inc.
Monticello, State Tire Recappers
Mt. Vernon, Austin-Bliss Gen. Tire Co., Inc.
Newark, McDougall Service Garage
Newburgh, Harvey Bros., Inc.
New York, The New York Gen. Tire Co.
Olean, Sullivan & Murray Co.
Peekskill, Lazar's Tire Service
Poughkeepsie, Hinkle Gen. Tire Co., Inc.
Rochester, Scanlon Lewis Gen. Tires, Inc.
Schenectady, Kline General Auto Supply
Syracuse, Syracuse General Tire Corp.
Tompkinsville, S. L. Kieran Tire Co., Inc.
Utica, Boyd General Tire, Inc.
Watertown, Holton & Teightmeyer, Inc.
White Plains, Robertson & Pohl, Inc.

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheboro, Carolina Retreading Co.
Burlington, General Tire Supply, Inc.
Charlotte, Charlotte General Tire Co.
Durham, Ingold Tire Co.
Fayetteville, Jones-Lanham Tire Co., Inc.
Goldboro, Prince Tire Co.
Hickory, Sudderth Tire & Battery Service
Kinston, Kinston Tire Company
Raleigh, Hunt General Tire Co.
Roanoke Rapids, Blackwell Tire Company
Salisbury, Haden's Tire Service, Inc.
Sanford, Sanford Tire Service
Wilmington, Newirth Bros.
Winston Salem, Parrish Tire Company

NORTH DAKOTA

Bismarck, Renz & Zierke Gen. Tire Service
Fargo, Swenberg Tire Company

OHIO

Akron, Bill Pasch's General Tire Service
Akron, Nu Tread Tire Co.
Alliance, Brown Holt General Tire Co.
Athens, Buck Auto Supply
Bryan, Mac's Tire Shop
Cadiz, Cadiz Tire Sales & Service
Canton, Sampson General Tire Co.
Chillicothe, Art Howson's Tire Service
Cincinnati, Sohngen & Bischoff
Cleveland, The General Tire Co.
Columbus, General Tire Sales
Dayton, Knapp General Tire Service, Inc.
East Liverpool, Litten Motor Sales
Elyria, Geo. Hermann, Inc.
Framont, Hamilton Tire & Battery
Gallion, Gashon Tire Shop
Hamilton, Bob Shute General Tire, Inc.
Lancaster, Fred Shaeffer's Tire Shop
Lima, Lima General Tire Co.
Mansfield, Bailey Tire Service
Marietta, Mahone Tire Service
Middletown, Russ Dempster Gen. Tire Sales
Mt. Vernon, Pond's Tire Shop
Newark, Zeiter's Corners-Hawkinson Trd
New Philadelphia, Fishel Tire Service
Painesville, Hach's Auto Service, Inc.
Steubenville, Shaffer's General Tires, Inc.
Toledo, Gene Richard & Sons, Inc.
Warren, Varley's Warren General Tires
Willard, Heisler, Incorporated
Wooster, Zurcher Sunoco Service
Xenia, Service Tire & Auto Sales, Inc.
Youngstown, Safety Tire Co.

OKLAHOMA

Altus, Foster-Ellis Tire Service
Chickasha, B. & M. Tire Service Co.
Clinton, Smith Tire Shop
Oklahoma City, Benson Gen. Tires, Inc.
Shawnee, Brewer General Tire Company
Tulsa, General Tires, Inc.

OREGON

Grants Pass, Jim & Harry's Tire Service
Klamath Falls, Monarch Tire Service
Medford, Hawkinston Tire Tread Service
Mahama, Philippi Tire Service
Oregon City, Hubach & Parkinson Tire Co.
Pendleton, Ford's Tire Service
Philomath, State Tire Company
Portland, Mel Goodin Tire Co.
Salem, State Tire Co.
The Dalles, Woolsey Gen. Tire Service

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown, Lehigh Valley Tire Co.
Beaver Falls, Pugh & Scott
Bradford, Motor Inn Filling Station
Brookville, Auto Service Station
Butler, Ray Andre
Chambersburg, Ross Gen. Tire Serv., Inc.
Easton, Easton Tire Service Co.
Erie, Chaffee Tire Co.
Greensburg, A. L. McClintock
Hanover, Goodfellow Chevrolet, Inc.
Harrisburg, V. D. Leisure Co.
Jankintown, W. C. Fleck & Bros., Inc.
Johnstown, The Del Boring Tire Service
Kittanning, Bill Fox Tire Service
Lancaster, Lancaster General Tire Co.
Leechburg, Leechburg Tire Co.
Millville, Corfield Tire Service
Philadelphia, Carnell & Bradburn
Pittsburgh, Campbell General Tire Co.
Pittsburgh, Maxon Tire Service
Pittston, Consumers Gas & Oil Co.
Pottsville, Leisure-Freed Tire Company
Scranton, A. H. Steppacher
Sharon, John B. Lewis

Senbury, Leisure Back Tire Co.
Uniontown, Crawford & Webb
Vandergriff, Gasser Tire Service
Warren, Emblem Oil Company
Washington, Howler Gen. Tire Serv., Inc.
York, Ward General Tire

RHODE ISLAND

Providence, General Tire Service, Inc.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Anderson, McAdams Tire Service
Charleston, Throver VanNess Tire Serv., Inc.
Columbia, Columbia Tire Service, Inc.
Greenville, Hunter's Tire Service
Spartanburg, Whitlock Tire Service

SOUTH DAKOTA

Deadwood, Eddie's Tire & Gas
Rapid City, Eddie's Tire Service
Sioux Falls, Keeler's Super Service
Watertown, Mel Dahle Tire Company

TENNESSEE

Bristol, Davis Tire & Recapping, Inc.
Chattanooga, General Tire Service, Inc.
Columbia, Russell & Bartlett Tire Co.
Hartsville, T. A. Jones & Son, Recappers
Jackson, General Tire Service
Kingsport, Duffer Taylor Tire Service, Inc.
Knoxville, General Tire Sales Co.
Lebanon, Hinson Tire Co.
Livingston, Doak General Tire Co.
Memphis, Steepleton General Tire Co.
Murfreesboro, Russell Tire Co.
Nashville, McDowell General Tire Co.
Union City, Better Recappers

TEXAS

Abilene, E. N. Compere
Alice, Adams General Tire Service
Amarillo, Baker-Askew Tire Co.
Beaumont, Beaumont Gen. Tire Sales Inc.
Brownsville, Hunt General Tire Service
Colorado City, Dave Helm Tire Co.
Conroe, Louie Hoopes Tire Co.
Corpus Christi, Dickinson Gen. Tire Service
Dallas, General Tire Service
El Paso, Turner's Gen. Tire Service, Inc.
Ft. Worth, Hertel General Tire Co.
Houston, General Tire Sales of Houston
Longview, McCann Tire Service
Lubbock, Woody Tire Co.
Midland, Midland Tire Co.
Odessa, Garrison Gen'l Tire Service
Pecos, Pecos Tire Company
Plainview, Kiker's Service Station
San Angelo, Red Covington Tire Service
San Antonio, Harper General Tire Co.
Texarkana, Cullom-Walker
Tyler, Prickett-McElroy Tire Co., Inc.
Victoria, Allen Tire & Recapping Service
Wichita Falls, Earl Hodges Tire Service

UTAH

Richfield, Pearson & Crofts
Salt Lake City, Wheeler General Tire Co.

VIRGINIA

Alexandria, Colross Tire Corp.
Bristol, Davis Tire & Recapping, Inc.
Charlottesville, Barr Tire Co.
Chatham, Grubb & Terry, Inc.
Danville, Stinson Tire Co.
Harrisonburg, Glen Shomo
Lawrenceville, Brunswick Rubber Co., Inc.
Lexington, Spencer Tire Co.
Lynchburg, Lynchburg Ramp Garage, Corp.
Norfolk, Joyner's Tire
Norton, Lonesome Pine Recapping Co.
Radford, Wilson Pontiac Co.
Richmond, Gen. Tire Co. of Richmond, Inc.
Staunton, Dozier Tire Co.
Suffolk, Iadlock Tire Service
Virginia Beach, Bell-Edwards Tire Corp.

WASHINGTON

Aberdeen, General Tire Service
Bellingham, Swan General Tire Service
Seattle, General Tire Co.
Tacoma, City Tire Service
Vancouver, MacNab's Service
Yakima, Tire Sales & Equipment

WEST VIRGINIA

Beckley, Lucas General Tire, Inc.
Charleston, Park Tire Co., Inc.
Clarksburg, Barman Tire & Sales Co.
Elkins, General Tire & Battery Co.
Parkersburg, Mahone Tire Service
Welch, Welch Tire & Tread Co., Inc.
Wheeling, Wheeling Lincoln-Mercury

WISCONSIN

Appleton, Ray's Tire Co.
Fond du Lac, Hayward Tire Co.
Green Bay, Green Bay Tire Service
Kenosha, Kenosha General Tire Co., Inc.
Milwaukee, General Tires, Inc.
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The Iron Box

By JOHN SAVAGE

Katona was a master magician. Escape was his business. Now he must escape this final prison. Now he must escape his own grave

THE box was made of iron plates, welded together. It was two feet square and three feet tall. Empty, it weighed about eighty pounds. With Janos Katona inside and the lid bolted on, it probably weighed two hundred and fifty.

I first saw it in the lobby of a Paris theater. Later I saw it twice on the stage. Finally, in what I thought was a publicity stunt, I saw it thrown into the river Seine by a group of Katona's admirers. I never saw it again.

Those are the main facts of the matter, and yet they leave out almost everything. The story of Janos Katona—the finest and most truly dedicated man I've ever met—deserves to be known on the American side of the ocean. I think I should be the one to tell it, because Katona and his iron box changed my whole life.

I was twenty-four years old that November. Except for a very bad conscience, which had been my companion ever since I had quit my New York job, I was alone in Paris. The first Katona poster I saw was on a newspaper kiosk near the Madeleine at seven o'clock one evening.

I have always been a sucker for any kind of magician or escape artist. This one was billed as *Katona, l'incroyable*, which means "Katona, you wouldn't believe it." I was prepared to believe it, all right. I was, and still am, the perfect audience for all performers of that kind; I am a man who takes a childish delight in everything they do, tries his damndest to find out how they do it, and never succeeds.

I immediately started walking toward the theater, and I paused only once. The pause came when I saw my second Katona poster. It was on another kiosk, about two thirds of the way to the theater. This poster was like the first, except that it had been defaced in a very significant way. Somebody, working fast, had splashed across it in red paint. The word was *paix*.

I knew about the special meaning of that word. You couldn't spend much time in Europe without learning about it, and you were always seeing it painted on a bridge or a wall somewhere. In Italy you saw *pace*, and in Germany it was *Friede*, but everywhere it was a motto of the Communists. It had once been a well-loved word meaning simply "peace," but the Communists had captured it and taught it new tricks.

Here and now, splashed diagonally across Katona's name, the word did not mean "peace." It meant something like "down with the enemies of Communism," and its message was perfectly clear. Every passer-by would learn what I was learning—that this man Katona was hated by the Reds.

I absorbed the message with interest and then walked on toward the theater. There had been a time when the conquest of "peace" by the word-twisters was capable of making me fighting mad, but that time was past. I had come a long way, or thought I had, since the days when I hoped to do something about the mess the world was in.

Wearing a sweater and dungarees, Katona climbed into the iron box. Today, there were plenty of eager hands helping to put the lid on

I arrived at the theater ten minutes early, still wondering idly how an innocent escape artist could have got the Communists mad at him. As soon as I entered the lobby, though, I turned my mind to more fascinating matters.

The display in the lobby that night included many objects besides the iron box. There were two strait jackets, a heavy steamer trunk, a cluster of handcuffs, and various other devices that Professor Katona proposed to escape from, for the entertainment and mystification of the public. I set about examining all these exhibits carefully, and so did several other customers who had come in just ahead of me.

I saved the iron box until the last, because it appealed to me most. A steamer trunk might easily be rigged with a panel that opened inward at the touch of a hidden spring. A strait jacket could be unbuckled, by a trained contortionist, through the canvas. Cheap handcuffs would pop open if you banged them on something, and many better cuffs would be unlocked with a looped shoelace. But a simple metal box without upholstery, without any rivets, phony or otherwise . . .

I STOOD in front of the box and looked at it. It was empty; the big square lid was on the floor nearby. The box had once been painted white, inside and out, but apparently not for the purpose of hiding anything. There were, in fact, several irregular spots where the paint was scaling off and the rust was working. From each of these areas a long, orange-red stain ran downward on the white surface.

I hit the side of the box a few times with the heel of my hand, and each time there was a muffled boom. The box sounded very solid. I quickly turned my attention to the lid and the fastenings.

The lid, which was also painted white, lay upside down on the floor. It was a two-foot square of sheet iron with sides about three inches tall all the way around. I picked it up, turned it over and fitted it onto the box. It slid snugly down over the open end like the cover on a can of tea.

It was only after the lid was on that I noticed the holes. There were two of them, and they were drilled through opposite side walls of the lid. They went right on through the walls of the box itself. Any kind of rod, stuck through the holes, would secure the lid.

I took the lid off and put it back on the floor. I was now being watched politely by an old Frenchman in overcoat, muffler and beret, and also by his wife. They seemed to think I was part of the show. I grinned at them and went on with my investigation. I was having so much fun that I even forgot my nagging conscience.

I was absolutely satisfied with the box and the lid. I figured the trick for escaping must lie in some hidden weakness of the bolts and locks that held the two together. I therefore spent the rest of the time before the show in examining the bolts and locks, and in studying the drawing that showed how they worked.

The drawing was in an oak frame, leaning against the box. It showed a cutaway view, with a man in the box and the fastening in place. The lid was held down, at opposite sides, by two bolts. The



heads of these bolts were inside the box and the shaft of them ran out through the holes that were drilled through the side walls of the box and the side walls of the cover. Instead of a nut on the outside end of each bolt, there was a hole drilled through the bolt itself. Through each hole was passed the hump of a sizable padlock. A man locked in the box had nothing to attack but the smooth heads of the bolts. What could he do?

He could unscrew the heads of the bolts, I said to myself. He could use trick bolts with heads that would unscrew. Sure. And when the heads were off, he could simply push the headless bolts on out.

The bolts, with their locks, were on the floor beside the drawing. Several other people had joined the old Frenchman and his wife in watching me, but I didn't care. I started trying to unscrew the heads of the bolts.

I was still trying five minutes later, when the warning buzzer sounded several times.

I walked on in and sat down, followed by my own small audience. My hands were sore from trying to twist the bolt-heads but I was feeling stubbornly sure of my theory. I smiled and said to myself. They'll switch bolts before the show.

THE surprises of that evening, though it was nearly a month ago and in another country, are still vivid in my memory as I write. The biggest surprise, even before I learned the whole truth about him, was Janos Katona himself—first his humor and lack of bombast later his consummate skill.

He came out on the bare stage, alone, and stood there smiling modestly while the audience gave him a round of applause. I judged that he was just under forty years old. He was a blond man of medium size with extremely powerful shoulders. He wore a black suit and a bow tie.

As soon as the applause died down, he made an extraordinary speech, in heavily accented French. I had expected the accent, in view of his Hungarian name, but I had not expected the content of the speech.

"I am only an imitator," he began. "You will see nothing tonight that has not been done better before, even by men who were also imitators." He smiled ruefully, and I could feel his audience warming up to him, although his sincere modesty was not what I would have thought of as good showmanship. "If any of my little *divertissements* should give you pleasure," he went on, "please remember that your pleasure comes not from me but from a great man who died many years ago. This was the American, Ehrich Weiss, known to the world as Houdini."

The audience clapped again, and Katona—with Houdini off his chest—started doing his stuff. Within two minutes I was in the act myself.

An escape act is a curious thing, and the heart and soul of it is showmanship. The build-up has to be superb, because the best escapes are made behind a screen of some kind, to protect the secret. The climax of the act takes place where the audience can't even see it.

Houdini, they say, could hold a theaterful in eager suspense for an hour or more while he worked himself out of some elaborate pickle, within the four walls of a portable screen. But I hadn't thought, until I saw Katona, that anybody else could create that kind of interest.

He began by asking for a committee

of five men from the audience, much as Houdini used to do. Although I am not an exhibitionist by nature, I was on the stage in ten seconds. I wanted to know, above all about the iron-box trick. I wanted to check those bolts.

The first of the committee's duties was to help the magician carry his equipment from the lobby to the stage. Apparently Katona worked without an assistant. The band played while we made the trip to the lobby and back, and I got several close looks at Katona's face. It was a long, strong, likable face, with a lot of experience in it.

As soon as we got back on the stage and got things arranged, Katona began a series of stunts, most of which I'd seen before. He let the five-man committee stay on the stage, to prove he had nothing to hide. We sat in straight

of watchfulness in his eyes. I suddenly remembered the messed-up poster outside, and realized something I'd been forgetting: Katona was a man who had powerful enemies. It must take a fair amount of courage for him to let himself be rendered helpless by strangers, even here in the theater.

He smiled, though, and proceeded to order something I had never seen done before. He had us hang him upside down by the ankles, from a rope that ran over a pulley in the flies. Three of us got on the free end of the rope and hauled until Katona hung, head downward, two yards off the floor. Then he asked us to start him swinging from side to side, and we did. He kept shouting for more until we had him going in a long arc, the whole width of the stage.

I had read somewhere about the



COLLIER'S

"It's easy to see who wears the pants in that family"

VIRGIL PARTCH

chairs, all on one side of the stage, and watched him run through some preliminary sleights of hand. The escapes, since they were the main dish, would come later.

He swallowed a handful of needles and a ball of thread, then pulled the thread out of his mouth with the needles strung on it; he did some card tricks; he made a rosebush grow and blossom out of an empty flowerpot. All this was done rather apologetically, but it was expert work and quite convincing.

I enjoyed these things, along with the rest of the audience, but I was waiting somewhat impatiently for the escape from the iron box. It had occurred to me by now that he might use imitation padlocks made of sponge rubber; then he could pull the bolts in through the holes, locks and all. I resolved to be one of the committeemen who locked him in. I'd find out for sure.

WHEN he finally got to the escapes, he began with the strait jacket. All the members of the committee helped get it on him. He had taken off his coat first, so that we could get the leather-and-canvas contraption on tighter. We buckled the jacket up the back, then made him cross his arms on his chest while we buckled the ends of the sleeves together, also in back. We hauled everything perfectly taut, and when we were finished it was a wonder that Katona could even breathe.

He stood before us for a moment, and I thought I caught a certain look

of strait-jacket work of Houdini himself. He always claimed that this particular escape was a matter of "persistent straining" by a man with a well-trained body; not a secret trick at all, in other words, but something that could be done in full view of the audience.

I had carefully inspected Katona's strait jacket. I had checked especially for hidden springs or releases inside the ends of the sleeves. I knew there weren't any.

Still swinging in that long arc, Katona gradually pulled one elbow over his head, wriggled the jacket around on his body, unbuckled the sleeve straps with his teeth, and then unbuckled the jacket straps with his hands, working through the canvas. He dropped the jacket on the floor after about a minute and a half. Then he jackknifed his body, untied his own ankles and swung off the rope. He hit the stage standing up, and the crowd went crazy.

The handcuff act which followed was also impressive, and so was the escape from the steamer trunk. But I was getting a little impatient for the iron-box performance. My chief interest in the steamer-trunk escape came from the prospect of seeing what type of screen Katona would use.

The screen turned out to be a steel frame, six feet square, with blue drapes that hung down to the floor on all four sides. The frame was on wheels, so that it could be rolled into place. After we had Katona locked in the trunk and the trunk bound securely with rope, accord-

ing to the instructions he had given, we rolled the screen over the trunk, hiding it from view. In less than a minute, Katona parted the curtains and stepped out. We rolled the screen away and found the trunk securely locked and tied.

This made an excellent act, but I'd heard of too many ways for getting out of a trunk: trap doors, trick hinges.

The iron box was next, though, and I began to get really excited. Only those who share my love of magic will know completely what I mean: the utter simplicity of the box, the complete perfection of the illusion!

We members of the committee, with the help of Janos Katona himself, cleared the stage of everything except the box. Then Katona invited the committee to make another inspection.

I jumped at the chance. I went straight to the bolts and tried to unscrew the heads, without success. I squeezed the locks and found them solid. If there was to be a switch of some kind, it hadn't been pulled yet. I gave the box and lid another quick check and was convinced that nothing had been changed.

Katona held his arms out and asked us to search him. All five of us took turns with the frisking, and nothing turned up. At first I wondered about the reason for the search. It was only after he had stepped into the box that I understood.

THIS was the way of it: Janos Katona stepped into the open box and folded himself into a sitting position, with the two bolts in his hands; his knees were almost against his chest. As soon as he was in, he pushed the bolts out through the two holes in the box, which were about on a level with the top of his head. He pushed the bolts only part of the way, so that they would not interfere with the lid as it slid past them. He kept his hands on the bolts, and as soon as we had slid the lid on, he pushed the bolts as far out as they would go, through the two holes.

As the committeemen snapped the padlocks through the holes in the ends of the bolts, my brain began to work on the only possibility I could see for escape: the bolts had not been switched while Katona was visible, but couldn't he have switched them after he was hidden by the lid?

No, I decided, not unless he could make time stand still. The bolts had shot out of both holes at once, the very instant the lid was all the way down. And where would the substitute bolts have come from, anyway? Five men had just searched him. I saw the reason for the search now, and I admired it. In insisting on that detail, Janos Katona had been shoring up the only weak spot in his illusion. All logical possibilities of escape had now been destroyed.

We rolled the screen over the box as we had rolled it over the trunk. The folds of the blue cloth curtain dropped to the floor all the way around the box hiding it completely.

The orchestra played very loudly for the next two minutes. I registered the fact as a suspicious detail, without knowing how to interpret it. In less than two minutes the blue curtains parted.

Katona stepped out, smiling rather humbly. He gave the screen a push, and it rolled away, revealing the iron box. The box was bolted and locked as it had been before.

The audience got to its feet and did a lot of clapping. I sat there, beating my hands together and trying to figure out the gimmick. When the applause was

over, Katona allowed the committee to unlock the padlocks, push the bolts into the box and remove the lid. Everything was as before. With Katona smiling at me, I reached into the box, retrieved the bolts and tried to twist the heads off. No luck.

Katona then asked the audience, as Houdini used to do, if anybody had a challenge—any particularly difficult test he'd like to put the magician to. Nobody spoke up, so Katona did a couple of card tricks, dismissed the committee, and rang down the curtain.

THAT was Friday night. I went to my hotel as soon as the show was over, had a drink in the bar, and went to bed. I dreamed of being shut up in an iron box, a huge one, and I woke up in the morning knowing I'd have to find out more about that trick. Maybe if I went back to the theater that night, I'd get a chance to talk to the magician a little.

In that morning's Paris Herald, which I read at breakfast, I was delighted to find a feature story on the new sensation in town, Janos Katona. There was no specific mention of the iron box, though. Instead, there was a picture of Katona, looking very serious, and a brief account of what the paper called "the crowning escape of his career"—his trip from Communist Budapest to the American zone of Vienna six months before. It seemed he had not been popular with the political leaders on the other side of the Curtain. He had been engaged in a lot of anti-Soviet pamphleteering, and his escape from prison, while he was awaiting interrogation, was said to have vexed the authorities considerably.

Those same authorities, the story said, were angry at him for an additional reason: they believed that most of his theatrical income, even now, was being used to help finance anti-Communist elements in Hungary.

I found this very good reading, but I reminded myself that I had given up all interest in international affairs on the day I quit my job at United Nations headquarters in New York. All I wanted to know, I told myself, was how Katona got out of that confounded box.

I arrived at the theater about twenty minutes before curtain time that night and spent the twenty minutes investigating the box all over again. I got nowhere.

When the show started, I volunteered for the committee again. Katona did a slight double-take when he saw me, but he seemed pleased to be doing repeat business and readily agreed to allow me to serve.

While we were carrying the box from the lobby to the stage, he asked me a question: "You are American?"

I said, "Yes," and then I tried something. "I wonder if I could buy you a drink after the show?" I asked.

He grinned. "Not only an American, but a rich American! Hokay! Do you know La Petite Marmite?"

I said I did, and we agreed to meet there. It was a bar near the theater.

The show that night began with everything going off exactly as before. Things didn't begin to be different until after the iron-box trick, when Katona asked again for challenges from the audience.

This time a man stood up and shouted, "Yes! If you please, yes. I have a challenge!"

This man was far in the rear of the house. All I could tell about him was that his face, behind heavy spectacles and a gray mustache, was very white. Katona smiled at him and seemed to

take a new interest in the proceedings. "Monsieur will have the goodness to state his challenge," he called. "My talents are, as will have been noted by all, severely limited. At the same time..." He paused and waited.

The man in the rear spoke again, rather stilly, and in an accent that reminded me oddly of Katona's own. He ticked off each detail on his fingers. "Tomorrow, in the full light of day, on the Quai d'Orsay, *Monsieur le Professeur* will enter the iron box. The committee will secure the cover as before. The box will be carried by the committee to the water's edge." He paused. "It will be thrown into the Seine."

The man sat down. There was a gasp from the audience. This was followed by laughter from those who had not caught the desperate seriousness of the challenger's tone, and by shocked cries of "Non!" from those who had.

Katona was still smiling. That confident smile, along with the challenger's Hungarian accent, forced me to an obvious conclusion: the challenger was a friend. This was a put-up job, for publicity purposes.

"Is it your intention, monsieur," Katona called, "that I should attempt an underwater escape, in the manner of the incomparable Houdini?"

"This intention is obvious."

"Not quite obvious," Katona corrected politely. "I would enjoy making such an attempt, but"—and he paused—"it is my opinion that the box, alas, might float."

I did some quick figuring, and realized that he was right. Even with a man inside, the box would contain several cubic feet of air.

The challenger spoke again, rather acidly. "Weight it."

Katona thought for a moment and then nodded. "This solution is acceptable to me," he said. "I shall place lead weights in the box before I enter it."

The challenger said, "D'accord!" and nodded triumphantly.

Katona dismissed the committee. With a sure appreciation of climax and anticlimax, he omitted the card tricks of the night before. He simply said, "Until tomorrow, Quai d'Orsay, at ten."

The audience was almost too busy with buzzing speculations to give him a hand.

I WENT straight to La Petite Marmite. I wasn't sure Katona would remember the appointment, but he did. He joined me just as I was sitting down at a rear table. I introduced myself and then summoned the waiter. Katona ordered a *filtré*, and I ordered some of the Normandy applejack they call Calvados. There was a moment of silence, during which I happened to notice Katona's suit.

He had done a quick change since the show, and he was wearing a blue flannel suit that belonged in a rag bag. For a second I wondered why he couldn't afford new clothes, and then I remembered that his income was going to the Hungarian underground.

"I enjoyed your show," I said.

Katona nodded his thanks.

"I admired particularly the iron box."

He smiled and said, "It is a very pretty restraint." Then he did what a magician will do every time—changed the subject. "You are American," he said. "I am curious about what you think of Hungary, my country, and its present government."

I wasn't looking for an argument. I said, "Oh, it's all right, if that's what they want."

"Yes," he said. "My father, a vintner

HOUSE GUEST

By STANLEY and JANICE BERENSTAIN



CHECKING IN



AMERICAN PLAN



ROOM SERVICE



HOUSE DETECTIVE



HOT AND COLD
RUNNING WATER



MAID SERVICE



BREAKFAST MENU



CHECKING OUT

at the north shore of Lake Balaton, was deported in nineteen fifty to Russia. It was not what he wanted."

I made a sympathetic noise. I couldn't think of anything to say, and there was an uncomfortable silence. "Did you ever meet Houdini?" I asked.

He shook his head and then said, rather absently, "My grandfather knew Rabbi Weiss of Budapest, before the rabbi emigrated to your Wisconsin. This man became Houdini's father. *Li voila* my closest link with Houdini."

"Oh. Well, I suppose you've read Houdini's books, though?"

Katona said, "Yes," and then: "Are you enjoying your visit to Paris?"

I took the hint, unwillingly, and got off magic. I had another Calvados, and this time Katona joined me. As the conversation went on, we had more drinks, and I may have grown a little talkative. I told him why I was in Paris. I told him about chucking my little job with the UN in New York. Secretary to a secretary. I'd gone into the job with a lot of childish hopes for world peace, but the closer I studied the trend of international events the quicker my hopes petered out. After a couple of years at it, I had quit and come to Paris to have some fun before the roof fell in. If my conscience didn't like it, my conscience could go to blazes.

Katona listened to me with sincere interest, almost a personal concern. A couple of times he almost spoke, then clamped his jaw shut. I got the idea he was resisting a fervent desire to give me a lecture. But he must have realized that words wouldn't do any good. When I had it all said, he didn't offer any sirupy advice. He just said, "I wish you luck."

"Good luck yourself," I said, as he stood up to leave. "That job tomorrow morning sounds dangerous."

He said "I carry insurance."

It was quite a while before I found out what kind of insurance he meant.

I WAS on the Quai d'Orsay an hour early the next morning. People from the audience of the night before, along with their friends, were already beginning to gather. Katona rode up at five minutes to ten, seated beside the driver of a horse-drawn wagon. His iron box was on the bed of the cart. Pasted to the side of the box was one of the white posters I had already seen, with its *Katona, l'incroyable* in large letters. He had the driver stop the cart at the head of the stairway that ran down to the lower quay, and several men from the audience carried the box down the stairs for him. They set it down on the square paving stones, about a foot from the water's edge.

There were two old men sitting at the river's edge, fishing in the cool, green water. They had bamboo poles about fifteen feet long. They noted our preparations with small curiosity and no resentment, for centuries the fishing in the Seine has been so superlatively bad that nothing can make it worse.

There were by now several hundred spectators. Almost as soon as the box had been set down, a gendarme pushed his way through the crowd. For a minute I was worried. Then I noticed that he was one of those policemen who are very stern of word and amazingly friendly of face, there are lots like him in Paris. He faced Katona and said, "Whatever this is, it is forbidden."

Katona outlined politely what was going on, and said it would take only a few minutes.

The gendarme nodded sagely and scratched his nose. "It is, as I have

notified you, quite specifically forbidden," he said. "I shall return in three hours to arrest you, if you are still here." Then he walked away. I saw him stop under a horse-chestnut tree forty yards up the river to watch the rest of the proceedings.

Katona, wearing an old sweater and dungarees, passed two pigs of lead around for inspection and then placed them in the bottom of the box. He climbed in. I had already had my fill, at the night performances, of twisting on perfectly legitimate boltheads, and today there were plenty of eager hands helping to put the lid on, so I kept out of the way.

When the lid was on and the padlocks were locked through the ends of the bolts, somebody rapped on the box and asked Katona if he were ready.

probably thought of it as a fortunate coincidence that the unknown challenger of last night had chanced on a trick which was so well practiced. Working without an assistant, as he had been forced to do since coming to Paris, caused difficulties enough, even with these standard escapes.

Now they were preparing to put the lid on. He had to be ready.

AS SOON as the lid reached the top of the box and started sliding down, Katona performed a piece of manual dexterity that had cost him many hours of practice, even after a lifetime as a sleight-of-hand expert. It all had to be accomplished in somewhat less than one second—that was the time it took for the lid to slide all the way down.

There were three separate motions in

water leaking in. He pulled the bolts inward half an inch, which was as far as they would come, and then went to work at unscrewing the one on his left. It seemed to be starting hard. He held the bolt shaft between finger and thumb of his left hand, twisting the head sharply with his right. He'd have to use a little oil before he tried this particular escape again. He twisted again, grunting with the effort.

The head wasn't going to unscrew at all!

In bewilderment, he attacked the other bolt. But he knew already what must have happened: somehow, in some way that he could not yet understand, the bolts had got switched.

The water in the box was over his shoe tops already. There wasn't much time, but he had to know the full gravity of the situation before he could do anything about it. He picked up one of the bolts that were in his lap and twisted the head. It unscrewed.

Janos Katona took one frugal, shallow breath of the already-stuffy air in the box and tried to get a grip on himself. Houdini had credited half his success to coolness in emergencies, and Katona had learned that lesson well.

Even as he set to work again, his mind was coolly taking stock of his weapons for survival: he had what he called his "insurance," in its pouch taped behind his right knee; he also had an ability, almost approaching Houdini's, to conserve oxygen. Perhaps, with these advantages, he still had a chance.

HIS insurance was now ripped loose and lying in his lap. It was a satin pouch full of miniature tools, and he had last used it in his escape from the interrogation cell in Budapest. It contained three kinds of picks for opening locks, a shortened screw driver, a four-inch piece of hacksaw blade, and a capsule of potassium cyanide. The poison was for the most irrevocable escape of all, and there had been times in his eventful life when he had come within a hair's breadth of having to use it.

The darkness was total, but his finger tips knew the saw blade well. He was at work on the shaft of one of the bolts almost before he had thought about it.

But the hopelessness of his position struck him like a club, as soon as the saw blade began taking its pitifully small bites of steel. It was like working on flint with a nail file, and he was now sitting in water a foot deep.

He pushed the hopelessness away with an effort of self-hypnotism. He had now been on the bottom of the river for approximately two minutes. There must be no panic, because panic would speed the heart and cost more oxygen. Letting his hands work on, he deliberately put his mind to the problem of how the bolts had been switched.

He remembered something now. He had had a slight surprise earlier this morning when he had awakened to find the door of his hotel room open. There had been a further moment of puzzlement when the watchman at the theater had reported almost catching an intruder in the night. But nothing had been missing or harmed at either place, and he hadn't put the two incidents together in his mind until now.

They came together in a flash at this moment, when it was too late—with the water cold about his chest and with his saw blade only beginning to scratch a channel in the steel.

Only one man knew enough to do this to him, and that man's name was Tisza. Tisza had been jealous, even in



"Why don't we just fight it out like civilized people?"

COLLIER'S

JERRY MARCUS

His voice came faintly from inside, muffled but gay. "*Allez-y!*"

Four men picked up the box, holding it level, and swung it back and forth three times. On the third forward swing they let go, and the box hit the water with a great splash. It disappeared at once, although a series of bubbles continued to rise to the surface and break.

A minute went by, two minutes. The white poster, torn from the box by the water, rose like a ghost toward the surface, flapping downstream on the slow current. *Katona, l'incroyable*. Three minutes. Four . . .

The bubbles stopped.

I stood there looking at the water, knowing only that something had gone wrong.

I KNOW a great deal more now—more about Janos Katona and his trick, and everything about what went wrong. At least I think I do.

I'd like to tell it all, exactly as I think it happened, from the moment he stepped into the box. Then I will tell how I found out.

When Katona stepped into the iron box, there on the quay, he expected no trouble. He thought he would be out of the river and taking a bow within a minute and a half. He had performed the same escape at least two hundred times on the stage, and three times, for publicity, on the bottom of the Danube River at Budapest.

Sitting there in the open box, he

the trick, and they had to be linked together into something smooth, unhurried, and yet lightning fast.

His hands were already on the bolts. The first motion was that of withdrawing the bolts and dropping them in his lap without a clatter. The second was harder, because the fake bolts were in a satin sheath, taped to the skin at the back of his left knee. His hands had to swing up under his pant leg and withdraw the bolts. The third motion, which took place just at the instant the lid finished sliding into place, was an accurate, ambidextrous stab with the substitute bolts at the two circles of light that were the holes.

All this he did quite successfully, as he had done it so many times before. He sat in the dark then and heard the locks click in the bolts. Somebody outside called to ask if he were ready, and he answered, "*Allez-y!*"

He felt the motion as the box was raised from the pavement, and he braced his hands, feet and shoulders for the jar. It was not a bad jar.

He heard the splash, followed by the whisper of water sliding upward past him. Then he felt another jar as the box hit bottom. The weights had kept it upright, and the current wasn't strong enough to tip it over; that made things simpler.

He went to work immediately, in the rapidly cooling dark, hearing the rustle of air leaking out around the lid and through the holes, and the murmur of

the old days, when he had worked as Katona's assistant on the stage in Hungary; and his political views had differed sharply from Katona's own.

Tisza would know how to assassinate a man without making a martyr of him. Tisza would know how the iron-box trick worked and where both sets of bolts were kept. Tisza was no mean magician himself and could walk softly. Tisza could disguise himself with mustache and glasses, for a murderous evening at the theater.

"At least I am regarded as worth assassinating," Katona noted, and his lips smiled as his hands worked.

THE blade was only about one quarter of the way through the bolt—the first of two bolts—and the water was already at his shoulders.

He remembered checking the contents of the satin sheath as he was taping it on his leg this morning, but he had checked carelessly, and only by feel. After all, the bolts were *there*; why should he suspect that they were not the right ones? Well, he would never be careless again. Or careful again, for that matter, he realized. Or alive again. But he kept the saw going.

He thought about Hungary, the free Hungary he had worked for.

When the water reached his chin, he took one great breath of nearly worthless air and then began letting it out of his nose, very slowly. He knew he was good for about two more minutes.

Always the saw kept going, still on the first of the bolts, and barely half-way through. It kept going for almost a minute more before hope died, and it stopped.

For an instant, Janos Katona sat very still. The box was full of water now, and empty of air. He could hear the measured throbbing of his own pulse in his ears, still without the speed of panic. If he prayed, the prayer was very brief.

Hope came back almost like a dream. It was a very tiny hope. Deliberately, Katona's hands groped for the screw driver, dropping the saw blade which was too slow a tool to be of further use. He raised the screw driver and attempted to use it as a lever to break the weakened bolt, but there seemed to be no way of getting a solid purchase. Then he thought of something. He passed the ringlike steel handle of the screw driver over the bolt-head and let the screw driver hang from the shaft of the bolt. Then he picked up one of the faked bolts from his lap, set its end

inside the ring of the screw driver handle, and pried upward against the bolt-head. The sawed bolt broke off with a snap that hurt his ears.

Quickly he dropped his tools and pushed the headless bolt out through the hole. Then he ducked his head, got his shoulders against the lid of the box, and thrust his body upward.

The other bolt wouldn't break; he knew that. But with all the leverage of the cover working on it, it might bend.

He felt the cover move upward an inch, then jam. He heaved his shoulders against it again and forced it free. He wanted great gulps of air, but he forced himself to keep his mouth closed. He pushed again, felt the lid give some more, and then used one hand to measure the space between the lid and box, on the side where there was no bolt. It was enough! He could squeeze through! He did so and paddled weakly upward toward the light.

Still in his shoes were the two pieces of fishline, each five feet long, which he had planned to use as usual for pulling the original bolts out through the holes, so that he could lock the box as before. The refinements of the illusion were no longer important. The only important thing was air.

A moment later his head broke the surface of the Seine, and he breathed, sobbing, and heard the shouts of the crowd.

THAT is what happened. At least, that is how Katona told it to me in La Petite Marmite a few hours later. At the time, I found it impossible to doubt a single word of it.

He told me that something had inspired him during his ordeal, and that he therefore planned to return to Hungary, and the underground, immediately. He claimed to have learned two things on the bottom of the river. He had learned that he was regarded as an important enemy of the dictators, important enough to be assassinated. And he learned that nothing is impossible so long as there is hope, even a tiny hope.

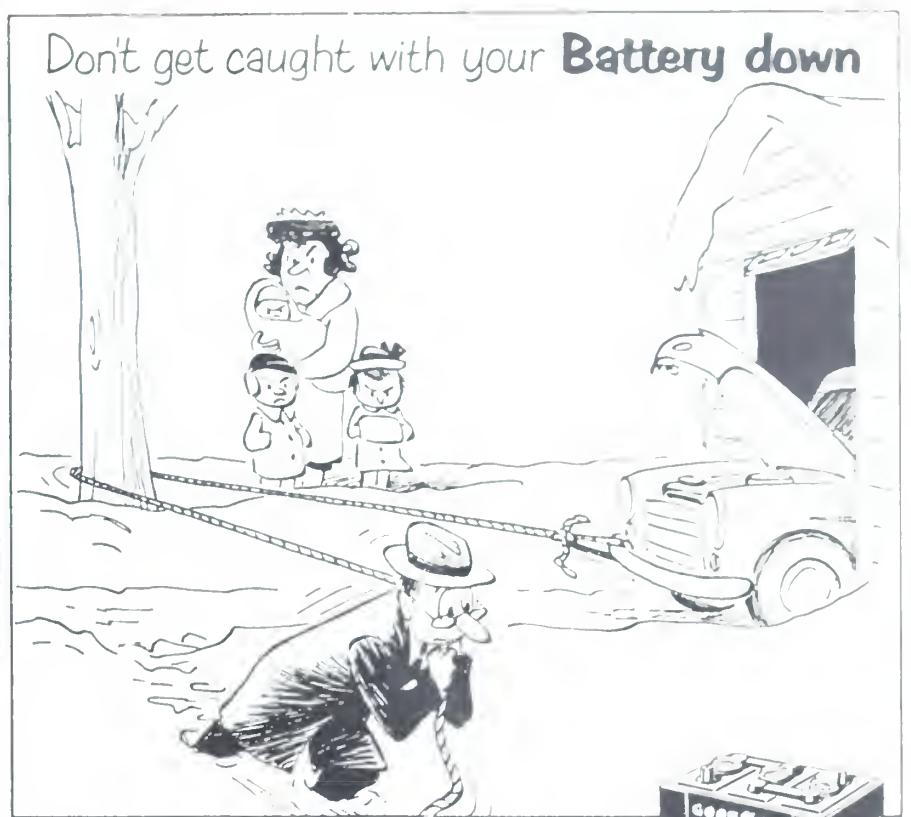
He preached me this little sermon so well that I got all steamed up. I still am, and I guess I always will be. I'm back at my job with the UN, and though my hope for peace is small, it is steady and it is precious.

I'm almost sure that's the end of the story. But I'll admit that a friend of mine has just had a letter from Paris, and I'll tell you what it says. Katona is still there! He didn't go to Hungary. He's still in Paris, and still wowing them, just as if that underwater ordeal of his had never happened.

Now do you suppose it *didn't*? Do you suppose I've been bamboozled?

I still remember seeing Katona smile at me, on the stage that time, when I was trying to unscrew the bolt-heads. Did he take his cue from that theory of mine? Did he spin me a cloak-and-dagger yarn and hang a moral on it, just to send me back?

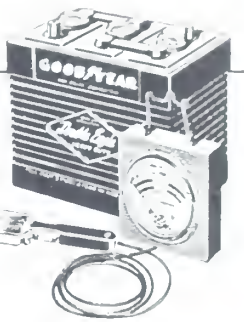
I'm happy; my conscience is my friend. But I can't help wondering. Could it be that I *still* haven't found the real gimmick for the iron-box trick? I don't know. I told you I was a sucker for a magician. ▲▲▲



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Asa sets off on early-morning inspection of traps along Muddy Brook. Two-mile trek takes two hours



Trap is returned to stream after drowned muskrat has been removed. Fur coat requires 90 such pelts

Carrying dead muskrat, Asa hurries along trap line. State law requires sets to be inspected every day



Asa Sprague smooths fur on beaver pelt—worth \$30. Drying muskrat skins (\$2.50 each) hang behind him. He makes \$100 a year on his upstate New York trap line

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

BOY TRAPPER

Asa Sprague is a teen-age businessman whose stock in trade is a vast woodland know-how. His partner is Mother Nature

ASA WILLIAM SPRAGUE is a seventeen-year-old farm boy. He has lived in the Catskill Mountains all his life. He is as far removed from the world of high fashion as a beaver in a pond is from a finished fur coat. Asa has, in fact, only the vaguest idea how a fur coat is made. But he knows the tumbling mountain streams and brooks near his family's 100-acre farm in upper New York State's Schoharie County. He knows where the fox will dig its burrow and where the otter makes its slide. He knows the mink's insatiable curiosity and how to take advantage of it. And though Asa might not recognize a sheared beaver coat on the street (for he has never seen one), he plays an indispensable role in producing one.

Asa is a before- and after-school trapper, a job that is to him what working in a drugstore is to many city kids—except perhaps that Asa works much harder. His co-worker in the enterprise is Nature, and Nature is an exacting partner. Asa is up two hours before dawn every morning of the trapping season. Regardless of the weather, he hustles along Muddy Brook to inspect his 75 traps. His muskrat sets are placed in the icy waters of the stream where Asa hopes the animals will step on

them during the night. On a good morning, Asa will collect three muskrats. Some he finds drowned; others have chewed off their trapped legs and escaped. But most are still alive, and Asa kills them with a stick.

The muskrats are the bread-and-butter animals of Asa's trap line, selling for \$2.50 a pelt. A mink, however, will bring six times that amount—but, correspondingly, they are easily six times more difficult to trap. The mink, though, does have a fatal weakness—inquisitiveness. And Asa makes full use of it. Wearing gloves to keep from leaving any human scent, he builds a tiny archway of rocks in a stream bed. After he has gone, the mink sniffs his way up to the little construction job (called a cubby). The animal's curiosity gets the better of him and he darts through. Day after day, the mink returns and repeats the procedure. Then one morning he goes through once too often. One of Asa's traps is under the arch.

Asa nets about \$100 a year trapping. To earn it, the only risk he assumes—aside from the danger of frostbite—is a social one. On the mornings he removes a skunk from a trap, he invariably is relegated to a faraway seat at school. ▲▲▲



Beaver trap is wired to Y-shaped elm limb with small aspen tree branch across crotch as bait. Whole set is shoved in water under ice. Trapped beaver drowns



Seeking possible new locations to set traps, Asa checks animal tracks in snow. A rabbit made these



Ready to douse captor with scent, a trapped skunk, tail high, stands poised for action. Asa shot it

After-school chore is killing human scent on traps by boiling in solution of water and logwood chips



To trap mink, Asa first builds rock archway, then leaves. Curious mink darts beneath. Asa later sets trap in place (above) to catch mink next time through

HOW TO SMUGGLE A

It's a fine art for those larcenous souls who sneak across our frontiers with illegal

ON a bitter January night in 1951 an Air Force sergeant was driving through the lonely hinterland beyond the town of Fort Kent, Maine. Suddenly his car skidded into the brush along the St. Johns River, which forms the border between the United States and Canada.

As he backed away from the tangled alders, the sergeant beheld a sight that made his jaw drop. Far out on the frozen river loomed a dozen shadowy creatures. They were silent as wraiths in the moonlight, and as they glided along they blew huge iridescent bubbles which floated ghostly on the still air.

Then a cloud covered the moon, and the apparitions vanished. So did the sergeant—at the rate of 60 miles an hour back toward his base at Presque Isle. There he made out a report and filed it with his captain. Under questioning, the sergeant insisted that he was sober and that what he had seen was no mirage. The doubting captain finally agreed to put customs officials on the trail of the bubbling phantoms.

The climax was like a scene out of Alice in Wonderland. Sliding and slipping through snowdrifts, two customs agents searched the river for hours. They encountered nothing but chilblains—and a series of bootprints apparently made by weaving drunks. Then, just as they were about to give up in disgust, they turned their binoculars on the Canadian shore.

There in the dawn's early light stood the explanation of the sergeant's phantoms—cows with galoshes on their feet and soapsuds on their faces. With them were two Canadian farmers, who—safe across the border from the customs agents—looked even more contented than the cows. The farmers had hit upon the happy device of using galoshes to mask the cows' hoofprints and soap to distract them from mooing. (Soap, it should be

explained, is a tasty treat to cows.) And the farmers had thus smuggled the rest of the herd into Maine in relays all night.

The incident became known as the Case of the Bubbling Bossies. But it was just a ripple in the wave of cattle smuggling that is swamping under-staffed U.S. officials. In the past 10 years, at least \$12,000,000 worth of beefsteak and butter on the hoof has been slipped past guards on the Canadian and Mexican borders. The smuggled cattle, if legally imported, would have brought the United States \$600,000 in customs duties. And the slick business is on the upgrade.

Cattle smugglers find a ready market in this country because of heavy demand and high prices—the result of inadequate home production and a law barring importation of cattle from any nation afflicted with foot-and-mouth disease. Spread by a virus, foot-and-mouth disease is the most contagious and devastating animal disease known to science. It attacks all cloven-hoofed creatures, and there is no way to control the plague except by destroying the stricken animal, its companions in the herd, and every bit of hay, grain and feed they have touched.

The last outbreak in this country occurred in 1929. Since then only a few nations, provably free of the plague, have been allowed to ship livestock into the United States. At present they include Australia, New Zealand, Greenland, Iceland, Cuba and the Central American republics.

However, a sea voyage swells the cost of cattle. Therefore, Americans have traditionally relied on nearby Mexico and Canada for the bulk of their imports. But an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease in Mexico in 1946 shut out all Mexican cattle for six years, our government finally lifting the ban only last September. However, Mexico still restricts the export of its dairy cows. To add to the

shortage, Canadian cattle have been barred from the United States since last February, when a foot-and-mouth plague struck Saskatchewan. All these circumstances have led to a further upsurge in smuggling on both borders.

Smuggling is particularly rife in New England, which depends on Quebec and Ontario to replenish its dairy herds. Cut off from this source of supply by the foot-and-mouth-disease embargo, Yankee farmers pay as much as \$500 for a milk cow from Canada—with no questions asked. As Chester A. Emerick, Deputy Commissioner of Customs Investigations, points out: "The setup is perfect for smugglers. They can buy a cow in Canada and sell it for five times as much in the States."

Unguarded Trails Across the Border

The terrain also is ideal for smuggling. It stretches for hundreds of miles over lonely pasture land and tangled second-growth forest. Only the main highways are guarded. But snaking back and forth across the border are innumerable lumber roads, wagon trails and footpaths which appear on no map. Smugglers shuttle cattle down these byways by the ton. Their skill is such that not more than one smuggler in ten is apprehended. "There seem to be more recipes for smuggling a cow than there are for beef stew," one weary customs agent says.

Typical is the plot cooked up last March by a band of canny Vermonters. It started when Leo Bergeron, of Newport, and William Desbiens, of Coventry, went to eastern Ontario, picked up 18 cows, and hit the trail homeward. The journey covered 100 miles as the crow flies, but the cows and the men walked even farther.

Plodding along steadily with the cattle, Bergeron and Desbiens crossed Ontario into Quebec and

The Case of the Bubbling Bossies—two Canadian smugglers fed cows soap to muffle their moos and buckled galoshes on their hoofs to mask the



COW

By BEN MERSON

estock. Their tricks will surprise you

headed down the west shore of Lake Memphremagog. Overtaken by a blinding snowstorm, the smugglers just strapped snowshoes on their feet and pushed on through the night.

Five miles from the international border, the cows became balky. One tumbled off a footbridge. Two others got stuck in a snowbank. They raised such a commotion that a nearby Canadian housewife thought her heifers were being stolen. She telephoned police, and a Mountie came galloping up to demand an explanation.

The smugglers were ready for him. Producing a legal bill of sale, they explained that they were delivering the cows to a Quebec farmer three miles away. They added that they would have to hurry because they were not sure of the road or how much longer they could keep the cows from becoming frozen beef.

Satisfied, the Mountie rode back toward his base. And there he might have stayed—if he had not suddenly begun to worry that the cattlemen might get lost in the storm.

Picking up their tracks, the Mountie followed the trail in the snow. The tracks led south, when they should have led west; he decided the men must be lost. Spurring his horse, the Mountie topped a hill. In the valley below was the border. And in the middle of the border stood a barn—with the entrance in Canada and the exit in Vermont. Bergeron and Desbiens were trying to get the cows inside. But the doors were stuck, and so were the smugglers.

The Mountie confiscated the cows and called American customs agents, who arrested the two men. The smugglers implicated Gerald D. Sloan, a Derby, Vermont, cattle dealer, and Melvin J. Dunn, whose farm straddles the border. All pleaded guilty, and confessed that Dunn's barn—located aptly enough at North Troy—was a Trojan

horse for smuggling cows across the international line. The four men were fined a total of \$8,500.

Luckily for the cows, they were seized on Canadian soil. If the cattle had stepped across the middle of the barn, they would have been doomed under America's foot-and-mouth-disease law. It decrees death for any Canadian cow which so much as puts one leg in the United States.

The law makes no exceptions, a fact which has given all concerned some exceptional headaches. Hundreds of farmers—both American and Canadian—own land that adjoins or straddles the border. Their cows, being illiterate, fail to heed the warning signs. So they wander back and forth—unless they are caught in the act by Bureau of Animal Industry inspectors. Then the cows either are shot dead on sight or hauled away for execution.

Killing of Stock Arouses Resentment

The BAI inspectors have no choice. But the cow killings have led to a surge of sullen resentment along the entire 3,000-mile Canadian border. In Vermont this mood has flared into open rebellion. Outside Holland, angry neighbors poured sand into the gas tank of a BAI man's truck to prevent him from confiscating cattle which had ambled across the line on a farm straddling the border.

At Franklin, a dozen Vermont farmers blocked the seizure of another herd by driving off border guards and threatening to overturn their truck. When the guards returned with reinforcements, the cattle had been spirited away.

Other farmers have filed suit against the government, threatened to shoot agents who shot their



Border patrolmen of the U.S. Bureau of Animal Industry study a map of Texas-Mexico frontier, which is still a hotbed of rustling and smuggling

cows, and even renounced their American citizenship and moved to Canada.

Co-operation with the government is so rare that only one case is recorded in BAI archives in Washington. It stars Kenneth S. Foster, a cattleman of Fort Fairfield, Maine, whose farm adjoins the border. His land is strongly fenced. But it was no proof against the romantic urge of his bull, which howled over the barbed wire and left for a honeymoon in Canada with two heifers that attracted its fancy.

Knowing the law—and the laws of bovine behavior—Foster grimly loaded his rifle and sat down in the pasture to wait. At ten o'clock that night, the bull strolled back, lovingly trailed by the heifers. Foster pulled the trigger three times, ending the honeymoon. Then, still obeying the letter of the law, he telephoned the news to Dr. E. L. Miller, Agriculture Department chief, at Houlton, Maine.

"Congratulations," said Dr. Miller. "Isn't there anything now we can do for you?"

"Sure," said Foster. "Call up my neighbor and tell him those two heifers I shot are his."

Along the Mexican border, the smuggling prob-

prints during illegal trek into the United States. Here one of the smugglers leads batch of cows across the snow-covered border into Maine



One North Dakota gang rustled and smuggled \$750,000 worth of cattle in four years

It is even more acute for it is coupled with the rustling of West Texas cattle. Rustling is it did in covered wagons. It is still the lonely land of brushy mountains and ravines and rocky, perfect hideouts for cattle thieves. Roads are few and only 200 men and BAI inspectors guard the 1,000-mile border formed by the Rio Grande.

Vast Herds South of Border

Across the river is the Mexican state of Chihuahua, where huge herds roam the country and are counted only at roundup time. These cattle are the target of Texas rustlers and the Rio Grande is no barrier. At most it is a muddy stream, too thin to plow and too shallow to ford.

From the river on last night, riders make forays deep into Chihuahua, sometimes with the help of Mexican *vaqueros* (cowboys). Choice steers are selected from the herds and driven over rocky trails to the border. Once across the river, the cattle are hidden in remote canyons.

There they are fed, fattened and branded on the hip. Then the cattle are broken up into small lots and trucked to where they will be sold to waiting bidders.

While many thefts go undetected, others read like Hollywood Westerns. The latest of these (it has not gone to trial as this is written) so fictitious as to be being used at the moment's request, involves Miguel Gonzales, a Chihuahua man, who accidentally blundered into rustlers driving off 100 head of choice steers. Beating a hasty retreat, Gonzales summoned his employer. They took the trail but lost it when the thieves rounded over the mountains for the night.

The rancher reported the theft to American customs agents at Laredo, Texas. He said that he also had been robbed of 300 other steers during the past six months. He had assumed the rustlers were fellow Mexicans who had previously sold the cattle in Mexico. But now, he said, he suspected the thieves were Americans.

Customs agents shared that suspicion. They concentrated their investigation on a county across the Rio Grande from the mountains where the thieves disappeared. After weeks of fruitless search, they got their first lead from a BAI inspector. He said he had been patrolling the outskirts of a river ranch when he was suddenly stopped by the owner, an irascible Texan we shall call Jones. The rancher was carrying a carbine.

When the inspector asked him what he was hunting, Jones replied pointedly, "For people who don't mind their own business."

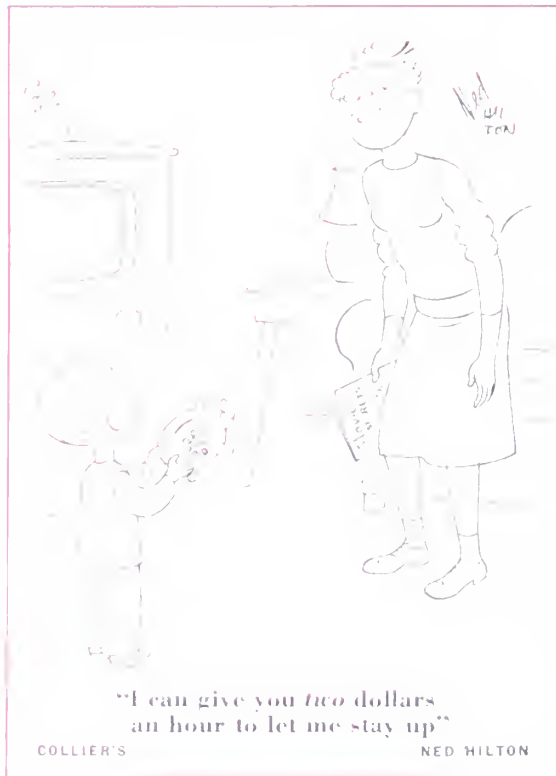
The next day, while patrolling the same area, a shot was fired at the inspector from the other side of the river.

Convinced they were on the right track, customs agents began looking for evidence to link Jones with the stolen Chihuahua steers. They found a truckman who said the gun-toting rancher

had tried to hire him to haul 20 head to an auction ring. "But I turned down the job after I heard a drunken Mexican *vaquero* say the cattle were hot," the truckman explained. "The *vaquero* claimed he'd seen 'em swiped, but had kept quiet because he was afraid of Jones."

That tip cracked the case. Agents arrested a cattle dealer who confessed he was in cahoots with Jones. And, one by one, the steers were rounded up, although some had been shipped as far as Colorado and Kansas and had changed hands a dozen times.

What customs officials needed to wind up the case was the testimony of the Mexican *vaquero* who said he had



witnessed the theft of the cattle. But he had long since returned to Chihuahua. Two agents set out to find him. Dribbling from village to village in Mexico, they encountered only shrugs and tamales. Their quarry was always one jump ahead of them. Then suddenly one day he popped out from behind a clump of cacti as the agents were riding by.

"Welcome, amigos," he greeted. "You have come a long way—to die."

The agents turned, and found themselves staring into the muzzles of two rifles and a submachine gun aimed by three beady-eyed marksmen.

"These are my friends," explained the Mexican politely. "When they heard you wished to kidnap me and take me to Texas they decided they should kill you." He shrugged. "Have you any last words?"

The agents had quite a few. In a 15-minute oration, they pointed out that they had come unarmed, had no intention of kidnaping the *vaquero*, and had made their arduous journey in the role of diplomatic couriers. "We have come merely to invite you to Texas," they solemnly assured him.

"An invitation?" the *vaquero* was overwhelmed. "All this way you have come to bring me an invitation?"

The agents nodded reproachfully.

"And I treat you like this!" The Mexican looked conscience-stricken.

"Can you forgive me? Can you forgive me enough to take me back to Texas with you now?"

The agents said they could, if he would get his friends to point their guns elsewhere.

"Bah," sneered the Mexican. "My friends' guns—they are not loaded. So let us boldly depart."

Jones and his confederates, including the cattle dealer, were indicted on charges ranging from smuggling to avoiding customs duties.

Although most cows which cross the Texas border illegally do so on their own four feet, others are smuggled in piecemeal. Agents at official ports of entry are constantly stopping tourists with steaks in their hats and coats, or suspended from hangers in their luggage. Customs agents seized one motorist who had trained his bulldog to snap at customs men instead of the 154 pounds of beef he had hidden in the car's upholstery. Periodically agents halt drivers who have spare gas tanks hidden under their hoods—and steaks hidden in their regular gas tanks.

Then there was a sixteen-year-old cyclist who used to pedal back and forth daily over the bridge between Ciudad Juárez and El Paso. Inspectors always thought he looked a bit paunchy. But they never stopped him until one day last April, when he came waddling back with his stomach almost protruding over the handlebars. Search revealed that he had 15 pounds of meat wrapped around his middle—and the meat had slipped, giving him a corporate bulge entirely out of keeping with his age. "Now you'll have to find me a new job," grumbled the youngster.

The youth had been employed as a smuggler by an El Paso restaurant. In 11 months he had toted three and a half tons of meat across the border on his bicycle—enough to feed 14,000 customers. The boy got off scot-free. His father and three partners in the restaurant drew four-month jail sentences, but these were suspended. The three restaurant men also were fined a total of \$6,000.

A Mastermind in North Dakota

However, it was North Dakota which furnished the backdrop for the most spectacular gang of rustlers and smugglers in recent years. Masterminded by six-foot four-inch Frank Barker, who had a face like Abraham Lincoln and a mind like an adding machine, the mob made off with \$750,000 worth of cattle in four years during the late 1930s and early 1940s. Barker's rustlers stole cattle on the Dakota border and sold them in Canada. Then, on the return journey, they stole cattle in Canada and sold them in Dakota.

Divided into a dozen groups of five men each, the gang terrorized the entire western half of North Dakota, striking in a dozen different places at once. In Mercer County, south of Barker's own ranch in Bottineau, they slaughtered the steers on the spot, buried the hides with their telltale brand, and boldly sold the fresh meat to butchers. In other counties, they rebranded the cattle and sold them on the hoof. Or, if

the market were glutted, they hid the steers in the petrified forests and grotesque valleys of North Dakota's Bad Lands. Then, when prices boomed, they rushed their loot by truck to unscrupulous dealers in Iowa, Illinois and Ohio.

The cunning Barker never joined in the raids. Posing as a fish dealer, he traveled throughout North Dakota, Alberta and Saskatchewan, casting about for cattle his rustlers could hook—and in his spare time heading up a separate ring of wool smugglers. Authorities were completely confused. They believed the cattle thefts were the work of individual gangs, not an organized mob. At first, they didn't connect Barker with the rustling, even after they jailed him for wool smuggling (the result of a slight error by a truckman, who delivered the wool to a legitimate dealer).

During Barker's imprisonment, the cattle thefts increased. He smuggled out instructions from his jail cell to two trusted lieutenants. And with more time on his hands (his sentence for wool smuggling was 15 months), he made every moment count. Under Barker's goading, the gang added faster trucks and rolling slaughterhouses to their equipment, and even branched out into horse stealing and sheep rustling.

Up Against a Wall of Silence

Outraged by their huge losses, the North Dakota Stockmen's Association called on local, state, federal and Canadian officials to join in a concerted investigation. A year later, the first suspects were arrested. But they refused to talk; they feared Barker more than the law. Despite the most adroit questioning, they would not admit so much as their names. As one sheriff recalls, "We kept butting our heads against a wall of silence."

The climax came when a cowboy, caught stealing a calf, refused even to admit the animal had four feet. Exasperated, officials sent for truth serum and a lie detector.

That combination did it. Wired for sound and his inhibitions dissolved, the cowboy talked as if he had been vaccinated with a phonograph needle. He not only identified Barker as the ring-leader, but implicated half a dozen other members of the gang. Confronted with this confession, the other suspects confessed, too, causing a chain reaction which resulted in 50 arrests. The members of the gang all had been guilty of scores of other crimes—ranging from arson and embezzlement to manslaughter—and Barker had used this knowledge to blackmail them. Barker was convicted of smuggling and rustling, and died in 1942 while serving a two-to-five-year term in State's Prison.

In pioneer days, Barker might have wound up at the end of a rope. But with the passing of the vigilantes, cow-cadging has become a comparatively safe occupation. Not more than one thief in ten is caught. And even if caught, the man who purloins a sirloin usually gets off with a fine easily payable out of his smuggling profits.

The high price of beef and dairy products plays into the smuggler's hands. If and when prices fall, smuggling will become unprofitable. Then the natural law of supply and demand will accomplish what man's law has failed to do—stop cattle smuggling.

It took 500 years to make this pencil!

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I find myself heaving huge stacks of old newspapers aboard a truck at dawn

Let's Appoint a Committee!

By JOHN I. KEASLER

If you get stuck with all the work—and who hasn't?—read this

I HAVE scanned the miracle drug counter of my local drugstore repeatedly, seeking a cure for a mysterious malady which affects me chronically. I have committeeitis.

This malady broke out first at the age of nine when, completely against my will, I was appointed to the Trail-blazing and Moss-observing Committee of Cub Scout Pack 38, and came down promptly with a fascinating case of poison-oak-covered wasp bites. They cleared up, eventually, but my committeeitis didn't clear up. This ailment grows progressively worse with age.

No matter what organization I become involved with, I end up invariably as a member of the Program and Planning Committee for the Annual Fish Fry and Dance—Fun for All. Which means that I clean the halibut.

Or else I get enmeshed in the Special Fund-raising Events Committee and find myself heaving huge stacks of gravity-ridden old newspapers and magazines aboard a truck at dawn of a Sunday, while all sensible club members are sleeping through the All-Out Paper Drive.

I could go to any given club meeting and come out appointed as a member of a committee to check on delinquency in the Congo, forthwith. In a moment of desperation the other day, I decided the only cure for my trouble was to let my dues lapse in all organizations except Social Security, and become a hermit.

What brought things to a head was that telephone call from the president of the club out in my suburb.

"Say," he said, "what have you done about the ragweed situation?"

"What—the ragweed situation?" I mumbled.

"You're on the Ragweed and Pollen Committee, remember?" he said. "The committee we got up August before last, after all the hay fever complaints. Any progress?"

That did it. A man can take only

so many committees. I confessed the ragweed situation seemed pretty well stalemated, and departed my office at a brisk canter toward the nearest travel agency to check for a hermitage with reasonable monthly rates.

I had spent a goodly part of the morning pricing spareribs and dill pickles, having been roped into the Food and Beverage Committee for the office picnic, so perhaps I was overwrought. At any rate, if I hadn't bumped into Charley Mittson, a fellow member of a local civic club, I probably would be the most antisocial hermit in my entire block today.

"Haven't seen you at meetings lately," Charley said, over a brunchcon of imported olives, very dry.

"And you won't," I said grimly. I confided in him.

Charley studied me intently. He leaned across the table and said in a low tone, "I may be able to help you."

"You mean—" I was too choked up to go on.

"I mean I can give you some trade secrets used by some of the leading noncommittee members in the nation," he said. "First, as a basic test, why are committees appointed?"

"Well," I said, "Some of—"

"Wrong," Charley said. "Committees are appointed so the board chairman or club president will have something to do when urgent business arises. He can't just sit there, you know."

"But why do I—"

"Quiet," Charley said. "That's your trouble now, you talk too much. For instance, remember the night the chair asked for suggestions on whether to repair the meetinghouse floor before or after the termites dropped us all into the cellar?"

"All I said was—" I began.

"That was too much," Charley said. "That's how you ended up on the Renovation Committee, better known as the crosscut-saw brigade. Rule one in staying off committees is never to open your mouth concern-

ing any question. If you do, bingo! Automatically you're on the committee to fix it, whatever it is."

"But even when I stay perfectly quiet—"

"Simple silence is not enough," Charley said. "Sometimes you have to outsmart the chair. Seating arrangements are important. Try to sit behind a post. If you can't do that, second motions."

"Second motions?"

"Sure!" Charley said. "Whenever somebody moves to appoint a committee, you second the motion, loudly and boldly."

"Why?"

"Because when the president starts appointing the committee he will feel you've already done your share, somehow. Nobody ever appoints a motion-seconder to committees. I thought everybody knew that. Motion seconding is even as good as table moving."

"Gee!" I said. "You give me new confidence. What's table moving?"

"A last resort," Charley said wisely. "When all else fails, and pure instinct tells you that you can't avoid a committee that threatens, leap to your feet at the last possible second and say, 'I move we table this matter pending further study.' Works every time."

"Thanks a lot for these tips, Charley," I said, wringing his hand.

"Don't mention it," he said, with an airy wave. "I just hate to see committee trouble get a man down. Guess we'll be seeing you regularly at the club now?"

He made me promise to attend. I haven't had a chance yet to try out Charley's rules thoroughly, but I see no reason why they shouldn't work. Only one thing bothers me a trifle. Charley is the fellow who sat across the halibut tub from me last year, and I just learned he got himself appointed to the Attendance and All-out Membership Drive the day before I ran into him.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT DAY



Martin ran down the stairs to the main deck, across the plank to the cobblestones, and headed as fast as he could for Marberry

Martin Taylor's Enterprise

By MERLE CONSTINER

"Oh, it's an evil world," Aunt Bella said, and then she started putting ideas into Martin's head—ideas about the nefarious ways of river pirates, and why they might want Martin killed

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK MCCARTHY



Colonel Thomas. He only hoped that Colonel Thomas was still in his office

ON a blustery spring afternoon in 1851, Martin Taylor came out of the Cincinnati Land Agents Bank carrying a small black bag. He was twenty-two, dapper in slightly worn finery, apple-cheeked and energetic. Pearl Street was deserted except for a man at the curb, a big man, prosperous-looking, with a glossy mustache and a braid-decorated greatcoat. Somehow the man's hat jumped off and flew into Martin's arms; it was almost as though he'd knocked it off himself, clumsily, with his own sleeve. The man rushed up, thrust out a silver dollar, changed his mind and returned the coin to his pocket. "Won't insult you with filthy lucre," he said. "Eustachius Logan, ironmaster from Pennsylvania, at your service. May I stand you a glass of port?" His tiny eyes never left Martin's bag.

"I've got to be getting along," Martin said politely. "Busy day."

"Nice little valise you've got there."

"Thank you," Martin said.

"Full of gold, eh? I'll wager you're somebody's paymaster, eh?"

"It's full of cigars," Martin said. "Tanletter's Choice Superfines."

Mr. Logan began to tremble. "You're joking," he said hoarsely. "You stepped out of that bank. I saw you."

"I'm a tobacco salesman," Martin said. He didn't add that he was Cincinnati's worst, that he barely survived.

He stared. Could Mr. Logan be an act of Providence—like out of one of those penny paperbacks? Needy lad, on windy day, returns hat to benevolent stranger. Martin proffered his business card, that last, soiled card with a bent corner. Mr. Logan accepted it.

"Tanletter's Tobaccos for Personages of Re-

luctant and I... Martin...
"Whiskey...
and Kentucky...
boy...
Lump...
He was...
from...
heel...
lowing...
In the...
liveries...
one more...
of three...
tions with...
The hideous...
didn't smoke...
something...
to his grandpa...
The smoke...
him lose...
o'clock he...
The building...
and flush...
ground floor...
two doors...
the other...
the stairs...
and the building...
He came up...
dim lamp...
counter, along...
stools, inkpots...
The room was...
but for a girl...
At her feet...
Polly Hopkins...
street-end...
As Martin came...
she asked...
Martin said...
Candleworks...
Somehow...
Martin was...
and a little...
She lifted...
"Quince jelly,"...
"Bottled strawberries...
siruped figs...
He chose a...
piece, munched...
and laid down...
"It'll pass,"...
She looked...
Every evening...
her daily itinerary...
in this office...
so they could...
walk to the corner...
As usual...
she waited...
while he made...
To reach Mr...
Tanletter's private...
office, you took...
a cramped passage...
back to a hidden...
closet, entered...
found rough...
timber steps...
and ascended...
The stairs popped...
you directly into...
Mr. Tanletter's...
presence. This...
space was otherwise...
unusable, so Mr...
Tanletter treasured...
it; he treasured...
all that was...
unusable—candle...
stubs, tobacco...
sweepings, rusty...
pen points—and...
eventually found...
a use for them...
Here, ceiling and...
walls followed...
the slope of the...
roof to the floor...
and there was no...
window; the only...
light was from an...
old coach lamp...
The imprisoned...
lamp flumes stung...
Martin's eyes...
as he came into...
the room.
Mr. Tanletter...
sat behind his...
desk. He was a...
smallish man...
bony, in shoddy...
broadcloth. Once...
in a rage, he'd...
broken his spectacles...
both lenses, and...
he had then...
patiently pieced...
them together...
with homemade...
glue. Now his...
magnified eyeballs...
looked at you...
through a network...
of cracks. Silently...
he said, "Had a...
wonderful day...
I'm sure. Didn't...
lose any more...
customers?"
"I lost Mr. Singleton...
at the Apex," Martin...
said.
Mr. Tanletter...
recoiled in mock...
amazement. "But...
that's not possible...
Not Mr. Singleton...
Dear Mr. Singleton...
wouldn't leave us."
"He sure did," Martin...
said.
Mr. Tanletter...
leaned forward...
dramatically. "What's...
the secret of your...
power, Martin?" He...
cupped an ear. "Whisper...
it. How do you knock...
off all our old friends...
so efficiently?" He...
pretended great...
intimacy, conspiratorial...
eagerness.
Mr. Tanletter...
didn't know what...
the very thought...
of a cigar could...
do to Martin.
"You're fired!"...
screamed Mr. Tanletter...
He howled eerily...
"Vanish!"
It was then that...
Martin saw the card...
on the

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delivered. It was his own business card, the card with the bent corner that he'd given Ironmaster Logan. "That's my card," he said mildly. "I see Mr. Logan's been here."

Mr. Tanletter seemed not to hear. "Get out!" he screamed.

"If Mr. Logan's been here," Martin said, "and has placed an order in my name, I'm due my commission before I leave."

"Logan, Logan?" said Mr. Tanletter. "People come and go. I don't recall. If you're going to be quarrelsome about this, I'll tell you what I'll do. Forget Mr. Logan, and I'll rehire you. Take it or leave it."

Martin hesitated. "I'll take it," he decided.

"And bring your own broom," Mr. Tanletter added.

"My what?"

Mr. Tanletter bared little, chipped-china teeth. "Starting tomorrow," he said, "you're the janitor's helper, confined to the premises, and with a proportionate diminution of stipend, of course. Good evening."

"Good evening," Martin said, and descended the stairs.

POLLY was leaning against the wall in the murky room, waiting. She picked up her basket, and together they went down to the street. Shopboys and tradesmen were hanging shutters against the night, and mist from the river webbed the street lights. At the corner they paused, Polly to go east to the warrens of Battalion Court, Martin west to his cellar lodging on Plum. She seemed preoccupied. "If a salesman," she said, "hooked just one customer—the right one, that is—he could get married, couldn't he?"

"There aren't many customers like that," Martin said. He didn't tell her he was not even a salesman now.

"You caught one this afternoon," she said. "A Mr. Logan. I was in Tanletter's office when he placed an order in your name."

"Fifty Choice Superfines, commission eleven cents."

"Mr. Logan's an ironmaster."

"I know it."

She spoke rapidly: "Let me tell you about ironmasters, like Mr. Logan told Mr. Tanletter. An iron furnace is like a little town. The furnace Mr. Logan owns is called the St. George, and about six hundred men work for him, he says—teamsters, colliers, harness makers, forgers and foundrymen. They rent their cottages from Mr. Logan and buy their merchandise at the St. George store."

Martin saw a baze before his eyes. "You mean he placed an order for his store? A big order?" he said.

"Ironmasters have an organization, Mr. Logan explained. He's president of the Four State Association of Ironmasters, with fifty-nine member furnaces. All told, he can buy for about twenty thousand tobacco users. Regular. Month in and month out."

Twice Martin tried to speak. His mouth felt full of tanbark. "How much did he order?"

"This was just a tryout. Eight hundred dollars' worth for the St. George. If the furnacemen like it, then he'll sign up the whole association with you."

"Eight hundred dollars. 'Did he pay cash?'" Martin asked.

"No, freight on delivery. The shipment is to go upriver tomorrow on the Pittsburg Pilot Girl."

Martin thought of twenty thousand furnacemen pulling and munching Tanletter Tobacco. "I don't even own Mr.

Logan any more," he said numbly. "I traded him for a broom."

It made no sense to Polly, so she ignored it completely. "Good night, Martin," she said.

"Good night," he said.

He watched her go, feeling very much alone. Frowning, he turned down Harrison Street. Any way he looked at what had happened, Mr. Tanletter had taken Ironmaster Logan from him by fraud. But what to do?

Mr. Logan belonged to him, to Martin, and would certainly follow him wherever he went. Martin would quit Tanletter's and hitch up with Crescent Tobacco of Louisville or, say, even Old Honesty of New York. And Mr. Logan would trail right along. New York? Why not? He might even find somebody there and get married, as Polly had so thoughtfully suggested.

There were two things to do, and quickly. First, if possible, he must stop that shipment on the Pittsburg Pilot Girl. Second, he must get in touch with Mr. Logan—visit him here in town or write him a letter at his home address.

The trouble was that, though there had been a lot of talk about Mr. Logan, nobody had happened to mention his home address. . . .

The Pittsburg Pilot Girl was a Thomas Line steamboat, and the Thomas Line dominated the western rivers. Its packets were legion; the number of land-hungry emigrants transported westward on their crammed decks was astronomical. Headquarters for the company was 227 Marberry Row, near the public landing, and Colonel Rufus Thomas was its firebrand potentate.

After a frugal supper alone in his cellar, Martin set out for Marberry Row. The streets were deserted, and as he approached the river, the warehouse smells of wet sawdust, rancid hides, and spices, came to his nostrils.

Marberry Row was a narrow, brick-paved yard, and number 227 was a tall door with a tiny, sulphurous light above

its lintel. Martin twisted the china doorknob and entered an empty, plastered room. "Hello!" he called. At the far end of the room was a second door; he tried it, found it unlocked and went through.

This room was elegant with fine carpet and floral molding. Its plaster walls were hung with cards listing freight rates, notices of boats-and-stagecoach connections, certificates of Thomas Line speed records.

COLONEL THOMAS sat in an armchair by a small marble fireplace, buttering a chunk of cake with his pocketknife. He was eggshaped and dressed in tight, mustard-colored wool, and he was stubble-faced and weary-looking. As Martin appeared, he asked amiably, "And who are you?"

Martin told him. In a rush of words, he told him the whole story—Mr. Logan's wind-tossed hat, Mr. Tanletter's sharp bargain, the twenty thousand tobacco-starved furnacemen.

Colonel Thomas listened, fascinated.

"But why come to me?" he asked at last. "If I stop a shipment, it won't help you. Leave me out of it. If your story's true, you'd better grab on to this Mr. Logan and explain it all to him." He took a bite of buttered cake.

"I don't know where to find him."

"An ironmaster? That's easy." Colonel Thomas groped under his desk and came out with a business directory. "Metal trade," he said, quickly turning the pages.

Finally he closed the book. He closed it slowly, very gently.

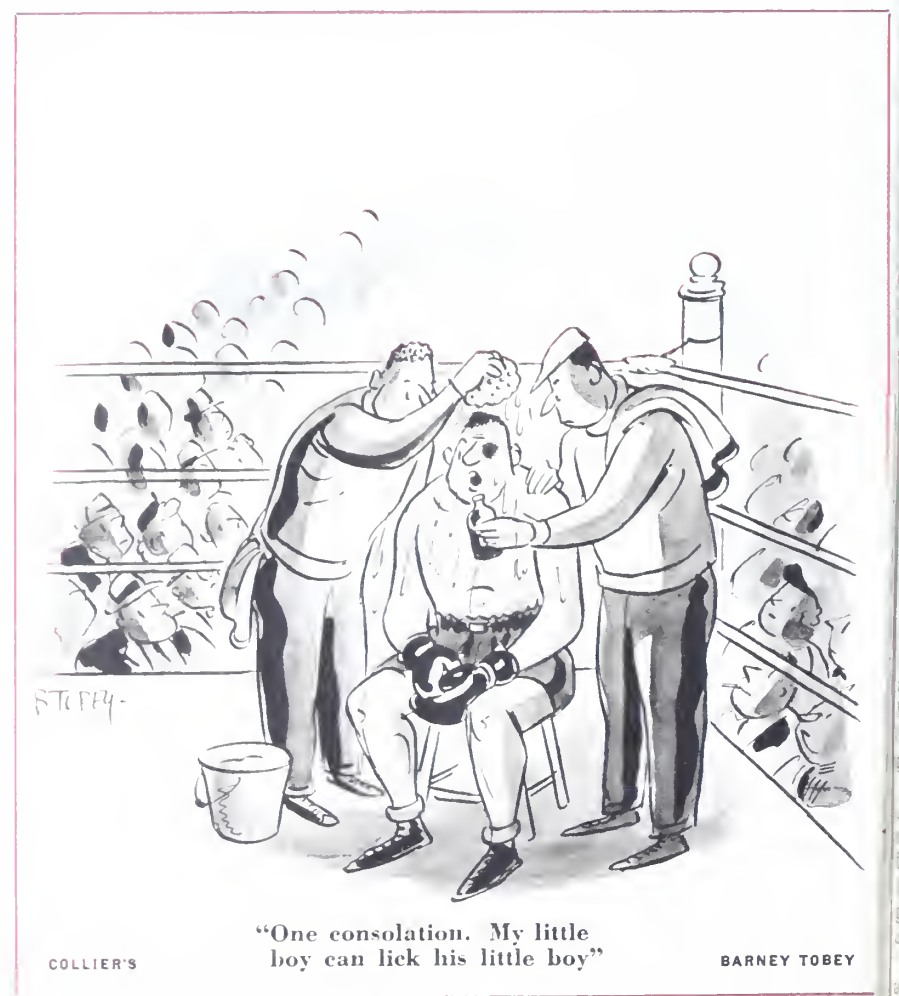
"No Ironmaster Logan," he said. "None at all. And no St. George Furnace, anywhere." He licked his thumb. "What you up to, son?"

Martin seemed turned to stone.

"Whatever your game is," Colonel Thomas said kindly, "I wish you luck with it. But try it on somebody else."

Stiffly, Martin left the room and went out into the night.

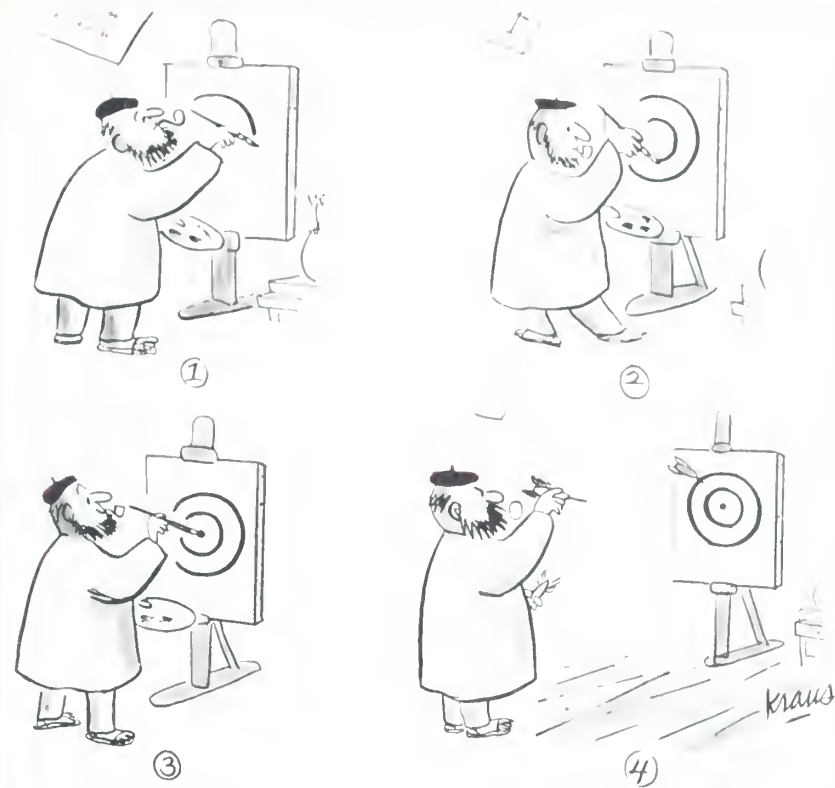
He tucked his chin into his thread-



"One consolation. My little
boy can lick his little boy"

COLLIER'S

BARNEY TOBEY



COLLIER'S

BOB KRAUS

bare collar and headed for Battalion Court and Polly. It was some kind of diabolical conspiracy, and Polly could figure it out. Fog was drifting like tissue about the street lamps, wetting iron and stone. On Front Street, he turned into Cartmans Alley, which led to Battalion Court.

The alley walls were brick, ending in a crumbling masonry arch; beyond the arch was the court, a beaten-earth quadrangle. There was no light here. He found the arch by touch and stepped around its buttress into the court. Out of the darkness, close to his shoulder, a voice asked guardedly, "You Martin Taylor?"

It sounded very much like Mr. Logan—Mr. Logan altering his speech.

"What now?" Martin thought. "That's right," he said, and he added casually, "Who are you?"

"Don't move," the voice said. "Stand perfectly still." It was Mr. Logan, no doubt about it. "Put on your thinking cap. If Farmer Jones builds himself an octagonal house, nine feet to a side, and wishes to roof it half slate and half shingle, the slate coming from an old milkhouse and a third of the shingle coming from an old henhouse, how much new material will he need?"

MARTIN was stunned. "Why, that's a problem in geometry. First you take—" He was so involved, he scarcely sensed the motion.

Awareness came to him, and he ducked quickly. A knife blade, razor-sharp, was slashed toward him and ripped his coat sleeve.

He threw himself forward, in an effort to escape a desperate bear grip, and he felt Mr. Logan's waxed mustache against his ear lobe. He was confused, but he knew he was fighting for his life. The knife clattered, and Mr. Logan was disarmed.

Panting, he succeeded in forcing Mr. Logan to a knee. He pressed into him, into his struggling body, and Mr. Logan inched in sudden panic. Crazily, Mr. Logan thrashed himself free, and was gone. His footsteps echoed through the arch, fading away toward Front Street.

Martin got up, brushed off his clothes and crossed the court.

A shallow veranda ran around the court on all four sides, making a rectangular colonnade. Not a ray of lamp-light escaped from the blotted windows, for the court's denizens were shy and elannish folk. Polly and her aunt lived in corner quarters. Martin rapped, waited and heard the great oak bar being drawn inside. He was warmly welcomed and seated himself on a hickory rooker. When the girl and her aunt had moved in from the country a few years before, they had brought their furniture with them.

Martin liked this crowded, rural room. There was no fog here, only warmth and the smell of food.

IN ONE corner was a massive four-poster with a patchwork cover, and facing it across the floor was a plantation-style stove, large enough to feed a dozen field hands. Along the walls were crocks and jugs and jars, overhead were loops of dried herbs, bright peppers, braids of onions.

Aunt Bella was a stocky, bull-faced woman, suspicious of the entire world, Martin and Polly excepted, and living entirely in a dream world of cookery. Alone with Polly, she scolded her bitterly for not getting married; alone with the pair, she stuffed Martin with cookies and sweets.

Now, chomping a gingersnap, Martin brought them up to the minute on the Logan-Tanletter-Colonel Thomas affair. "I'm pretty sure this Mr. Logan wants me dead," he said in conclusion. "Why?"

They shook their heads, and he shrugged.

He changed the subject. "Got any more of that earaway candy?" he said. Candy here at Polly's, on her hearthstone, was, of course, always gratis. "You're a pretty good confectioner, Miss Bella."

"Thanks," Aunt Bella said. "I try to be. I do everything the honest way. In my candy, I always use sugar."

"Is there any other way?"

"Oh, sure. Rinsings from molasses barrels or sugar hogsheads. Some old sugar hogsheads have up to fifty pounds of leftover caked in them. I steer clear of it and use coffee-grade sugar. Take

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FRESNO, CALIF.

ers, Hair Invigorator, Ox-Marrow Pomade. The barber, a plump man with an apron tied under his armpits, hopped about, fawning, trying to please.

The barber turned his head a little and Martin saw a glossy mustache. First he recognized the mustache, then Mr. Logan.

Boat's barber on the Pittsburg Pilot Girl was Mr. Logan.

Silently, Martin drew back and shut the door in front of him. Thoughtfully, he descended to the saloon deck.

The tough-looking little purser was still behind the counter, at the moment gazing sentimentally at a pressed fern in a miniature volume of love poems. He put the book away. "Find him?" he asked.

"Yes," said Martin. "Who is the barber working on him?"

"Slippy Batson. Pretty comic, eh?"

"Been with the Pilot Girl long?"

"Yes, indeed. We couldn't get along without old Slippy. Why?"

"Got anything to do with the cargo?"

"You're thinking of his brother Dresden. It's Dresden Batson that's the Pilot Girl's shipping master."

MARTIN thanked him and left. He ran down the stairs to the main deck, across the plank to the cobblestones, and headed as fast as he could go for Marberry Row and Colonel Thomas. Martin only hoped that the colonel was still in his office.

He was, and he greeted Martin cordially.

The fire had gone to embers in the little marble fireplace, the windowpanes were beaded with cold, and Colonel Thomas had wrapped an old yarn muffler around his throat. His pocketknife was in his hand again, spreading more butter on more cake. He chewed and listened, sad-eyed, while Martin poured forth his story. "This Mr. Logan, really Slippy Batson, must have seen me here with you, and got suspicious that I'd show him up; so he followed me to Bat-

salon Court and tried to kill me," Martin said.

"Sounds logical," Colonel Thomas agreed.

"His brother, this Dresden Batson," Martin said excitedly, "is the key to the whole thing. He's the Pilot Girl's shipping master. Once they get valuable cargo on board, any kind of cargo, the shipping master can simply relabel it, readdress it and unload it anywhere. His bills of lading, and your bills of lading, would be in perfect order, but the merchandise would simply vanish. Could this be?"

"It not only could be," said Colonel Thomas slowly, "you've hit the nail exactly on the head." He wiped his fingers carefully, one by one, on a fine linen handkerchief. "I'm greatly indebted to you, son."

Martin waited.

"We've been having cargo abstractions on the Pilot Girl for some time," the colonel said. "Before that, I had them on the Supreme. The Batsons, Dresden and Slippy, were on the Supreme then. Shipping master and barber. We've been thinking it was deck thieves. Deck thieves can be hard to catch. So it was my own shipping master, eh?"

The room was cold and moist, and the red embers in the fireplace had burned themselves into a dusty white powder.

Suddenly it came to Martin that it was Colonel Thomas, not Mr. Logan, who had been his act of Providence. Here was Colonel Thomas, the kingpin of river traffic, indebted to him, even affectionate toward him. The idea came to Martin that perhaps Colonel Thomas would buy a few boxes of cigars. If he struck while the iron was hot and snagged so important a personage, then Mr. Tanletter would have to reconsider him. "I represent Tanletter's Fine Tobaccos for Personages of Refinement and Taste," he said.

Colonel Thomas smiled receptively,

benevolently. "Select cigars of Spanish, Ohio and Kentucky leaf. Very best grade honeydew cut chewing. 'Gah'."

"Did you say gah?" asked Colonel Thomas, blinking.

As usual, Martin's emotions took over completely, the remembrance of his first, youthful experiment with tobacco overwhelmed him. Nausea flooded him, and his face took on a ghostly pallor. He tried to smile bravely.

"Are you sick?" Colonel Thomas asked. "You're making a repulsive face." The colonel seemed a little shaken. "I don't think I'd care for any Tanletter cigars. You work where they make them—you should know."

Then a greater power seemed to take hold of Martin. He scarcely heard the words he spoke. "You like cake. Do you like candy and jam?" he asked.

"Fact is, I do," Colonel Thomas said. "Me too," Martin said. A panorama of all the cake and candy he'd ever eaten passed before him, and his face glowed beatifically.

Colonel Thomas glowed unconsciously in response.

"Let me tell you about candy," Martin said urgently. "Cheap candy is made from barrel rinsings. You didn't know that, did you?"

Colonel Thomas shook his head.

"Now let me tell you about jams and jellies—the commercial product. Cheap jelly is right out of the apothecary shop. Strawberry? Cochineal for coloring—"

"Why, cochineal is nasty little red bugs!"

"—cochineal for a nice red coloring, orrisroot and acetic ester for flavoring. Pineapple? Turmeric for a nice yellow and butyric ester for flavoring."

Now it was Colonel Thomas who looked nauseated.

Martin pressed him. "You sell sweets on the Pilot Girl, don't you?" he said. "Sure. Well, tomorrow I want you to meet some friends of mine. Miss Bella and Miss Polly Hopkins. They're honest confectioners. They put fruit in their fruit. Maybe you could place a small order with them for a tryout."

THE colonel became enthusiastic. "You're going to turn out to be a godsend!" he said. "Steamboats are known, build their reputations, on the grade of food they serve. Such horrible, trashy jam I've been selling. I ship droves of emigrants, and emigrants are insatiable jam and jelly eaters. Is this Hopkins Company a large one?"

"A small one."

"An idea has just come to me. Here's what we could do: I'll buy into it, for the line, and buy you into it, and we'll really go into production. Now let me figure."

He closed his eyes and moved his lips in calculation. "I've six boats like the Pilot Girl," he said. "She carries about seventy-five stateroomers and maybe three hundred deck passengers. Call it twenty-five hundred jam eaters, counting officers. I belong to an association of steamboat owners. Altogether, we must carry fifty thousand passengers..."

Martin traded twenty thousand furnacemen for fifty thousand emigrants. "I need you, son, I need you," Colonel Thomas said.

And then he looked worried. "The catch is Mr. Tanletter," he said. "You're a smart lad, smart. A nickel says you're the keystone of his organization. How can we get him to let you go; how can we get him to release you?"

"Let me handle it," Martin said. "I'm sure it can be arranged."



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Larry Reynolds

"I am goin' to buy myself a valise. I happen to be waitin' for a good sale, that's all" LARRY REYNOLDS

IKE'S PIPEFITTER

Ex-plumber Martin Durkin, the new Secretary of Labor, was yanked out of relative obscurity to become the most controversial member of the Cabinet. He may prove a surprise to the officials he works with

MARTIN PATRICK DURKIN, a broad powerful man of fifty-eight, grew up near the Chicago stockyards, didn't go to school much, started work at fifteen in a slaughterhouse, rose to the top of the AFL plumbers and pipefitters union, spent his life as a Democrat and voted for Adlai Stevenson last November. The result in this land of the wonderful paradox is that he looks like a business executive, talks in the cultivated accents of a college professor, collects books and is Secretary of Labor in the Republican administration of Dwight D. Eisenhower.

As a member of the Cabinet, Durkin is the first plumber of the land. He is the only Democrat at the table, the only Roman Catholic, and he is also the only father in the Cabinet—or in any other Cabinet of recent memory—who has two sons who earn their living by working with their hands. Both are pipefitters.

Senator Robert A. Taft, who has certain reservations about Democratic labor leaders, described the Durkin appointment as incredible. The senator may have the comfort of knowing that it also seemed incredible to Durkin. The new Secretary of Labor still doesn't know who recommended him.

His phone rang one afternoon, in the Washington offices of the United Association of Journeymen and Apprentices of the Plumbing and Pipe Fitting Industry, and a voice said: "This is Herbert Brownell."

Who? asked Durkin.

Brownell: I am calling for General Eisenhower.

Durkin recognized the name of the then Attorney General-designate.

"Oh yes," he said.

Would it be nice to come to New York to talk with the General?

Durkin, assuming the general merely wanted him to suggest names for Secretary of Labor, caught a New York train, was taken to the Eisenhower home on Morningside Drive, met the President for the first time, and was informed that he had been tapped for the Cabinet.

Durkin swallowed hard and said: "General, has anybody told you that I'm a Democrat and voted for Mr. Stevenson?"

"Do you think that would interfere with the performance of your duties?" asked Eisenhower.

"No, sir."

"All right, then . . ."

Martin Durkin was started on the biggest job of his pipefitting career, laying a pipe line between the new Republican administration and the labor movement.

The man who was called to this job gets up at 5:30 A.M. every day without fail, to go to Mass. He communicates at the Shrine of the Most Blessed Sacrament, just across the line in Washington from his Chevy Chase, Maryland, home, has his breakfast and then goes to his office; he is usually first



Durkin grew up in Chicago's South Side and left school at 15 to work in a packing house. Yet he remembers his childhood fondly

By SAMUEL GRAFTON

in. When he is on the road, he will drive 50 miles before breakfast, if necessary, to find a church in which he can fulfill his daily duties.

In our determinedly secular society, in which self-denial is not a characteristic mood, Durkin is an unusual figure. He not only doesn't use the supports of liquor and tobacco enjoyed by so many people, but he has given up the subtler props of impatience, temper, irritability.

"Durkin?" said a Washington friend. "I'll tell you about Durkin. He hates to be late. If he has to catch a train, he's at the station a half hour early. If he has to meet someone and he's late, he's miserable.

"But if you have an appointment with him, and you come late, very late, he waits patiently and greets you with a smile. He isn't worrying about improving you. He figures that's your problem. There's only one man Durkin fights, and that's Durkin."

Many people give up smoking and drinking for the keen pleasure of trying to persuade others to do likewise. Not Durkin. He keeps cigars and drinking liquor for those who want them. "Light up!" he says, in his own home, and he shoves an ash tray toward you.

He had declined pleasantly to be interviewed in his office at the plumbers' and pipefitters' headquarters ("I don't do anything there I wasn't hired to do," he said) so, trying not to be late, I had

gone to his whitewashed brick house in the suburban area where Maryland hooks on to the District of Columbia. The house sparkles inside and out; everything that can be waxed has been waxed, and everything that can be polished has been polished. There is a certain symmetry about the internal arrangements; absolutely nothing has been "strewn" or "flung" in the modern decorative way, and I felt I was visiting a family in which the ideas of beauty and order are closely connected.

We talked about Durkin's Cabinet post.

"Everybody's surprised by this appointment," he said, "myself included. It's always been that way with my jobs. In 1921, in Chicago, they made me business representative of my local, and everybody was startled. In 1933, Governor Horner made me director of labor for Illinois, and people said: 'Who's Durkin?' It's a kind of pattern."

He lets himself be interviewed the way he would let a barber cut his hair. A large, placid man in blue serge, he answers each question precisely but volunteers almost nothing. He has all the time in the world. If you pause to think between questions, he waits with you. After a while, the interviewer gets an uncomfortable feeling that this easy, smiling man is viewing him as an occasion for exercising the virtue of

patience, and that breaks up the meeting.

Physically, Durkin is a strong man with good shoulders, but he doesn't play games and never takes vacations. He tried golf conscientiously several years ago and managed a number of rounds on a municipal course, but it didn't take. His idea of a rattling good time during a hot summer month is to make a motor tour of American and Canadian cities, visiting locals of the plumbers and pipefitters union. He takes as many members of his family along as he can induce to come; then, in each city, he disappears into the offices of the local for a day of conferences and speechmaking. Then he goes on to the next town.

His family once persuaded Durkin to rent a summer cottage at a Minnesota lake. After three days, every morning of which he drove 25 miles to Mass, he went back to his Washington office.

Once, during a week end at a cottage on the Fox River, near Chicago, his friends, walking out of doors late one night, were startled by a loud voice, booming over the water.

"It's just Marty saying his prayers," explained his wife, Anna. He was saying them at an open window. Durkin's voice, which is low, is raised only in prayer. At church, say members of his family, he forgets himself and can be heard above the others; at home, when he goes to his bedroom to say his Rosary, his devotions are sometimes audible throughout the house.

Years ago, he decided, without saying much about it, always to keep some poor family under his wing. But it occurred to him that merely to write a check, giving up only the cash and a mo-

ment out of his day, was an act without significance, so he buys food for his protégé family in person. Once a week, he turns up at a Washington market and walks among the counters, thoughtfully assembling a basket of groceries. When his current poor family includes small children, he confers with his wife or daughters-in-law about what sort of baby food to buy.

Collecting groceries for folks who need them is a pleasant occupation for Durkin, but collecting thanks is not. So when he has made up his bundle, he usually sends it over by one of his sons or a messenger. When one family graduates to solvency, through recovery from illness or a new job, he looks about for another family, sometimes asking a priest to scout one for him.

Among the luxuries Durkin does not allow himself is self-pity. I have stood in the streets of Chicago's South Side, near 50th and Morgan, where Durkin grew up. It is a patchy area of frame houses, factories, empty lots, railway overpasses; metropolitan dolor hangs heavily over it. Many a modern novelist has bitterly resented, for three or four hundred pages at a crack, a childhood spent in such surroundings. Durkin remembers his childhood fondly.

"We had quite a few empty lots," he says, "so we could play ball Saturdays, and Sundays after Mass. Monday and Wednesday nights we went to an indoor gym at one of the small parks. We got our recreation that way. I still like to go home to Chicago and walk down those streets and call the fellows by name."

Durkin spent his boyhood as one of a family of ten, supported by his father's earnings of \$2 a day

as a stationary fireman at a glue works. His father worked 12 hours a day, seven days a week. Once a fortnight, to make the turnabout from day to night shift, he worked 24 hours through. Martin, the oldest child, who loved school, switched to night courses at fifteen so he could haul meat on the killing and cutting floor of a packing house, but even in discussing this he shows no emotional scar tissue.

"I've had a happy life," he says. "Coming, as I did, from the poorer class of people, I've had a good life, an excellent life."

Durkin's wife, the former Anna Helen McNicholas, grew up on Halsted Street, not far from Morgan. They were married 31 years ago, during Durkin's first year as business representative of Local 597, and have three sons—Martin B., thirty, William J., twenty-nine, John Francis, nineteen.

Wife Consulted About Acceptance

When Eisenhower, at 60 Morningside Drive, broke the news to Durkin of his Cabinet appointment, Durkin asked time to talk it over with his wife, "to see if she thought it was a proper thing to do." The new administration waited until the family conference was held before making the announcement. When I asked to talk with Mrs. Durkin, a slight, amiable woman, Durkin called her in, presented me, and gravely left the room so as not to influence the conversation. We talked at length of Durkin's early days in Chicago.

Later, when Durkin returned to the room, I spoke to the new Cabinet member about his life as a union member and leader. Durkin's emotion

about the labor movement is rarely unhelpful. When he describes how, at seventeen, he was thrown around to the Chicago boss of the plumbers and pipefitters by a friend of his father and admitted as a helper, he makes it sound like a talk ceremony.

The labor life of Washington today has its own social aspects, which no novelist has yet chronicled. Several years ago, Durkin's middle son, William J., married Lue Redmond, daughter of John P. Redmond, president of the AFL's International Association of Fire Fighters. The Shoreham Hotel wedding reception for this union of the pipefitters and the fire fighters was practically an AFL convention, with speeches by George Meany and by John Reilly of the railway mail clerks, and with half the bigwigs of the AFL embarrassing the bride by eloquent remarks about future grandchildren.

William J., who works as a pipefitter for an air-conditioning company in the Washington area, says of his father that he is "strict, but fair." "Or you could say," he says, "kind, but just." The only time Bill was ever punished was when his father caught him smoking "while I was at an age when he didn't think that was the best thing to do." Characteristically, Durkin brooded about the matter for a couple of days, then said, "Since you've started, you might as well smoke at home, near your family."

Bill served as a private in Europe during the war. His father, sent to Europe by the government to study bomb damage as a member of the AFL building-construction trades department, took along two pineapple upside-down cakes, his

Before taking Cabinet post, Durkin headed AFL plumbers and pipefitters union. He's shown here visiting rank-and-filers on a construction job in Washington, where union has headquarters. Besides his union activity, he served eight years as state director of labor in Illinois



son's favorite, in the hope of finding him somewhere on the Continent, though he had only an APO number for an address.

Durkin landed at Orly Airfield, near Paris, and discovered that his son was stationed right there, but was off on a 24-hour pass. He climbed into a command car, with a colonel, to drive to Paris, and on the way saw his son, standing by the roadside, waiting for a hitch. The colonel, for a gag, stopped the car, stepped outside, and, addressing the young man severely, ordered him in. Bill, trembling in every joint, complied, saw his father and almost fell back into the road.

Son Too Scared to Pick Up His Date

They drove into Paris, where Bill had a date with a girl who was waiting for him on a street corner. Sitting between the august presences of the colonel and his father, he didn't dare say anything about it, and they drove by the miss. Bill never did see her again.

Bill remembers dimly a house in Chicago, during depression years, when from two to five steamfitters would show up every night, silent, strained men, being given shirts and food and other help to tide them over hard times.

In 1933 a group of Chicago labor representatives met to suggest names to the newly elected Governor Henry Horner for the post of state director of labor. Members offered Durkin's name. Durkin refused to entertain the idea. "I was thirty-eight," he says. "I felt the appointment should go to an older man, as a crowning glory to his labor life." But in the end he yielded.

It was a yeasty time, early in the New Deal, when there was a vast amount of new labor legislation to absorb and digest, new employment exchanges to set up, unemployment compensation plans to start. The Illinois Department of Labor grew from 250 employees to 3,000 during Durkin's incumbency, and it's a measure of his success that he never was seriously accused of payroll padding. He stayed on for eight years under three governors, leaving eight months after the Republican administration of Dwight Green took office.

Durkin's break with Green resulted from the

labor official's refusal to approve unemployment compensation for striking mine workers; the governor, under heavy pressure, sided with the union. "I got along with Mr. Durkin all right," Green said recently. "He was let out for political reasons."

The late Governor Horner said of Durkin's appointment: "The best I ever made." Durkin is given a large share of the credit for the passage in Illinois of a so-called antisweat-shop law, a minimum-wage law for women and children, an eight-hour day for women, and legislation for unemployment and disability compensation.

"I'd give a tip to anybody who is going to work with him," says a man who has known him a long time. "He expects a full day's work for a day's pay. He's amiable and forgiving with people, but not about slackness. Those who work for him, work."

Durkin drives himself hard. His oldest son, Martin B., now a pipefitter for an engineering firm in the Washington area, remembers taking walks with his father, while a boy; he always had to run to keep up. Yet Durkin usually avoids forcing people to match his pace; where others are involved, patience reasserts itself and he slows down. In his early years as a pipefitter in Chicago, he would go to the stockyard taverns with some of his friends, drink ginger ale while they drank stronger stuff, and then help take them home. In the same way, he listens patiently to anyone who wants to talk to him, never losing his smile.

Durkin's youngest son, John Francis, is a student at Devitt School in Bethesda, Maryland, not far from Chevy Chase. He is thinking of going into religious life; he is especially interested in the Trappist order, whose rule includes a vow of silence. Durkin sometimes goes along with the boy when he makes retreat at a Trappist monastery on the banks of the Shenandoah, near Berryville, Virginia.

What kind of Cabinet officer will Durkin be? I think I know the answer. Those who expect him to act like a wild Democratic bull in a Republican china shop will be disappointed; that's not his way. He is a man who likes to end an argument, rather than start one. His method is conference, not public statement. His old desk, in the

offices of the plumbers and pipefitters international, actually stands at the head of a conference table, in a conference room; the table was his tool, as a saw is a carpenter's.

I asked him what he intended to do as Secretary of Labor. He said: "I'll study the legislation which sets up the department, and we'll do everything we can to place into effect the policies required under the act."

In Durkin's ease, even a legislative cliché takes on a special importance, because of his earnestness; he is the kind of man who gets a cliché into his teeth and tries to carry it through to reality. When he says he will try, as required, to "advance profitable employment," one feels he has studied the words and will soberly try to give them meaning.

One newspaper walloped him after his appointment on the ground that he was going into the government to represent labor rather than the public. He shrugged it off. "You can't long displease the public and make gains for anybody, labor or industry," he said.

To his Cabinet mates in the new administration, he may prove a little hard to understand. Most of them are men of large affairs, and Durkin's life may appear to them rather narrow. He has never belonged to a country club. He hurries home to his family at 4:30 p.m., the Washington closing hour. At Easter, he buys his four grandchildren bunnies almost his own size, and delivers them himself—a big, serious man carrying the great stuffed animals up the front walk.

At night he often just watches television. He is not a club or lodge man.

His Enthusiasm for Education

There is in his life little of the complicated, ornate, expensive fun that can go with success in America. He worries about education, and feels "you can't get enough." Both his older sons take or audit college courses constantly, though it's not easy—"a pipefitter is beat at night." When Durkin hears of a new course one of them might take, he hurries over to talk about it.

He buys books constantly, and gives many away. He buys dogs the same way. He used to bring dogs home unexpectedly at day's end, and Mrs. Durkin would patiently help care for them. Now he usually gives them to others. His idea of fun is to find somebody who needs a dog. He discovered that the Trappists at Berryville needed a new sheep dog for their herds; he bought a pedigreed animal and delightedly drove it down in his car.

Yet the brilliant and successful men who sit at the Cabinet table with Durkin may find him, despite (or perhaps because) of his homely qualities, a curiously formidable figure. Having fought and disciplined his own will, he has made it a more powerful instrument than ever for the performance of his duty. His unconcern about his dignity has given him a dignity which is truly impressive.

Reuben G. Soderstrom, president of the Illinois Federation of Labor, who has known Durkin for 25 years, remembers best, out of that quarter century, that once when a man had a fit in front of a Washington hotel, Durkin promptly left a group, went over, made himself responsible and obtained assistance. "I can still hear him saying, in his low voice, 'The man needs help,'" says Soderstrom.

Father David Fullmer, assistant superintendent of parochial education in Chicago, a friend of Durkin, said: "Watch him when he's talking about something that interests him, and somebody interrupts him, perhaps thoughtlessly. He will stop, turn to the interrupter, answer him politely and fully, turn back to the man he was talking to in the first place, pick right up where he was, and show no sign that he's irritated."

If I were pressed to say what I have learned from Martin Durkin, it would be that I think I understand a little more completely what the word "meek" means, as used in the Bible. It doesn't mean groveling in your relations with others, or thinking yourself unworthy in comparison with them; perhaps it just means not thinking about yourself at all.

The new Secretary with his wife, Anna, and youngest son, John. Two other sons, Martin and William, work as pipefitters in Washington area. John, like his father, is deeply religious, and may join Trappists



Man Here Owns a Fire Engine

Here's a Jones that anyone would have a hard time keeping up with

LIKE most of the rest of us, Proctor Patterson Jones grew up with a dream of glory. He always wanted to be a fireman. Last summer, at the age of thirty-six, Mr. Jones, a tax consultant, caught up with his dream. He bought himself a genuine fire engine.

Proctor Jones discovered his engine in a junk yard near his home town—Atherton, California. It was a 1914, right-hand drive Seagrave hook-and-ladder truck, painted a fine, deep red, with old gold lettering that said "Truck Company 62." It was 35 feet long, and he knew immediately that he was going to buy it. To justify his purchase, he told Mrs. Jones the old truck would make a wonderful plaything for their children, Beverly, a four-year-old boy, and Martha Ferne, two. "It will be educational," he said.

It is not recorded whether Mrs. Jones fell for the flummery, but she agreed. Mr. Jones made out a check for \$250 and the truck was his.

Once he had the behemoth hauled to his back yard, he looked under the hood. The massive, six-cylinder motor (each cylinder has four spark plugs) fairly reeked with potential power. "It would only be sensible to put the motor in running order," Jones mused. He called a mechanic, and was soon in business. But it takes two men to drive the truck: one (Jones himself) at the driver's wheel, and one at the tiller wheel, which guides the rear wheels. A man with a real hook-and-ladder in his yard, however, can never be without friends, and shortly he had almost enough volunteers to man a battleship.

Now, with the motor fixed up, the body and trim polished to a high shine and the running crew chosen, Truck Company 62 was ready to go. But where? And why? Proctor Jones didn't have to look far for answers. The neighborhood kids and his own two children had for several weeks been impatiently waiting for the call. One bright Sunday morning they got it. Almost two dozen youngsters and a handful of adults scrambled aboard. Jones started the thunderous old motor, and the hook-and-ladder rumbled out of the back yard for the first of its weekly tours of Atherton.

"Where's the fire?" passing motorists called.

"There isn't any," Chief Jones shouted back.

Then everybody laughed—especially Proctor Jones, for his dream had come true.

ROBERT DE ROOS

Proctor Jones, in driver's seat of his 1914 right-hand-drive fire engine, tries to make his excited crew hold still for the camera





ROSWELL KELLER

A girl whispered from the doorway: "Please, may I come in?"

The Time of Year

By HAMILTON HUNT

GREER HOUSE, an ivy-covered brick building on the Charles River, had a well-tended look, and tonight, with all the windows lighted because of the annual house dance, it also had a look of elegant gaiety. Students were having parties in their rooms, and through the open windows quick conversation and laughter streamed out like the very banners of the army of youth.

Ann Lely, however, was a veteran of twenty-nine, no longer part of that noisy army. She stood beside one of her living-room windows and sighed because the autumnal wind made her heart ache. Everyone else was young and excited and carefree, while she, although she was blonde and pretty and had on a party dress, had duties and responsibilities. Even John, her husband, was free and on the wing.

John was an instructor in history and Ann worked in one of the university libraries, and even their combined salaries did not add up to much. They lived in this rather formal academic luxury because John was housemaster of Greer. He advised and tutored students, while Ann had Sunday-afternoon parties for lonely boys. When there were big social functions, both the master and his wife were on duty. That was why the Lelys were having open house tonight.

From time to time, couples would come into the housemaster's quarters to pay their respects, and then they would go back to the dance, or their car doors would bang as they set out for somewhere else.

Ann turned away from the window with a guilty start when a girl whispered from the doorway: "Please, may I come in?"

"Of course," Ann said, moving forward to the punch bowl set round with gleaming glasses. How orderly and elderly the scene must appear! "We're delighted to have you."

"My name's Lucy Farnham," the girl said, then added, fiercely and abruptly, "I can't go back there!"

Ann said hospitably, "Stay as long as you like, and I hope your friends will join you. How's the dance going?" If she sounded wistful, the other did not notice.

"Terribly, for me," she said, and it was painful to see how much it mattered to her.

"What's become of your date?" Ann asked matter-of-factly.

No girl came to a Greer House dance without having been asked by one of the students. Of course, occasionally something unpleasant, or even startling, happened. Undergraduates had been known to drink too much. Cars smashed up. Fights occurred.

"He's in the infirmary, and I don't even know him very well," the girl said. "They think he pulled a ligament in his leg this afternoon, playing squash or something. But I was already here for the week end, and I couldn't go back to college. He told some friend of his to look after me and take me to the dance."

"And it isn't working out very well?" Ann asked.

"He never showed up," the girl said bitterly. "I stayed upstairs in the rooms after my roommate and the others left. Somebody came and got me and danced once and said they'd see if they could find him. My roommate's gone off with the boy she's engaged to, and they've got my car, so I can't leave. We drove up from Connecticut together. She made me come—I suppose because she wanted the car."

There was such bitterness in her young voice that Ann was startled. Lucy Farnham had a very white face framed in dark hair, she was quite lovely, and she wore an obviously expensive evening dress. Beside it, Ann's amber-colored velvet-

een seemed clumsily made. But the girl, who was not more than nineteen, didn't have much confidence in her capacity to have a friend, or a date, or even a good time at a dance. Vaguely, Ann remembered the abysmal shame that came from failure at a dance.

"I feel like a frog in a swamp out there," the girl said. "If my roommate had even stayed around a while, I might have got started, but she's in love, and nothing else matters to her."

"Haven't you ever felt that way?" Ann asked, more to make conversation than for any other reason. The girl obviously needed to talk away her misery.

Lucy said, "Frankly, I'm not impressed by love. My mother's on her third love match, and my father's on his fourth divorce. Neither of them ever gave me much time or thought. Even my roommate's been engaged before."

Ann said the obvious thing. "You're very young. Someday you'll change your mind."

"No!" the girl said. Suddenly she flung her punch glass to the hearth, where it crashed. "Listen. I'm rich. I'm sugar and railroads. I'm a curiosity. Boys ask me out on a bet, to see what goes with my name, or else they're scared to turn up."

"I see," Ann said.

The girl looked at the broken glass. "I'm sorry about that," she said. "I'll pay for it." She touched her small velvet bag, then flushed. "I'm sorry again. I'm so rich I never have money like other people. It's all charge accounts and checks. I haven't even enough cash for a train ticket, or I'd leave."

"The punch set comes with the job," Ann said. "It doesn't matter if a few glasses get broken."

There were footsteps which Ann recognized, but the girl turned panicky. "What am I going to do? I can't go back!"

JOHAN LELY looked like any of his students. Though he was thirty, and he was eager and flushed by his social duties, which he loved to perform. An hour ago, Ann, seeing him go off to the dance, had felt jealous and forlorn because she had to stay with the punch bowl. She had felt so old and so nailed down by marriage, she had been startled by her fierce envy of those who were young and free, with all their big decisions still before them.

"John, this is Miss Allen," she said quickly, and the girl looked at her, startled at the new name she had been given. "She's had a little difficulty, and at the moment she's without an escort."

"Obviously through no fault of her own," John said quickly. He glanced at Ann and then said impulsively, "Do let me take you dancing, Miss Allen. I'm alone, too." He drew her arm through his and smiled down at her, attracted. And why not? Ann thought.

"I couldn't," the girl said, but her face lighted as John looked down at her. It was plain she longed to blot out the dark stain of social failure, wanted to be seen whirling and dancing and going from one partner to another, and the housemaster could arrange that. If she could be sought after tonight, when nobody knew she was sugar and railroads, the triumph might be endlessly important to her. It might be victory.

"Run along," Ann said, as though she were speaking to a loved and nearly grown daughter twenty years from now. "Have a wonderful time."

The girl had already forgotten Ann as she went laughing down the stone corridor, and Ann, sweeping up the last of the broken glass and settling herself once more behind the punch bowl, did not even care.

The music to which others were dancing no longer haunted her, and the sound of cars coming and going did not make her restless.

In herself, for the first time, she felt the time of year, and it was admittedly early autumn. She was not nineteen and never would be again, but what she had was love and marriage and a reasonably secure future of modest proportions. Gathered together, these made a bright and ample harvest, which she could even afford to share, and as she heard young laughter approaching, she began to ladle out punch, neatly and carefully. ▲▲▲

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The Finger of God

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

among them who had seen the sea. "What is it like?" they asked him. He said "It is like a big dam. A dam as big as the world. Water as far as the eye can see, and salt. Water that is not worth a curse."

He had it all figured out. There was a weak place in the wire. He looked at the sun. When it was high in the heavens and burning hot, he would slip through. The other prisoners would stage a fight in the far corner. In this heat no one paid much attention to things—not when the sun was so hot that the sentries burned their hands on their rifle barrels. The *Rooineks*, the red necks, as they called the English, could not stand the heat. Of course, he might be shot. But it was not likely. Anyway, in war there was always that chance, he refused to think of it. The next thing was a horse. That was planned too. For a month, ever since he had been taken, he had watched. He had missed nothing.

ALL morning Jan waited. He had the hunter's ability to wait. He watched the sun crossing the burned immensity of the washed-out blue sky. He watched a vulture circling above the camp. At midday he lined up to draw his rations. He ate them calmly. It was nearly time now. He watched the sentries standing sleepily; he waited for the raised voices of the quarrel to start. He was still watching the vultures when it began. He heard Du Toit shouting. He saw him hit Piet Swart. He saw Piet fall with Du Toit on top of him. He saw the others run up. The sentries, still lethargic, strolled toward the trouble.

The time had come. Moving quickly, he reached the wire. It took him only a moment to cut the few remaining strands with the cutters he had stolen and to creep through. He was out. Now for the plan. The mistake most people made was to try to get away too fast. Moving slowly now, and easily, he drifted toward the quartermaster's store. This was a big field tent. Another moment and he was inside. Half an hour later he curled up in the nest he had made between a pile of crates. The worst was over.

It, as he hoped, his escape was not discovered until the following morning, if Jannie Moolman was not spotted as missing, they'd figure he was clear away and start after him. They wouldn't begin to look until they were ten or twenty miles away.

During the night he made a foray and collected food for himself from the opened crates and stores on the shelves. He took bully beef and condensed milk and some herrings in tomato sauce. Then he outfitted himself with a nice new British uniform. It made him laugh to himself as he did it. Me, Jannie Moolman a *Rooinek*, he thought. But he could do it. He could play the part. As soon as he had been captured, he had borrowed shaving things and had taken off his beard. The mustache he had left, and he spent much of his time twisting and twirling it, till the ends stood out like a British sergeant major's.

From the very first he had studied their drill, watching them and copying them. He knew how to salute. He knew how to stand at attention, to stand at ease, to salute by turning his head smartly and dropping his hand when he was mounted. His fellow prisoners

thought he was mad. *Ja*, mad, but in a very sane way, he thought now. How to pass among the British, that had been the question. Why, like a Britisher—then he would be invisible.

The morning roll call went off smoothly. So he had not been noticed. Next morning, though, when they called the roll again and counted, they discovered he was gone. He heard the bugles blowing, heard orders shouted, and men mounting and riding out. Let them look, he thought, and went to sleep again very comfortably with his head on his old Boer clothes. He stayed hidden three more days. By then they had given him up. He'd even heard the

except a sentry on the outpost who, seeing a cavalryman ride by in the moonlight, thought no more of it. An orderly taking a message, he thought, and not in any hurry either.

Once clear, Jan began to canter, turning his horse northward. "*Ja*, my friend," he said, "you are a Boer horse again. A free horse, with less food but all Africa in which to *loop*. Space instead of food." The stallion laid back his ears, flicking them to listen. He seemed glad to hear the Taal again.

Jan laughed to be free, to be riding over the veld again, to be riding toward the mountains. Once in the Waterberg, he was safe unless his own

the horse had done, Jan picked up the saddle and led the animal through the front door of the ruin. Inside he found a fallen rafter and put it across the door-frame. "There, my boy," he said. "Now you'll live in a house like a man. Tonight you will graze on the veld, and tomorrow we are on our way to the Waterberg."

He patted the horse's neck. Then he went to explore the house, which was larger than it had seemed from a distance. The horse was in the *voorkamer*—the front hall. There was a doorway to a room on the left and one to the right. They would have been bedrooms. The one on the left had no door, and he went in. It held nothing but some charred remains of furniture and fallen thatch. The right-hand room had a door that fitted badly. He kicked it open and was astonished to see a woman lying on the floor with a child sitting up beside her—a little girl who was all eyes. The woman under the blankets propped herself up on her elbow.

"So, you are back. What do you want now? There is nothing more to take here and little left to burn. *Ja*," she said savagely, "you can take us. But you will not get far with us. Leave us, leave us to die in our home place. Leave us so that our man, when he comes back, will find our bones."

JAN fell back. Then it came to him: she thought he was a British soldier. "Bring in the others," she said, "bring them all in to watch a Boer woman die."

"*Nee*," he said, "*nee Mevrouw, ek is nie Engels nie*. I am a Boer who has escaped from the British. I am Jannie Moolman."

"Moolman," she said, "Jannie Moolman. The man with a price on his head? The man who blew the bridge at Klipdrift?"

"*Ja*, I have escaped. You are starving," he said.

"*Ja*, we are starving. Bring us water. We can walk no longer. Before God," she said, "walk, we cannot even stand." She pointed to a tin cup. He took it to the spring. This was something. *Ja*, this was a devil of a thing. He looked at Waterberg, a blue haze fifty miles to the north. No, not now, now it was five hundred miles. He went back and gave water to the child. The woman was too weak even to hold the cup. "Now tell me," he said.

"*Ja*," she said, "I will tell you. It was a month ago that they came. I saw them coming. They had assegais in their hands."

"Assegais?"

"*Ja*," she said, "long horse assegais."

"Ah," he said, "lances."

"*Ja*," she said, "their points glittered in the sun. I knew what they would do, so I took my child and some biltong and rusks, some blankets, and hid in the bush. *Meneer*, I saw them burn my house as I lay and watched. They took the cattle and the horses. In three hours it was done. In three hours, *Meneer* the work of a lifetime went up in flames. Then we came back. By some accident my man made the ceiling on this room very thick. It was built to hold against the Kaffirs in the old days. I was his second wife. This was the first room of the house. Then, when things were more quiet, he built the other rooms."

"*Ja*," Jannie Moolman said.

"We lived on what I had saved."



quartermaster say so as he sat in the store doing his paper work: "Got away, that's what he did. Him with a price on his head already. They'll have to put it up again, and high, if they want to catch him."

THAT was all he needed. As soon as it was dark, he crept out of the tent and walked smartly toward the horse lines. He even knew the horse he wanted—the colonel's bay stallion. It was one that had been captured and could live off the veld, which was more than the big English chargers could do. Fine horses, *ja*, but fine only with twelve pounds of oats a day in their bellies. He had an envelope in his hand. He'd taken it from the office in the front of the store. He walked straight up to the sentry on the horse lines as if he were bringing a written order.

The sentry grounded his rifle to take the paper, and as he took it, Jan's hand closed on his throat. In a second he was gagged; in three minutes he was bound hand and foot and dragged into the forage. Jan then got a saddle and bridle, put them onto the bay, and led him out and mounted. With the big envelope in his hand, he rode slowly out of the camp in the direction of headquarters, ten miles away. There was no one about

people shot him, thinking he was a British cavalry trooper.

He rode past gutted farmhouses. Their lifeless windows stared out of broken walls like the eye sockets in a dead man's skull. The work of the English, all of it, the cattle and horses taken, the houses burned, the women and children sent to camps to be secure against the restless Kaffirs. Boer women were unused to confinement behind wire. It had been done with kindness—if one can burn a man's house and take his cattle kindly, if one can abduct his family with gentleness.

He knew they had done it to break the heart of resistance, to remove points of rest and succor for the tired Boers. It was war. *Ja*, it was war, but it was hard, and many women and children had died. Still, one of these ruined houses would give him shelter. He could hide there and rest, and graze his horse, knee-hobbled, in the night.

He figured he had ridden about sixty miles when he found a place he liked the look of, a burned-out house with a fine view in all directions. Here he could see who was coming and, if he had to run, would have a good start.

He dismounted and watered his horse at a little dam below a spring. Then he off-saddled and let his horse roll. When



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killed and ate the cats. *Twee mooi katte, Meneer.* I killed them when they came home, with a club. The door was burned, so I took one from the fowl *hock* and hung it here. Then we lived on water. *Meneer*, for fifteen days we have had nothing but water."

"I have no food," Jan said. "I was traveling light. They thought I was an orderly with a message, and so I carried nothing."

"Ja," she said, "you have no food. But there is game here. There are buck."

"Can I catch buck with my hands?" he asked.

"There is a rifle," she said, "and ammunition hidden. I can shoot, but not buck. No, I cannot hunt. Fight, yes—I have fought Kaffirs with my man. A Kaffir comes toward you, but a buck runs away. I tried, *Meneer*, but it was no good, so I saved the ammunition. It was in my heart that the Lord would send someone. A *Rooinek* that I could kill, or a Boer who would save us. Had you come three days ago, before I grew so weak, *Meneer*, you would be dead. Ja, I should have shot you dead as you stood in the door."

"Ja," he said. "It is the will of the Lord that I did not escape sooner. It would have been a pity if I had been killed."

"Ja, *Meneer*, you would be a sad loss. All Africa mourned when we heard you were taken."

"My horse was killed," he said. "A beautiful horse, a black with a star on his forehead. *Mevrou*, I loved that horse."

"Ja," she said. "Where is the rifle?" "Here beside me."

THE woman rolled back the blankets. He reached down for the gun. She pushed a bandoleer toward him.

"Clothes," he said. "I suppose there are no clothes."

"There are clothes. My man's clothes are hidden in a box in a cave in the *kloof*. You see," she said, "I wanted to make it clear that there was no man here, that I was alone. But then when they came, I was afraid. It is his Sunday suit."

"Ja," he said. "Then I can burn this uniform. If I am caught dressed like this, and armed, they will shoot me."

"Ja," she said.

"It will give me much pleasure to burn it," he said. "But not the shirt and the boots."

"No," she said.

"I am going now," he said. "I shall come back with meat."

"The Lord protect you," she said.

He found the cave in the *kloof*. He found the box, and changed. It made him laugh to think of himself clean-shaven and in her man's Sunday suit. It was a rusty black, with a long-tailed coat, and there was also a top hat bound with crepe. He slung the bandoleer around his shoulder. Jannie Moolman had vanished, or would have as soon as he burned the uniform.

Now for the meat. Less than a mile away, he saw a small herd of springbok. They were grazing quietly. Moving carefully, he got to within three hundred yards, and, sitting down, took careful aim and fired. He brought a nice buck down, and, going back for his horse, he put the carcass on the saddle, fastening it with the horse's head rope. He mounted and rode back. It did not take long to dress the meat. Now at least they had food. But the woman and the child must not have too much, starving as they were. He made broth and fed them a few spoonfuls. He kept

the fire going and fed them every couple of hours.

Next day they were both stronger. The little girl, Sannie, was on her feet again, and her mother could sit up. His plight began to worry her. "You must go on," she said. "We can manage now."

"How can I go on?" he said. "You have food only for two days. Without salt, in this heat, the meat will go bad, even in the shade. No, I will stay and hunt for you until you can travel. Then you must ride my horse, and I will get you into the mountains."

"It will take time," the woman said.

"Ja, it will take time," he said. "But we have time. In all the world, time and air and water are the only things that cost nothing. They are the gift of God."

"You are the gift of God, *Meneer*," she said.

"I was sent," he said. "It is in my heart that I was sent."

Jacoba de Wet was her name. She had blue eyes and blonde hair and was not more than twenty-five. The child resembled her, was a tiny copy, a miniature, of her mother.

In a week he had them both up. Every day he shot buck and picked wild spinach from the abandoned lands. He found some apricot trees in fruit. He found a guinea fowl's nest with fresh eggs. He trapped small birds for variety and was satisfied with his patients' progress. In a few days now they would be off. Once in the mountains, they

would find other people. Women and children and old men living among the rocks like baboons, but free—freedom, that was what counted.

HE WENT to the room where Jacoba de Wet was cooking. She was well enough to do that now. The child was playing beside her. "Well," he said, "two more days and I think we can be off."

"How long will it take us, do you think?"

"Two days," he said. "We should be able to do twenty-five miles a day."

"And you?" she asked. "You will walk?"

"Ja, I will walk beside you and the child."

"You are a good man," she said. Then she went on, "My man is dead."

"But you said when I came—"

"I said that because I did not wish to believe he was dead. Those were lies. Ja," she said, "he was killed at Modder River. A fine man, he was, a brave man. That is why I wanted to stay. I could have managed, but now—"

"We will find people," he said vaguely.

She suddenly seemed beautiful to him. She had always seemed beautiful, with her blue eyes and blonde hair, but he had put the thought away from him till she had told him of her husband's death. As a hunter he had had to be free, to be able to move swiftly and to take great risks. Ivory hunting was no



"I don't think I could stand looking at the same old face across the breakfast table every afternoon"

COLLIER'S

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STAN FINE

child's game. But now? Anyway, it was so soon to think of such things, but the thought was in his mind. And he had grown to love the child. Besides, what could they do alone?

He brought wood for the fire, and as he put it down, the little girl ran in. "Men are coming. Men on horses!" she cried. Jan went to the door. There were men, a detachment of British lancers. They were so near that he could hear the rattle and clash of their equipment. He adjusted his top hat, smoothed down his tail coat, and went to meet them.

A YOUNG officer, on a smart strawberry roan mare, rode forward. He greeted Jan politely. Jan took off his hat, put his hand on his stomach, and bowed. "Sir," he said in English, "I never thought to welcome one of your race, but the times change, and I, being a man of perception, change with the times. In the house, in what is left of the house, after the improvements effected by your cavalry, lies a sick woman and a child. They need food. Bread, tea and sugar. Perhaps you can be of her some?"

"You talk English well," the officer complimented him.

"Ja," Jan said, "it is my good fortune to be well educated. Ja, Meneer, I am very lucky man." He thought of his escape and the fact that Jacoba de Wet had been too sick to shoot him.

"I am going into the house," the officer said. "Corporal Brown, come with me. Bring two men." The corporal came with two troopers. They carried rifles in their hands.

"Enter," Moolman said. "We can offer you little hospitality, partly because you are enemies, but mostly because, as enemies, you have destroyed poor woman's possessions. But we have water—very fine, clear water with trace of brak."

The officer said nothing.

Jacoba de Wet met them, holding the child by the hand.

"The English are back again, Meneer," Jan said.

"So I see. What do they want?"

"What does she say?" the officer said.

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"She says, 'What do you want?'"

"We saw smoke," the officer said.

"Smoke to the British is like honey to the bee," Jan said.

"This area is supposed to be cleared."

"Ja, Meneer, that is one word. Devastated is another."

The officer looked at the springbok hanging from a nail in the wall. He went up to it. "Shot," he said.

"Someone else shot it," Moolman said. "I was lucky to find it before the *asvoëls*."

"Yes," the officer said. "Someone shot it with that Mauser." He looked at the rifle Jacoba was trying to hide. Then he looked at Jan. "I've seen you before somewhere. Your eyes." He stared at him, looked him up and down. "Five, seven," he went on, "slim, dark eyes, talks English well, mustache—but that could be quickly shaved. By God, you're Moolman!" He began to laugh. "Corporal Brown, arrest this man! You are Moolman who escaped! And to think it was a fortnight or so ago I saw you in camp."

"What discernment, Meneer! Has the reward been increased? A reward is very flattering."

"You escaped in a British uniform." "Did I? I wonder where it is? If I did, I mean."

"If we find it, I'll shoot you," the young officer said. He was very fierce now, angry.

"Ja, Meneer," Jan said, "that is the rule of war."

Then the officer said, "Why are you here? You have a horse; you should have been clear away."

"Ja," Jan said, "I should have been. But unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, when I got here I found this woman and her child on the point of death. I have been hunting for them. But tomorrow we should have been gone." He looked at the Waterberg again. How far the mountains had receded in the last hour.

"Is this true?" the officer asked.

"It is true."

"Corporal, call De Beer."

De Beer came. He was a Cape Boer, one of those who had gone with the

English. "De Beer, question this woman," the officer said.

Jacoba de Wet told her story.

"Is it true?" the officer asked.

"I think it is true. The stories tally, and she can speak no English," De Beer said.

"Moolman," the officer said, "I do not like this business; many of us don't. We are soldiers. We do not like burning farms, deporting women and children and stealing stock."

"It is possible that there are good Englishmen," Moolman said. And he thought: This boy, for instance, does not seem so bad, and he is a hunter. Hunters are different, anyway. That angle about the uniform could be a ruse—something to give the soldiers to talk about.

THE officer ignored his remark. Sannie came and stood beside Moolman, clutching his leg in her arms.

"Come outside," the officer said. "If I let you go, will you give me your word not to fight against us again?"

"If you took me, I should not be able to fight, so I will say yes." Sannie had followed him out. He stroked her hair, fondling it the way a man fondles a dog's ears, or a horse.

"If this is found out, I shall be court-martialed," the officer said.

"I understand."

"Very well. I cannot let you go, but you might manage to escape with the woman and the child. You could steal a second horse."

"Ja, I could do that."

"And if some rations were left out, you could steal those too."

"Meneer," Moolman said, "I am an expert thief."

"Tonight," the officer said, "I will stable my horse in the house with yours and sleep here myself. I am very tired and shall sleep soundly. The men will camp by the *kraal*."

"It is a good plan, Meneer. Can I go and tell *Mevrou de Wet*?"

"You can go."

He found her cooking some food the soldiers had given her. "Well, Jan," she said, "this is the end."

"No, Jacoba, the beginning. Tonight we shall escape. It is arranged. I shall have horses."

"How?"

"The officer is going to let us go, let us escape."

"Why, Jan?"

"Why? Because he is a good young man and sees in this the finger of God. He is a hunter like me. He is sick of destruction and perhaps wants to make up for some of the harm he has done. I had to promise to fight no more."

"You promised?"

"Ja, Jacoba. I could not have escaped again, and although I would say it to no one else, we are beaten. Honorably beaten. What we have done—a handful of burghers against an empire—has astonished the world, and there it ends. No people could have done more. None in the history of the world has done so much."

"And then?" she asked. "We?"

He said, "We—we will live in the mountains until it is over, and then we shall come back here and I will help you rebuild what has been destroyed."

It was too soon to say more, to tell her of Francina, his old love. It was too soon to say that God had sent her to him, her and Sannie, to replace what had been lost to him so long ago. So he said, "Are you willing, Jacoba?"

"Ja, Jan," she said, "in this I see the finger of God, and who am I to turn away when He points?"

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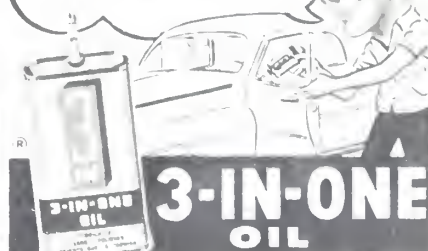
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RALPH ROYLE

Telephone exchange at Almond, N. Y., located in private home, is typical of small-town independent phone company. Dial system recently replaced old switchboard operated by Mabel McIntosh. Lineman Alonzo Dennison tests circuit

5,000 WAYS TO

By BILL DAVIDSON



GLEN FISHBACK

Linemen of independent at Weaverville, Cal., repair wires. The firm now has 1,600 phones

66

IN THE early hours of a chill February morning, a Bell telephone operator in Watertown, New York, received an anguished call from the operator of a tiny independent telephone company in nearby Cape Vincent. The Cape Vincent operator shrieked, "We're on fire—everything going up in flames! Send help!" And the line went dead.

The Watertown operator called a plant chief of the huge New York Telephone Company, a member of the nation-wide Bell System. He rushed to Cape Vincent to find the center of the village gutted, the telephone exchange in ashes, and no communications available for the fire fighters, doctors and other emergency services. The plant chief put in a call to New York Telephone Company executive Edward V. Moran in Albany.

The New York Telephone Company has no stake in the little independent. Nevertheless, Moran went to work like a commanding general in an Army headquarters.

Another little independent telephone company in Manlius, New York, 80 miles from Cape Vincent, had just cut over to dial service and hadn't yet dismantled its old two-ton switchboard, which was like the one destroyed at Cape Vincent. Moran

rushed a truck and crew over the icy roads to Manlius. His men loaded the ponderous switchboard onto the truck with block and tackle, and sped for Cape Vincent. They arrived at 7:00 p.m., and went to work installing the board. Less than 24 hours after the fire started, complete telephone service was restored.

The owner of the Cape Vincent Telephone Company, Mrs. Frances P. Ross, later wrote to Moran's division representative: "It still seems a miracle . . . I cannot contemplate what my problems would have been without your help."

Two elements of this story may puzzle many readers. First, fairly few people, especially city dwellers, realize that thousands of independent telephone companies exist in this country, side by side with the 21 multimillion-dollar giants of the familiar Bell System. Most of the independents are tiny one-man and husband-and-wife affairs, but a few, like the 200,000-phone Rochester (New York) Telephone Corporation, are fairly good-sized.

Second, some Americans have the impression that big business is a voracious monster set on gobbling up little business; the events at Cape Vincent certainly don't bear out that belief.

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OWN DAILY TIMES

Fire in 1918 burned downtown section of Cape Vincent, N.Y., leveling private phone building. Bell's New York company rushed in crews, delivered switchboard, restored service in 24 hours



JOHN H. EDWARDS

J. A. Clary, head of Marcellus, N.Y., firm, with wife and mother, gives dial change-over order

MAKE A PHONE CALL

There are that many—and more—independent telephone companies still in operation in the United States. Aided by the vast Bell System, the little fellows actually are expanding to give big-city-type service

The Cape Vincent story is not unique, or even unusual; other versions of the story occurred last year in California, Iowa and Ohio. Time after time, the big Bell System companies have rushed to the rescue of independents after disastrous floods or storms, or have offered them thousands of dollars' worth of free technical and administrative aid in less troubled times. "To my knowledge," Hamilton A. Cunningham, executive secretary of the New York State Telephone Association, told me, "it's the only industry in the world where such free offer of the helping hand exists."

Cunningham's phrase, "the helping hand," was a happy choice; it best describes the relations I found all over the country between Bell and the little companies which might, under other circumstances, have been its competitors. But why is that? Why, instead of swallowing up the tiny independents, does the great Bell System go out of its way to lend them a helping hand?

The answer lies partly in the nature of the independent companies, which are anchored deep in the bedrock of our folkways. Most of them started in rural areas in the late 1890s and early 1900s. The big Bell companies were busy consolidating Collier's for February 7, 1953

their hold on the cities; if a group of farmers wanted telephone service, they merely got together, contributed ten dollars each and bought wire and telephones. Then, often with an outdoor community party to mark the event, they cut chestnut poles from the woods and strung the line from farmhouse to farmhouse.

In many communities, an enterprising citizen later hought up several of these farmers' switching lines, as they were called, tying them together with a switchboard which generally was run by his wife, perhaps in her kitchen. The new owner—often the village feed merchant or hardware-store proprietor—was his own repairman, telephone installer, pole climber, bill collector and night operator.

He became the most rugged of rugged individualists, remaining aloof from the mighty Bell System, except when he put through a long-distance call. The local telephone office became the nerve center of the town. The local operator knew what everyone was doing, and she dispensed her information to anyone who might inquire—and in time of emergency, her services were invaluable.

Rural America still has 60,000 of the old co-operative farmers' switching lines and 5,435 pri-

vately owned independents; between them, they operate 8,222,800 phones—some 1,750,000 of them the old-fashioned, hand-cranked magneto type. It's not surprising that the old traditions have survived, along with the old equipment.

In the little town of Holcomb, New York, I heard operator Martha McKay answer a ring with, "I just saw him go up to the lake with a fish pole, so I don't think his phone will answer until about six o'clock, when he generally gets back." Meanwhile, the other operator, Monica Flanagan, was passing out information like, "Yes, there will be a dance at Baptist Hill on Saturday," and "Mr. So-and-so hasn't died yet, but he's very sick and if he passes tonight, as the doctor expects, the funeral will be on Friday." The girls also took messages for the doctor, the deputy sheriff and a man named Harry Shappee, who is the local artificial inseminator of cattle. (They had to take the messages for Shappee because the five-mile line to his establishment was out. In almost every case, the embarrassed farmer called his wife to the phone to discuss his cows' mating requirements with the operators.)

The most dramatic demonstration I saw of the personal service still rendered by the country tele-

phone switchboard took place in Margaretville, New York. The local electrician was called out on an emergency job late one evening. His wife wasn't home and he had no baby-sitter to watch his three young children, so he called operator Barbara Shultis. "Barbara," he said, "I'm going to leave my telephone off the hook near the babies' room. Would you listen in once in a while, and if you hear them cry, call me at the Graham house?"

The 1,000-phone Margaretville system is a typical independent operation. Its president, slim, handsome Sheldon Birdsell, was born into the company. While Sheldon was going to high school, he worked as the night operator, doing his homework at the switchboard; during his years at college, he spent all his vacations at home, climbing poles and repairing the thirty miles of lines over heart-infested mountains. When Sheldon Birdsell's father died in 1932, his mother took over management of the company, and when his mother died in 1943, Sheldon became boss.

On March 2, 1947, the company's lines were wiped out by a severe blizzard. Birdsell organized his two linemen, picked up four volunteers from the village, borrowed snowshoes from the State Conservation Department, and set out to restore the lines. Countless lives depended on the system; the injured, freezing and starving had to get through to doctors and the Red Cross.

Working their way over the mountains through 10-foot snowdrifts, the men became so exhausted that Birdsell had to send them out in teams of two, so one man could give the alarm in case his teammate collapsed. Even so, one Bell System lineman, Harry Witchell, was so convinced he was a goner at one point that he scribbled his will in a notebook, ending "I never get to the next pole, this is it. If I get to the next pole, I have some more to write." Fortunately, he was able to stagger back to civilization without adding any codicils to his will.

The men put into farmhouses to eat and sleep, after working by portable floodlight until past eleven each night. Birdsell ferried supplies back and forth, and Mrs. Birdsell tended the switchboard 24 hours a day, while she attempted to keep her baby alive in a house heated by a single wood stove. By Wednesday, three days after the storm, nearly all local calls were going through. By Friday, Margaretville once again was connected with the outside world.

Cases of personal heroism are so numerous in the

independent phone service that subscribers take them pretty much for granted. In North Anson, Maine, a famous independent named Kenton E. Quint crippled his knee in a 1943 sleet storm and went around for two months on crutches, calmly repairing his lines. (Quint is best known for the time he rushed into a neighbor's flaming home to rescue a telephone instrument that was worth \$30.)

The old-timers' devotion to duty is matched by the newcomers. The Citizens Telephone Company of Bridgman, Michigan, for example, is owned by D. M. Davis and his son, Lieutenant Colonel John E. Davis, a Silver Star winner who lost both feet in Germany in World War II. Young Davis saved the money to help buy the company while he lay in Army hospitals for three years after the war; today he is the as-

sistant manager under his father, with his brother working as a foreman, his mother as traffic supervisor and his sister as night operator. Last year, when a freight-train wreck at Sawyer ripped up all the company's lines in the area, the wreckage swarmed with Davises until they had run an insulated wire around the wreck and restored service.

Men like the Davises, Quint and Birdsell are merely the latest upholders of a long and honorable tradition. No one observing the operations of today's independents can be surprised that they were able to hold their own with the Bell System in the early days of the telephone industry. Perhaps they would not have fared so well when Bell became stronger—if the giant phone system had not voluntarily guaranteed the independence of the thousands of small companies in a 1913 commitment under which the American

Telephone & Telegraph Company agreed not to take over the territory of any independent that was offering its subscribers adequate service.

This virtual freezing of the status quo, coming at a time when other large companies were expanding frantically, amazed the business world, and there is controversy to this day over the reasons for it. In the background, undoubtedly, was a desire to free the industry of any antitrust-law taint and to foil any future government nationalization attempts (it is much more difficult to nationalize 5,000 small businesses than one big one). But more than that, the big Bell companies obviously realized that the basic strength of the industry lay in the fierce American pride of small-business ownership among the independents; a man and his family would work twenty-four hours a day, if necessary, to keep their company going—and, operating among their own neighbors, they probably could give better and less costly service than the big impersonal Bell System companies.

The A.T.&T.'s commitment was conscientiously observed, and the independents continued their belligerently proud existence throughout World War II.

But then there was trouble. The economic adjustments of the postwar period were especially difficult for small phone companies, and many of them would have gone under if it hadn't been for the vigorous helping hand offered by the Bell System.

The problem was simple, even if the solution wasn't: a severe shortage of modern equipment had developed at a time when subscribers were increas-

ing and the demand for up-to-date service was becoming impossible to ignore.

Nearly all the independents had come through the war with old-fashioned hand-cranked magneto telephones, ponderous old switchboards, and patched and repatched lines that lay, in places, on the ground and on barn roofs and fences. When the boys and girls of rural America came back from the armed forces and war industries they weren't satisfied. They wanted the kind of phone service they had seen in the cities. Meanwhile, industrial areas and suburbs expanded, and ex-city dwellers moved into the country. They, too, insisted on the city service they were used to.

In some cases, the poor little independent telephone companies were thoroughly overwhelmed. The owner of the tiny Sanborn Home Telephone Company, near Niagara Falls, had poked along for nearly 50 years serving 200 rural families; suddenly an immense Bell aircraft plant was plunked down right in the middle of his territory, demanding that he handle thousands of phone calls a day through his little switchboard.

A Problem in High Finance

For the independent telephone man, the problem seemed insurmountable. His only solution was to string new wires, install new phones and convert his entire plant to a modern, economical automatic dial system, like the big-city phones. But such a conversion costs from as little as \$25,000 to more than \$500,000, and the local telephone man, like the local grocer, could get no more than a small-business loan of a few thousand dollars from the local bank. Where was he to get \$500,000?

Part of the answer was provided by the Rural Telephone Loan Act, passed by Congress in 1949, which allows the small independent to borrow money from the federal government's Rural Electrification Administration. But by then an even better solution had developed, free of any possible federal encroachment, and relying to a great degree on that old stand-by of the independents, the helping hand of the Bell System. Called the New York Plan, it originated with the Public Service Commission of that state, an able body headed by former state Senate majority leader Benjamin F. Feinberg, of Plattsburg.

One of New York's five Public Service commissioners is a brilliant little pepper pot named Spencer B. Eddy, a native of a hamlet called Eddy's Corners who got to know the importance of rural telephones early in life when illness struck the family, and his father had to summon medical aid by horse back. With the backing of Feinberg and Governor Thomas E. Dewey, Eddy went to the big banks of his state and said, "We're sick of people talking about free enterprise and doing nothing to save it. Unless you want us to support legislation allowing federal financing for the independents, the New York banks must provide the money."

Behind this tough talk, Eddy has some real inducements for the bank. He promised that the Public Service Commission would investigate the solvency of each company before approving a loan, thus practically guaranteeing

NEXT WEEK

We're Selling Out Our Disabled VETERANS!

Politics and ineptitude endanger the lives of VA hospital patients

My Father's CHILD

By PAUL HORGAN

The story of a moving encounter with Lincoln in the midst of war

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BROADWAY'S BUSIEST BABE

Helen Gallagher, new show star, still spends hours at her classes



When disaster strikes, the whole clan pitches in to get the lines humming again

efficient, profitable management, and saving the lending institution the expense of an investigation of its own. Equally important, the big New York Telephone Company, which relied on the smaller companies to handle many of its long-distance calls, was ready to give independents all the free engineering and administrative assistance they needed in their modernization program.

After talks with Eddy, three New York banks came into the plan, then several small insurance companies, and finally the powerful, influential Chase National Bank. Loans to independent telephone companies became fashionable, and various versions of the New York Plan swept the country, enabling the independents to weather their severest storm.

In Lancaster, South Carolina, Frank Barnes's Lancaster Telephone Company had been nearly swamped by industrial growth in the area; today, the company is nearly trebled in size. The nearby Matthews & Waxhaw Telephone Company, Inc., in North Carolina, most of whose wires were lying on the ground after the war, now is a thriving outfit giving good service to its 450 subscribers. John Cheesman's West Point Telephone Company in Westpoint, Indiana (243 customers), has converted its whole system to dial. So has the Pymatung Independent Telephone Company in Pennsylvania, which serves 350 subscribers.

In Weaverville, California, W. Gillman Snyder's Western Telephone Company has grown from a 57-phone, 3,000 weakling to a 1,600-phone, 390,000 stalwart.

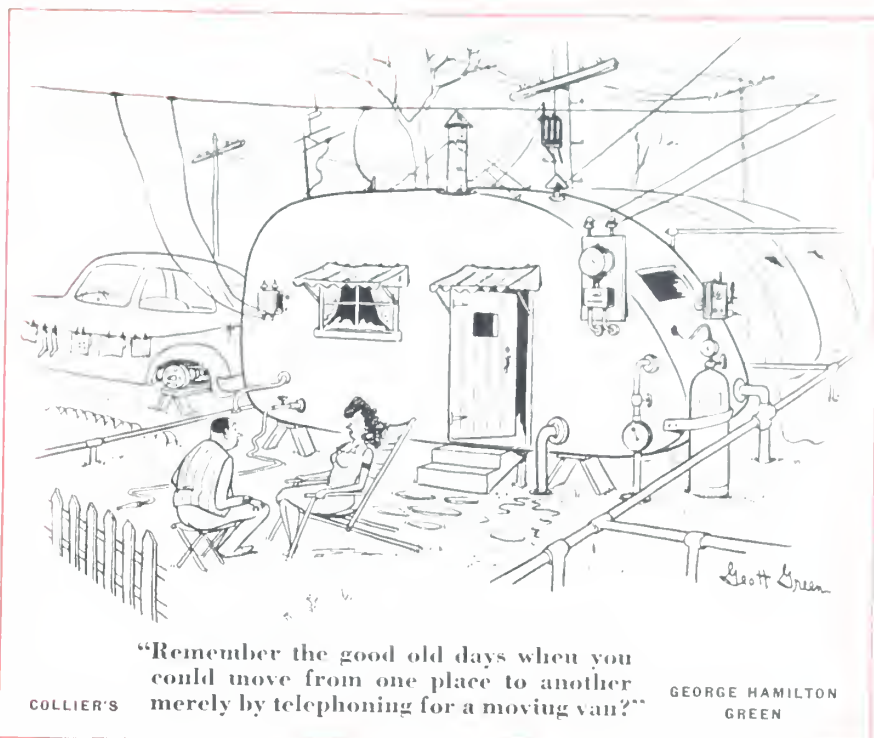
Snyder is using his Chase National bank loan not only to install dials, but to bridge vast mountain distances with microwave radio system.

Furious Subscribers Protest

In Alfred, New York, William Bradford Harrison's Allegany Telephone Company, Inc., was so successful that Harrison was asked to run the nearby Seneca-Gorham Telephone Corporation, which could not get the Public Service Commission to approve its loan without a change in management. I was with Harrison when he had his first meeting with the Seneca-Gorham subscribers, all of them furious over the end of service they had been getting. "There's so much fallen telephone wire lying on the ground," said Dr. F. M. Chalfee, "that we ought to electrify it to use in our cattle."

After listening to the bitter complaints for more than an hour, Harrison pulled out a blueprint of a completely new telephone system engineered for him without charge by L. C. Denison of the Elmira office of the New York Telephone Company. As the crowd looked at the plan for the new, modernized Seneca-Gorham Company, the protests died down. When the meeting was over, a prominent local farmer, Charles Arm, said to me, "This is the first hope I've had in twenty years."

Bell assistance takes various forms. When Frank A. Kelly, Sr., became seriously ill a few years ago, he had to turn Berkshire Telephone Corporation (underhook, N.Y.) over to his sons, Frank, Jr., and Jack, both proficient engineers but neophytes at running a business. In a regulated utility, where the incorrect filing of business forms



can put a company out of business, their unfamiliarity with operating procedures could have been disastrous. But the New York Telephone Company's Edward V. Moran, hero of the Cape Vincent emergency, stepped in. Working with Cliff Sayer, president of the neighboring independent Columbia & Rensselaer Telephone Corporation, Moran practically ran the legal end of the Kelly company until Frank, Sr., was back on his feet again.

Two years ago, 78-year-old E. Scott Rose went to see Moran and asked to have the New York Telephone Company take over his Middleburgh Telephone Company. "I'm too old to climb poles and run the business," said Rose.

"Don't you have anyone in your family who can take over?" Moran said. "No one but my young son-in-law,

Randy Becker," said Rose, "and he's a short-order cook, not a telephone man."

"Well," said Moran, "if you have confidence in him, we'll make a telephone man out of him." And they did. The Bell Company sent its best engineering and administrative brains to Middleburgh to work with the twenty-six-year-old Becker, helped him put his affairs in shape so he could get a loan through the Chase National Bank, and saw to it that the best contractors went to work on a company modernization program. On April 1, 1953, the new, modern Middleburgh Telephone Company, Inc.—Randall Becker, vice-president and general manager—will cut over to a profitable, up-to-date dial operation.

These cutovers are the most striking evidence of what the helping hand of



the Bell System has done. They are taking place all over the United States, generally celebrated by a party in which all the townspeople take part. I attended a cutover party in Marcellus, New York, recently—it was curiously symbolic of the change from the old to the new.

A Widow's Courageous Battle

The owner of the local Finger Lakes Telephone Corporation is a motherly ex-telephone operator named Mrs. Mary Clary, whose husband died a year and a half after they bought the company in 1925. Her son, Jim, was only one year old at the time, and she struggled to hold on to the company until he was old enough to take it over. Now, Jim had been graduated from Holy Cross College, and had undertaken the monumental magneto-to-dial conversion job. The new system was installed with the help of Commissioner Eddy and the New York Telephone Company and a dozen other helping hands, and all the neighbors turned out at midnight to celebrate the switchover.

First, Mayor Varnum S. Kenyon pulled the cords that disconnected the old switchboard. Then, while the neighbors gathered around banks of flowers in the new office, Mrs. Clary made the first phone call, to eighty-year-old "Grandma" Clary, her husband's mother, in Baldwinsville, New York. Mrs. Clary, blinking nervously, said, "Hello, hello, Gram? How do you hear me? I can hear you perfectly. Isn't it wonderful, just wonderful?" The neighbors cheered.

Then the Reverend M. Dennis Lee, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, improvised a little prayer: "O God, Thou hast taught us that man does not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth from Thy mouth. We thank Thee that Thou hast given us this means of communication, by which we may be bound together in brotherhood, through understanding." The neighbors said, "Amen," and sat down to a supper of ham, turkey, tomatoes, cookies and coffee.

In the old office a block away, gray-haired Mary McAvoy, operator for 26 years, sat over her now-silent switchboard. Her job had been taken over by a machine, she had received a substantial separation allowance and was going to Syracuse to look for another job. Both the Finger Lakes and Bell companies had offered to help her find a place with some business concern. "It's all over," she said, "and it's been such a long time. Why, that boy Jimmy grew up with me." She picked up her old-fashioned operator's mouthpiece, a souvenir which she was planning to use at home as a little vase for flowers, and she got up to go. "I don't know," she said, "Machines or no machines, these little small-town telephone companies will never change."

She was right. With the old magneto system, every phone on a Finger Lakes party line rang whenever there was a call for anyone on the line; with the new dial setup, only the individual phones rang. But within two days the farmers learned that if they placed the new phone on an inverted dishpan, it would magnify the vibration set up when their neighbors' party-line phones rang. Then they could take the phone off the hook and listen in—just as they had for the last 50 years.



HARRY DEVLIN

Barriers to Western Unity

PREMIER STALIN'S 1952 Christmas greeting to the free world was another of his occasional assurances that capitalism and Communism can live peaceably side by side. These cheery messages never come through diplomatic channels, where they might start some action, but are always given to private individuals or the foreign press. (The journalist who got the latest message was James Reston of the New York Times.) But, as usual, Stalin created a good bit of excitement and again aroused some hope that this time he meant it.

We don't mean to be cynical. But, in view of the record, we have to put more reliance in a Stalin manuscript, written for home consumption, which appeared in the magazine *Bolshevik*. It was a major policy pronouncement and, unfortunately, more in character than Stalin's answers to Mr. Reston's questions.

Capitalism, the dictator explained to the home folks, is characterized by a struggle for world markets. And the only way for capitalism to find markets, use up its surpluses and stimulate

its economy is through war. That, he says, is what brought on World War II. He was saying the same thing, of course, back in the days of the Nazi-Soviet alliance, before Hitler's attack on Russia produced the interval of common effort with the United States and Britain, and caused Stalin to discover that the Soviet Union was a "freedom-loving democracy."

Today, Stalin insists, the struggle for markets goes on, and the basic conflict is as great as ever. So he concludes that war is inevitable—but war among the capitalist powers, and not against the Soviet Union.

His prediction is clearly a case of the wish fathering the thought. And there are essential flaws in Stalin's logic, because his devotion to Marx's century-old theories sometimes clouds his vision of present realities. Marx believed that capitalism tends to put more and more wealth in fewer and fewer hands. He believed that the exploited proletariat of the West would erupt in a sudden, violent revolution. Stalin still seems to believe this.

The evidence is to the contrary, especially in the United States, where Stalin finds his most powerful opposition to world conquest. Capitalism has diffused wealth, as is proved by the increasing millions of American "proletarians" who own stock in capitalistic corporations. And the "revolution" has been of a generally peaceful and long-term variety, in which organized labor has gained ever-widening objectives through collective bargaining.

The free world is stronger economically than the Kremlin thinks. But it also has some obvious weaknesses. And we may be assured that Stalin is using every nonmilitary weapon at his command—trade, propaganda, anything—to exploit those weaknesses, foment friction among the Western nations, and gain a victory without general war.

Most of the West's weaknesses stem from disunity, and perhaps the most dangerous example of disunity is in the field of international trade. It should be remembered, in this connection, that the Iron Curtain is an economic as well as a political device. It keeps the enslaved Soviet people in, but it also keeps Western trade out. And the Soviet empire, with its vast territory and natural resources, can much better afford to play this game of wait-and-see than the free but disunited world.

Last November, Collier's published an editorial supporting the idea of "Trade, Not Aid," and urging fewer tariff restrictions. A good many readers disagreed with us, and said so. We hope that those readers will do a little thinking about Stalin's aims and policies, and realize that there is nothing that would suit his purposes better than a hedge of high tariffs and a consequent decline of trade in the West.

We are glad to see that the new administration apparently favors the "Trade, Not Aid" approach, and we hope that the nation will back up such a policy. The countries that oppose Communism must draw closer together. They must lower, not raise, trade barriers. They must cultivate friendly relations and mutual understanding. These are freedom's best and least expensive weapons in the cold war.

Pay More to Save More

THREE YEARS AGO we suggested, on this page, that congressmen are underpaid. Now the National Committee for Strengthening Congress, a group of private citizens, also suggests they are underpaid. But Representative Usher L. Burdick of North Dakota disagrees.

A lot of people are having trouble making ends meet these days, says Mr. Burdick, and if a congressman can't do it on \$15,000 a year he had better trim his living standards or resign.

After 14 years in Washington, Mr. Burdick must surely agree that a congressman's responsibilities are great. He must also know that there are thousands of positions in private life that pay far more for much less important duties.

The biggest business in the free world, which is the United States government, needs the country's top talent. It shouldn't be forced to take second-raters, and it shouldn't ask the members of Congress to make financial sacrifices for the burdensome job of helping to run that business. We do not consider it a paradox to urge higher pay for members of Congress as an early step toward a more efficient and economical operation of the government.

Collier's for February 7, 1953

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The Cover

It's shopping day at the supermarket and the junior members of the family have dropped their important business at home to lend a hand with the groceries. The armed guard on this cartload of valuable vittles is artist Lee Burke's son, Lee, Jr., and the happy passenger is Guy, his younger brother.

Week's Mail

More Potable than Potent

EDITOR: Like many others, I enjoyed the article, Washington's Third Party—The Cocktail Party, by Andrew F. Tully (Jan. 3d). I must take exception, however, to the unfair as well as untrue statements in reference to vodka made in this article.

The author refers to vodka as a national poison, and also as a corrosive distillation of potato alcohol. Mr. Tully advises his readers to beware of dynamic vodka Martinis which, according to Mr. Tully, "knock you flat" and "stomp all over you."

Apparently Mr. Tully obtained his information from storybooks, because all producers of vodkas made and sold in the United States use grain neutral spirits and not potato spirits, just as do the manufacturers of the well-known brands in Europe.

Furthermore, most vodkas are bottled at 80 proof and 100 proof—although the lower-proof vodka is the biggest seller by far, probably ten to one. So why should a Martini made with 80-proof vodka be any more potent than a Martini made with 90-proof gin? It isn't. In fact, by using the same proportions of liquor and vermouth, the vodka Martini is less potent.

We, as sole United States distributors of Smirnoff Vodka, the largest-selling brand, devoted a great deal of time as well as money in promoting vodka, particularly in a vodka Martini. I am sure you will appreciate why we take exception to those disparaging references to vodka in Mr. Tully's article.

FRANK C. MARSHALL, G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

Navy Stories

EDITOR: With a new year ahead, I'd like to take this opportunity to thank Collier's for the many fine Navy stories of 1952.

The carrier and the submarine articles (Sea Power's Sunday Punch, Oct. 4th; America's New Dreadful Weapon, Dec. 20th) were two of the Navy magazine high spots of the year. We received much favorable comment on both of them. LEWIS S. PARKS, Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy, Chief of Information, Washington, D.C.

The Bulge

EDITOR: Von Rundstedt's story of The Battle of the Bulge (Jan. 3d) was very good, but as usual told by someone in the rear.

Having been a dogface in the 28th Inf. Div., I happened to be in the breakthrough area quite some time before and during the supposedly surprise attack.

To the rear echelon and to the public I'll admit it was a surprise, but to

The story of two fat men...



One acted unwisely . . . he always ate too much; he tried to lose weight quickly through strenuous exercise, self-prescribed drugs, and other short-cuts to weight reduction.

One reduced sensibly . . . he consulted his doctor about his weight problem, and followed a properly balanced diet to bring his weight down gradually, and keep it at a desirable level.

OVERWEIGHT is our country's Number One health problem today. In fact, it is estimated that there are about 25 million Americans who are burdened by excess pounds.

Medical authorities stress the health hazards of overweight more than ever before. The reason for this is simple:

Continuing studies show that overweight people do not live, on the average, as long as those who keep their weight at a desirable level. This is because excessive fat tends to increase a person's chances of possibly developing one or more diseases of the heart and blood vessels, diabetes, liver and gall bladder disease and other disorders.

Overweight may reduce physical efficiency and often is a serious handicap in the event an operation is needed, or an acute illness occurs.

In addition, overweight is apt to place an unnecessary strain on many vital organs, especially the heart. It has been estimated, for example, that for every 20 pounds of excess weight, one's heart must serve about 12 extra miles of blood vessels. So, it is important to keep a watchful eye on your weight and start reducing as soon as any unwelcome pounds appear.

Safe and sensible weight reduction should always begin with a visit to your doctor. He will examine you and suggest what weight is best for you. His decision will be based, in part, on your height and age, as well as your bone structure and the kind of life you lead.

Nearly all cases of overweight are due to eating too much. There are various reasons for excessive eating—emotional difficulties, for ex-

ample. Whatever the cause, the doctor can usually help you to develop a sound weight reduction program. This will usually include a properly balanced diet; one which will bring about the desired reduction slowly, usually at the rate of about two pounds a week, and also supply the body with the necessary protective food elements. However, no diet will produce satisfactory results, unless there is a determined effort made by the patient to reduce.

With the doctor's advice and a firm resolution to cooperate wholeheartedly, an overweight person can usually attain the desired weight—at which he will look, feel, and act best. *Remember that proper weight, in terms of everyday comfort and longer life, is worth whatever effort is required to achieve and maintain it.*

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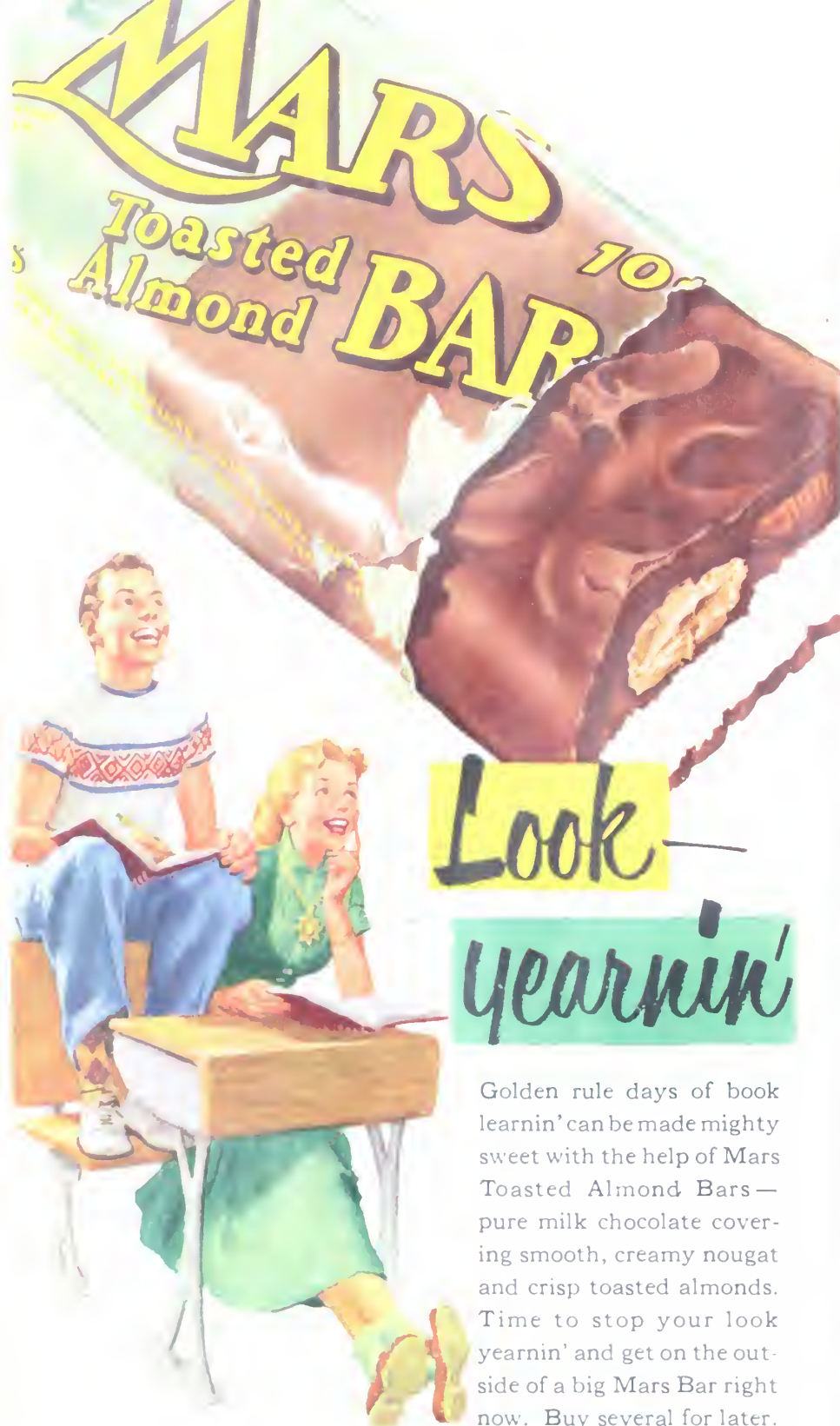
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the doggies in the front line it was clear that the attack was apparent and coming soon.

I myself reported the mass preparations that could be heard and seen with the naked eye in my sector alone, and I know the rest of the front-line observers reported the same.

The rear echelon, through all these reports, would always say: "Pay no attention to the activity, it is just relief troops coming up."

We even captured German troops dressed as Americans. I recall one American (German) major who had the very location of our rifle and mortar positions 15 days before the breakthrough. The higher-ups, including SHAEF, thought nothing of it. Then they hit and it was a great surprise.

HAROLD P. HAYES, Tiffin, Ohio

... I must question one incident in Von Rundstedt's account of the battle. You printed a picture of American dead at Malmédy with a caption explaining that SS men, hurrying to the front, came upon them (the captive American troops) and immediately opened fire, thinking that they were an American unit heading for battle. You also state that this was the explanation given by Von Rundstedt.

I can see the plausibility of the excuse being accepted by one who has never seen combat, but as an ex-infantryman, I cannot swallow such rot. If the officers in command of the SS troops failed to see that the American troops were unarmed they might have given orders to open fire, but there is no such thing as a combat officer who orders his troops to continue firing until every one of the enemy is dead *without one shot being fired in return*.

GEORGE KAISER, Brookline, Mass.

... Thank you for the work and effort it must have taken on the part of your staff to put out an article on the history and truth of the Battle of the Bulge.

I was a heavy machine gunner with the 99th Division holding the line in the Ardennes sector. I was captured Dec. 17, 1944.

At the time a lot of things that happened in that battle looked funny, even clear down to the viewpoints of a lowly Pfc. Your article cleared up some of them by explaining the strategy a man must use to try to reach and take a nearly impossible objective when the elements are against him in war, such as was the case of Von Rundstedt's trying to reach Antwerp.

ORVILLE W. SNYDER, Bedford, Pa.

... If it is naïve to be surprised to find it raining on Monday when the weather report predicted rain, then it is correct to claim that Field Marshal von Rundstedt's assault at the Battle of the Bulge was a complete surprise.

An article by a military analyst appeared in the New York Times published a week or more before this event wherein the author stated that in his opinion Von Rundstedt would attempt one more all-out attack from the Ardennes Forest.

I think it was this same military man who also predicted in an article published in the Times several days before the event that General Rommel would strike out from the Kasserine Pass.

An article by a military man under the title of What Will Be Japan's Prob-

able Course in the Event of War in the Pacific? (I quote from memory) appeared in the Times several weeks before Pearl Harbor. In it the author stated that Japan would attack Pearl Harbor and try to destroy our fleet.

Nevertheless our top commanders were completely surprised in each instance. Why?

LEE R. ROBBINS, Norwich, Conn.

Collector's Items

Collier's

AFRICAN SAFARI
Robert Ruark
Shoots a Lion

How to spot a book robber

Von Rundstedt Tells
The German Story of
THE BATTLE
OF THE BULGE



EDITOR: Eleven months ago we became the parents of a daughter and received, among other gifts, two of Cydney's children ballet pictures. Upon seeing your Jan. 3d issue on the newsstand we immediately recognized another Cydney.

May we thank you for this fine addition to our collection. It now hangs with the other two in the baby's room.

MR. & MRS. JOSEPH ASHER,
Bronx, N.Y.

"New Hope . . . New Understanding"

EDITOR: We deeply appreciate the publication of the article, Would You Share Your Home with a Mental Case? (Dec. 20th). The account gives splendid expression to our experience of how patients may benefit from an opportunity to return to the community, and to the remarkable contribution of caretakers like Mrs. Tucker.

Reactions to the article have been most interesting. Families of patients in the hospitals have told us of their renewed hope for the eventual adjustment of their relatives. One family said that the article helped them to a new understanding; they had regarded mental illness as hopeless and saw for the first time that it was really possible that their own relative could have a chance to recover and return to normal life.

FRANK F. TALLMAN, M.D.,
Director of Mental Hygiene, State of
California, Sacramento, Cal.

... The article on family care for mentally ill people was superb. Because I supervise mentally ill veterans in family-care homes such as described made it particularly meaningful to me. It is gratifying to note the improvement that most patients make under this form of supervised care. Certainly it is hoped that all states will recognize the good that is derived and will adopt similar programs.

JAMES H. IVORY,
Veterans Administration Hospital,
Tuskegee, Ala.

Collier's for February 14, 1953

What's Your Job?



*Jerry Young, on the job near Levastus, Montana.
Photograph by Anthony Linck*

“Me?—I Make Mud Pies!”

By **JERRY YOUNG**

as told to **GRANTLAND RICE**, *Noted Sportswriter and Commentator*

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT—I mess around with mud for a living.

Could be I make mud packs to chase away wrinkles—but I don't. I might be vice president in charge of sludge pits at a pottery. But I'm not. The kind of mud pies I make, it's an art—but it's a science, too.

Just in case the suspense is getting unbearable . . . I'm the guy who says, “Here's mud in your eye” to an oil well. They tell me—and sometimes I believe 'em—that I'm one of the most important guys on the drilling site. Here's why:

Mud does a lot of big jobs around a drill site. When a well is drilled by the rotary method, mud lubricates the drill-stem and keeps it cool. It flows up out of the drill hole and carries out ground-up rocks from the

bottom. It hardens the clay around the sides of the hole, and makes a well that won't cave in.

This isn't ordinary mud, either. We buy it by the sack, made-to-order for the kind of ground we're drilling in. Some of it is made with South American fibres, with alumina, silica—lots of different chemicals. The boss-driller on each job usually has his own favorite mud recipe—and I'm the guy who mixes it, adding just the right amount of water, salt, and other chemicals.

With the help of me and my fancy mud pies, Cities Service last year drilled 375 miles of holes, contributing toward the production of 43,000,000 barrels of petroleum liquids—which it turned into more than 400 products you can use around the house, in your car, on your farm if you have one, and in the factory.

Are these products good? Why man, I was there when they were born! Sure—I think they're the best on the market today.

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Top left: General's L-K Model S-550 makes complete Kitchen-With-Oven in 48" by combining with any 20" apartment range! 4 cu.-ft. capacity, storage drawer, inner door shelf, horizontal freezer, and topped by 1-piece porcelain sink, drainboard and back-splash.

Middle: General Chef combines 4 cu.-ft. refrigerator with 3 electric burners, 220 volt, in only 4.1 sq. ft. of space. Also available with 3 gas burners or 2 electric burners for 110 v. plug-in use. Range heats do not affect refrigerator temperatures.

Below: General's Executive Refrigerator has acid-resistant formica table top and choice of finishes: flame-grain mahogany, blonde, walnut, knotty pine or gleaming white. Size, space-saving features, same as units above, including ice-cube tray capacity. Ideal for offices, home bars, apartments, hotels.

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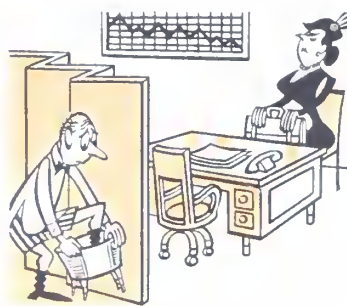
NATIONWIDE SALES AND SERVICE

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Here's a doleful tidings for you folks whose gold mines were closed down by the government during World War II. If you're thinking of suing the government for the dough you think you might have got if you'd been permitted to go on digging, you've got to prove down to the last possible nugget that "conditions" are the same today as they were then. And anybody who can do that wins a hatful of folding money.

Dr. Burgess Gordon, president of the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, foresees the day when men may have to wear girdles if they hope to



meet female competition in industry, business and politics. Girdles make for better and deeper breathing, he says, resulting in more vitality; and there are far too many middled men in business.

Bit of professional advice discovered in the Iowa Association of Chiefs of Police and Peace Officers Magazine. That, by the way, is the name of the journal, not the contents. Advice is, "Don't argue with the cop. Maybe he just wants to give you a friendly warning. Don't sit in your car hollering you're a taxpayer. You can no more win an argument with him than a ball-player can with an umpire. Instead, congratulate him for being on the job. Thank him for giving you a ticket. He has been examined physically and has a stout heart. He will not drop dead."

Having read that the true rebel yell begins "on A-sharp, slides up immediately half a tone, changes to D-sharp, holding there and ending with a tremolo," Mr. Simms O'Brien walked to the corner of his street in Lawrence, Massachusetts, and gave it a try. Three times brought results—two cops, several dogs and an ambulance.

Before being asked what we think of the housing shortage in Washington, D.C., we say it's nonsense. Plenty of room if they'll just take old 48's advice and throw away those 4,000,000 cases filled with triplicated, quadrupled and sextupled forms we the people have filled out and the government saved. Costs \$70,000,000 a year to store them in space as large as seven Pentagon buildings. Why not use this space to

file away leftover Truman administration personnel? Or at least the stranded, but still hopeful, cronies. Lots of room then for Ike's guys.

Because his picture on his campaign literature was said to have been taken from a photograph made 12 years ago, the Honorable Earle H. Hill, recently re-elected to the Oregon legislature, has been asked to resign. Oregon law says politicians may not broadcast photographs more than five years old. Mr. Hill's opposition cries "fraud." Mr. Hill replies "nonsense." Situation tense.

Judge in Rutland, Vermont, asked the cop whether he was sure the prisoner was drunk when arrested. Cop said: "Well, Judge, it was like this: I saw this man drop a penny in the parking meter and look up at the courthouse clock and holler that he's lost twelve pounds. What do you think?"

From Beatrice, Nebraska, we receive word that a lady asked to be excused from jury duty because she did not believe in capital punishment. But the judge told her she shouldn't worry because this case merely involved a fellow whose wife gave him five hundred dollars to pay for a fur coat she'd ordered. Fellow didn't buy the coat but went on a pub-crawl with a dame he'd picked up in a bar and spent all the money that way. "All right, Judge," said this lady. "I'll serve. Maybe I was wrong after all about capital punishment."

The sign on this eatery near Pomona, California, announced: Hamburgers Ten Cents. So George Irwin entered. He ate one hamburger. The counter-man demanded 40 cents. Mr. Irwin pointed to the sign. Said the counter-man: "You had it on a bun, didn't you? That's ten cents. You said yes to pickle relish, didn't you? Ten cents more.



IRWIN CAPLAN

Nodded when I asked onion, didn't you? Another dime. Anything else on your mind, mister?" The bewildered Mr. Irwin couldn't think of anything.

Large sign on a trailer truck seen one recent night by Mr. Fred Wetherbee out in Greenfield, Indiana: DIM DEM DAM LIGHTS.

Collier's for February 14, 1953



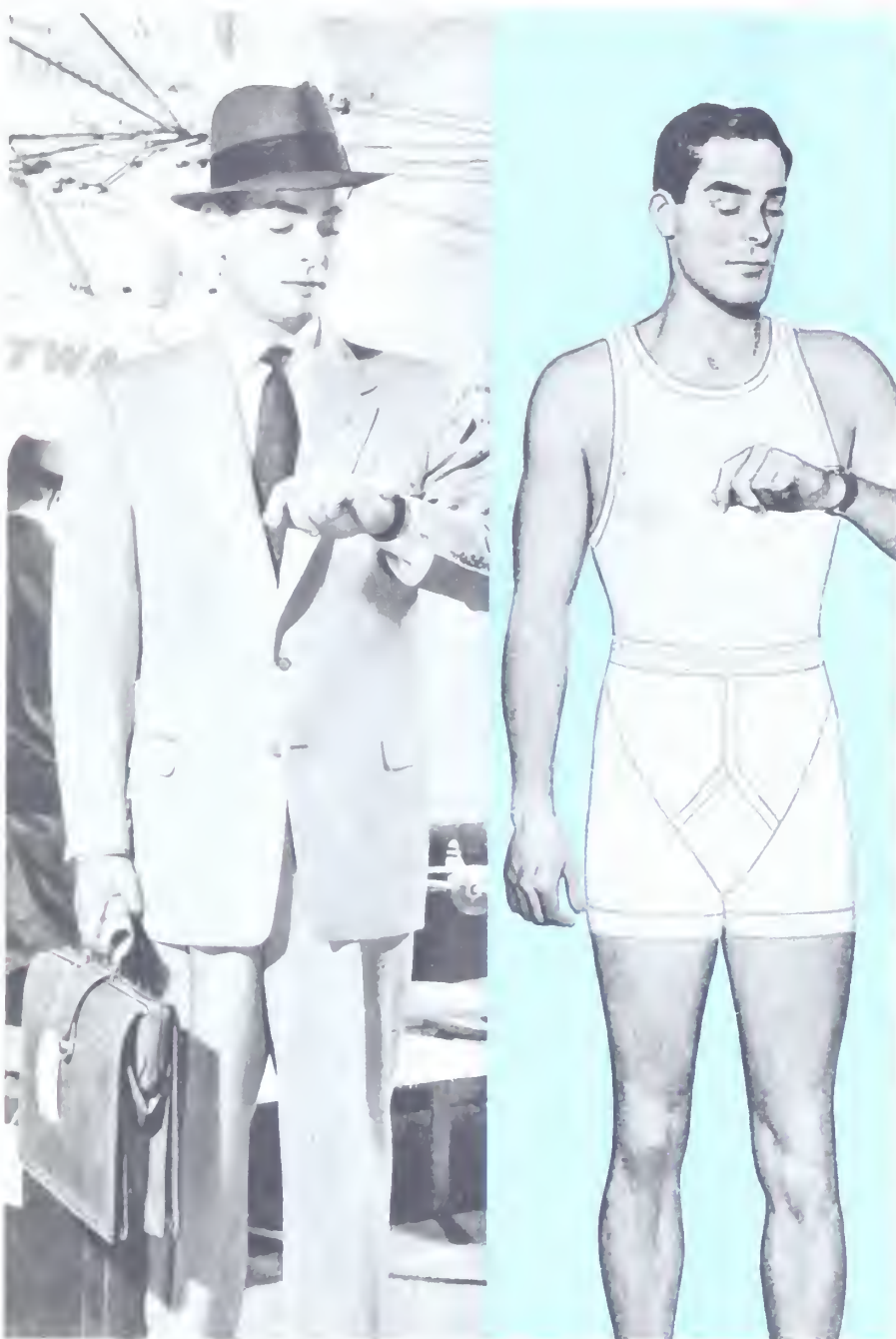
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Well, He's About This Wide

By JOHN L. KEASLER



JOHN DEMPSEY

"Oh, it's too large, isn't it?" my wife said unhappily

EXACTLY why wives find it impossible to remember their husbands' clothing sizes is a mystery I have been unable to fathom. At least I've been unable to fathom it from the dark folds of my latest birthday present, which my wife handed me the other evening.

"Oh, you shouldn't have," I said greedily, shaking the box to see if it gurgled. "Now what in the world could this be?"

"A fine way to find out would be to take it out of the box," she advised. "Try it on for size."

I executed these maneuvers but seemed little nearer to the answer. So far as I could determine, the box contained a bright-plaid pyramidal tent or, perhaps, an elephant blanket. The present turned out, however, to be a sport shirt.

"Oh, it's too large, isn't it?" my wife said unhappily, as I emerged from the bedroom, tripping over the shirttails. "I distinctly told that clerk I wanted size sixteen double E."

"Sixteen double E?" I croaked from somewhere inside the shirt. "My shirt size is sixteen *thirty-three*."

"That silly clerk," my wife said. "I wish you could get your shirt size straight. Well, I'll just have to take it back and exchange it."

"Never mind," I said hastily. "They're wearing elephant blank—I mean, sport shirts roomier today."

I was taking no chances of coming out even worse. The complete inability of the female mind to cope with the standard measurements used in men's clothing has long been a source of well-swathed confusion to me, but I've learned not to fight it.

For instance, there's my aunt in Philadelphia, an otherwise orderly minded woman who can memorize the ingredients of a complicated casserole at a glance. But for years I've been receiving undershirts from her which a midget couldn't enter with a shoehorn.

It is small comfort to realize this distaff blind spot is universal. This was brought to my attention recently while I was in a men's wear department, to exchange some socks a niece had given me, apparently under the impression I wore them over my shoes. I was yanked bodily into the suit department by an elderly lady customer.

"My husband's about this big in here," she said to the clerk, as she

absently delivered a nasty right cross to my mid-section, "but he's a little taller. And he's not so flat in the back part. What size suit do you wear, young man?"

"Size forty," I gasped.

"Is that all?" she asked suspiciously. "I wear a size thirty-eight myself." She demanded a size forty-four, just to be safe.

She probably had known her husband only a few decades and naturally couldn't be expected to know his suit size.

"With men's sizes so confusing, it's a wonder women understand them as well as we do," my wife, Margery, said self-righteously the other day when her mother sent me a pair of corduroy slacks, the only slacks I ever had which stood still the first four steps I took.

"I know your sizes, sort of," I wailed to Margery.

"Well, naturally," she said. "Anybody can learn women's sizes. Even you. They're so simple."

Here before me I have a working chart of women's sizes, worked out unerringly through simple calculus and blind instinct. The woman in point shall remain unnamed.

She wears a size-twelve blouse, except sometimes. Then she wears either a size ten or a size fourteen. Of course, she also wears a size-thirty-four blouse or, occasionally, size thirty-six. The reason given for this is that it all depends. These statistics may apply to slips but not to dresses except at some stores.

"Half sizes" allow for anatomies which are larger in some places than in others. The "Miss" size bracket has nothing to do with age, or anything else the mortal mind can conceive of, and may or may not be larger than a "Mrs." size, of which there are none.

Lastly, none of this makes any difference because, through a strange quirk in natural law, your wife will take anything you buy her back to the exchange counter, whether or not it fits.

Simple? Of course, I admitted to my wife. Matter of fact, she is so impressed by my grasp of these fundamentals that she has promised to quit trying to wheedle at least a size-ten hat for me from salesmen simply because she wears a size twenty-two and is afraid I'll catch cold.

It's dark in this fedora. ▲▲▲

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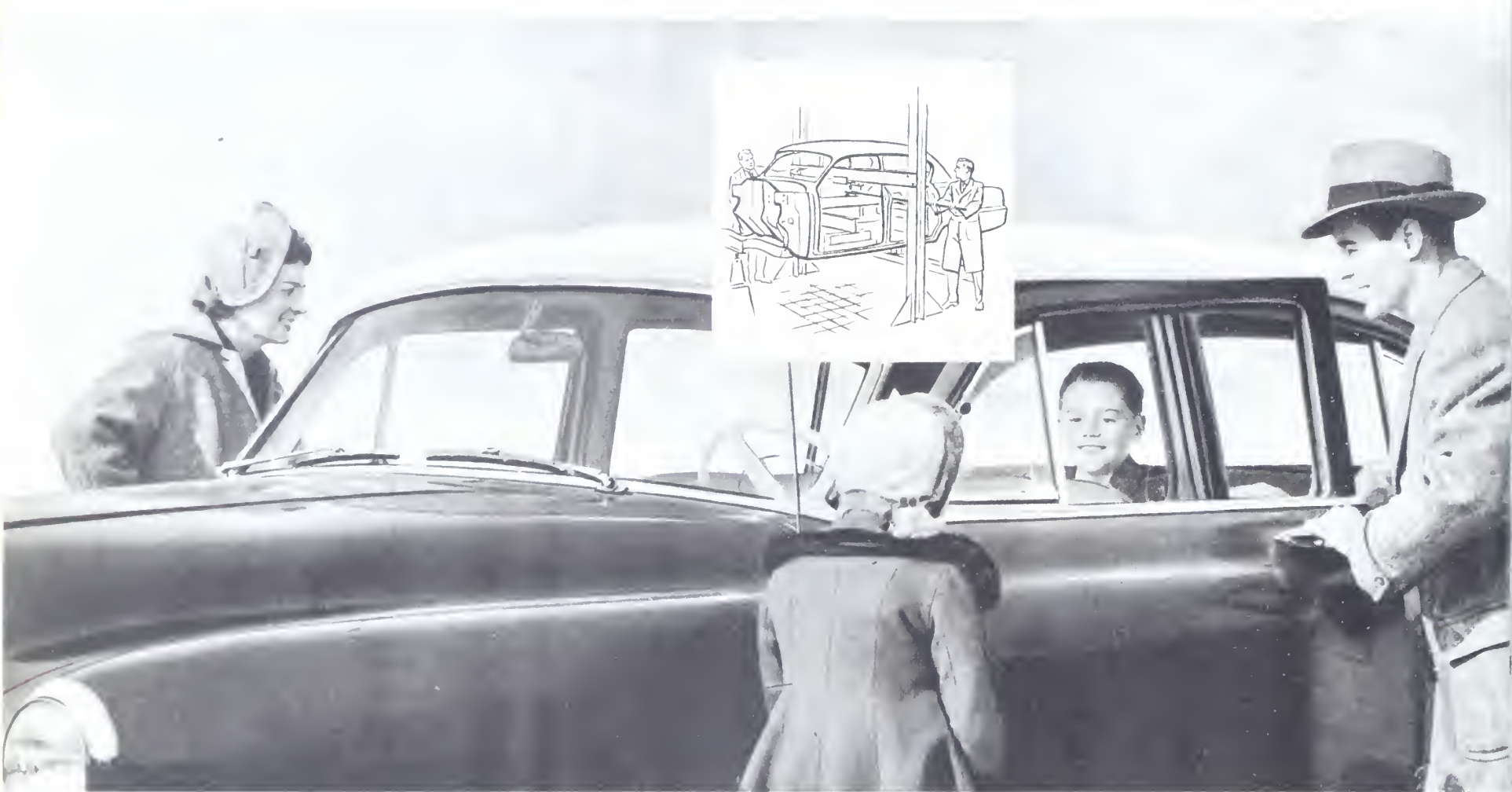
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WHY DIDN'T YOU GET THAT RAISE?

By HOWARD WHITMAN

Maybe your idea of how to get ahead is out of date. Psychologists have created new standards and tests. If you understand them, you may get that increase yet

THE way to get ahead in the world is changing just about as fast as the world is. Science is moving in to help big companies decide who gets the better job—and the bigger pay check. That old rogue known as "Pull" is being thrown out the window, and so is its side-kick, "Lucky Break." In their places are new methods, fresh from the psychological laboratories, for determining not only how good a man is at his job but how good he is *as a person*—and what he can develop into. A good many old notions, and some old virtues, too, are going on the scrap heap.

Consider, for example, the idea of getting a promotion by being in the right place at the right time. Many a career has been built on it, yet it is mostly a matter of luck, not merit. Today, instead of being caught short and picking the first person who comes by the door, companies are building a backlog of promotable personnel—tested, appraised, ready to move up the ladder. *Employee evaluation* has supplanted the stab in the dark.

Or, consider the notion of fitting square pegs into square holes. Just a few years ago that was about all there was to personnel science. Today, that approach is looked upon as kid stuff. The real trick is to find out what kind of wood the peg is made of, what quality, how durable, and—most important of all—how it can be shaped in the future to fit into a hole it doesn't begin to fit into right now. *Employee development* has taken the place of the peg game.

The old virtues die hardest of all. They must be born again in a new context. Effort isn't enough any more. A man can put forth a lot of effort going around in circles. Even sheer, roll-up-

your-sleeves hard work isn't what it used to be. One personnel consultant says, "If a man works his head off, his company may think he can't get his work done in a normal day." The new ideal is *productive work*—the efficient use of energy, not the sheer output of it. As with machinery, a smooth, well-paced worker is considered better than one eternally on the verge of blowing a gasket.

Most people are pleased that the scientific approach is supplanting favoritism, petty prejudice, dumb luck, random selection and eager-beaverism. Most people want to be promoted. But I think it can safely be assumed they want to be promoted for being what they really are.

Dr. Walter D. Woodward, psychiatrist at the American Cyanamid Company, says:

"We are looking beyond the old idea of promotion. We are thinking in terms of *development*, looking toward a man's long-term progress with the company. We want to develop men who can fit into future vacancies, take jobs which don't even exist yet. Our idea is to help people develop on the job, grow into something better."

Growth on the job, I found in visits to numerous companies and numerous consultants, seems to have taken the place of square-peg-square-hole thinking. Says the modern employer, "I'm not content to keep you as I found you. I want to watch your growth and development (and help you in it) so that you can hold bigger, better jobs as time goes by."

In many firms, I found "salesman development programs," "supervisor development programs," "executive development programs" and other varieties of the growth-on-the-job approach. Each

recognized a fundamental principle of psychology: people are not static, they are constantly changing.

The changes are determined by the deep, underlying piles of personality structure. Hence the new dynamic approach to promotion is based not so much on how well a man or woman can do a particular job, but how mature and well-integrated his or her personality may be. The mainsprings of personality supply, after all, the incentive, integrity, vigor and enthusiasm a person needs to do not only today's job but any future job.

In the files of the American Management Association, a study covering 80,000 clerical and office workers in 76 companies analyzes the reasons why people are not promoted. Lack of skill on the job accounts for only 23.5 per cent of the trouble. Personality failings account for 76.5 per cent. Some of the personality failings and the extent to which they halt promotion are: lack of initiative 10.9 per cent, lack of ambition 9.7 per cent, carelessness 7.9 per cent, non-co-operation 6.7 per cent and laziness 6.4 per cent.

These personality failings can be observed in surface behavior. But today's personnel experts listen also for deeper rumblings, especially when important promotions are involved. Their listening apparatus consists of batteries of psychological tests plus "evaluation interviews."

Let's say the personnel director or a plant psychologist is considering Mr. A for promotion to foreman. He wants to find out just what kind of a director of other men Mr. A will be. He can't come right out in an interview and ask, "Do you have an authority complex?" or "Are you a martinet?" or "Do you want this job just to lord it over

THESE TRAITS HELP

1. Ability to think analytically
2. Evenness of moods
3. Ability to inspire confidence
4. Willingness to work hard and to require others to do so
5. Toleration of hostile action
6. Ability to think critically
7. Good social sensitivity (tact, finesse)
8. Courage of convictions
9. Resistance to fear

THESE TRAITS HURT

1. Inability to take criticism
2. Lack of originality
3. Gloominess and pessimism
4. Inability to follow through
5. Hostility
(suspicion and back-stabbing)
6. Dissipation of effort
7. Dread of responsibility
8. Fluctuating loyalties
9. Lack of sympathy

Take this test: You are a foreman. An employee is late



If you are lively at night but tired in the morning, emotional fatigue may be the reason

your fellow workers?"—and expect an answer worth listening to.

So he uses a "revealing situation" question. "Let us suppose," he says, "that one of your men has been late twice in the past ten days. Each time you spoke to him about it. The last time, two days ago, his lateness disrupted your work schedule and you spoke to him strongly and received his assurance that he would be on time in the future. This morning, he is late again, and because of his lateness an important job has been held up and your department will fail to have an order ready for delivery. What would you do about this man?"

Right Answer Reveals Mature Quality

You might say there couldn't be "right" or "wrong" answers to such a nebulous question. But there are.

For example: "I'd fire him" is a wrong answer.

"I'd give him another chance" is a wrong answer.

"I'd find out why the man was late" is the right answer.

It is the right answer because it shows Mr. A's agility of mind in the face of a loaded question. It shows good qualities of judgment and an even, judicial temperament. (After all, the man may have been late because his mother was taken to the hospital that morning.) Further, the answer shows a warm, mature feeling toward a fellow man. It is not the mawkish "give him another chance" or the cold-fish "fire him." The approach is open and human, and the man can still be fired or forgiven after the facts are known.

In written tests of personality, the "sleeper" question provides quick glimpses into character.



If you speak up when someone shoves ahead of you in a line, you score for aggressiveness

structure—and the person being tested usually hasn't the faintest idea what he has revealed about himself. Here is a typical "sleeper" sequence:

Answer yes or no:

1. Do you object to the odor of fertilizer?
2. Would you feel sickish at seeing blood on a wound?
3. Do you object to the odor of garbage?
4. Would you feel sickened by attending a bullfight?
5. Would you object to drinking milk if it were beginning to sour?

On the surface this would appear to be a test of squeamishness. Actually it is a veiled probing for sadistic tendencies. It is not foolproof, of course, and is merely a pointer at best, yet you can see the possible implication if one answered "yes" to questions 1, 3 and 5 and "no" to questions 2 and 4.

Personality tests are valueless (and sometimes dangerous) when used by amateurs. When used by experts they can serve a good purpose, mainly because experts know just how far to trust them. Instead of jumping to conclusions, the skilled tester used test questions as "predictors"—hints about where to probe deeper in the personal interview.

Here's an example: "Have you ever figured out a way you'd choose to use if you committed suicide?" asks a test question. A simple yes or no answer doesn't mean a thing. Nor is there anything ominous if someone answers, "by shooting," "by hanging" or any similarly frank response. But there might be a predictor—something to dig into later—if the answer showed either a strong avoidance of the subject, such as, "Would never dare to think of such a thing!" or a preoccupation reflected in a long, enthusiastic description of one's favorite suicide method.

There are dozens of questions (and they appear in dozens of varieties on various tests) which are "clue-loaded." They have no right or wrong answers, but any answer at all adds another brush stroke to the portrait of a person. They are questions such as the following, and are aimed at the aspects of character shown in parentheses:

On meeting someone, do you say hello first or do you wait for the other fellow to say hello? (*hostility*)

Are you hurt if someone fails to return your call? (*ego weakness, inferiority feelings*)

Do you feel peppy at night and tired in the morning? (*emotional fatigue*)

Do little problems prey on your mind? (*generalized anxiety*)

If you had a free day, would you prefer to spend it alone or with other people? (*self-sufficiency*)

Would you rather make a decision yourself or have someone help you make it? (*sense of adequacy, confidence*)

Do you prefer conventional living or are you a nonconformist? (*spontaneity, assurance, rebelliousness*)

Does criticism bother you if you do not consider it constructive? (*ego strength*)

Would you speak up or let the incident pass if someone pushed ahead of you in line? (*aggressiveness, assertiveness*)

Is it hard for you to say no to a salesman? (*suggestibility*)

Some of these questions have interesting correlations, established through repeated experience and cross checking with control groups. Take the last question. If a man says it is *not* hard for him to say no to a salesman he may not make a very good salesman himself. Cross checking has shown that 90 per cent of the successful salesmen themselves find it hard to say no to a salesman.

Some tests have impressive records of predictability. The Life Office Management Association, representing over 250 insurance companies, developed a series of mental-alertness tests for clerical workers. Dr. Marion A. Bills, of the Aetna Life Insurance Company, reports on the basis of



Studies show that 90 per cent of successful salesmen are soft touches for other salesmen

follow-up studies that a person scoring over 120 on either of two of these tests stands between four and five times more chance of being promoted to a decision-making job within five years than one having a lower score.

From company to company, personnel departments use their own individual test batteries, combinations of selected standard tests plus any special tests they may have worked out for themselves. A typical combination might include (1) an adaptation of the old Army "Alpha" test for verbal, numerical and general mental ability, (2) an occupational selection test such as the Kuder Preference Record, (3) a general interest test such as the Allport-Vernon Scale of Values, (4) a vocational interest test such as the Strong Vocational Interest Inventory and (5) one or two personality soundings such as the Guilford-Zimmerman Temperament Survey or the Bernreuter Personality Inventory.

Portrait Includes Future Trends

Each of these tests, in skilled hands, sharpens the portrait of the man being considered for promotion—not only the portrait of the man today but the portrait of the man he may develop into. The Kuder Preference Record, for example, is designed to reveal inclinations in one or more of nine directions: scientific, commercial, musical, artistic, literary, social service, persuasive, mechanical and clerical. The Allport-Vernon Scale of Values aims to measure six basic fields of interest: the theoretical, economic, aesthetic, social, political and religious. The personality tests help nail down the intangible quantity known as character.

But the final rounding out—and the heart of the new, scientific approach to promotion—is the evaluation interview. Yes, this is talk, just talk. But it is extremely skilled talk, just as psychotherapy is mainly talk, but skilled talk.

In Cleveland, at Western Reserve University's Personnel Research Institute, I sat in as observer at an evaluation interview conducted for a Cleveland firm, the Solar Steel Corporation. The interviewers were two psychologists, Dr. Erwin K. Taylor, director of the institute, and Theodore Kunin. The subject was a Solar Steel employee

again. Would you fire him? Wrong solution. Give him another chance? Wrong again

whom we shall call Mr. X (with facts of the interview clinically disguised to avoid identification).

Mr. X had been at the institute all morning going through a test battery. After a leisurely lunch for rest and recuperation he now was ready to face the evaluators. He came into the room with a friendly air, greeted the interviewers and sat down at a table opposite Kunin, with Dr. Taylor at the head of the table.

I was not introduced to the man. I simply sat in a corner of the room with a notepad and pencil. But the lack of introduction was no surprise. I had asked Dr. Taylor about it in advance and he had said, "No, I intentionally will not introduce you. This is to be a 'stress interview' and your unexplained presence will serve a good purpose. It will add to the stress."

Content with this role as a stress factor, I sat with as enigmatic an expression as I could muster and took notes during the interview.

Questions at a "Stress Interview"

Mr. X hadn't answered more than a half-dozen routine questions when the stress was turned on.

Kunin: What would you do if a customer complained that the steel you shipped to him was inferior and you tested it and found that it was of top quality?

Mr. X: I'd demonstrate. I'd show him how good it was.

Kunin: And the customer comes back at you, "Young man, I've been in the steel business thirty years—and I say it's no good!"

Mr. X: Well, I'd show him the test. I'd—

Kunin: That only makes him angrier.

Mr. X: I suppose I'd have to take it back.

Dr. Taylor: When it's perfectly good?

Mr. X: But he says it isn't.

Kunin: But you know it is.

Mr. X: What else could I do but take it back?

Kunin: Suppose the company won't take it back?

Mr. X: I'd run some more tests—I'd prove to the customer—

Dr. Taylor: The customer isn't interested.

Mr. X: Well, you've got me. I guess I'd just have to talk to the sales manager about that.

Kunin: But what if you were the sales manager?

Mr. X at this point squirmed and lighted a cigarette. He was nonplused and silent, and the psychologists allowed the uncomfortable seconds to tick by in silence—intentionally.



One personnel man deliberately keeps a job candidate waiting—and listens to him explode

Dr. Taylor came back after a bit with, "Suppose you were made sales manager and two of your colleagues resented the fact and were intent on getting you out as soon as possible?"

Mr. X: Well, I'd try to gain their confidence.

Kunin: How?

Mr. X: I'd show them that I was in their corner.

Dr. Taylor: How?

Mr. X: I'd, uh—well, I'd show them that I'm a good guy.

Dr. Taylor: How?

To everything Mr. X said, the comeback was "How?" and no matter how adequately or inadequately he followed through, the dogged "How?" still awaited him.

At one point Dr. Taylor engaged in "role playing" with Mr. X. The psychologist played the role of a customer, who for some reason had stopped doing business with Mr. X's firm and Mr. X had the job of mollifying him and winning him back.

Mr. X: I haven't had an order from you for some time. Is anything wrong?

Dr. Taylor: No, I wouldn't say anything's wrong.

Mr. X: Well—I mean, we took care of you when steel was short, didn't we?

Dr. Taylor: Do you think I'm under obligation to you?

Mr. X: I wouldn't say that. I just mean we took good care of you.

Dr. Taylor: You made a profit on every ton, didn't you?

Mr. X: All I mean is, I'd like to just be fair about this thing.

Dr. Taylor: Oh, then you think I'm being unfair!

Mr. X: Oh no, not at all. That's not what I meant. I just thought—well, steel might be short again sometime.

Dr. Taylor: Are you threatening me!

Poor Mr. X had considerable color in his cheeks by now and just when I thought he'd blow his top, Kunin came to the rescue by taking the interview up another path.

These snatches are but a minuscule part of an interview which lasted two hours and covered everything from life history and job history to hobbies and ambitions. But the excerpts illustrate the stress theme. There are no answers to many of the questions Mr. X was asked; in fact they were

framed expressly, as Dr. Taylor put it, "to get Mr. X in deep—and then get him in deeper."

The Personnel Research Institute has a bag of tricks to create stress artificially:

¶ Intentionally make a man late for his interview by having him delayed in one of the other offices, then look at your watch quite obviously when he comes in.

¶ When he gives a perfectly good answer to a question, just sit there and stare at him.

¶ Treat a big shot as though he were nobody, interrupt everything he starts to say with, "We don't care about that."

¶ State ominously, "Every word of this is being taken down." Then ask pleasantly, "You don't mind being recorded?"

Many Kinds of Resistance Are Tested

But what does stress accomplish? Why create it? Its purpose is to test the man's resourcefulness, to see if he recognizes stress and what he does about it, to see how much it takes to throw him off balance, to see what his quitting point is, to test his adroitness at handling people even in impossible situations. One technical measurement of a man's response to stress is his recovery quotient—the speed with which he bounces back, the amount of frustration he carries along into the next situation.

Some personnel men lean to novel and unorthodox techniques.

One, known unofficially as "The Broadway Bar Test," consists simply of getting the candidate for promotion as drunk as you can—under any pretext whatever—and observing his behavior with a skilled eye. It is considered cricket to arrange with your favorite bartender to put tea in your shot glass while the man you are interviewing gets straight whisky. If the candidate is the maudlin, talking type you may get more in 30 minutes than in a week of careful interviewing. Tests for belligerence and frustrability may be administered by intentionally mispronouncing the man's name or repeatedly asking him what department he's in and how long he's worked for the company.

"The Turkish Bath Test" is another. You invite the candidate for promotion to come to your club or gym and you interview him in the steam room. One company executive who used this



One way to find out what a man is like is to get him drunk. The investigator drinks tea



Interview in a steam room: "Strip a man of his clothes and you strip him of all sham"

method with, in his opinion, outstanding success, remarked, "It is practically impossible for any man to maintain a superficial pose while he is naked. Strip a man of his clothes and you strip him of all sham."

A third technique is "The Nobody Home Test." Here, the candidate for promotion is given an appointment for an interview, and when he arrives at the personnel director's office the receptionist intentionally ignores him. If he points out that he has an appointment she tells him to sit down and wait—and again ignores him. If he insists he has an appointment, she then denies it. If, with proper gentlemanliness but firmness too, he demands his right to see the man he made an appointment with, the secretary replies, "I'm sorry, the personnel director has left orders that he is not to be disturbed."

What the Smart Candidate Would Do

During all of this the personnel director watches every move of the candidate through a one-way light screen and listens to every word through a set of headphones hooked to a microphone disguised as a thermometer. Only if the candidate walks—politely but determinedly—straight by the secretary and into the personnel director's office does he get an interview at all.

None of these maverick techniques is recommended, for, if they work at all, they work only because of the peculiar talent of the personnel director who uses them. They have no scientific validity.

In any event, when the results of the batteries of tests and the evaluation interview have been collated, a final report or "audit" of the individual who is up for promotion is made. In the report, the personnel director or psychologist summarizes what his tools and techniques have helped him find out. He appraises the subject's abilities and future potential, ventures generalized predictions concerning his behavior, and delineates the elements of character that are pertinent to the man's job-life. Then he either recommends promotion—or discourages it.

Sure to be mentioned in a man's final audit are his "traits." These are, to be sure, the same deathless traits of character which employers in grandpa's day were interested in—but they are viewed through a scientist's glass.

Take the trait of thoughtfulness versus interest in overt activity, sometimes stated as "introversion versus extroversion." Psychologists find that the man who is a bit on the introvert side makes a better candidate for promotion to a supervisory position than the extrovert. The reason, psychologists J. P. Guilford and Wayne S. Zimmerman, authors of the Guilford-Zimmerman Temperament Survey, comment, is that the extrovert "is so busy interacting with his social environment that he is a poor observer of other people and of himself. He is

probably not subtle and may be lacking in tact. He dislikes reflection and planning."

The trait of aggressiveness has been evident in the behavior of some employees during the stress interviews mentioned earlier. A psychologist told me he and his associate once ended an interview trying to defend themselves against a man who threw answers faster than they could throw questions. It has long figured in getting a man to the top of the ladder. A company chairman tells the board, "We want men who are active, alert—who will tackle the job aggressively." Yet, on the other hand, we condemn aggressiveness in such common remarks as, "Don't push other people around" and "Don't try to get ahead by stepping on other people's toes." An aggressive person often finds himself disliked.

The personnel psychologist comes up with the answer to this apparent clash. Sheer "aggressiveness" he regards as a negative character trait. For most jobs it is undesirable. But—"unobtrusive aggressiveness": there's a term to make a personnel man tingle. For most jobs he loves it. It is power, drive and alertness without offense or disregard for others. It marks the socially mature go-getter.

The good psychologist is the first to admit that traits must not be interpreted rigidly or out of context. The entire individual and his complete quota of character traits must be taken into account.

Ola C. Cool, veteran management counselor and director of the Labor Relations Institute, remarked, "The men and women who know best how to get along with people—these are the ones who get the promotions."

Job knowledge, or know-how, has not lost in importance, of course, but human relations has gained in importance; that is what tips the scale.

Cool told of a brilliant engineer, an MIT graduate, who was absolute tops technically but missed out on promotion to a \$25,000-a-year job. Cool explained, "This man was so good technically that he lost respect for the others around him, and he showed it. Result—he couldn't get good work out of his men."

Leadership is a word you hear repeatedly in the personnel offices. The measure of leadership is no longer how well a man can drive workers ahead of him like a team of horses, but how well he can get them to follow him like a team of men.

"Often the opinion a man's co-workers have of him is more important than management's," Cool remarked. "If he gets the promotion, they are the ones who will have to work with him."

One industrial firm, before promoting a machine operator to supervisor, always gives him this down-to-earth human relations test: it makes him a machine-fixer for three months. Why?

"You see, a machine-fixer gets around. He has to deal with fellows all over the plant," the personnel manager explained. "He doesn't know it, but in three months we have a full-length portrait of his social adaptability."

The importance of human relations goes up the scale with the importance of the job. In most jobs the initial promotions, say during the first two to five years, preponderantly are based on skill, know-how, job knowledge. But when a man gets up to the supervisory levels—when he stops handling tools and starts handling people—an almost total reversal of qualifications begins.

Ratio of Know-How to Human Relations

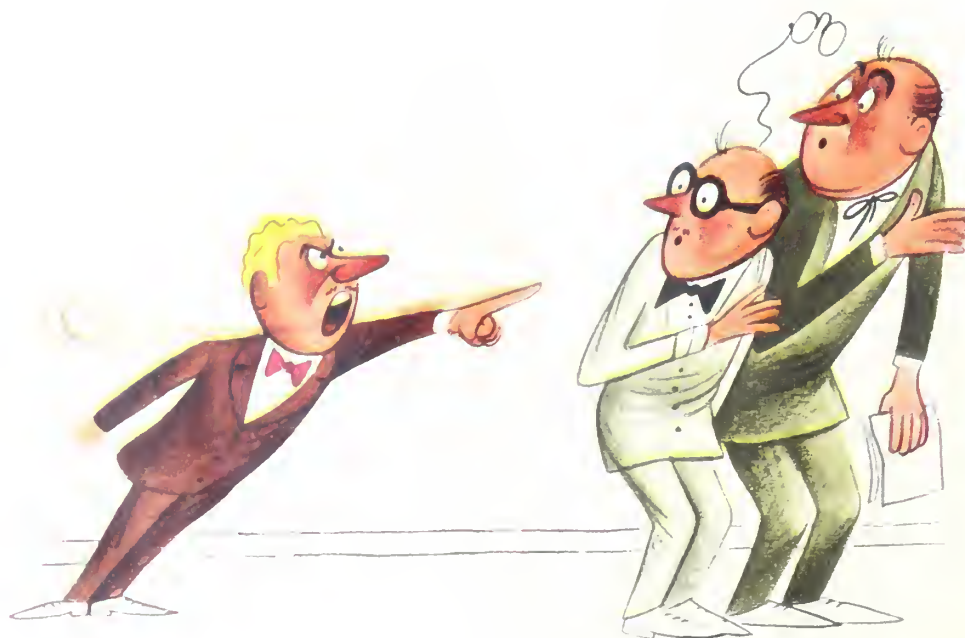
If full qualification for a job represents 100 per cent, then Cool depicts the swing of the teeter-totter something like this: for a rank-and-file worker, know-how is 90 per cent, human relations, 10 per cent; for promotion to lead man (or first step up the ladder), know-how is 75 per cent and human relations 25 per cent; for promotion to foreman or supervisor, know-how is 50 per cent and human relations 50 per cent; for promotion to executive, know-how is 20 per cent and human relations 80 per cent.

At the 1951 General Management Conference of the American Management Association one company president gave the following breakdown of how he spends his time: day-to-day operations 5 per cent, long-range planning 25 per cent, human relations work with employees, stockholders and everyone else with whom the company comes in contact—70 per cent.

In industry, as in politics, everyone has the right to want to be president. So, many companies start way down on the scale helping their people develop the art—or heart—for getting on with people. The General Electric Company does it with a counseling program, urging each supervisor to have a counseling session with each of his workers at least once a year—plus as often as an employee may wish to initiate counseling on his own steam.

"Joe, if you could have any job you wanted, what job would you want?" is a question commonly heard in counseling. It stems from interest in Joe as a person—neither an isolated wage earner nor an impersonal producer of profit, but a member of a team.

In one company, the personnel manager named a man for promotion to a job for which he had no previous training. When asked why, he remarked, "We can teach that man all the know-how he needs in six weeks—but it has taken him thirty-two years to become the person he is." ▲▲▲



Sometimes the badgered employee turns on his tormentors and makes them defend themselves

BROADWAY'S BUSIEST BABE

By JAMES POLING

When Helen Gallagher isn't on stage, she's going to a singing, diction, acting or dance class. It pays off. A chorus girl five years ago, Helen's a star today

HOW fast can you become a Broadway star? Five years ago, Helen Gallagher was a chorus girl. Two years ago, she had yet to sing her first solo on stage. Just one year ago, her acting ability got its first test. Today, at twenty-six, the pert, bouncy brunette is the top-billed, indispensable member of Hazel Flagg, Manhattan's newest musical comedy—an unknown who's responsible for the success of a \$200,000 investment.

Possibly because her rise was so swift, Helen still considers herself a learner. When she isn't rehearsing, performing or sleeping, she's usually attending a class—singing class, dancing class, diction class or acting class. While making costume changes between scenes, she practices breathing exercises. While applying make-up, she mutters, "Are you copper-bottoming 'em, my man? No, I'm aluminuming 'em, mum," and other tongue-twisters assigned by her diction coach.

When rehearsals for Hazel Flagg started, Helen found her days too busy for music lessons. So she talked her teacher, Susan Seton, into giving her the lessons at midnight. After her dramatic coach suggested exercises for facial mobility, Helen intrigued lunch-hour restaurant patrons for days on end by pausing between mouthfuls and trying to touch the point of her chin and then the tip of her nose with her tongue.

Versatility is her goal, and most people think she has attained it. In the title role of Hazel Flagg, the five-foot two-inch, 107-pound actress has to sing eight songs, ranging from blues to coloratura to rhythm numbers. She does five strenuous dances—two ballets, a tango, a jitterbug and a modern dance—and remains on stage singing, acting or dancing for 10 of the show's 13 scenes. Quite literally, as Helen goes, so goes the show.

The fledgling star is all too well aware that she has suddenly become the mainstay of a huge, expensive extravaganza. "If people would just shut up about this being such a big show," she laments, "with a cast of 55, whopping sets, elaborate costumes and all of that. I know what's been gambled on me, but I don't want to think about it. I just want to think about one dance step, or one line of a song at a time."

If Helen is worried, the show's producer, Jule Styne, and his colleagues seem very confident. They've billed her above such established and expert performers as Thomas Mitchell and Benay Venuta, but they don't regard their gamble on their new star as a long shot. They think her expert timing and pixielike handling of comedy numbers compares to the work of Bea Lillie. Her vocal quality, they say, is similar to Judy Garland's, with the

WERNER WOLFF



added volume and brashness of Ethel Merman. "We've bet \$200,000 on Helen," Styne says, "because we think she's the greatest package of singing, dancing and comedy since Marilyn Miller."

Helen says, "Are they out of their minds? They're talking about four other people, not me."

Styne and his associates could, understandably, be biased. In the last analysis, it will be the public, and the line it forms at the box office of the Mark Hellinger Theater, that will render the final verdict on Styne's judgment in giving Helen the top billing.

"It was a simple decision to make," he says, "because she's the only musical-comedy actress I know of who can do everything. I'm not kidding. Name me one established star who doesn't have to have dancing support in a show. Helen's not only a singer and comedienne, she's a ballerina, too. She's the only triple threat we've got, the only one in the business who can be a show's star singer, star comedienne and star dancer."

"I don't know where we'll ever find another girl to play the part if we have to cast a road company."

It won't disturb Helen if they can't find anyone. Once she has created a part she takes a fiercely maternal attitude toward it and gets upset if it is placed in the hands of a foster mother. A couple of years ago, she withdrew from a show to take a better part. One night she went back to watch the actress who had replaced her—and left the theater sobbing. "Oh, my beautiful, beautiful part!"

She finds Hazel Flagg an even more beautiful role because it offers her, for the first time, full scope for her unique combination of talents. The musical—Ben Hecht's adaptation of his famous movie, *Nothing Sacred*, which starred the late Carole Lombard—tells the story of a dial painter in a small-town watch factory, a charming little liar with a wild imagination who pretends she is suffering from radium poisoning and has only three weeks to live. A floundering magazine, impressed by the promotional possibilities of her ostensible tragedy, brings her to New York and dedicates itself to seeing that her every dying wish is gratified—and publicized. Hazel, no piker at wishing, is as ingenious at exploiting the magazine's credulity as the magazine is in exploiting her.

Love Triumphs at the Final Curtain

New York is quickly brought to her feet. Her courage in the face of death becomes the main theme of the nation's radio and press. The city plans the biggest funeral in its history. She's to have a monument in Central Park. Then love enters the plot, bringing with it a threat of exposure, and she is brought back to sober reality with a thump. The curtain, of course, descends on love triumphant, with Hazel having outlived the lie she has perpetrated.

As this fable runs its course, Helen's triple-threat qualities are constantly in evidence. In scene after scene of situation comedy, sometimes broad, sometimes subtle, she makes expert use of the zany, antic expressiveness of her hands, face and eyes—an expressiveness which comes out so unself-consciously that, when she saw her first screen test, she exclaimed, "Good heavens, how I must frighten people who talk to me for the first time." Her dances range from the lyrical ballet inspired by her first Paris gown to the hilarious tango that highlights a scene in which she imagines herself to be Laura de Maupassant, a Parisian plaything for men.

Her songs are equally varied. They run from a romantic ballad like *How Do You Speak to an Angel?*, to the jazz-happy *You're Gonna Dance with Me, Willie*, and the syncopated chant of *Laura de Maupassant*:

*"Outside my château on the wealthy Riviera,
Aristocratic noblemen will rave and rant;
Oh, how they'll beg to be the next one to be ruined
By that Laura de Maupassant..."*

In a song entitled *My Wild Imagination*, she unwittingly gives a clue to the character of Helen Gallagher, as well as the character of Hazel Flagg, when she sings:

*"I love the world of make-believe . . .
I love the game of let's pretend
And wish the game would never end . . ."*

Helen is unquestionably happier and more secure in the make-believe world of the theater than she is in the workaday world. On stage, she is assured and confident and projects a vivid personality. (In her last show, *Pal Joey*, she won the Donaldson and Antoinette Perry awards as best supporting actress of 1952.) In everyday life, her shyness and timidity are easily seen beneath the protective cloak of brusqueness she has adopted. The theater has a deep psychic significance for her, and she knows it. "Whenever I'm not working," she says, "I get asthma. It's got to be psychosomatic."

Mary Anthony, a dancer and teacher who once shared an apartment with Helen, says, "I took her at her stage value—you know, fast-talking, flip—before I lived with her. Then I discovered that she was actually an easily hurt kid who was so vulnerable you felt like leaving her bedroom light on at night so she wouldn't wake up and be frightened."

She Avoids the Spotlight Off Stage

Her timidity when she's not on stage explains much in Helen that puzzles those who know her casually, or only as a performer. It explains why, during the eight years she has been in the theater, she has avoided the spotlight off stage. It throws light on her disregard of appearance for appearance's sake. And it explains, at least partly, the way she has immersed herself in her work.

If practice makes perfect, Helen should one day be the perfect star, on stage. But she is a long way from possessing even the surface attributes of a star, off stage.

Her friends and colleagues constantly urge her, "Please, you've got to look and act like a star. The public expects it of you."

Helen, with her lack of ostentation, refuses to believe the public gives a hoot where she goes, or whom she goes with, or what she wears when she goes there, so long as she gives it its money's worth in the theater. "It certainly seems to me," she says, "more important not to goof off on stage than for some columnist to break the world-shattering news that I was seen at El Morocco last night wearing a new mink." When she met the press for the first time after her elevation to stardom she was, in fact, wearing mink. But she was carrying an old gray squirrel coat over her arm and she hastened to announce, "The squirrel's mine. I borrowed this mink from my music teacher to have some pictures taken."

It's unlikely that Helen's way of life will ever provide a columnist with any world-shattering items. She lives—with her mother (her father died last March) and an elderly police dog—amidst clutter and confusion in a large, modern three-room apartment, in the West Fifties. She says she knows she lives "surrounded by rubble," but adds that she just hasn't the time or, to be honest, the inclination, to do anything about it.

Her social life could hardly be called spectacular. She's been to the exclusive restaurant, "21," once. Her only appearance at the Stork Club was on its television program. She's never been inside the Colony Restaurant. She is, in fact, practically unknown in New York's smart after-dark circles. At last year's Antoinette Perry awards dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, a committeewoman who arrived at the actress' table to escort her to the platform had to ask, "Who's Helen Gallagher?"

But Helen can frequently be found relaxing, after the theater, in a late movie on West Forty-second Street, or in Chinatown Charlie's Sixth Avenue restaurant. When she does appear in public, her press agent probably prays that no prowling columnist will encounter her; clotheswise, she has been called "the female Marlon Brando."

She has a stunning figure, fine features and complexion, animated blue eyes and rich brown hair,

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Collier's for February 14, 1953

Broadway's newest star still thinks she has much to learn. Here, Harry Asmus gives dancing lesson

Helen (center, second row) spends four hours each week in diction class, worries about Bronx accent

Unable to fit vocal lessons into schedule, Helen talked teacher Susan Seton into midnight sessions



Helen's a triple-threat star—singer, dancer, actress. She's shown rehearsing the jitterbug scene from her new musical show, Hazel Flagg

but she's so disinterested in her appearance that she spends an absolute minimum of thought, effort and care on its embellishment. Her mother, a talented seamstress who makes most of her clothes, keeps Helen's closet filled with attractive garments—when she can get her daughter to stand still long enough to be fitted. But Helen prefers to pull out an old sweater or blouse and a skirt when she dresses for the street. If she feels like going to dinner in slacks, she wears them. And she uses no form of street make-up except lipstick—when she remembers to put it on.

After he'd signed her for the role of Hazel Flagg, Jule Styne hesitantly suggested, "Isn't it time you began to try to look like a star? If it's a question of money, I'll gladly loan you whatever you need." Styne says she told him she was quite happy the way she was and, besides, it was a nuisance to get herself all done up.

Her almost ostentatious lack of pretension extends into other areas and sometimes gets out of hand, according to her agent, Howard Hoyt. Arthur Freed, producer of the Academy Award winner *An American in Paris* and other M-G-M musical extravaganzas, recently discussed a movie contract with Helen, on a visit to New York. She listened politely until he'd finished talking of her movie potentialities, then took some snapshots from her wallet, handed them to him and said, quite seriously, "There's the girl you should be buying. She's as talented as she is beautiful and she's out in Hollywood at your finger tips. You ought to go after her, not me."

Hoyt says, "She was making a pitch for Virginia Gibson, a Warners' stock player she used to room with when they were in the chorus together. Helen's always underselling herself. Why, I've seen her

standing in the wings so mad at herself for what she thought was a bad performance she had to fight to get a smile on her face so she could go out and take a bow before an audience that was beating its hands to pulp applauding her."

Whatever she thinks, on the record Helen has done all right in her brief career. She was born in Flatbush in 1926, and moved to the Bronx when she was four. At sixteen, she began to study at the School of American Ballet, and at eighteen she landed her first job, in the chorus of a show called *Seven Lively Arts*. She then appeared, in turn, in a flop called *Mr. Strauss Goes to Boston*, in *Billion-Dollar Baby* and in *Brigadoon*. In the winter of 1947, she left a \$60-a-week chorus job in *Brigadoon* to go into *High Button Shoes*—the turning point of her career.

Maid's Role Shrank in Rehearsal

She was given a maid's role and a song to sing, and there was talk that she might do a comedy tango number. But as rehearsals progressed, her song was cut, the dance was ignored, and her maid's role shrank to five brief lines.

Then, when the show opened in Philadelphia, it was found that at one point the leading lady, Nanette Fabray, didn't have enough time to make a complicated costume change. The tango number was hastily exhumed to bridge the interval. Helen and her partner, Paul Godkin, were given some improvised lines, which no one thought particularly funny. They had only one hour before the second performance in which to rehearse their dance routine. Then they went on and stopped the show. Helen, it turned out, possessed that rare talent which enabled her to take a simple line like, "But

it's so Spanish!", and give it a comedy reading that rocked the house. When the New York reviews appeared she was officially "discovered."

She next appeared in the New York and London productions of the revue *Touch and Go*, in which she sang her first solo number. Jule Styne called her back from England to appear in *Make a Wish*, a short-lived show in which Helen scored a personal triumph. Styne next cast her as Gladys Bumps, the blackmailing night-club entertainer, in *Pal Joey*. Her flip comedy, pert and bouncy dancing, and her handling of her *Red Hot Mama* number and songs like *You Mustn't Kick It Around*, and *Plant You Now, Dig You Later* earned her such acclaim that, Styne says, "I knew it I didn't star her soon, someone else would. Hence, Hazel Flagg."

Now that stardom has come to Helen there is some speculation about what it will do to her as a person. The general consensus is summed up in the comment of actor-director Terry Becker: "If she changes and goes prima donna, there's no hope for anyone."

Helen is not planning to change. In January, just before Hazel Flagg's out-of-town opening in Philadelphia, Harry Mayer, Warner Brothers' New York casting director, met Helen and told her he'd soon be seeing her in Hollywood, now that she was a star. Helen answered, "I'll go to Hollywood when they want me. So far, all you movie people have wanted to take me out there and change the way I act, change my hair, my clothes, change everything. I can be had, but not for a remodeling job. I'll stay the way I am."

Which, if Styne and co. have figured the angles correctly, is just the way the public wants her. ▲▲▲

Abraham Lincoln - As You Never

Two newly discovered negatives of the Emancipator's 1860 campaign photographs make possible these exciting prints—showing him as he looked to his contemporaries

IN THE Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D.C., there are two old glass photographic negatives, about seven by nine inches in size and about as thick as an ordinary windowpane. Both have been broken as though trampled underfoot. Yet they are jealously protected in a permanently sealed case, as one of the nation's treasures.

The two shattered plates are the original negatives of Abraham Lincoln's 1860 campaign pictures, made on June 3d, two weeks after his nomination. They show Lincoln without the beard he wore nine months later, when he took the oath to preserve an already divided Union.

Although the negatives are priceless, by today's standards, no really good prints were ever made from them. The thousands of reproductions sold during the 1860 campaign were made by a relatively crude process; by the time modern methods and paper were developed, the plates were cracked, and all the latest prints have had to be re-touched, with a resultant loss of detail.

No one ever dared hope that a duplicate set of negatives existed. But there was such a set.

The two pictures on these pages were made from duplicates discovered last fall by King V. Hostick, a young collector of historical documents. "Almost alone among Lincoln pictures," says Lincoln scholar Paul Angle, director of the Chicago Historical Society, "they show the man as his contemporaries saw him."

The plates—originals and duplicates alike—have had a remarkable history.

The originals were made by a commercial photographer named Alexander Hesler, who probably would never have had the chance if he hadn't botched an earlier job of photographing Lincoln. The story starts on February 28, 1857, when Lincoln made a visit to Chicago with some lawyer friends. He was, even then, a big man in Republican politics. He was head of the new party in Illinois, and the year before had received some support for the Vice-Presidential nomination on the national ticket. It was considered certain he would run for the United States Senate the next year against Stephen A. Douglas.

While he was in Chicago, Lincoln went to the Hesler Gallery at 113 Lake Street, between Clark and Dearborn, to undergo the ordeal of having a picture made, a process which required the subject to sit absolutely motionless for long seconds while the impression was taken on a wet plate.

Hesler directed Lincoln to pose with his profile to the camera. The photographer arranged his equipment and prepared his plates. Lincoln smoothed his coarse black hair. Some historians say Hesler didn't like it that way and ran his fingers through it. But whatever the reason, the photograph shows a rumpled Lincoln, looking as though he had just rolled out of bed. It was undoubtedly the most unflattering picture of Lincoln ever made.



This picture was made from a duplicate negative found in near-perfect condition by King V. Hostick. Compare with print from the cracked original plate, at lower left

When Lincoln was nominated for President in Chicago on May 18, 1860, there was an instant public demand for a photograph of him. The art of publishing photographs was not yet known, and the only mass-circulated pictures were engravings.

Hesler put copies of the tousle-haired Lincoln in his window and began to sell them, along with a splendid photograph of Democratic Senator Douglas, who was running against Lincoln for the Presidency. The contrast between the seedy-looking Lincoln and the well-groomed Douglas nettled Lincoln's friends. They asked Hesler to suppress the Lincoln photograph. Hesler was willing, but he wanted Lincoln to sit for another. Lincoln did so,

in Springfield. Hesler faced a difficult assignment, the task of making a portrait photograph without the trappings and the skylight of his studio. It is believed he posed his subject in the state Capitol, near one of the large windows, to illuminate Lincoln's features.

June 3, 1860, was a Sunday, so the offices of the Capitol were closed. There, in the hollow quiet of the stone building, undisturbed by curious onlookers, Hesler dipped his glass plates, inserted them in his camera and made the pictures.

Nobody is sure how many negatives Hesler made that day. Some sources say four, and they may be correct. If so, Hesler probably chose the

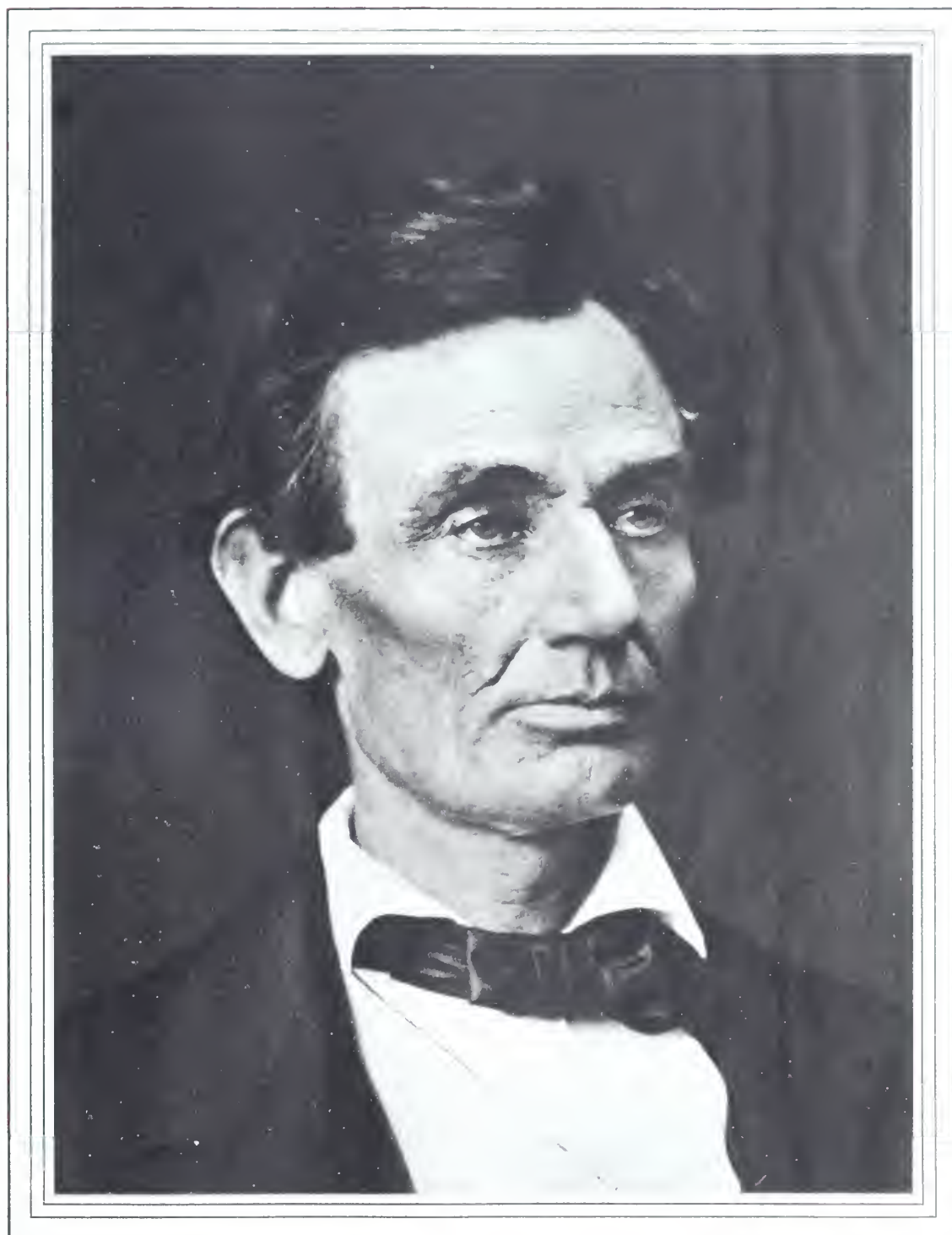
Collier's for February 14, 1953



SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Saw Him Before

By ROBERT S. HARPER



Above print is finer than any made from original negative (like the one at corner of page) because originals were broken before they could be subjected to modern methods

two best—or perhaps Lincoln made the choice. In any case, Lincoln is commonly quoted as having said when proofs were shown to him: "Well, that expresses me better than any I have seen. If it pleases the people, I am satisfied."

The sale of one hundred thousand copies repaid Hesler for his trip to Springfield.

Hesler's gallery passed into the hands of George B. Ayres in 1866, about a year after Lincoln was assassinated. It was customary in those days for photographers to reclaim the glass in old negatives by placing them in an acid bath that cleaned off the collodion film with which they had been coated in the wet-plate process. "It was while

once engaged in culling out these obsolete negatives that I came upon the priceless ones of Abraham Lincoln," Ayres later explained. "They had been shelved for many years, and somehow had fortunately escaped consignment to the acid pot."

In 1866, the full impact of Lincoln's greatness had not yet fully dawned on the people. To Ayres, standing there with the negatives in his hand and wondering whether he should save them, Lincoln was, in the photographer's own words, only "a famous Illinois lawyer who had become President." Still, Ayres put the negatives aside. He said later he did it because they were mementos.

Ayres sold the gallery in 1867, and moved East,

taking the Lincoln negatives with him. Five weeks after he left Chicago, the gallery was burned out.

When former Presidential secretaries John G. Nicolay and John Hay published their life of Lincoln in *Century* magazine in 1886, Ayres remembered his photographic relics and sent them a copy. Nicolay and Hay, who had known Lincoln long before he wore a beard, chose Ayres's photo for the frontispiece of the biography when it was published in ten volumes in 1890.

A revival of public interest in Lincoln followed the appearance of the Nicolay and Hay biography. Ayres published his Lincoln photographs, with marked success. When Ayres died, the negatives were left to his two daughters, Mrs. Edith L. Bunce and Anne Smith Ayres. In 1932, William H. Woodward, a Philadelphia attorney, accepted them in lieu of a fee and a debt of \$500 in settlement of the estate of Anne Smith Ayres.

In March, 1933, Woodward agreed to sell the negatives to William H. Danforth, chairman of the board of the Ralston Purina Company, St. Louis. Woodward was to be paid by draft upon delivery of the negatives to a St. Louis bank.

Woodward decided to send the negatives by registered mail. When he presented the package for mailing on March 28th, it was rejected by the post-office superintendent. After rewrapping it in cardboard and corrugated cork board, Woodward again submitted it, and it was accepted by a clerk in the superintendent's absence.

Two days later, the bank wired Woodward that the negatives were found to have been broken when the package was opened in St. Louis. Woodward immediately filed his claim. After investigation by postal authorities, the claim was paid. In 1936, the Post Office Department turned the broken negatives over to the Smithsonian.

There the history of the Lincoln campaign pictures rested until last year. In July, King Hostick paid a visit to Philadelphia, where Ayres had lived up to the time of his death, and was offered an assortment of effects from Ayres's estate—including two old glass photographic plates of Lincoln in large envelopes. He bought them, not certain of their value, and brought them back to Springfield. It was Herbert Georg, owner of a Springfield photographic studio and something of an expert on Lincolniana, who identified them as duplicates of the Hesler negatives.

Georg believes the origin of the duplicates is easily explained:

"There's a fairly simple method of duplicating glass negatives, and the Hesler duplicates were probably made by Ayres as insurance against peeling or breakage of his precious plates. Peeling is loss of emulsion from the glass. It damages the negatives. Hostick's copies show the original plates had begun to peel."

Lincoln authorities are inclined to agree with that theory. Ayres, growing old in Philadelphia, prized the negatives above all his other possessions. He once wrote a *History of the Negatives*, in which he spoke of them almost in awe, saying he had obtained them "providentially" for the American people.

In the same pamphlet, Ayres told of the gallery fire that could have destroyed the two plates, and added, "The sequel shows that I 'built better than I knew.'"

But Ayres didn't know that there was to be another and still more thrilling sequel. ▲▲▲







The Little BRIDE

By ANN CHIDESTER

My sister Maxine left her husband and came back home. She was perfectly miserable, but the only sympathy she got was from me. Our very own mother was absolutely unnatural—and terribly wise

MY SISTER Maxine is four years older than I, and married. She lives hundreds of miles from us now. Her husband, Jack Staunton, is a sheep-and-cattle rancher on his father's ranch, the Three Bells. He and Maxine live in a small ranch house up in the mountains of Montana. It is beautiful and enormous up there, and I am sure I would not want to leave that place in the high air, with the mountain peaks beyond, and that life with Jack, but Maxine wrote to say she was coming for a visit as soon as my vacation from the university started. It was not like her to leave the cool, high country for the hot plains of Ohio, but I supposed she wanted us to see the baby, especially now that he could walk.

"She thinks she's still a bride," Mother said. She set her face in that stern way she has which means nothing will move her.

"The girl says a vacation," Father said. "Why must you read something more into that?"

"Because I remember myself."

"Do you want her to think this house is not hers when she needs it?"

"And what about Jack? And their own house?" Mother insisted, in a way she seldom does.

"Maxine knows what she's doing, Mother," I said.

"A girl, until she really grows up, thinks marriage is pure heaven. She has to find out it's a practical, everyday affair, and that she's not so special."

We cleaned Maxine's bedroom and dusted off her childhood collection of animals and bought a secondhand crib. Being the youngest and the last one at home, I had missed her, and I thought it might be wonderful to be able to talk to her at night the way we used to. Maxine was always a very wise person. I could not understand Mother's line of reasoning. Maxine had taught me to dance and put on lipstick without a mirror, to dive from the highest towers, to paddle a canoe and drive a car, and I still thought she could do no wrong. Still, Mother is shrewd about the world and usually has some practical plan of action.

"There is something gone wrong," she kept saying. "She's being childish."

It seemed impossible that Maxine could be childish with anything as important as her marriage. I

remembered how, when she first met Jack, she was like someone drunk, most of the time, walking into walls and sitting for hours with a silly smile, staring at nothing, and it was lovely and horrible to see. When you looked into her eyes, it was like looking down into a bottomless, clear lake and seeing passing images far below.

She was dead when he was not with her, but she could be aroused to life at the sound of his red jalopy turning Krober's corner a block away, making a shriek and grind that could deafen you. "Old Lady Joanna," they used to call me because I was solemn and they were silly. Often at night when I peered out my bedroom window, they seemed to be walking together in a dream in the summer moonlight.

"I refuse to listen to any complaints about Jack," Mother said a hundred times or more, though I could not believe Maxine intended any disloyalty to Jack. In Mother's eyes, he was the perfect husband, the father of John J., a grandson to end all grandsons.

IT WAS odd to see Maxine with John J., getting off the train, loaded down with bags and bottle warmers and the baby slung over one arm like a sack of meal, his chubby legs swelling out of his stained white shoes. If Maxine never did another thing in her life, she could always look at John J. and say here was enough. That John J.! He looked a lot like a rabbit. Other times, when he passed through the living room, very erect and sober, and my father looked up and muttered, "Who was that portly gentleman?"—then John J. looked mostly like a bishop. He had big teeth and peculiar hair that was white and like pelt.

We used to meet Maxine's train when she came home from school. In those days she would bound from the platform, her fur jacket swinging open, and we all laughed and tried to hold her at once. The boys were home, then, before they were married, but this time there were only three of us, and everyone wanted to grab John J., who just blinked and made a bubble and wanted to get down to eat bugs or dirt or something. Maxine wore the suit she had worn on her honeymoon trip, and it was awfully tight. She was dead tired, but she had brought her tennis racket and golf clubs. The summer would be wonderful, then; we could go around together and do all the old things. She had missed me, too, and all of a sudden I understood how the ranch might be lonely. (Continued on page 68)

We sat talking most of the night in my room. Maxine warned me. "Jo, have a good time, be equipped to go out and make your own living"

We're *SELLING OUT* Our *DISABLED VETERANS!*

Politics, apathy and ineptitude are making a wreck of the VA medical program and endangering sick men

THE nation's medical-care program for disabled veterans, praised as one of the medical miracles of the postwar period, seems to be falling apart. Since 1945, \$5 000,000,000 has been spent on the program by the American people. Hundreds of conscientious doctors, nurses and medical workers have sacrificed, sweated and fought for it. Yet, at a time when injured and sick men are coming out of Korea by the thousands, what's happening to the Veterans Administration's hospital system is a shocking story.

For the last five years, the politicians and bureaucrats have been seizing more and more control, squeezing out the medical men who made VA medicine "second to none."

One out of every four physicians and two out of four nurses have quit. Thousands of other professional and technical workers have gone, too, and have never been adequately replaced.

The politicians have compelled the VA to build new hospitals, and at the same time have cut the funds needed to maintain them. About 25,000 of the VA's 128,282 hospital beds are now empty, although 22,000 sick and diseased veterans are knocking vainly at the hospital doors. Thirteen new VA hospitals with 8,000 beds are due to be completed this year, but the agency has neither the money nor the personnel to operate them.

By **SAM STAVISKY**

Patient treatment in many VA mental hospitals consists merely of minimal care—or less.

In some hospitals, nursing has been spread out so thin that one nurse is forced to handle two wards.

Services of laboratories, X-ray rooms, operating rooms and clinics have been drastically reduced, or canceled altogether.

Throughout the VA hospital system, patient treatment and recovery are being retarded dangerously.

In short, we're selling out the disabled veterans, and some fast work may be required of President Eisenhower and the eighty-third Congress if we are to save the situation.

Another Kind of Army for Bradley

Just before the end of World War II, a government shamed by revelations of the scandalous medical attention given our disabled war veterans called on a GI-beloved war hero, General Omar N. Bradley, to pitch into the problem (hospital standards had fallen so low at the time that many doctors considered good enough for the VA were

not welcomed by medical societies). Bradley, as Administrator of Veterans Affairs, rallied around him an army of dedicated men and women who, within a year, converted VA medicine from a national disgrace to a national pride.

Publicly, the VA still boasts that its medical program is "second to none." Officially, the agency cautiously admits that the quality of its medical care is threatened. But privately, any number of VA medical leaders will tell you—as they told me—that the quality of VA medicine has been growing steadily worse and that the program is in danger of collapse.

"The plain fact is that morale in the veterans hospitals has fallen—and fallen—and fallen." I was told by one of the nation's foremost physicians, still affiliated with the VA medical system. "So has the medical prestige of Veterans Administration, which is so important to doctors. It is becoming just about impossible to get any self-respecting doctor to join us in the VA programs."

The agency's present troubles began early in 1948, when General Bradley departed to become Army Chief of Staff. Almost immediately, the politics-firsters and power-thirsters began hamstringing the VA army of dedication. Top medical men who had joined the VA to provide disabled veterans with first-class medicine had to spend their

Patient sweeps out empty ward in VA's Crile Hospital, Cleveland. Ward is one of many throughout the nation closed for lack of funds

GLENN ZANN





"Four Hands on the Keyboard," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 78 in the series "Home Life in America"

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours—Beer belongs . . . enjoy it!

BEER AND ALE—AMERICA'S BEVERAGES OF MODERATION
Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation . . . Chartered 1862





GEORGE OLSON

VA hospital at Minot, N.D., was ordered built by Congress over vigorous objections of VA doctors, who said none was needed there. It has 150 beds, but no more than 40 have ever been filled at once

economy drive forced closing of the huge Birmingham Hospital in California. Scores of armless and legless ex-GIs had to sell special homes nearby or go 40 miles to another hospital for treatment

INTERNATIONAL



Veterans Administration for feeding hospitalized ex-GIs. The VA doctors estimated it would cost \$1.28 a day to put a tubercular patient on a medically sound, balanced diet; the bureaucrats permitted only \$1.21.

The VA people know the facts of life; Congress was clamoring for economy, and there was tremendous pressure on the President and his advisers to cut expenses. As it turned out, they apparently didn't cut them enough to suit the lawmakers. But the unforgivable act, to the VA medical men, was Mr. Truman's insistence that the veterans were getting top care, when he knew it couldn't be so.

Like the President, Congress pledged, year after year, that the disabled veterans would get only the best medical care. Then the VA's money for medical operations would be pruned, as in the 1949, 1951 and 1953 budgets—and at the same time the VA would be ordered to build dozens of new hospitals! In fiscal 1950, Congress gave the VA \$40,000 less than in 1949, yet provided funds for new hospitals with 16,000 more beds.

For three years after the exit of General Bradley, the VA crusaders fought back under the leadership of Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, the VA's chief medical officer and architect of its high-quality medical system. A Chicago orthopedic surgeon of world renown, Dr. Magnuson had built up the VA's medical research and training program, and had linked its hospitals with the major medical schools of the country.

The Voice That Aroused the Nation

Magnuson has a persuasively soft speaking voice and a frighteningly loud hollering voice. He used both effectively. His roars of anguish in the summer of 1950 aroused a nation-wide storm of protest, forcing restoration of a funds cut which had threatened 4,000 medical workers with dismissal. At that, VA had to drop 1,400 medical personnel.

Magnuson was zealously counterattacking another funds-and-personnel inroad early in 1951, when Major General Carl Gray, who had succeeded General Bradley as Administrator of Veterans Affairs, suddenly announced the medical director's resignation. "Resigned, hell!" roared Magnuson. "I was fired!"

General Gray is an amiable, rotund wartime transportation officer and peacetime railroad vice-president. Although sincerely devoted to doing good, the general has continually bumped into trouble as head of the VA.

Repeatedly, against the wishes of the VA's medical director, and sometimes without his knowledge, the general would take it upon himself to order changes in the medical program—such as canceling an aseptic-technique project at the VA hospital in Butler, Pennsylvania, and eliminating a research project at Batavia, New York.

A Senate committee which investigated Magnuson's firing heard testimony from Major General Paul R. Hawley, Magnuson's predecessor as medical director under Bradley, and now director of the American College of Surgeons. Hawley said:

"No competent judge of medical care has ever thought that Dr. Magnuson was not doing a fine job; yet the administrator (Gray) elected personally to operate the medical service, and in this he succeeded to an intolerable, and dangerous, degree."

Magnuson himself gave the Senators an example. "At Waco, Texas," he testified, "a building from which we had evacuated all patients to permit construction changes to make it suitable for neuropsychiatric patients—also suffering from tuberculosis—was arbitrarily ordered by him (Gray) to be put back in use, even though the lack of facilities in this building had previously been determined dangerous to the health not only of the patients but of the nursing staff."

After the hearings had closed, the Senators reported that they had found "evidence of remarka-

energies fighting the bureaucrats for operational control of the medical program, and battling the demands of politicians for pork-barrel hospitals.

Establishment of a new veterans hospital as a political favor is an old American custom. Bradley tried valiantly to stamp out the practice, and place new VA hospitals where they would best serve the needs of the disabled GIs, rather than the desires of the plum-demanding politicians. Even he was not completely successful.

VA medical men privately point to the hospital at Minot, North Dakota, which was opened about two years ago, as Horrible Example No. 1. "We needed Minot, with its 150 beds, like a hole in the head," one VA doctor told me. "We never have been able to staff the place or fill the beds." Back in 1945, the Republicans accused President Roosevelt, with considerable circumstantial evidence on their side, of placing a 100-bed hospital at Miles City, Montana, to help Leo C. Graybill, the unsuccessful Democratic candidate in the 1944 Congressional race.

The VA hospital at Dublin, Georgia—40 miles from the nearest railroad station—was rammed down the throats of the medical men by Representative Carl Vinson of Georgia, then head of the House Naval Affairs Committee. This isolated

900-bed building, originally a Navy hospital, never has been able to get more than 350 VA patients.

Other recent VA hospitals with a political taint—built despite VA protestations that they were too far from medical schools or from areas where needy vets were concentrated—are those at Salisbury, North Carolina, within the bailiwick of Representative Robert L. Doughton, former House Ways and Means Committee chairman; at Bonham, Texas, home town of former Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, and at Marlin, Texas, home grounds of ex-Senator Tom Connally, who was chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee.

In addition to the pork-barreling, the VA doctors discovered that they—and their patients—were all too often made, in the name of economy, the pawns of a grim political hoax.

For public consumption, President Truman repeatedly declared that the disabled veterans must have only the best in medical care. But his Budget Bureau cut the VA's medical operating funds again and again—an average of \$92,600,000 a year for the last six years—forcing down the level of VA medical care.

For example, the fiscal experts of the Budget Bureau chopped \$9,000,000 off the 1953 allowance recommended by the medical experts of the

hly inept administration" which threatened the VA medical program with "complete disintegration."

The furor aroused by Magnuson's dismissal had its effect. Gray, under a barrage of criticism (and no doubt glad to be relieved of his irritating subordinate), agreed to restore to his new medical chief, Vice-Admiral Joel T. Boone, former White House physician, much of the power he had steadily clipped from Magnuson.

But it was not until November, 1952, with the release of a \$600,000 VA efficiency survey made by the engineering firm of Booz, Allen & Hamilton, that Gray finally gave to the medical director real control over VA hospital activities—the control Magnuson had sought vainly for three years.

With Magnuson gone, the politicians and bureaucrats found the VA a soft touch. The Budget Bureau's fiscal experts rode roughshod over VA medical experts. When Admiral Boone protested, he was told bluntly: "You just don't have to give the VA hospital patients such good food, such expensive drugs, so much attention and care."

In the spring of 1952, its eyes peeled on the forthcoming election campaign, the House of Representatives whacked into the VA medical program with new vigor.

In the private confines of the Independent Offices Appropriations Subcommittee, chairman Albert Thomas, Texas Democrat, and ranking Republican John Phillips of California (who will head the subcommittee this year) served notice that they intended to wipe out the "frills" in the veterans medical-care program—frills like research in radioisotopes and atomic medicine, and the special training projects for VA doctors and technicians. On the assurance of the two legislators that elimination of such projects would not impair the VA medical program—and despite the contrary testimony of every witness before the subcommittee—Congress lopped \$68,000,000 off the VA's medical operating funds.

At the same time, the two apostles of economy approved—and got the House to accept—the expenditure of \$143,000,000 for new hospitals.

Scores of spokesmen from VA, the medical colleges and the veterans organizations rushed to the Senate Appropriations Committee to declaim the mutilation of the veterans medical-care program.

Tributes to VA's Research Program

Dr. R. Hugh Wood, speaking for the Association of American Medical Colleges, declared that VA research, far from being a frill, was, with education and medical care, one of the three keystones of first-class medicine. Cancel the research, said Wood, and the rest of the program would go to pot.

Other experts testified that the VA research program had paid its way 100 times over by its work on tuberculosis, cancer, arthritis, paralysis, mental disease and other maladies which afflict not only veterans but all Americans.

Furthermore, VA officials warned, the House budgetary amputation would force the VA to close 21 hospitals and would prevent the opening of any new facilities.

Senator Burnet R. Maybank, chairman of the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee, tried to save the situation. "It's ridiculous," said the South Carolina Democrat, "for a legislative body to order new hospitals built while failing to appropriate adequate money for staffing and maintaining hospitals already up." At Maybank's urging, the Senate restored the VA's medical operating funds, and deferred all hospital construction not under way.

But when differences between the House and Senate bills were being ironed out in conference, Thomas and Phillips fought back. The resultant compromise forced the VA to accept some new hospitals, and a cut of \$31,000,000 in its medical operating funds. The cut meant that the money available for medical expenses was \$8,000,000

less than the amount allotted for the previous year—although the VA had been forced to open 20 new hospitals in the meantime.

The bill which delivered this crippling blow also contained a warning not to let the standards of the VA medical program sag. To back up that inconsistent admonition, Congress specifically prohibited the VA from dismissing any doctors, dentists, nurses or dietitians in effectuating the budget cut.

Workers in a Well-Staffed Hospital

Medical men know that doctors and nurses alone are not the measure of a good hospital. Dr. Daniel Blain, medical director of the American Psychiatric Association, summed it up for me: "It takes a full complement of psychologists, social workers, recreational and occupational workers, psychiatric aids, maintenance men, good cooks and many others to make a hospital tick as a first-rate treatment center . . ."

The Veterans Administration never would have fired any of its professional staff, anyhow; there are not enough doctors and nurses to go around as it is. The big worry was keeping the physicians from quitting.

"Cut the ground from under a doctor, and you don't have to fire him; he starts looking for another job on his own volition," commented Dr. Hawley, the first VA medical director under Bradley.

The cutback of VA medical money, however, compelled Gray to take three harsh steps: he froze all facilities at on-duty strength, doing away with 1,900 posts; he halted further recruitment, in effect abolishing jobs vacated by death and resignation; and then, in November, he dismissed 2,250 medical workers. It's a fair estimate that the three actions resulted in the loss of some 6,000 VA hospital beds, and probably more.

Nobody denies that Gray took the only action possible under the circumstances. But furious members of the VA medical staff claimed that the funds would never have been cut in the first place if Gray had fought effectively enough for them.

One establishment hurt by the personnel cutback was the medical center at Wood, Wisconsin. George M. Reichle, who had quit the faculty of Notre Dame to become an assistant in physical medicine rehabilitation at Wood, resigned with a bitter blast at Gray. "I no longer believe you are sincere in trying to maintain those same high medical standards set by your predecessor," he wrote the administrator. "Since it is your responsibility to keep Congress and the Bureau of the Budget and



Harold Truebger, bedridden in Memphis hospital, can't use hands, needs constant care—but doesn't have it

President Truman informed on financial requirements for such a program, I, as a member of the working force at the hospital level, am satisfied that this shameful cut in medical personnel is your responsibility."

Besides slashing the number of VA medical workers, the economy drive severely curtailed home-town medical and dental care, the activity of hospital consultants and attending physicians, the number of contract beds in non-VA hospitals and the travel expenses available for medical personnel.

Cutbacks Bring Hardship to Patients

Here's how the cutbacks affected the Bronx, New York, hospital, one of the finest in the VA system.

Bronx had to fire 112 full-time employees, shut down 120 beds, close up three of eight surgical operating rooms and two of eight X-ray diagnostic rooms, reduce by half its bed capacity for the care of new, acutely disturbed mental patients, and cut its facilities for legless and armless casualties from Korea. The hospital's million-volt X-ray machine for cancer treatment, newly installed in a specially constructed \$350,000 annex, was forced to remain idle; the special tuberculosis service, completed at a cost of \$100,000, could not be opened.

Follow-up checks and treatment of discharged veterans with cancer, T.B., heart disease and other major ailments had to be terminated, sometimes in the midst of outpatient treatment. The 400-odd ex-GI paraplegics in the New York area, who are dependent on the Bronx hospital for orthopedic appliances and surgical treatment of recurrent trouble, were all "seriously and dangerously" affected, according to the hospital's Senior Medical Consultants Group. The senior consultants—comprising the top medical brains in New York City

Personnel cutbacks have dealt VA medicine sharp blow. This occupational therapy clinic in Wichita was closed for lack of one therapist. The same hospital had to shut down entire psychotic ward

PAUL THREL FALL



The VA's doctors blame the Truman administration, Congress and their own boss

universities and private practice—concluded that the slash in funds and operations at Bronx prolonged the hospitalization of patients, increased the costs per patient, delayed treatment, and diluted the quality of medical care.

In Buffalo, New York, Dr. Stockton Kimball, dean of medicine at the University of Buffalo, reported a long list of hazards resulting from orders to reduce personnel—ranging from the closing of two wards, an operating room and an X-ray room, to a possible increase in deaths from surgery and medicine errors.

In hospitals all over the country, the effects were the same.

At Wichita, Kansas, the occupational therapy clinic had to be shut down for the lack of one therapist, and a psychotic ward had to be eliminated. The hospital at Temple, Texas, reported that a lack of nursing help made its neuropsychiatric service "hazardous for both personnel and patients." At Biloxi, Mississippi, the nurses had to take over the duties of the janitors.

There are times when we can't even afford to send a medical man along on the VA hospital modernization surveys, and so for the lack of a few hundred dollars jeopardize a program which will cost millions," said Dr. Harvey J. Tompkins, chief of Veterans Administration's psychiatry and neurology division.

One of the VA's proudest boasts has been its training program, which has been turning out hundreds of young specialists. With each new jolt from the politicians or bureaucrats, fewer trainees decided to stay on. Latest figures disclose that only 22 per cent of the VA's resident physicians are willing to remain after completing their training.

Progress Menaced by Insecurity

A "sense of insecurity hovers over the VA medical program," said Dr. Leonard G. Rowntree, chief consultant and chairman of the Dean's Committee at the VA Hospital in Coral Gables, Florida, and chairman of the American Legion's Medical Advisory Board. Rowntree said he could not advise his own son to join the Veterans Administration's Department of Medicine.

The "incredible cost of damaged morale" among the medical personnel, observed Dr. Karl Menninger, head of the famed Menninger Clinic, who is chief consultant and chairman of the Dean's Committee at the VA hospital in Topeka, Kansas, leads to "uncountable cost of increased human suffering." Made insecure and anxious, the medical personnel are apt to take their resentment and frustration out on the patient—"unintentionally and unconsciously, but very effectively," warned the noted psychiatrist.

The impact of the latest funds cut has been so far reaching that to date more than one half of the members of Congress have written to the Veterans Administration to protest or to demand an explanation. The letters of these complaining Senators and Representatives reveal that they had no realization of the havoc their own economy would create.

One result of the VA reduction in medical operations was the shutdown of hospitals run by the United States Public Health Service in Kirkwood, Missouri; Mobile, Alabama; Portland, Maine; and San Juan, Puerto Rico—areas where no VA hospital is available. The VA was, in effect, renting beds for veterans in those hospitals; when the VA canceled its contracts, the four USPHS hospitals had to shut down for lack of funds.

The closing of the hospital at Kirkwood prompted a loud complaint from Representative Thomas B. Curtis of Missouri.

Curtis charged that the Veterans Administration wouldn't be in financial difficulty if it didn't fill its hospital beds with veterans whose disability was not directly attributable to their military service—so-called nonservice-connected patients.

When Ailment Is Not Due to Service

The problem of nonservice-connected disability has long bedeviled the Veterans Administration. It has been the tradition of our country that veterans suffering from wounds and disease incurred in the military service—service-connected disability—have earned an *absolute right* to free hospitalization and medical care. For the past 18 years, Congress has also declared that veterans with nonservice-connected disability have the *qualified privilege* of free hospitalization, provided that a VA bed is available, and the veteran swears he cannot afford to pay for treatment elsewhere. The qualified privilege does not include outpatient treatment or home-town medical and dental care, which are available for service-connected disability.

Today, only one third of the VA's hospital beds are occupied by service-connected patients; the rest are filled with veterans whose ailments have not been traced to their military service. Obviously, the elimination of nonservice-connected cases would straighten out the VA's financial and stalling difficulties. The only trouble is, it might create a worse situation.

Approximately 65 per cent of the VA's patients suffer from neuropsychiatric or tubercular diseases, both service- and nonservice-connected. Many of the others have chronic diseases like paralysis and heart trouble, requiring long, expensive treatment. Can the VA throw out the two out of three whose maladies originated outside of military service?

"Somebody has got to take care of them," the VA's medical chief, Admiral Boone, told a Senate committee last summer. "Their hospital costs will be a taxpayers' responsibility, whether through state or federal agencies." Besides, Dr. Boone pointed out, "there is no civilian hospital program in the nation that could bear this load."

As it is, the VA's increasingly long waiting line has driven some communities to lock up psychotic veterans, for fear they will hurt themselves or other citizens. Thousands of veterans suffering from active tuberculosis are a health menace to their fellow citizens, also for the lack of a hospital bed.

Besides the chronically sick, a large number of ex-GIs enter VA hospitals for nonservice-con-

nected acute ailments requiring less than 90 days of hospitalization. Many of these patients require immediate treatment while their claim for service-connection is in the long process of adjudication; many are VA pensioners and 100 per cent disabled; the rest have sworn they can't afford treatment.

No doubt there's been some abuse of the inability-to-pay oath, but how much no one really knows. The American Legion, which is anxious to prevent such abuses, is convinced, after checking, that cheating is rare, and could be prevented by tighter screening.

In any case, the immediate issue facing the Veterans Administration—and the new political administration—is not the confusion-befogged problem of the nonservice-connected disabled veteran; it's getting enough stopgap funds to keep the VA's hospital and medical-care system from crumbling. Such a disaster is a real possibility; the agency is running low on money and needs a new appropriation from Congress to keep going.

The prospect has the VA medical men and their friends on the outside deeply concerned. "Should the VA first-class medical system collapse," says Dr. Magnuson, who spent last year as head of the President's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation, "it will never again be rebuilt in our generation."

Before going to Congress with their request, VA officials had to get past the Budget Bureau. Despite their strong feeling of impending catastrophe, the medical men couldn't convince the Presidential fiscal experts, and the Budget Bureau turned down the initial request for \$25,000,000 in stopgap funds. The VA doctors slashed the figure to \$16,000,000; that, too, was rejected. The desperate medical men then begged the Budget Bureau to approve a request for \$6,000,000. Budget officials finally okayed \$5,000,000. Now it's up to Congress.

But sentiment may have changed in Congress since the last time the lawmakers raked over a VA appropriation. This is not an election year, so the economy pressures may have eased somewhat. The new President is a long-time friend of the veteran, too. But, most important, events of the last year indicate that the members of Congress have at last been alerted to the danger. There seems to be a good chance that the new Congress will ignore the recommendation of the Truman Budget Bureau and provide a more nearly adequate appropriation.

Long-Term Problems of VA's Future

Once the emergency situation at the VA is straightened out, President Eisenhower and the eighty-third Congress must face the long-term problem:

Does the government still want to give disabled veterans top medical care, whatever the cost?

If so, the President and Congress should see to it that the VA gets adequate funds. And it will have to take steps to improve the administration of the agency and its medical program.

Replacing General Gray is only the first step.

The establishment of a top-level, nonpartisan commission of medical experts which would have the final word on medical standards for VA hospitals seems to be the only possible long-term solution. Among its other functions, this commission could serve as a nonpolitical agency to pick new VA hospital sites.

The new President has already indicated that he is aware of the disaster looming over the VA's medical program. In a letter to a veterans leader, written a week before the victorious end of his election crusade, General Eisenhower pledged:

"Every disabled soldier must have the best care and treatment which this country affords. Such facilities must have the full financial support of the federal government. There must be no compromise with the best available professional skill, hospital care and rehabilitation." In this pledge lies the hope that the veteran's high-grade medical-care program can yet be saved. ▲▲▲

Collier's for February 14, 1953

Controversial administrator of the VA, Gen. Carl Gray



Former VA medical chief, Dr. Paul Magnuson, fired by Gray



Vice-Admiral Joel T. Boone, present VA medical director





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They Call It Jane Russell Hill

By PETER KALISCHER

It's a hill in Korea, GI-named for sound GI reasons

Seoul, Korea

THE United Nations and the Communists have been fighting over Jane Russell for months. Jane Russell Hill in Korea, that is. And during that time, the hill has made more headlines than the movie actress for whom it was named. Some of the bitterest fighting of the past year in Korea has spilled over its two crests, and even when the front has been officially "all quiet," opposing patrols skirmished on its scarred slopes.

Yet a year and a half or two years ago, Jane Russell Hill might have been just a number, to be heard and forgotten. In the early days of the Korean war, hills were designated merely by their height; thus a hill 516 meters high became simply Hill 516. But numbers were too impersonal for the GI, for whom war is a very personal thing. They also were too routine for war correspondents, who sought more dramatic and easily remembered designations for contested heights.

Naming the hills has proved an almost endless task. Korea is a country of hills and mountains. In two and a half years of war, United Nations troops have had to fight for more of these heights than they care to recall.

GIs and newsmen got their inspiration for the names from the shape of the hills, local legends, bitter experiences, and even memories of home.

There can be no question why grim Heartbreak Ridge, Bloody Ridge and Sniper Ridge were so christened: hundreds, perhaps thousands, of UN soldiers died on their slopes. Bunker Hill got its name from its honeycomb of Communist fortifications. GIs believe Siberia Hill, where Chinese Reds and United States Marines dug in and tossed grenades at one another from 40 paces, is as bleak as its namesake—the Soviet part of East Asia.

Jane Russell Hill was immortalized by an anonymous United States 7th Division GI after a look at its two crests. The Associated Press held out against using that name—as too undignified, presumably—until one morning a United Nations communique made it official. Later someone reported artillery fire had reduced Jane Russell Hill to Katie Hepburn Ledge, but the name wasn't changed officially. The hill is in the Triangle sector, a rugged three-sided mountain complex on the central front.

Bloody Baldy, west of Chorwon, where a United States 1st Cavalry Division regiment nearly met disas-

ter in 1951, had its top cropped clean of vegetation by mortar and machine-gun fire. We renamed the hill Old Baldy after we recaptured it.

Luke the Gook's Castle is a Communist-fortified peak on the east-central front. In GI terminology, a gook used to mean any Oriental. Now UN troops usually apply it only to the Iron Curtain brand. And Luke was the collective name which GIs gave the stubborn North Koreans who defended the peak.

Our South Korean allies usually stick to local place names, like White Horse, Iron Horse and Taedok-san (Mount Big Virtue). But after an epic stand, the South Korean Capitol Division renamed a mountain Capitol Hill. And a Republic of Korea general, to inspire his troops, christened another hill *No Yogi Icora*—Stay and Fight.

UN pilots, taking their cue from the shapes that peaks and ridges assume from the air, named T-Bone, Pork Chop, Arrowhead and Alligator Hills. A nostalgic New Yorker thought up Jackson Heights, and other boys far from home named hills in their sectors: Seattle, Frisco and Pikes Peak. A circular valley on the eastern front was tagged the Punch Bowl, and a ridge line running off it became the Ladle.

Hill christening has reached such a pitch that the U.S. Army newspaper Stars and Stripes recently ran a cartoon showing two GIs under

fire on a slope with one soldier complaining: "We've been fighting 48 hours on this damned ridge and nobody's called it anything yet."

The cartoon brings to mind an epic Marine stand along the Nakdong River earlier in the Korean war. The Reds had breached the United States 24th Division's lines after a night crossing and were dangerously close to cutting the Eighth Army's jugular—the Pusan-Taegu supply road.

Men of the First Marine Brigade plugged the hole, then pushed the North Koreans back, paddy by paddy, hill by hill, until the leather-necks stood atop the last height dominating the Nakdong River bank.

"What'll we call this battle?" asked a war correspondent. "What's the name of this ridge?"

"Hasn't got one," replied an exhausted Marine.

So one of the crucial engagements of the Korean war went down in military annals as "The Battle of No-Name Ridge." ▲▲▲



Kalischer

Choose the Every AAA Was Won on Fire



CHUCK STEVENSON—Scored more points than any other race driver in 1952, thereby winning the National Championship. Won the Milwaukee, Wisconsin, race on August 28 and the Labor Day race at DuQuoin, Ill.



TROY RUTTMAN—Set a new track record of 128.922 miles an hour in winning the 500-mile Indianapolis Sweepstakes on May 30. He was also the winner of the Independence Day race run on July 4 at Raleigh, N. C.



GEORGE HAMMOND—On Labor Day he swept to victory in the thrilling and dangerous Pike's Peak Climb, where a slip or a skid could mean death or serious injury, against a field of fast, experienced drivers.



JOHNNIE PARSONS—Won the last race of the year, held at Phoenix, Arizona, on November 11. Came in tenth in the Indianapolis Race. In 1950, he won the Indianapolis Race. In 1949, he was National Champion.



JACK McGRATH—Came in first and set a new 100-mile record for the track at Syracuse, New York, on September 6. Out of a field of 33 starters, he finished in eleventh place in the Indianapolis Sweepstakes.



BILL VUKOVICH—Took first place in the August 30 race at Detroit, Michigan, and was first across the finish line in the September 28 race at Denver, Colorado. Drove fastest lap in Indianapolis race, 135.135 mph.

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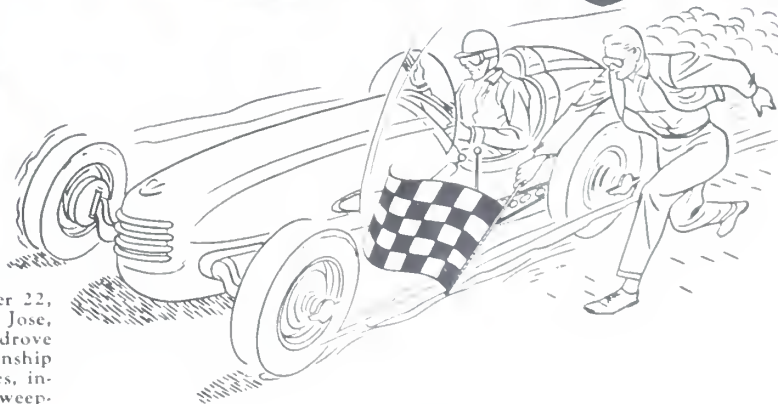
MIKE NAZARUK — Flashed across the finish line first in the Milwaukee, Wisconsin, race on June 8, setting a new 100-mile record for that track. Ran in many national championship big car and sprint car races in 1952.



BILL SCHINDLER — Drove to victory at Springfield, Illinois, on August 16, setting a new 100-mile record for that track. Was one of only 14 drivers who finished the Indianapolis Sweepstakes on May 30.



BOBBY BALL — On November 22, he won the race at San Jose, California. During 1952, he drove in many national championship big car and midget car races, including the Indianapolis Sweepstakes on May 30.



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SAFETY-PROVED ON THE SPEEDWAY FOR YOUR PROTECTION ON THE HIGHWAY

"Helen," Lydia said from the stairway. "Barelay. I'm sorry to interrupt like this. Did you get the garter belt for Selby? We're about ready for it now"



LADIES' DAY

By JOHN F. WALLACE

He was the father of the bride, and on this one day he was a man alone in a world of women. It was not, he decided, a fate worse than death, for, in their various ways, all of them loved him

THIS was one of the important days of his life, and it said something for Barclay Henderson that he was able to pace slowly up and down, to pass and repass the pier glass in the lower hall of his New York house without giving his image a glance. He had dressed carefully an hour ago, he had adjusted his tie and arranged the flower in his buttonhole with a sure hand. The outward man could remain assured of his correctness, Barclay knew; the inner man viewed this turning of the page, this ending of a chapter, chaotically.

A bridesmaid appeared at the turn of the stairs, her legs twinkling in a froth and troufrou of lace. Barclay viewed her descent with warmth, and smiled. But she rushed past him, muttering, "Pins, pins!" and disappeared down the hallway.

Women, thought Barclay, not in disparagement. It struck him as all wrong that any creature possessing such charms should be so preoccupied with pins that she was unaware of his appreciation.

The girl came hurrying back. The little golden glints of safety pins showed between her compressed lips as she brushed past Barclay. She started to run up the stairs, then stopped suddenly and turned around.

"Do I look all right?" she said out of the corner of her mouth. Her hands went to her skirts.

"Why, delightful—Janie," Barclay said. "I hardly knew you."

"Okay," Janie said. She turned, ran a few steps, and stopped again. "You looked at me kind of funny when I was coming down," she said. "I thought something was dangling, or something."

"Not at all," Barclay said. He watched the legs twinkle out of sight, and sighed. In Barclay Henderson's encounters with women, there was both illusion and delusion; he was saddened only when the two occurred without decent interval. The woman descending, the child ascending, became an accent to his mood. Today he was the father of the bride—his only child—and the conviction lay strongly on him that he was the mere creature of woman.

A taxi door slammed outside; then he heard his wife's brisk heels on the concrete. "Well," Helen said, coming in. "Everything under control?"

"They haven't sent for smelling salts," Barclay said. "How did you get out?"

"Sneaked. I knew you wouldn't like it."

"Well, don't do it again. My God, I have to lean on you today."

"Oh, no, you don't," Helen said. "You stand on your own two feet today. And stand steady." She pressed up to him, sniffling. "You do any nipping?"

"Innocent," Barclay said. "What were you after this time?"

Helen put down a package. "Selby said her garter belt was too tight. Suddenly her garter belt was too tight, and she knew she was going to faint."

They grinned at each other. "You're wonderful," Barclay said. "You've been wonderful to

her." Helen was the wife of his second marriage, Selby the daughter of his first. He had been earnestly thankful that they had got on well together during Selby's half-yearly stay with them.

"Why, darling," Helen said. "I love her. But I'd love her anyway, even if she were a little bee, because she's yours."

"Well, you've worked hard. You've worked hard over this wedding."

Helen swung her head, her eyes closing. "I'm beat," she admitted. "I'm glad her mother flew in to take a hand."

"Ah, Lydia."

Helen touched the dainty parcel, with its dainty contents. "I'm glad Lydia's here, anyway," she said.

"You've been wonderful about that, too," Barclay said, "inviting her to stay here while she's in town. Wife and ex-wife under the same roof. Sharing woman-talk. Sharing my liquor with me. Sensible," Barclay said, hoping he was giving the matter adequate, and final, coverage. "Civilized."

"Sensible, darling, no doubt. But civilized?" Helen smiled knowingly, an expression Barclay didn't much like.

"I thought you got on very well," Barclay said.

But now Helen wanted to tell him something, and Helen always chose the damndest times for such things.

UPSTAIRS a door opened and released a gust of girlish voices, of muted shrieks and laughter. He was aware that the tapping of many high heels was increasing in urgency.

"You'd better take that, ah, thing, upstairs," he said. "They'll be needing it."

"Don't worry, darling. I know when they'll need it. We're well ahead of schedule."

With Helen directing things, they would be.

"I just keep wondering," Helen said, "what you'd be like now if you'd stayed married to her."

"I listen," Barclay said. "I've told you. I've told you all I can tell. And anyway it was all washed up long before I met you."

"I keep looking at her," Helen said. "I keep looking at her and thinking she had you when you were both young, when you had the whole world ahead of you—"

Barclay Henderson was not an assertive man with women. But he had cultivated a reserve of directness, a kind of hindsight weapon. "Stop it," he said now. "This is no time for that. No time is the time for that."

"She's a lady," Helen said. "She's got that, and I haven't."

"Lydia was a lady," he murmured, smiling, and the thing that was building up between them began to deflate. Lydia had been too much of a lady. Barclay had often told Helen, "You're my breed of cats," he told his wife now. "I love you."

"But you must still—" Helen began, and Barclay braced himself. Helen had had her moments of

obsession about his life with Lydia. She had been like this before. Usually it was when she was overtired, or when she had been careless about cocktails. And at this moment, he realized, Helen was very tired.

The upstairs door opened to more sounds of agitated femininity. The gentler sounds of a short while ago were working up to a veritable typhoon. Somebody hurried along the upstairs hall and started down the stairs. The feet that appeared at the curve of the stairway—those long narrow feet—Barclay would have recognized anywhere, any time. There was a good deal about Lydia that was long and narrow—her feet and hands, her mouth and nose. And probably her mind, too, Barclay thought. He had never been able to satisfy himself on this latter point; but certainly now, Lydia's fine, long details added up to startling beauty. In this light she seemed hardly to have aged, although her ash-blonde hair was showing a darker gray.

"Helen," Lydia said, "Barclay. I'm sorry to interrupt. Did you get the garter belt? We're about ready for it."

Helen handed the parcel to Lydia. "I hope it's big enough," she said. "Nerves make people burpy."

Lydia, looking a little startled, ran back up the stairs.

Barclay looked at Helen.

"All right," Helen said, "so I'm a realist. You need a realistic woman, darling." She started up the stairs and then stopped, turning back to him. "Don't you?" There was wistfulness in her voice.

"I wouldn't be where I am today without your realism," Barclay said. "I still wouldn't have a dime."

"Do you love me, darling?"

"I love you," he said. He moved toward her as she stood two stairs above him, and put his arms around her waist. "Lecherously," he said, "intellectually, tenderly." He looked up at her, meaning it. She was rounded and quick, and she had the faculty of recouping her energy almost instantaneously.

He gave her a spank. "Now, go on up. Lydia's flustered."

"Lydia? Flustered? Not that one. Lydia's cool," Helen said positively. "Cold."

"Ah," said Barclay. "You're wrong about that." It gave him a pleasant sense of at least partial mastery to be able to refute Helen, and know he was right. "It's just that she's a lady, dear. She hates to let anything show."

HE WANDERED through the hall and into the kitchen. A maid was polishing the champagne glasses, setting them in lovely gleaming rows. The champagne itself lay snugly cased on the floor, ready to be iced, and on the old kitchen sideboard there was an array of spirits. Barclay hovered over this, tempting temptation. Then he passed into the big studio living room. It was a luxurious room, now further enriched with banked flowers, with silver and linen for the wedding breakfast. He thought, with pleasure, that he had spared nothing; and none of it had put him in debt. The light of his brilliance, once an erratic thing, had shone steadily and increasingly since his marriage to Helen six years ago; and the world's goods had accrued to him.

A hell of a good fellow, Bark, anybody would tell you that. A genial host, a man who could proffer a check or a cash loan at the psychological moment and make you feel complimented. A good drinker, Bark, who never slopped over or pinched dames at parties. If



COLLIER'S

"John is so good to me.
He treats me like a dog"

GERALD H. GREEN

anybody deserved his prosperity, it was Barclay Henderson.

He smiled to himself, pacing now across the soundless rug among these silent preparations for festival. Well, he'd always courted a good opinion of himself, from everybody. Even Lydia respected him now! His child, now in an upper room robing for her severance from him, adored him.

He would miss Selby. Anne Selby Henderson. It was Lydia who had insisted on the Selby, a family name, and it had stuck. Lydia had insisted on a good deal, in those days. But he would miss Selby. He would miss her, he thought rather deliberately; he would miss the college boys and the young businessmen that she brought home as hopeful beaux; miss her dignified periods of reticence, her tears of confession or confusion against his shoulder.

And he would miss that other six months too—the time she spent with her mother. Selby had always been a little too much for Lydia. Nearly always, while she was with her mother, a crisis would arise. There would be long-distance consultations with Lydia (her cool voice and cool manner the perfect mask for the agitated and passionate core of her), and very often Barclay had had to pack a bag and take a train or a plane, and go to them.

Sometimes he wondered how Lydia had managed during the war. He had been gone for more than four years, and their divorce had been made final just before he went into the Army. He had not been available for consultation then! And indeed, Lydia had not asked for it. Her letters were cheerful, factual. She prayed for his safety, and so did Selby. Selby wrote, too, her child-



COLLIER'S

"I don't know whether to become
a movie star, a famous author,
or take up typing and shorthand"

KATE OSANN

ish scrawl changing from letter to letter, becoming at the end the conscious backhand of a young lady.

Well, there'd been other things in his life in those days. Barclay was thirty-four in 1942, when he first put on a uniform—young enough to be an infantryman, old enough to take the war very differently from the way the twenty-year-olds reacted. When a piece of shell easing tore into his body, in the Battle of the Bulge, he was able to accept that and continue to exercise his command while he lay bleeding and freezing in the snow.

Helen, in Red Cross uniform, had come into his life while he was in the hospital. It seemed to Barclay then that his foremost concern was his failure with Lydia. There was no going back—that was one of the irrevocables—but he could neither die nor face living in the light of that failure. All this had been easy to tell Helen. She was quick and warm and wise enough to see that Barclay was by no means the worn-out husk he thought himself. They were married in New York in 1946, and if the fact that he was sharing the upbringing of his daughter with his ex-wife disturbed her, she rarely showed it.

"I've got what you need," Helen had told him, when he was convalescing from his wound, when he was beginning to make love to her.

She did have what he needed, too; and he had pulled himself together.

THE upstairs door opened again, and a gaggle of bridesmaids clattered down the stairs. Delightful, he thought, charming, in spite of the awful clumping of their heels and the high pitch of their voices. Selby knew how to manage high heels on stairs, how to manage her voice. Lydia had taught her that.

The girls swept through the hall, the sweet young scent of them billowing in to him. They were holding make-up kits, heading for the downstairs bathroom, and Barclay realized that time was running out. Youth was about to leave his house; a curtain was going down. He swallowed, feeling heavy, longing for a quick drink. His own youth, somehow, was going to be on the far side of that curtain.

The bridesmaids swept back up the stairs, a covey now, light-footed, flower-fresh. In the upper hallway somebody screamed, in the universal female expression of excitement. Doors were banging with rapidity now, and the sound of footsteps was loud and constant.

There was a crash of glass from the upstairs bathroom, and then somebody rushed down the stairs.

"Barclay," Lydia called. "Barclay!" "In here," he said. "Why? What's the matter?"

"Selby's cut herself," Lydia said.

"That crash?" he said, startled, a vision agonizing him of Selby lying on the tile of the bathroom floor in a welter of glass.

"No, no, I did that. I upset everything in the medicine cabinet. Hurry," Lydia said, "do something! She's bleeding all over the place."

Barclay felt stunned. "What—" he said. "How—?"

"She was shaving," Lydia said.

"Shaving?" Barclay shouted.

"Her legs," Lydia said.

"Oh." He breathed deeply, recognizing this as the kind of thing that would crack Lydia's façade. "That should have been done last night," he said, "or this morning."

"I know," Lydia confessed. Their

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eyes met and they began laughing. If ever Lydia had had to do anything as coarse as shaving her legs, she had taken good care never to let him know.

"If she gets blood on that dress—" Lydia said. She laughed again, and a kind of hysteria touched them both.

"Wait," Barclay told her. "I'll fetch a styptic pencil."

"It's like the time when she had her appendix out," Lydia said when he returned.

"Remember when she took that fall from a horse at camp?" Barclay said.

Lydia had become still, her errand forgotten. A smile curved tenderly about her mouth, and her eyes dwelt on him. It struck Barclay as miraculous, and terrible, that in the reaches of his mind and Lydia's the life they had abandoned still had entity. They had created something more than the tangible Selby, in that time, and something less mortal. Perhaps less mortal than

"And I'm taking the plane out to-night."

"Lydia!" Helen called from the head of the stairs. "Did you get something? Did you find Barclay?"

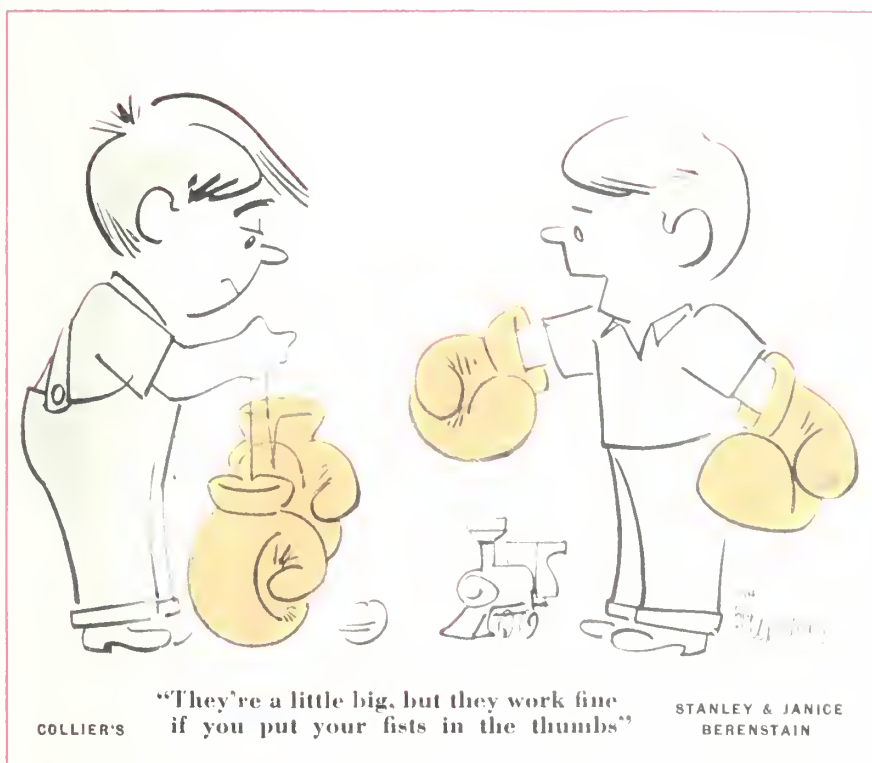
"Here," Barclay said. He thrust the styptic pencil at Lydia, relieved and yet wanting to call her back as she left him.

The front doorbell rang. He answered, finding it was the chauffeurs with the two hired limousines. He wondered if he should ask them in for a drink, but decided against it.

There was pandemonium upstairs now, and he went through the hall with the sensation of a man fleeing from something. When he heard footsteps on the stairs once again, he went quickly through the kitchen and out into the garden.

"Barclay," Lydia called. "Barclay!" Helen called with her. The two of them appeared in the garden door.

"Selby's gone wacky," Helen said.



he or Lydia, he thought, bemused now, touched to stillness by Lydia's stillness.

Barclay was still holding out the styptic pencil, and Lydia had not yet reached for it. Lydia, Barclay thought, had always chosen the damndest times for getting at him.

But memory lay strongly over them—memory of the many times when they had stood together for Selby's sake, even though their marriage was ended. Memory, and memory that begat memory. "It was the only time I could get close to you," Barclay said now. "When you got upset about Selby. You let me in, then."

LYDIA'S face moved, as though she had turned it from the light. "It was the only time I could."

"I tried," Barclay said. "God knows I tried."

"And God knows I tried, too," Lydia said. "But did you really? Do you now?"

"Now wait," Barclay said. "Didn't we say all this ten years ago?"

"Oh, darling," Lydia said. She touched her eyes with a handkerchief, shaking. "Is anything ever final?"

Barclay stared at her, and some of the meaning of this day began to come through to him. "This is," he said. "Selby's getting married today. She's going to have a husband to take care of her from now on."

"She says she's changed her mind. She doesn't want to get married."

Lydia stared at him numbly. "Oh, Lord," Barclay muttered. He ran through the house and up the stairs. Bridesmaids, looking frightened, scattered before him.

"Daddy!" Selby cried. She had been lying on her face across the bed in her slip. Now she turned over. "Daddy!" she cried, and clung to him.

Barclay stroked her face. "You've got to pull yourself together—" he began, but the young body in his arms jerked convulsively.

"I don't want to leave you," Selby moaned. "I don't want anything changed."

A woman Barclay had never seen before came in with the wedding dress. "It's nearly time," she said.

Barclay motioned her away, fiercely. "Listen," he said, feeling weakness. "Do you mean this?"

Selby's arms just tightened about him. There was a rapt look on her face. "I love you, Daddy," she whispered.

Why, Barclay, he said to himself, everybody loves you today. You old woman-lover, Barclay, you charming so-and-so, he thought; then, paternally: This is your daughter.

He whacked her, the contact of her young flesh faintly stinging to his hand. He felt her stiffen. "I love you, too," he said. For a moment Barclay Henderson

locked eyes with his daughter, saw the temper mount and recede in them. Shared laughter bubbled up between them.

"Daddy," Selby said, "you're wonderful. I'd better get dressed now."

Downstairs he found Lydia pale and upset, Helen impatient.

"Last round," he said, looking at his watch for the first time that day. "Let's get this show on the road."

Helen glanced at Lydia. "I'll take care of Selby," she said. She ran up the stairs.

BARCLAY walked into the kitchen, motioning Lydia to follow. At the sideboard he poured two short drinks. "Can't do any damage now," he said. "No time for more than one." He held up his glass. "Lydia," he said, feeling pain, "hail and farewell, or something."

"We'll never have to see each other again," Lydia said.

They drank. Hail, Lydia. And now, farewell. Barclay thought, with awkward compassion. What will you do now with your Selby-half of the year, Lydia? What, indeed, with all your years?

He looked at her over the rim of his glass, at her beauty that had always stirred him, at her passiveness that had always baffled him. She could have married again, he knew, knowing well the admiration she commanded in men. Yet by her overfinesse, perhaps, or by inertia, or because she was Lydia, she had remained forged to the past. Or by some selfishness in myself, he thought, shrinking from acknowledgment.

Try to meet that responsibility, Barclay, old boy, he thought, the pain hard and definite in his breast. It would take a Helen, now, to tell you where to put your futile pity.

There were footsteps on the stairs, that avenue of the day, once again. Slow footsteps this time, many of them, and solemn. The bride and her attendants were coming down. The front door was opened, and there was the sound of automobile motors starting up.

"Let's go," Barclay said. They walked quietly through the festive room and into the now empty hallway. Their hands touched and then parted, and they stepped into the street.

"Hurry!" Helen was calling. "Don't dawdle now, you two!"

"Barclay," Lydia said, "I just thought of something. There's almost bound to be grandchildren, you know."

"Grandchildren! I'm too young to have grandchildren," he said. It was the one thing he had not thought of.

"It will make me believe my hair, too," Lydia said. "But grandchildren do have to be visited by their grandparents, don't they?"

"That's true," Barclay said. He began to laugh, to really laugh with a richness of enjoyment, for the first time that day. "By God," he said, and he wanted to kiss Lydia, "I never thought of that. Never thought of it."

"Barclay," Helen called. His wife was leaning out of the open door of a limousine. "Come on!" He ran across the sidewalk and climbed in beside her. "What are you laughing at?" Helen said.

"Never mind," Barclay said. "This is ladies' day. I want all the ladies to be happy today."

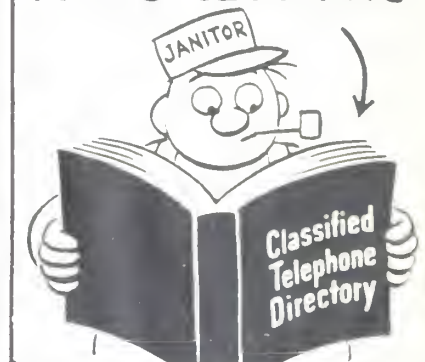
"Well, I'm happy now," Helen said. She pressed comfortably against him. "Darling," she whispered. "I love you."

"Darling," Barclay said, thinking he'd better stop this laughter now, better get himself ready for the church. "I love you, too."

Looking for Something?



MEN'S CLOTHING



FOR HOME OR BUSINESS NEEDS

LOOK IN THE
'YELLOW PAGES'
OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

Racial Prejudice—How

In six years this city has made heart-warming progress toward equal opportunity for

By JOHN GERRITY

NOT long ago, a group of San Franciscans called at the office of Associate Superintendent of Schools Watt A. Long. They were, they explained, members of a Negro church congregation and they were planning a tea for Negro public schoolteachers. Would Dr. Long be kind enough to give them the names of Negro faculty members?

"I hope you will forgive me," Dr. Long replied, "but I'm afraid I can't help you. I don't know who and where they are. However, if you would like, I will give you the addresses of the schools and possibly you can find your guests by making a nose count."

A few days earlier, in another part of the city, a young graduate student of the University of California walked into the office of Helen Graham, personnel director of The Emporium, one of San Francisco's largest department stores.

The young lady was doing research for a term paper on discriminatory practices of employers. "I would like to know," she asked Mrs. Graham, "how many nonwhite employees you have, and in what departments they work."

"I don't know," Mrs. Graham answered, "but if it's important, I'll help you find out."

"How?"

"I'll assign you a guide and you can go through the store and see for yourself," the personnel director said.

These two incidents are not unusual in San Francisco, which has made astonishing progress in a scant six years toward removing the conditions that prevent equal treatment for minority groups in most other American cities. All over San Francisco, there has been a de-emphasis of the differences between races, coupled with a growing conviction that discrimination exacts as heavy a tax on the prejudiced majority as it does on the victimized minorities.

That's not to say that the brotherhood of man is universally accepted in San Francisco, or that instances of discrimination do not arise. But they are much rarer than in many other parts of the country—and not because the Golden Gate city has never known the race problem. Many people (including some who know better) sometimes suggest that San Francisco "has always been tolerant," or even that the Western cities have never been cursed with the bitter racial animosities that exist elsewhere. Neither of those statements is true.

Scene in Chinatown of the 1860s

Chinese slave labor was a marketable commodity in San Francisco as recently as 1868, five years after the Emancipation Proclamation was signed. Few modern ghettos or slums could match those in which San Francisco quartered its Oriental minorities 75 years ago. Here's how B. E. Lloyd described them in his book, *Lights and Shades in San Francisco*:

"A family of five or six persons will occupy a single room, eight by ten feet in dimensions, where in all will live, cook, eat, sleep, and perhaps carry on a small manufacturing business. . . . In the lodging houses they huddle together and overlay each other, like a herd of swine that seeks shelter in a strawpile on a cold winter night. . . ."

Of course, Lloyd's report is of an unenlightened city of the nineteenth century. But conditions were not appreciably better six years ago. To be sure,

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At the famous Top of the Mark, Dr. and Mrs. Nelson W. Johnson (left) have cocktails with Mr. and Mrs. John Kan. Lounge is in the Mark Hopkins Hotel, which has no racial barriers

Fung-po Yu, right, head of Macy's stock room, with employee Joan Otten. Macy's is one of several San Francisco stores which found it was good business to drop racial restrictions



San Francisco Squelched It

its Negro and Oriental minorities. The fight isn't over, but bigotry is being licked

ships like the quixotically named Daughters of Joy no longer delivered cargoes of slave girls at the Golden Gate in 1946. But it was a brave Chinese who ventured out of Chinatown to find a home. Many Negroes were herded together in packing-case houses at Hunter's Point. Others moved into slum dwellings in the Fillmore District vacated when the Japanese were evacuated to war camps in 1942.

Polite but ineffectual lip service was paid to legislation outlawing employee discrimination in public schools. Only one Negro doctor was practicing in any public or private hospital; a Negro physician had to turn his patients over to a white doctor at the hospital doors. Because of war-made manpower shortages, officials of the city-owned transit system had hired a few nonwhites—grudgingly, and with considerable trepidation, they admit today. But less than a mile from where the founders of United Nations had met, union hiring halls prominently displayed signs saying, "Negroes Need Not Apply."

No More Prejudice in Public Schools

San Francisco knew intolerance, no doubt about it. But today the picture has changed amazingly. In the public schools, whites are teaching Negroes, Negroes are teaching whites, and Orientals are teaching both. Children of all races and faiths may attend any school in the city, so long as its physical facilities can accommodate them.

In big stores, like Macy's, The Emporium or Joseph Magnin's, Chinese clerks are employed as shopping counselors to Nob Hill aristocrats; Negroes and Orientals manage full departments, supervising as many as 25 white clerks; Japanese head up sales-research sections; Filipinos are floor-walkers.

There isn't a hospital in the city, public or private, where a Negro doctor can't enjoy every facility his white colleague does. Ward segregation—five years ago a common practice which often forced nonwhites into expensive private rooms—has been abolished.

Only a few weeks ago, Paul Fanning, who handles personnel for the city-owned Municipal Railway, went to the Urban League, an organization devoted to the welfare of members of minority groups, to plead for more recruits for the civil service exams—"preferably men and women who can be trained as supervisors."

Skilled Negro membership in the AFL building trades unions has grown from none in 1946 to about 4,000 today and there isn't a construction job in the city where a qualified Japanese, Negro, Chinese or Filipino can't get a job.

Indicative of the swing away from segregated housing, a survey of residential areas by the San Francisco Council for Civic Unity shows that one third of the city's blocks have at least one nonwhite family residing there—with (according to another survey sponsored by the University of California) no adverse effect on the value of homes.

Major hotels, like the Mark Hopkins and the Fairmont, are wide open to any reputable guest who can pay his bill. Not long ago, three dinner dances, a convention and an author's lunch were held on the same day in the community rooms of the two hotels, all under the sponsorship of mixed Negro and white groups.

How did it all happen? How is it that San Francisco has made such great strides toward racial equality at a time when life for men of different races is often so difficult in cities like New York, Chicago, Detroit and New Orleans (or the nation's



Dr. Daniel Collins (l.), Negro dentist who teaches at U. of California, examines patient Carmyn Gorman with student Ted Seluster. Collins is rated among city's top dental surgeons

Discrimination-free pools, playgrounds and schools teach youngsters tolerance at an early age. One third of the city's residential areas have mixed white and nonwhite populations





ANNOUNCING

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It pays to be tolerant. That's why so many of San Francisco's businessmen have

capital, where a public swimming pool had to be closed because of threatened riots between white and Negro swimmers)?

The answer, at least in part, is that San Francisco might not have done so well with its racial problem if the problem hadn't been so bad to begin with.

Influx of Minority Peoples

At the end of World War II, San Francisco found itself with the largest Chinese and Japanese settlements of any city outside the Orient, and the third largest Mexican and Filipino populations on the West Coast. The city also had experienced a greater short-term rise in Negro population than any other city in the United States—a ten-fold increase, from less than 5,000 to more than 50,000 in six years. Altogether, almost 125,000 members of racial minority groups had chosen to live in this city of 750,000. In a city with a past history of discrimination such as San Francisco's, it was a potentially explosive situation. Nor could the problem be easily resolved by pious appeals to brotherhood, or by endlessly repeating, as some did, that "everything will work out all right in time."

Civic leaders, industrialists, merchants, utility heads, public officials and schoolteachers rolled up their sleeves and went to work, spearheaded by social service organizations whose primary interest is elimination of discriminatory practices. Their formula was simple: "Discrimination is bad business and equality is profitable."

Thus, when Seaton Manning and Donald Glover of the Urban League first braced the managements of the city's top department stores, they argued:

"We don't want you to hire Negroes or Chinese or Japanese because they are down-trodden victims of prejudice. We want you to do yourself a favor. These Negroes, Japanese and Chinese are your customers. We think they'll become better customers if you recognize their ability to sell as well as to buy."

Manning and Glover met all the standard replies: that old employees would quit, that the expense of setting up separate rest rooms, restaurants and infirmaries would be prohibitive. Manning had a common-sense comeback:

"Is the buying power of one man any less than that of another, merely because of color? And how do you know you will need separate restaurants and rest rooms until you actually experiment?"

After much discussion, several stores decided to take the plunge. The Emporium, one of the first stores to be approached, hired its first Negro clerk without any fanfare. No customer complained. No employee quit. Next, a Filipino was placed in the store's haberdashery. Nothing happened. Two nonwhite women were

hired for the hosiery department, but none of the other women clerks was surprised, outraged or excited. Hosiery sales kept abreast of sales in other departments.

Three months later, The Emporium revamped its employment application forms. All questions relating to race, creed and color were deleted. Employment interviewers were told to make themselves color-blind, or find jobs elsewhere.

The Emporium really became a full-fledged foe of discrimination following an incident which didn't actually involve the race issue at all. The store introduced late Monday-night shopping, and a number of long-time employees threatened to walk off their jobs. It happened that they were white. A young management trainee talked them out of it—and it happened that he was Japanese.

Macy's also started hiring nonwhites after hearing the Manning-Glover arguments. Neither employees nor customers showed any signs of being offended; last Christmas, Macy's sales were 20 per cent higher than ever before, and one harried store official remarked: "Thank Heaven for the Japanese, Chinese and Negro students who were willing to work as part-time clerks. Without them, there would have been a lot of unhappy customers."

Today, although a few holdouts re-

main stubbornly biased, scores of stores, like the City of Paris, Joseph Magnin and H. Liebes, have members of minority groups working for them.

Similarly, insurance companies, automobile agencies, the privately owned gas and electric company and the telephone company overhauled their policies and put hiring and promotions on a "merit and ability basis only."

You can get some idea of how zealously these industrial crusaders have been battling Jim Crow from a seemingly trivial incident in the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company.

A young Negro telephone operator had been transferred, at her own request, from one exchange to another. Word reached Mark R. Sullivan, president of the company, that her new co-workers were snubbing her and making life almost unbearable with their petty cruelties.

Sullivan asked the girl not to quit or to transfer out of the troublesome exchange. Instead, he escorted the young lady to work one day and gave her and her sister operators a brief lecture on telephone company economics.

"One out of every six calls handled in this exchange," Sullivan said, "is made by a Negro, a Filipino or a Chinese. If we lose that sixth call here, or anywhere else in the city, we stand to lose our jobs. At the very least, we will get (and deserve) a one-sixth pay cut. I'll leave it up to you ladies how you want to run your company."

With that, Sullivan walked out. There hasn't been a complaint from that exchange in nine months—and the once-snubbed young lady is now a supervising operator.

In the early days of San Francisco's campaign against prejudice, many small hotels were slow to drop their objections to guests because of race. Ben Swig, co-manager of the Fairmont Hotel, tried to solve the problem all by himself.

"Whenever Ben heard a visitor to San Francisco had been denied a room because of color or race," recalls Lee Watson, a friend of Swig, "he'd move heaven and earth to find the rejected guest."

"Come up to my place," Ben would say. "The Fairmont needs guests like you."

Two Outstanding Negroes

Like any other city, San Francisco has its share of outstanding minority members—people like Cecil Poole, crackjack Negro trial attorney in the district attorney's office who, justices of the superior court predict, will join them on the bench within another couple of years; or Dr. Daniel Collins, sometimes called the city's leading dental surgeon, who was the first Negro to join the faculty of the University of California Dental School.

But the Urban League's Donald Glover prefers not to make too much of such men as Poole and Dr. Collins, who

probably would have achieved great personal success whatever the local conditions. More significant, Glover says, has been the opening up of skilled and nonskilled laboring jobs in the city.

"When I first came to San Francisco in 1946," Glover recalls, "the double trolley tracks on Market Street were being torn up. One day I walked from Eleventh Street to the Embarcadero, a distance of about two miles, and didn't see a single Negro in the work gangs."

"When I checked with the company's main offices," Glover went on to explain, "I found that an employment clerk had merely assumed that no Negroes were to be hired. No one had objected to Negroes. The clerk just felt that his bosses didn't want them."

"Once the 'assumption' was brought to their attention," Glover added, "the company executives acted quickly. A few days later, there were plenty of Negroes on the job."

In Building Trades Unions

It was a long time before nonwhites were able to get skilled employment on construction jobs where union labor was employed. But it was done. Leaders of the AFL building trades union first admitted a few pilot craftsmen. No riots developed and contractors didn't seem to mind. Today there are nearly 4,000 skilled nonwhite journeymen working shoulder to shoulder with whites, and a comparable increase has occurred among nonskilled workers.

In 1947, San Francisco's school board hired a new superintendent, Herbert C. Clish, of New Rochelle, New York. Clish accepted the appointment after making clear his belief that a good school system was conditional on his having a free hand in hiring teachers, with professional competence the only requirement. The board agreed.

A number of people winked indulgently. "Just the thing for an incoming school superintendent to say," they commented knowingly. "Good public relations, too." But Clish had meant every word of it. A few weeks after he took over, a vacancy in a principalship arose. Clish immediately named Dr. William Cobb, a Negro, as the man best qualified for the job. And he didn't stop there.

Reforms were invoked, aimed at wiping out all references to race or nationality in the schools. Seminars and summer-school classes for teachers were set up to drive the lesson home. Stereotypes like, "Negroes make good clowns," were branded as highly undesirable. Even harmless sayings, like "Italians like music," or "Japanese never show their feelings," were ruled out of order. An end was put to all Negro choruses and to having children promenade at school functions in Oriental or Spanish costumes. Any and all exhibitions were stopped, however innocent in appearance, if they tended to set children apart racially or religiously. Finally, questions on race disappeared from teachers' employment applications.

During the six-year life of Clish's reforms, there has been not a single disturbance traceable directly to racial differences.

And the education in tolerance of young San Franciscans doesn't stop in the classroom. Every public swimming

Next Week



DO THE REAL HEROES GET THE MEDAL OF HONOR?

By BRIG. GEN. S. L. A. MARSHALL

Although many men earn their decorations the hard way, some of our greatest heroes are shamefully ignored under the present awards system, says this expert, writing with Collier's Bill Davidson. On the other hand, fools and cowards may sometimes get the nation's top medals. General Marshall tells how we can prevent such injustices

ecome bitter enemies of discrimination

pool and playground in the city is non-segregated. Of 75 playground supervisors, 29 are nonwhites, including two of the city's six district supervisors.

It would be difficult to single out any one man or organization to praise for the gradual ending of segregated private housing. City supervisors, like George Christopher and Marvin E. Lewis, were front runners in making San Francisco the first city in the nation specifically to rule out segregation in urban redevelopment programs.

Edward Howden of the city's Council for Civic Unity keeps watch, always ready to howl when he spots a housing abuse. But Howden's howl wouldn't be much more than a whimper if it weren't for the free radio time the Columbia Broadcasting System gives him each week.

Howden's powerful effect was demonstrated by the Sing Sheng incident, which he was instrumental in making nationally famous. Early last spring, Sheng, who had been an Army Intelligence captain in World War II, bought a house in all-white Southwood, a San Francisco suburb. A few white neighbors objected. Soon they had tub-thumped Sheng's proposed purchase into a major issue. Sheng agreed to abandon his project if the majority of the neighbors voted against him. By voting time, the core of objectors had done a superb, if malicious, campaign job. Sheng lost.

Howden, who had heard of the case too late to affect the balloting, brought all of his guns to bear after Sheng's defeat, and exposed the incident as a civic disgrace. The story was picked up nationally. Both the San Francisco Examiner and the Chronicle hammered away locally. Though Sheng bought elsewhere, his failure in Southwood had a good effect: no suburban development wants to risk the scorn and wrath heaped upon the voters of Southwood for raising the race issue.

Survey Shatters Realty Myth

The University of California is entitled to a share of the credit for taking race discrimination out of housing. It has eloquently shattered the myth that real-estate values tumble as soon as a nonwhite family moves into a neighborhood that was previously all white. In a city-wide survey, the university selected typical control areas. In one, called Silver Terrace, the average price of homes in 1950, when it was all-white, was \$9,750. Since 1950, there have been 27 sales in Silver Terrace, 21 to whites, six to Negroes. Today the average price of homes in Silver Terrace is \$10,750.

Another district which was previously all white is the Visitación Valley section, where homes cost \$9,500 in 1949. Since then, there have been 167 sales, 121 to whites, 32 to Negroes and 12 to Chinese, Japanese and Filipinos. Today, Visitación Valley homes are selling for an average price of \$11,000.

Strangely out of step with the trend of affairs, until very recently, has been the San Francisco Housing Authority. It has steadfastly maintained that all public housing contracted for after 1949, but not yet built, must follow the so-called neighborhood pattern. If an area was predominantly Negro before 1949, any public housing contracted for there would have to be for Negroes.

The same would be true for white or Chinese neighborhoods.

Endless arguments failed to budge the local Housing Authority. But just a few weeks ago, its stand was ruled unconstitutional in superior court. Although the authority is planning to appeal, the attitude of most San Franciscans was summed up a few weeks ago by a special grand jury report which said, "This attempt to enforce a policy of racial discrimination has been a disservice to San Francisco."

Champions of White Supremacy

Equally anachronistic have been four labor unions which exclude nonwhites in whole or in part: Harry Lundeberg's Sailors Union of the Pacific, the AFL Teamsters, the independent Automotive Workers and the AFL Bartenders. Their reasons for practicing discrimination are either evasive or not forthcoming at all. But these die-hards and a constantly dwindling number of employers who still champion white supremacy are fighting a losing battle. Whenever they step out of line, the city's more strident voices demand a compulsory fair employment practices law, like the one Cleveland enacted in 1950. Quickly, cooler heads of all colors whip the offenders into line.

San Francisco's accomplishments are not the outgrowth of some occult civic practice, nor do its people possess a magic formula which brings about a fantastic transformation of character. Businessmen, teachers and public officials have no less self-interest in San Francisco than anywhere else; it's just that they have directed their self-interest into healthy channels, not destructive ones.

It is not by mere coincidence that Negro lawyers are respected members of the city's Lawyers' Club. Nor was it oversight when the first Negro doctor logged his patient into St. Francis Memorial Hospital, or when a white young man bought his Chinese lady friend a cocktail in the Top of the Mark lounge. It was prudent, good, hardheaded business sense at work.

It has even become fashionable in San Francisco to practice tolerance. Social maturity is not only easy to wear, it's handy to show off. In discussing their personnel problems, many industrial and labor executives forget they were ever anything but open-minded.

One executive, proudly telling me of his company's wide-open employment policy, said, "Why, we've never known anything like discrimination out here. I was raised with Chinese; our cook was a Chinese. My brothers and I played with their kids. We knew them. We loved them."

That man's firm steadfastly denied employment to Chinese, except in the most menial jobs, until just a few years ago. Fortunately, he can blank out the intolerant years. His attitude today is an uninterrupted projection of what he learned as a boy on his father's ranch.

In one major respect, his attitude has undergone a subtle change, however: nowadays, he is downright irked whenever he hears of intolerance, and there is just the slightest trace of smugness when he contrasts the ways of the evildoer with his own enlightened methods.

"That fellow," he remarked about one die-hard, "is simply digging his own grave." ▲▲▲

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He was never afraid. No one in the world was as strong, or as wise, as his father

THE CUB

By LOIS DYKEMAN KLEINHAUER

ONE of his first memories was of his father bending down from his great height to sweep him up into the air. Up he went, gasping and laughing with delight. He could look down on his mother's upturned face as she watched, laughing with them, and at the thick shock of his father's brown hair and at his white teeth.

Then he would come down, shrieking happily, but he was never afraid, not with his father's hands holding him. No one in the world was as strong, or as wise, as his father.

He remembered a time when his father moved the piano across the room for his mother. He watched while she guided it into its new position, and he saw the difference in their hands as they rested, side by side, upon the gleaming walnut. His mother's hand was white and slim and delicate, his father's large and square and strong.

As he grew, he learned to play bear. When it was time for his father to come home at night, he would lurk behind the kitchen door. When he heard the closing of the garage doors, he would hold his breath and squeeze himself into the crack behind the door. Then he would be quiet.

It was always the same. His father would open the door and stand there, the backs of his long legs beguilingly close. "Where's the boy?"

He would glance at the conspiratorial smile on his mother's face, and then he would leap and grab his father about the knees, and his father would look down and shout, "Hey, what's this? A bear—a young cub!"

Then, no matter how tightly he tried to cling, he was lifted up and perched upon his father's shoulder, and they would march past his mother, and together they would duck their heads beneath the doors.

And then he went to school. And on the playground he learned how to wrestle and shout, how to hold back tears, how to get a half nelson on the boy who tried to take his football away from him. He came home at night and practiced his new wisdom on his father. Straining and puffing, he tried

to pull his father off the lounge chair while his father kept on reading the paper, only glancing up now and then to ask in mild wonderment, "What are you trying to do, boy?"

He would stand and look at his father. "Gee whiz, Dad!" And then he would realize that his father was teasing him, and he would crawl upon his father's lap and pummel him in affectionate frustration.

And still he grew—taller, slimmer, stronger. He was like a young buck with tiny, new horns. He wanted to lock them with any other young buck's, to test them in combat. He measured his biceps with his mother's tape measure. Exultantly, he thrust his arm in front of his father. "Feel that! How's that for muscle?"

His father put his great thumb into the flexed muscle and pressed, and the boy pulled back, protesting, laughing. "Ouch, Dad, not so hard!"

Sometimes they wrestled on the floor together, and his mother moved the chairs back. "Be careful, Charles—don't hurt him."

After a while his father would push him aside and sit in his chair, his long legs thrust out before him, and the boy would scramble to his feet, half resentful, half mirthful over the ease with which his father mastered him.

"Doggone it, Dad, someday—" he would say.

HE WENT out for football and track in high school. He surprised even himself now, there was so much more of him. And he could look down on his mother. "Little one," he called her, or "Small fry."

Sometimes he took her wrists and backed her into a chair, while he laughed and she scolded. "I'll—I'll take you across my knee."

"Who will?" he demanded.

"Well—your father still can," she said.

His father—well, that was different.

They still wrestled occasionally, but it distressed his mother. She hovered about them, worrying, unable to comprehend the need for their struggling. It always ended the same way, with the boy upon

his back, prostrate, and his father grinning down at him. "Give?"

"Give." And he got up, shaking his head.

"I wish you wouldn't," his mother would say, fretting. "There's no point in it. You'll hurt yourselves; don't do it any more."

So for nearly a year they had not wrestled, but he thought about it one night at dinner. He looked at his father closely. It was queer, but his father didn't look nearly as tall or broad-shouldered as he used to. He could even look his father straight in the eyes now.

"How much do you weigh, Dad?" he asked.

His father threw him a mild glance. "About the same, about a hundred and ninety. Why?"

The boy grinned. "Just wondering."

But after a while he went over to his father where he sat reading the paper and took it out of his hands. His father glanced up, his eyes at first questioning and then narrowing to meet the challenge in his son's. "So," he said softly.

"Come on, Dad."

His father took off his coat and began to unbutton his shirt. "You asked for it," he said.

HIS mother came in from the kitchen, alarmed. "Oh, Charles! Bill! Don't—you'll hurt yourselves!" But they paid no attention to her. They were standing now, their shirts off. They watched each other, intent and purposeful. The boy's teeth gleamed again. They circled for a moment, and then their hands closed upon each other's arms.

They strained against each other, and then the boy went down, taking his father with him. They moved and writhed and turned, in silence seeking an advantage, in silence pressing it to its conclusion. There was the sound of the thumps of their bodies upon the rug and of the quick, hard intake of breath. The boy showed his teeth occasionally in a grimace of pain. His mother stood at one side, both hands pressed against her ears. Occasionally her lips moved, but she did not make a sound.

After a while the boy pinned his father on his back. "Give!" he demanded.

His father said, "Hell, no!" And with a great effort he pushed the boy off, and the struggle began again.

But at the end his father lay prostrate, and a look of bewilderment came into his eyes. He struggled desperately against his son's merciless, restraining hands. Finally he lay quiet, only his chest heaving, his breath coming loudly.

The boy said, "Give!"

The man frowned, shaking his head.

Still the boy knelt on him, pinning him down. "Give!" he said, and tightened his grip. "Give!"

All at once his father began to laugh, silently, his shoulders shaking. The boy felt his mother's fingers tugging fiercely at his shoulder. "Let him up," she said. "Let him up!"

The boy looked down at his father. "Give up?"

His father stopped laughing, but his eyes were still wet. "Okay," he said. "I give."

The boy stood up and reached a hand to his father to help him up, but his mother was before him, putting an arm about his father's shoulders, helping him to rise. They stood together and looked at him, his father grinning gamely, his mother with baffled pain in her eyes.

The boy started to laugh. "I guess I—" He stopped. "Gosh, Dad, I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"Heck no, I'm all right. Next time . . ."

"Yeah, maybe next time . . ."

And his mother did not contradict what they said, for she knew as well as they that there would never be a next time.

For a moment the three of them stood looking at one another, and then, suddenly, blindly, the boy turned. He ran through the door under which he had ducked so many times when he had ridden on his father's shoulders. He went out the kitchen door, behind which he had hidden, waiting to leap out and pounce upon his father's legs.

It was dark outside. He stood on the steps, feeling the air cool against his sweaty body. He stood with lifted head, looking at the stars, and then he could not see them because of the tears that burned his eyes and ran down his cheeks.



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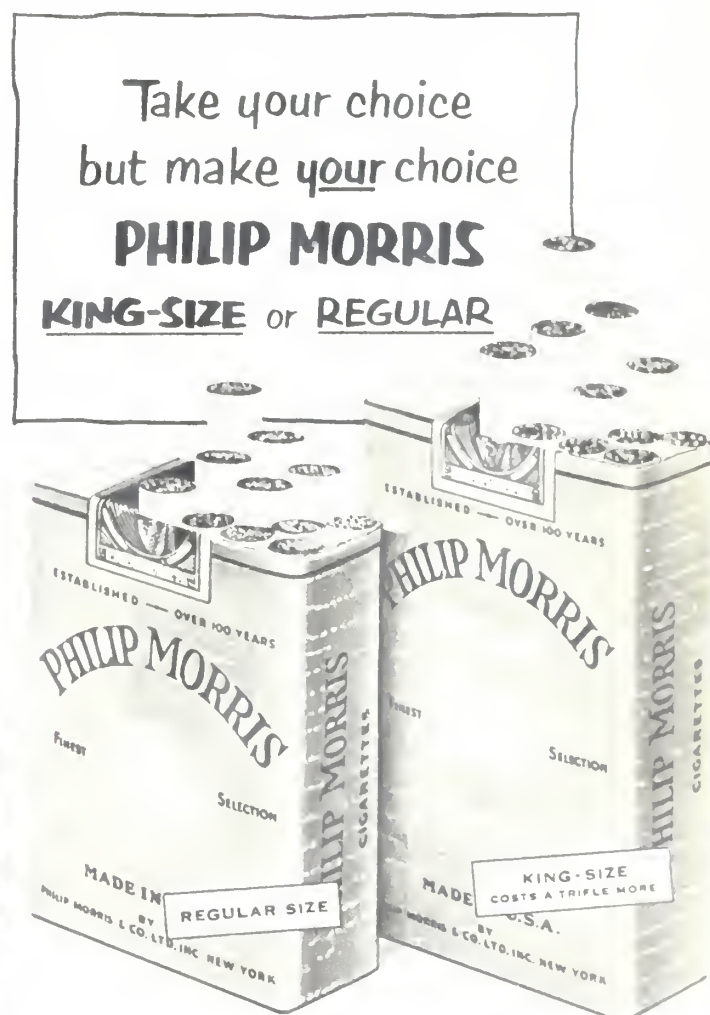
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Salesman for Schneider company, O. K. Donham, displays a snappy pearl-trimmed number during spring showing held by the St. Louis firm

“Lovely, Schneider, Lovely!”

No one ever accused a Schneider of having a good hat face. But do they worry?

DON'T laugh. When the Schneider brothers put on women's hats, it's no gag. They're making money. Brothers Ben, Paul and Sam are partners in a St. Louis wholesale millinery firm which does a million dollars' worth of business annually.

In an average day, the Schneider brothers and their salesmen model more than 50 chapeaux apiece. Any one of them can tuck his ears into a cloche, coax a flower into place or tie a veil under his chin with perfect aplomb.

Such an extravagant waste of authentic comedy is routine in places like Schneider Brothers. Along

Wholesale Row in millinery centers throughout the country, salesmen try on women's hats all the time. They model for the buyers of retail stores, who want to see just how the product sits on the head; how far forward it's worn; how sharply it tilts; even, in some cases, which end faces front.

For such demonstrations the salon treatment is superfluous. Any head will do. And since a salesman's head is usually the most readily available, it is pressed into service.

The entire affair is as dead-pan as a stock-exchange transaction. And no one is even mildly amused at finding a bald spot where the hat crown

has been cut out to accommodate a pony tail. In its three decades, the Schneider company has never used a female model.

Admittedly, the Schneider brothers don't do a thing for their hats. But the arrangement has at least one advantage: the buyers aren't misled by a pretty face.

When a customer says, "Lovely, Schneider, lovely!", she can't possibly mean anything but that the hat stands on its own merit. As one of the brothers recently said: "That's the test. If a hat looks good on a Schneider, believe me—it will look good on anybody." ▲▲▲

Collier's for February 14, 1953



Modeling a navy scoop-brim, Ben Schneider says: "This isn't so funny. In the old days salesmen tied down veils over muttonchop whiskers"



Wearing a curvaceous felt bonnet, Paul Schneider holds another for quick change



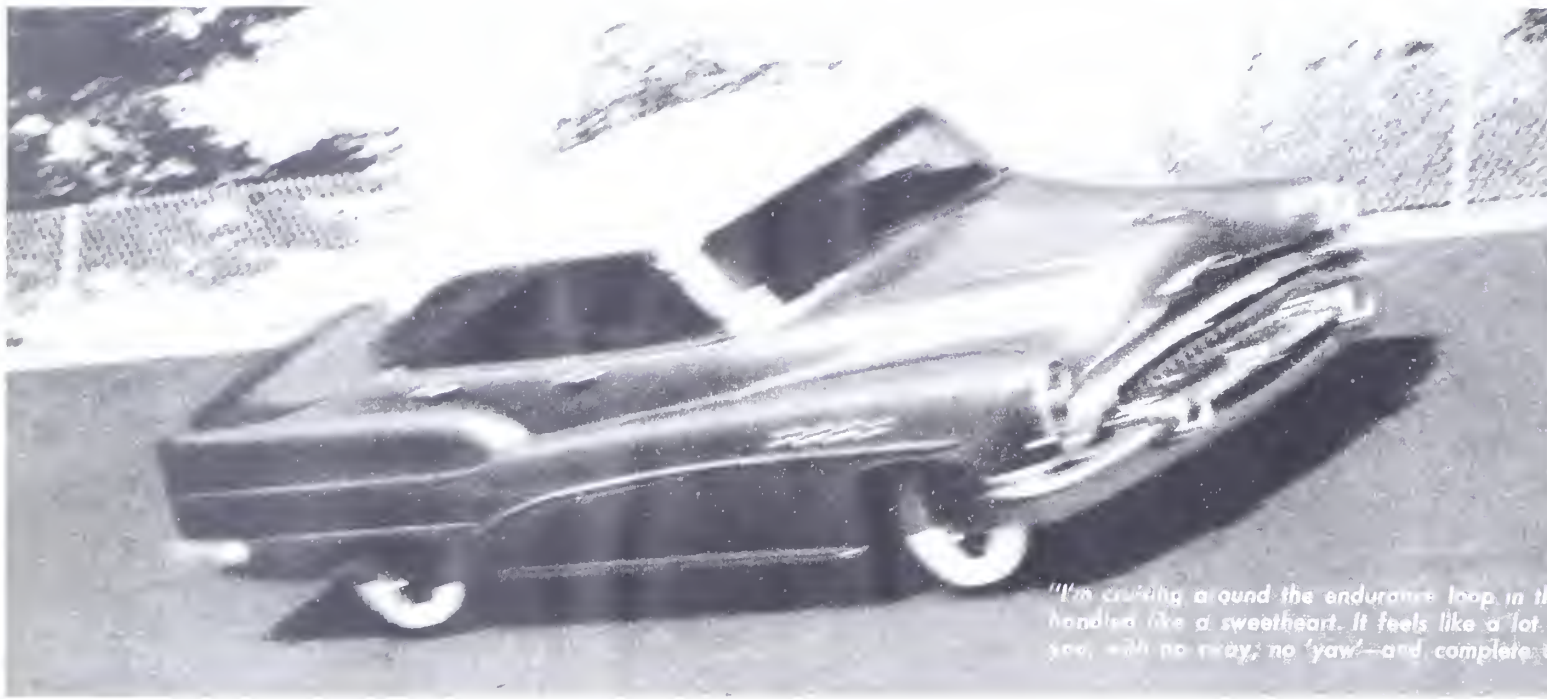
Sam Schneider applies an expert forward tilt to a "sniter" (a hat for wear with suits)



In a chic petit-pearl straw, salesman Harry Harris patiently awaits the buyer's reaction

"I DROVE THE 1953 BUICK"

by Earl Wilson



(Editorial Note: Earl Wilson, famous Broadway reporter and nationally syndicated columnist, wrote the accompanying article after a visit to the General Motors Proving Ground at Milford, Michigan.)

"I'm cruising around the endurance loop in this shot—yet that '53 Buick handled like a sweetheart. It feels like a lot of solid automobile under you, with no sway, no 'yaw'—and complete control at all times."

"How would you like to be a test-driver ... and try out our new cars?" the Buick man said over the phone.

Why not? It might be fun. It wouldn't be daredevilish, for after all, what can you do with a new model? They're all pretty much alike. A new face-lift job here ... a splash more of chrome there ... a few more horsepower under the hood ... what else?

"O.K.," I said ... enthusiastic for the simple reason that I wanted to see the famous General Motors Proving Ground near Flint, Mich. Maybe I'm a frustrated test driver, as who isn't?

(How was I to know that the Buick folks had put the whip to their 1953 cars.)

So I zipped out and drove the new Buicks.

I drove them on the endurance track ... on the straightaway ... on those pretzel turns

... over some of the roughest terrain a test car ever bumped a driver's head on ... so help me, Hannah. I was a test driver.

They didn't give me a helmet ... nor any padding.

They just moved me in behind the wheel and said, "Let 'er roll!"

Y'r Uncle Oil (New York pronunciation) wanted to test that new V8 Fireball Engine ... and the new Twin-Turbine Dynaflo Drive everybody's so excited about ... and the celebrated Million Dollar Ride the Buick ads mention so gently.

"You know about the getaway power of these new Buicks?" asked the man who was there to answer all my questions.

"Meet" And he introduced me to the engineers ... young men, with ages of learning in their faces, who had gone all out.

Yep, they'd pooled their brains, for this was Buick's Golden Anniversary. They'd brought forth a spanking new Dynaflo Drive with two turbines where one grew before.

They'd revved up the power and the compression ratio in every '53 Buick. They all had their chests out, justifiably proud, I'd say, of '53.

"I'll try the getaway first," I announced.

We poised there in a ground-hugging '53 Buick on the saucer-like track. The real

"pros"—the professional test drivers—were going past us along the top of the saucer.

Ever seen that? Well, I admit it gave me a little tingle, just being there.

"Go ahead ... try it for getaway."

That's what my guide, Gus Weldy, said to me. I pressed the accelerator ... and off we went ... but quick.

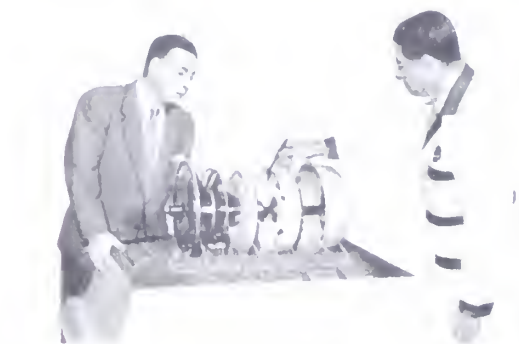
Up shot the pointer on the speedometer. It reached thirty so smoothly and silently that when I stopped the car I asked Gus, "Is this a souped-up job?"

No—just an engineering test car ... exactly like the production model.



"I was impressed—as I guess every visitor must be—by the test cars that have something resembling a bicycle wheel attached. This 'fifth wheel' is a device for measuring speed and distance with unusual accuracy. On one trip around in a '53 Roadmaster, we found we'd made 17.2 miles on one gallon of gas."

Just to show me how they had zipped up the getaway in these new '53 Buicks, Gus Weldy set up another test. We went out to the



"I jotted down a few notes while looking at this exploded view of Buick's new Twin-Turbine Dynaflo Drive. But who needs notes after driving with this terrific transmission? It gives the new Buick sensational getaway, capital 'S'!"

raightaway. He got into a 1952 Roadmaster, the big-power Buick.

got into a new '53 Special, the baby of the Buick line. We lined up alongside each other. At the drop of a flag, we tromped down on our gas pedals.

In five heartbeats I was a full car-length ahead of that '52 Roadmaster . . . in the '53 Special.

I'd driven a '52 Buick Roadmaster before, so I was skeptical.

Let me try that job against this '53 Special," I said to Weldy. We went through the same test. This time I also-ran.

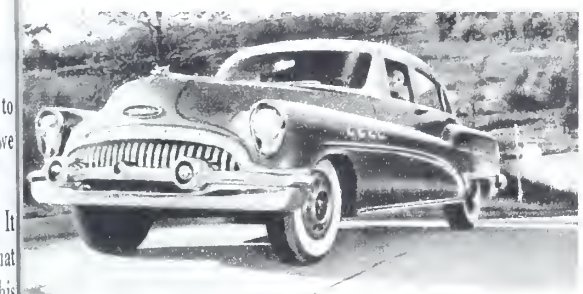
The 1953 Buick Special "whupped" that high-powered '52 Roadmaster on getaway.

They said it was because the new Special had the new Twin-Turbine Dynaflo. It had new horsepower, higher compression. The new '53 Super goes a big step beyond that. And the '53 Roadmaster . . . well, that's in a class by itself.

We left those two cars and both of us got into a new '53 Roadmaster for the next experiment.

We also added a couple of passengers.

Maybe you've seen that Proving Ground? Beautiful roads . . . some straightaway . . . some curving . . . a little lake . . . and wow! A hill that reminds you of San Francisco.



Here's 'Test Driver' Wilson making the grade—just a baby grade. But up ahead is the real grade, almost straight up. And that Buick I'm driving climbed the 300 feet to the top from a standing start, gaining steadily all the way."

That 27% grade . . . it goes up like a sheer cliff . . . was the one we wanted. I thought we were going to turn front-end over near . . . the hill was that steep.

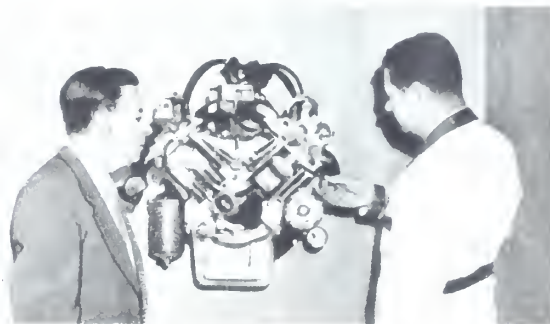
But the Buick accelerated all the way, steadily gaining until we got to the top—300 feet from where we started. The car never groaned, never protested, never left any doubt in my mind about making it. That Buick climbed to the summit of the grade without averting . . . even for a split second.

What else can I do?" asked your amateur test driver . . . now beginning to gain confi-

dence . . . and a lot of respect for that V8 Fireball Engine and that amazing Twin-Turbine Dynaflo.

"How about trying a '52 Roadmaster against a '53 Roadmaster?" . . . on a baby hill, a 7.2 percent grade. Fine!

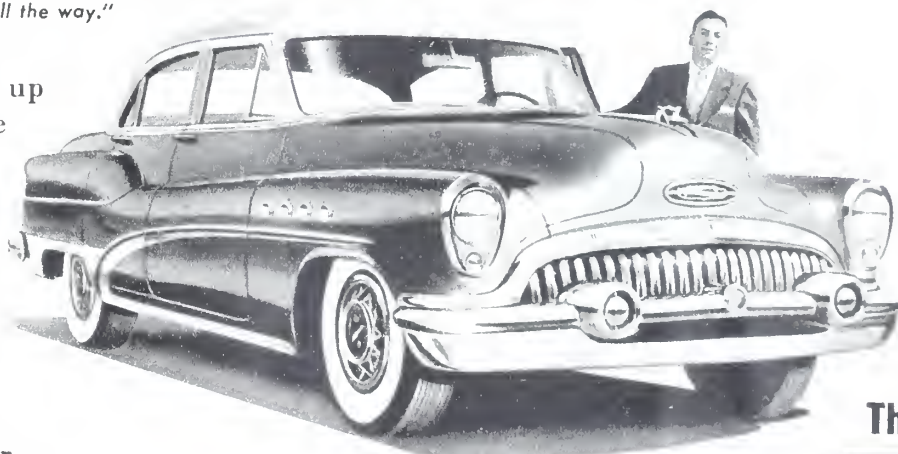
The difference between the '52 and '53 Roadmaster is considerable. From a standing start, the '52 reached the top of the baby grade in 48 seconds. Whereas the '53 made it in 43½ seconds.



"The Buick engineer is showing me the innards of the new V8 Fireball Engine—but what impressed me most about it was the way it makes those new '53 Buick Supers and Roadmasters perform. It really puts the whip to them."

As they explained it to me, the horsepower has been stepped up in every Series Buick this year . . . to 130 in the Special, 170 in the Super and 188 in the Roadmaster. Compression ratios are way up, too. In fact, that V8 Fireball in the Roadmaster and Super has an 8.5 to 1 compression . . . highest in any American passenger car today. It's also a shorter engine than its predecessor . . . 13½ inches shorter, and . . . if you care for statistics . . . 180 pounds lighter. That made it possible to produce a shorter car, yet one with a lower, more massive look.

At the same time, the car has every inch of interior room it had before—but now with a



Dynaflo Drive and Power Steering are standard on Roadmaster, optional at extra cost on other Series. Buick Air Conditioning is offered at additional cost on all Roadmaster and Super sedan and Riviera models.

shorter turning radius. That makes it easier to handle on the road and in tight spots. On top of that, they made Power Steering standard equipment on this '53 Roadmaster . . . and that's effortless steering, the way I translate it.



"Here's the most grueling strip of road at the Proving Ground. Not just rough cobbles, but a lot of jolting dips and hollows, too. And even on this rugged stretch, that Buick rides like the proverbial million."

Oh, yes! Those air-conditioned models in the Roadmaster and Super Series. Quel luxury!

Somebody induced me to get into another car—not a Buick—and take a spin over a strip of Belgian paving blocks. They seem to be like cobblestones . . . only rougher. I'd driven the Buick over them and hadn't found them too bad to ride over. But in this other car that I'd been hornswoggled into driving over those Belgian blocks . . .

I decided that must have been where some fellow invented the expression. "Shiver my timbers!" Because mine did.

It was after my jolting in this other car that I realized why the Buick people call theirs "the Million Dollar Ride."

On the way back to Broadway, I had to admit I had enjoyed driving those new Buicks. The Buick people call them "the greatest Buicks in fifty great years." I'll never argue with that.

Earl Wilson

P.S. FROM BUICK: Sorry we can't invite all of you to drive the 1953 Buick at the General Motors Proving Ground. But your Buick dealer cordially invites you to see and try this Golden Anniversary Buick locally. See him soon.

BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS

Television treat—
the BUICK CIRCUS HOUR—every fourth Tuesday

The greatest

BUICK

in 50 great years

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

The Wine of

Miss Candy was beautiful and rich, but somehow she seemed doomed to be unhappy. A lady like that, Lonnie thought, didn't belong to be sad

By MARY-CARTER ROBERTS

THE fire began to show late in the morning. Lonnie Burd, lounging in the door of his liquor store, saw the smoke at eleven thirty. It was in just about the middle of the big field belonging to Kirchner that faced Lonnie's place from across the county road. The smoke was rising in a single column, slow and light, and melting into the general heat haze almost as soon as it was up.

The field was a ten-acre rectangle. On its far side it was bounded by the Little 'Gator Cypress Swamp. Its right end was marked by a bare, steep, twenty-foot railroad embankment, its left end by a broad sand track that followed the dividing line between Kirchner's land and Miss Aggie Tatum's orange grove. The land was a waste, choked with scrub palmetto, chest-high and interlacing.

No fire in any such worthlessness was important, Lonnie knew. A fire there wouldn't do any harm. It wouldn't even rid poor Kirchner of the palmetto; within a month the old scrub would be growing back. Moreover, at this time of year—mid-spring—when the country was dry from the winter and the rains were still six weeks off, scrub fires were common. Just the same, Lonnie watched the smoke. It was there, and it was something to watch. He had been running a package business on that little back road for over a year, ever since he got out of the Army, and he did not find the business lively. He had come to the point where he watched a lot of trifling sights.

He stood in his doorway until noon. Except for the usual buzzards high in the sky, and the smoke, he saw no movement. He did not move much himself. He had lighted a cigar; it went out, and he dropped the stub into the pocket of his khaki work shirt. From time to time, he slowly slid a hand over his jaw, enjoying the rasp of his two-day beard. He was a stocky young man of medium height, and his large, square face had a mild and gentle expression. He had been in the fighting in the Philippines, on New Guinea and Okinawa. He had also served with the occupation forces in Japan.

At twelve o'clock, as was his habit, he locked up and hung on the

doorknob a card marked with the penciled sentences: *This Establishment Will Reopen Promptly At One. Kindly Wait. Thank You.* Then he got into his jeep and drove home to lunch. The fire in the scrub had not spread appreciably.

He lived a couple of miles down the road, alone, in a tarpaper shack that he had put up on the site of his boyhood house, which had been destroyed in a hurricane a year before. The old place had been a painted bungalow with a screened porch, and sometimes, remembering his dead mother and her lifelong passion to "get everything nice," Lonnie would have a guilty sensation, because he had not yet built in a comparable style. He meant to. But the shack was comfortable, and he was used to it.

He warmed collards, black-eyed peas and ham on his electric hot plate, and ate from the cooking utensils. For dessert he had a saucerful of broken bread and canned sirup. Then he fed his hound, Daisy, who was nursing a family under the doorstep, played with the pups a minute, fixed a couple of sandwiches to carry back, and washed up. It was one-twenty-five when he started back.

ROUNDING the bend in the road below the store, Lonnie saw that the smoke had changed. It was no longer slow and light; it was black, and it was pouring up fast, forming a long cloud that, because there was no wind, stayed low. The change was normal. He knew the reason for it. The fire was feeding on dead ground litter; but it was also searing and shriveling the palmetto above it, and the palmetto was sappily green and tough. It always burned that dirty way. Lonnie parked, got down, and unlocked the store.

The heat that had accumulated in the small, tin-roofed booth while it was shut up hit him as he entered, and he shook his head in his customary disapproval. Sometime, he thought, he might install a fan. As soon as he had opened the windows and switched on his radio, getting a program of recorded gospel singing, he went back to the door, leaned a shoulder on the jamb, chewed a toothpick, and looked around more carefully. He saw that the fire was burning in a line several hundred yards long. The line was parallel to the road and moving away from it. It was lengthening steadily at each end. The flames themselves were not visible above the thick palmetto.

Miss Aggie gave a scream. "Here it is! Get your rake and come on." She ran toward the fire. Deadly pale, Miss Candy followed her

HERBERT TAREYTON

the Country

A little after two, a customer stopped at the store, and half an hour later there was another one. The first was Johnny Jacobs, a rancher; the second was Charlie Howard, a truck farmer. Both were driving home after a morning in the market town. Each bought a pint of whisky. Johnny said, as he was making payment, counting out the coins from a handful, "Fire." Not to deprive him of the role of informant, Lonnie cast an inquiring look in the direction of the field. Then he answered warmly, "Deed so."

Charlie tilted his head toward the left end of the smoke line and remarked, "That might could reach Miss Aggie's grove." "It might could," Lonnie agreed. "Come a wind," Charlie added. "That's right," said Lonnie, nodding, "come a wind."

ALONE again, staring at the black cloud, he visualized the actual burning, the like of which he had seen scores of times—the low, delicate-looking flames eating at the dead mat on the ground, the stiff palmetto branches contracting, writhing, and finally dropping down. It would make a big excitement, he supposed, for the bugs, rattlesnakes and birds that were the field's only inhabitants, but when you saw it with human eyes, you realized that it was purely open-and-shut. That fire wouldn't do anything unexpected. When it reached the railroad at the right, it would go out there. When it reached the swamp in the center, it would go out there. And up at the left, the sand track would end it. In a few hours, it would all be over.

That, Lonnie perceived, perfectly covered the case as it now was. As for Charlie Howard's remark about Miss Aggie's grove and wind, why, that depended on a wind, and there was none. Let a wind come—from the proper direction—and the first row of Miss Aggie's trees could get scorched; for, though the fire itself would never cross the sand track, it might, if fanned, blaze up high enough for its heat to do some damage. That would be a bad thing to happen to a nice little lady like Miss Aggie, Lonnie thought. But it was not happening now.

He stopped considering the fire and began to think about Daisy's pups—which ones he would keep, which ones give away. The gospel singing had ended and been followed by cowboy ballads, which had been followed by hillbilly music, which had been followed by more gospel singing. Then the sequence was broken by a political speech delivered in a tone so sharp as to enforce listening. Lonnie went back into the store and turned the radio off. He sat down and tilted his chair against the wall, took the stub of his morning cigar out of his shirt pocket, and began to smoke.

He would not go home until midnight. His trade became good only at about five, when country people with

work in town started driving by on the way home. It got better around seven thirty, when the traffic reversed and folks began going to town for the evening, and it reached its peak after the shows closed and parties set forth to roam the roads. A long day. He would be glad when Daisy weaned her babies, and he could bring her with him once again.

For the present, it was just hot in the booth. It had been cooler in the doorway; still, he had only one chair, and that chair was inside. So, in evaluating the two locations, he had to take into consideration the matter of sitting down or standing up. Lonnie liked the idea of the choice. There was a completeness, a mutual exclusiveness about the alternatives—keep cool but stand up, sit down but swelter—that seemed to him pleasantly humorous. He liked the idea so well, indeed, that he had once confided it to another person, a lady. He remembered the time now.

The lady was a very special customer of his, a Miss Candy. She belonged to the winter colony that had lately settled over on the lake—a lot of people from away who had bought land, put up houses made mostly of glass, built piers, and posted signs saying *Restricted* all along the shore where, a few years back, Lonnie and other cracker boys had gone swimming naked. I like all the number, she was rich; but that was not what made her special to Lonnie. She was very beautiful, very kind and, somehow, without knowing it, doomed to be unhappy. Anyone could see that nothing in this world was ever going to bring happiness to that lady.

SHE showed her sorrow in everything. The time he told her about his chair-and-doorway choice, she had not even smiled. She had drawn her fine silken brows down in a grave frown, looked at him queerly, as if she were trying to see through something, and finally asked in a voice of faraway despair, "Why don't you move the chair, then?"

He had felt that that was shifting the ground, but he had answered as best he could. "I might do that someday," he had said, looking surprised and trying to sound convincing. But Miss Candy (she had been sitting in her big convertible in front of the store at the moment) had not been put off her track. She had shaken her head in obvious grief, shut her mouth very firmly, and driven off. Lonnie thought now simply what he had thought at the time: that a mouth so lovely didn't belong to be treated any such hard way.

He thought that he might fill out his order for the week, the blanks for which were lying on the counter. Then he noted that there was no hurry—he had plenty of time—and went on driftingly reviewing his acquaintance with the strange lady.

The very first time she had stopped



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at the store, she had reproached him with a despairing intensity because he kept only cheap wines in stock. "It's just as easy to get the good ones," she had exclaimed, her great dark-blue eyes flashing with a fascinating fire. "So why do you small dealers insist on selling this dreadful stuff?" He had apologized. She had paid small attention. "You could educate the public taste," she had continued, still intense. "Teach people to know good things. Places like your store here—they're where it should be done."

"Deed they are, ma'am," he had answered—and had seen that he had failed to please. But ever since, Miss Candy had bought her wine from him and never again had she called it dreadful. Instead she referred to his whole stock simply as "the wine of the country"—which of course it wasn't, being strictly from California—and would specify her choices by color only. "Red," she would say, and he would give her his dollar-and-a-quarter port. Or "white," and he would fetch his ninety-nine-cent sauterne. He knew the reason for her strange ways. They came from her being a stranger.

There were plenty of strangers in the world; he readily admitted it, having seen that it was so. In his travels during the war he had come to realize that the people who are strange far outnumber those who are not. The thing about Miss Candy was, a lady so pretty didn't belong to be strange. A lady so pretty had a right to be real.

But she was strange. She was capable of becoming perfectly desperate over colored people, for instance—and also over cats, he remembered feelingly. She had been parked in front of the store one day, waiting for her wine, when a jalopy had rolled down the road with about a dozen colored boys pushing it. Lonnie knew them, had known them all his life. The whole winter they had been trying to go places in that chariot of calamity, and always it broke down. That day, when they got right in front of the store, one of them stubbed his

toe and fell. The others, clinging to the jalopy, rushed and scuffled on, and the fallen one was left behind on all fours in the middle of the blacktop.

Amused at the sight, Lonnie had called out, "Put a harness on, boy, and get in front, and you might really help. You ought to be nearly as good as half a mule."

The boy, still down, had grabbed at his cap and burst out laughing, and the rest of them had laughed too and hollered back, "Yes, sir, Mr. Lonnie," "That's right, Mr. Lonnie," "You sure right, sir." But because all of them reached for their hats at once, the old jalopy was left free and ran down into the ditch.

MISS CANDY had turned pale as death. She had said, "It has to be seen to be believed." What? Lonnie still could not guess, but to one thing he'd take his bounden oath: she had no cause to complain. Those boys, who were all good boys, had behaved. They had not given her a second look.

The cats that distressed her were the ones—blind kittens mostly—that people put out on the road. She always picked those little things up. Her car had been crawling with them one day when she stopped at his place, and she had been close to tears. What she talked about, however, was cruelty, not kittens. She had said, "Every one of these animals represents somebody's cruel impulse. And cruelty is the worst thing in the world."

He had agreed. "It's surely not no nice way to act," he had said. Then he had expressed admiration for her goodness in giving those poor things a home. It surprised him to learn she was not going to do that, after all. She was just going to carry the lot of them to the vet and have them put away. He had picked one up while they talked; it was nosing his finger, hunting something to nurse, and he found that he did not like the idea of handing it over to be purely killed. So he took all she had and, as she put it, "found homes for



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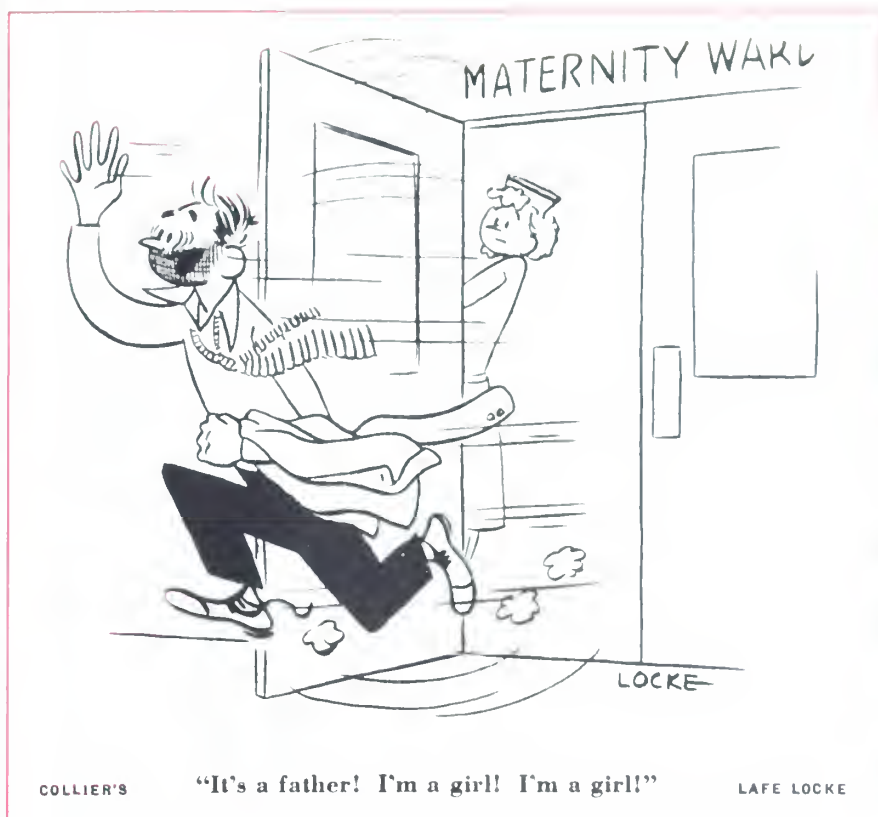
Collier's for February 14, 1953



"Hey, Mom, why does Daddy keep yelling about Christmas? That was months ago!"

COLLIER'S

CORKA



COLLIER'S

"It's a father! I'm a girl! I'm a girl!"

LAFE LOCKE

them." It had not been hard; all he had done was to drop the hatch in the colored quarters in town—colored people, he knew, never let any animal starve.

His act had started something, though; Miss Candy, every now and then, would bring him a fresh collection. She would offer him money when she did this, not for himself, she would explain, but for the people who were to provide the homes. "If it's someone poor," she would say, "I don't want them to be burdened. I regard the responsibility as mine."

"They ain't poor, ma'am," he would answer. Nobody was that poor, he thought, but, as Miss Candy plainly did not know it, he never told her. He would not hurt her feelings. Too many things were doing that already.

He had kept his eyes on his order blanks while he made these reflections, and now he saw the sheets slide to the edge of the counter and cascade to the floor. A second later, he felt the wind himself.

He did not move. He concentrated on trying to decide whether this was just a puff or steady. He knew soon that it was not a puff. It was steady, and it was blowing diagonally across Kirehner's field, from the right front to the rear left. That meant it would beat the fire back from the railroad and push it faster toward the swamp. It also meant that Miss Aggie's trees might be hurt. Somebody ought to send Miss Aggie word right away.

Lonnie sat up and looked considerably at the telephone. You tell Miss Aggie Tatum anything about that property of hers, he thought, particularly you tell her it needs looking after, and you take a downright risk. Miss Aggie was a famous saucebox.

She was a cute, little, freckle-nosed, red-headed widow lady who, ever since her husband had died a few years back, had run her groves herself, plainly with a chip on her shoulder to prove that she was as smart a manager as any man. And she was too, Lonnie thought, smiling. Miss Aggie was smart as a new dime. She wasn't a lady to be caught napping. If, now, she had been watching the fire herself and was set to take her measures, she would, when he called her, just about bite his head off. Lonnie's smile broadened, and he got

up and started toward the telephone.

At that moment he heard a car pass the store and, from habit, looked out the window. He saw Kirehner's truck going up toward Miss Aggie's, fast. Well, that must mean Kirehner himself was taking over. Considering that it was, after all, Kirehner's fire, Lonnie discarded the idea of telephoning and went to the door to get a better view.

He was surprised when he saw the change that had taken place in the field. The flames were visible now. They were rearing up higher than the palmetto, making an unbroken line, whipping and jagged. They looked like palmetto themselves, Lonnie thought, palmetto that was thinly red and meanly limber. Then he reminded himself that, after all, the winter had been exceptionally dry.

SQUINTING through the smoke, he took in the situation up Miss Aggie's way. The fire line had branched out there into several prongs, all moving toward her grove. But they would not be hard to handle. It would just be a matter of Kirehner's waiting with a shovel in the sand track until each prong got close, and then smothering the flames with dirt. Lonnie looked after the disappearing truck. He expected it to turn onto the track. It did not. It kept straight on past both track and grove until, a dot in the distance, it turned into the driveway that led to Miss Aggie's house. There the trees shut it from sight.

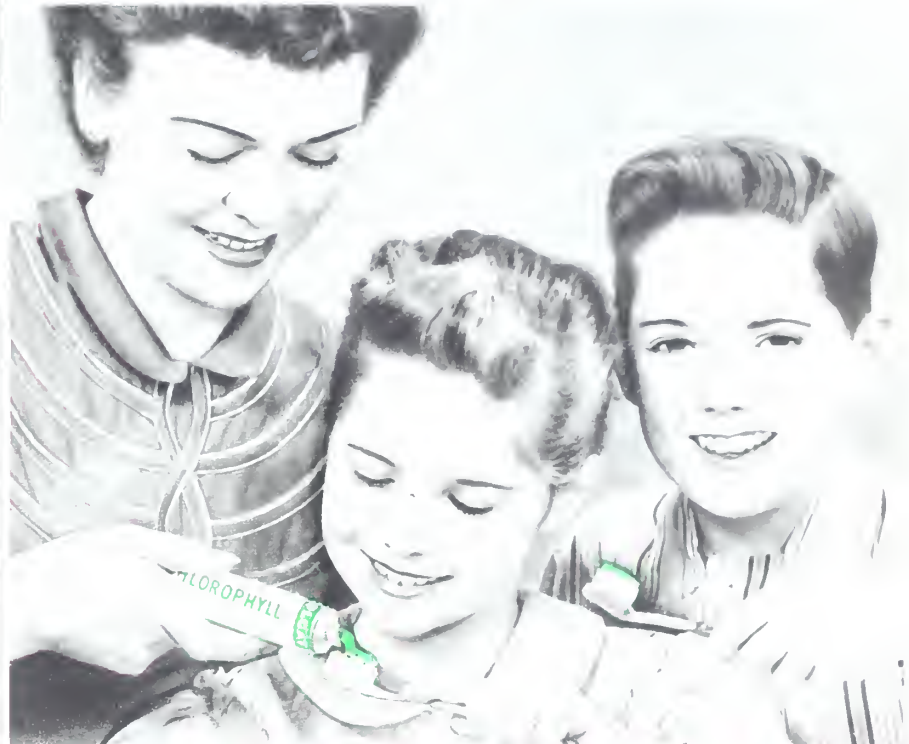
Lonnie smiled again. So Kirehner was going to fetch Miss Aggie in person. There's not the least kind of need of that, he thought. Kirehner could perfectly handle that little old fire alone.

Well! Kirehner and Miss Aggie were, of course, great friends. Everybody knew that. Kirehner had had lots of trouble. His wife had gone off with another man; he had a big family of children, and the poor fellow was run nearly ragged trying to be mother, housekeeper and fruit grower too. Miss Aggie, a right-living Christian lady, often helped her neighbor. She took baked things to him, mended his kids' clothes, and put an occasional Kirehner washing through her machine. Being kindhearted went with being sassy, Lonnie knew. He did not blame Kireh-

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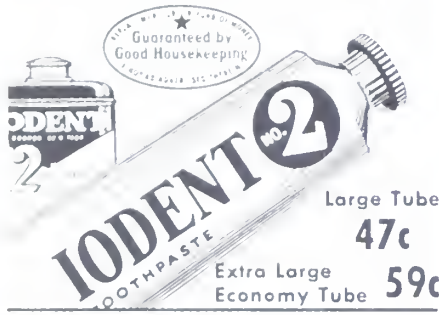
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ner. He just kept on smiling faintly as he stood looking up the road.

The truck reappeared within five minutes. This time it was over in the grove. It bounced out from among the trees into the sand track and stopped. Two figures in dungarees jumped from the cab. Even at that distance, the contrast in sizes was clear. Miss Aggie was a tiny little trick; Kirchner was both tall and stout. They did not do anything—there was nothing they could do yet. They just stood, waiting, of course, for the nearest prong of flame to come into smothering distance, and Lonnie thought: A shovel wasn't the only way you could raise a little sand.

Then Miss Candy came down the road, driving the convertible, going slowly, staring over her shoulder at the fire. She stopped when she got to the store. Lonnie wiped his face and neck with his handkerchief and went over to her. But before he could say good evening, Miss Candy asked him in a wondering voice, "Where are the crews?"

As often happened in Lonnie's conversation with Miss Candy, he saw that he would have to temporize until he found out what she was talking about. Crews? He cupped a hand to his ear, to imply that it was a fault of his hearing, not a lack of clarity in her question, that kept him from understanding, and said, "Now, I do beg your pardon, ma'am. You were saying—?"

He was, as always, bemused by her elegance and beauty. She was a silvery blonde; she wore her hair in great, soft, perfect braids around her head, and everything about her looked frail and precious. She had on a fragile dress made of thin blue stuff. And, of course, she did not care a bit about that. Lonnie had sometimes wondered if she even knew that she was pretty.

POOR Miss Candy was devoured with ideas in her mind. "The crews!" she repeated urgently. "The fire fighters! Where are they? I haven't seen a soul."

He felt he could not answer fast enough, so great was her anxiety. He pointed. "Right up there," he said, "at the edge of that orange grove."

Miss Candy sat bolt upright and stared hard. "Oh, where?" she cried, in her familiar desperation. "I don't see them. I only see two people. And they aren't doing anything."

"They might could be taking a short rest," Lonnie said.

"Where are the others?" Miss Candy demanded.

Shading his eyes, he peered out across the field. "Well, now," he told Miss Candy, "I don't just see them, this minute."

She leaped into the breach. "There aren't any others!" she cried. "I knew it! The whole countryside is in flame, and nobody does a thing! Oh, can't you see?"—as if forcing control on herself, she took a lower tone—"can't you see the wind is blowing it toward the woods?" She gestured at Little Gator. "That whole forest may be destroyed,

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COLLIER'S

CHON DAY

all those great old trees. They're valuable,"—her voice conveyed a startling scorn as she said the word—"even if no one cares about their beauty. And if the wind should shift, why, there are all those colored people on the other side of the railroad. They'll lose their poor, pitiful homes, their lives, if it sweeps through fast. Anyway, it's a fire!"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "It surely is."

"Everyone—everyone—should be out!" Miss Candy insisted. She took her gaze from the flames and turned it on him with a directness that made him briefly dizzy. "They automatically deputize where I live," she said. "Every man that's able has to go out at the very first word of a fire. The women fix food. It's all organized. They want to save their natural resources. And all those young trees—" She shook her head bitterly at the palmetto field. "Don't these people realize what is being destroyed?"

REFLECTING that if Kirchner should ever put the field into cultivation, he would have to root the "young trees" out with a bulldozer, Lonnie answered, "You're surely right, ma'am. A fire don't help nobody." Then he felt ashamed of using such slyness to anyone as pretty as Miss Candy, and he tried earnestly to comfort her. "Don't you worry none, ma'am," he said. "Mr. Kirchner and Mrs. Tatum—they're there. They're doing all anyone could."

"Only two people," she said. "The listlessness and

cruelty of this land will kill me."

At that second, the fire got to the edge of the swamp. That was not the timbered part. In front of the woods was a broad expanse of water choked with weed and grass. The water was low, and the vegetation was a thick, dead mat above it, powder dry. Striking that virtual tinder, the fire behaved as anyone would expect.



"Sometimes I think you don't care whether I nag you or not"

COLLIER'S

A. F. WILES



"I'm glad ya' like it. Ya' know how to open it, don't ya? Can I help ya' get it open? Want me to show ya' how?"

HARRY MACE

It spread with a roar, and it sent a sheet of red flame flying up as high as the tallest trees. That went out almost immediately. Then it came again and again, repeating itself as the fire rolled forward, snapping back and forth in front of the cypress like a banner of transparent silk. It would all be out in a few minutes, of course, but for the time being, it looked awful. Lonnie could see that it looked like the very end of the world. "Watch her go!" he cried enthusiastically, before he thought. Then he looked guiltily at Miss Candy.

To his astonishment, all the distress was gone from her face. She was purely calm. She was, somehow, lighted with a flame herself, a quiet, white one. Smiling almost dreamily, she said, "I am going over there. I will help the two people."

Lonnie saw she meant it. He also saw what it meant for him: he would have to go with her. She could not get the convertible into the sand track; the big car would be up to the hubs inside of twenty feet—if there were no other reason against her going alone. He said, "Well, now, I was just thinking of doing that myself, Miss Candy. Would you be willing to ride in this old thing of mine, ma'am? It's not got no paint to speak of, and your car'll sure get dirty over in that road."

"My car," Miss Candy said bitterly, but she sprang out and hurried over to the jeep. "Have you any fire-fighting tools?" she said. He picked up the rake that he sometimes used to tidy his parking space and put it behind the seat. It made him sick to see Miss Candy's pretty dress on his messy cushions, but he did not say so. He said nothing about her shoes either. They were little gold sandals with high spike heels. Giving her a smile, he climbed in beside her.

What was Miss Aggie Tatum going to think, when he arrived with this rich lady and announced that he had come to help her and Kirchner save the country's natural resources? Lonnie could not face her question. By the time he parked in the sand track behind Kirchner's truck, he was feeling that question

inside his throat, as if it were his Adam's apple, swelling. But he need not have worried, for Miss Aggie, like the colored boys with the jalopy, behaved.

To Miss Candy's rapid statement, Miss Aggie answered, sounding terribly grateful and surprised, "You came up here to help me save my trees? Why, bless your dear heart, hon. That's wonderful of you! Kirchner, you hear? This lady came to help."

And Kirchner, taking off his hat and making a kind of bow, said instantly, "Help iss always welcome and good." He had lived in that country twenty-five years, but he still kept his Pennsylvania Dutch accent.

Then there was an end of all conversation, for the most advanced prong of the fire was by that time close. As if she had not seen it before, Miss Aggie gave a scream. "Quick!" she cried. She snatched the shovel out of Kirchner's hands and ran excitedly toward the fire. Deadly pale, Miss Candy followed. Lonnie and Kirchner stood, not looking at each other, while the two women put out the flames.

There were four prongs, and they put three of them out. Then, as if something, somewhere, could not bear the spectacle any longer, it simply rained. There was a light, brief shower. In two or three minutes the fire was a thing of the past.

When that happened, Kirchner flung up his hat and followed that by flinging up his arms. He had a big, bald head, a long, big face, big teeth, and a big stomach. He seemed to become a giant in an instant—he seemed to fill the grove. "S-h-o-w-e-r-s of blessings!" he shouted. "Miss Aggie, you are saved!"

Miss Aggie instantly sprang in between him and Miss Candy. "Saved! Saved!" she cried. She too flung up her arms. She was glittering with raindrops. They were spangled on her tightly kinked-up red curls, on her freckled face, on her overalls. Lonnie was especially conscious of them on the gold hairs of her forearms and on her grubby little fingers, which she held stretched wide apart. Facing each other so, she and Kirchner looked for a few seconds as if they were going to dance, to embrace each other.

And to Lonnie, in those seconds it was clear that at last, they would make a go of it. They would stop pretending that all they wanted was to be friendly neighbors. Kirchner would get a divorce, and Miss Aggie would marry him. It had happened right then, and Miss Candy's presence had brought it about. Where was she?

She was standing no more than five feet from him—and he did not dare to look at her. He knew that she would have become so faraway that, in every thing but fact, she would be invisible. Miss Candy's fire, like that of the field, had been put out.

Miss Aggie, radiant, said that they must all come to her house and have coffee. In a gentle, friendly tone, Miss Candy refused. She said she must not keep Mr. Burd any longer from his store. Then, in an even gentler tone, she added, "I'm afraid I've been very stupid. You see, where I come from, everybody fights a fire."

Miss Aggie opened her mouth, but Kirchner somehow prevented her speech. He said, "Ah, yes? A different country."

MISS CANDY and Lonnie climbed into the jeep and drove away. He still could not bear to look at her.

When they were about halfway down the sand track, she said with heart-breaking simplicity, "I suppose by tomorrow the whole county will know I went over there."

"Then they'll know you done a kindly deed," he said.

"I understand," she said. "You mean well. You're a nice goodhearted boy."

When that insult reached Lonnie's brain, it changed his feelings terrifyingly. He had been wanting to cry, for her sake, until then. Afterward, with his blood running up in his neck, he thought he would just like to take hold of her and teach her something. He not only thought he'd like to, he felt as if he had. He drove on another hundred yards before he got the impossible idea transferred into a possibility. He knew by then what he was going to do.

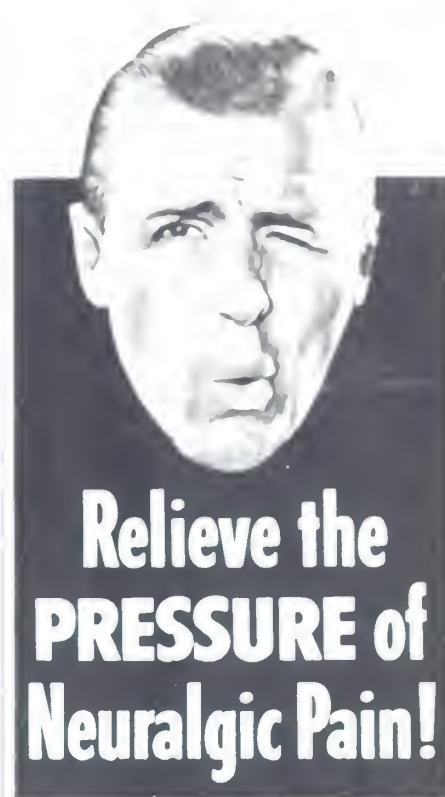
A nice, goodhearted boy. He was crowding thirty. He had been around the world, had jumped into an unseen ocean from an airplane two miles up, had saved some men from death, had killed some others. He had four thousand dollars in the bank. When he got back to his store, now, he would just invite Miss Candy to have a drink. Not with himself, of course. He knew his place. He would simply say, "Miss Candy, ma'am, would you pleasure me by taking a small refreshment? A glass of the wine of this here country?" In that way, maybe, he could tell her.

He got down from the jeep in his parking space and started around to Miss Candy's side, to offer her a hand. She jumped out before he was halfway there. She took a step toward the convertible and then stopped. "That man that was up there," she pointed to the grove. "Mr. Kirchner. Isn't he a European? A displaced person, perhaps?"

Lonnie heard himself say, "Yes, ma'am," and passed the question through his mind: Did it make a bit of difference?

She nodded. "Two people," she said, as if to herself alone. "And one of them a foreigner. This country. Well"—she returned her attention to him—"good-by, Mr. Burd. Thank you for everything." She gave him a lovely smile and drove away.

He watched until her car disappeared. Then, putting his hand to his mouth, he yawned.



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My Father's Child

*The war was at its peak, and the President was a busy man with only a moment to spare—
a magnificent moment that was to determine the course of Matthew Hazard's whole life*

By PAUL HORGAN

MAJOR PRESCOTT, holding his guitar, sat on the floor with his back to the wall. With his head bent he made music on the strings, waiting for a song to come to him that he would like to sing for them all. The others liked to hear him sing. When he sang, another self was freed. It was the vulnerable self that ordinarily he concealed under his hard, scolding manner—a manner that deceived none who knew him well, but only himself.

His wife Jessica leaned a little toward him and said, "Hiram, sing Johnny, Did You Say Good-by? I haven't heard that for ages, and I love it."

He smiled, glad of the suggestion, and began to pick out the melody to recall it, saying, "It's the first song I ever learned when I got in the Army in sixty-one. It was a new song, then. An old sergeant taught it to me. I was a private. It goes like this:

*"Johnny, did you say good-by?
Oh, yes, Father.
I kissed them one and all good-by,
I said now don't you go and cry,
For I'll be homing by-and-by,
Oh, yes, Father."*

His voice was deep and gentle, and the guitar throbbed and hummed in the one-room adobe house where he sang for his wife and his friends. It was a hot, still, July night in the year 1887. The stars trembled like shining drops of water above the desert and above the little post of United States Cavalry that showed the only lighted windows for a hundred miles. This was Fort Delivery, in the Territory of Arizona, where Troop F of the Sixth Cavalry kept vigil against Apache outbreaks.

*"Johnny, did you march away?
Oh, yes, Father.
The drum and bugle they did play,
I marched through all the summer's day,
I slept by night in new-mown hay,
Oh, yes, Father."*

Lieutenant Matthew Carlton Hazard and his wife Laura listened to the song with Mrs. Prescott. The room was their home—quarters near the end of Officers' Row. One day, through promotion in rank, they would have better quarters. But here they had come as bride and groom, and here their son had been born, and here they had filled every corner and shadow with living memories.

They glanced at each other as they listened, and Jessica Prescott saw that for a brief instant they were each conscious only of the other. Their eyes shone. The mystery of their meeting and marriage—out of all possible combinations of people in the world—amazed them as always. Their feelings were as apparent as the comeliness and well-being of their flesh. They were blessed in their desire.

The Prescotts observed and understood the exchange and smiled an old married couple's smile over it. Hiram Hyde Prescott gave an extra strum to the guitar strings, and his voice increased:

*"Johnny, did you fight the war?
Oh, yes, Father.
That is what a soldier's for,
To listen to the cannon's roar
And fight till he can fight no more,
Oh, yes, Father."*

Jessica put her finger on her lips and said softly, "Hush, my dear, don't wake the baby."

The major ducked his head guiltily and made the music soft again and glanced at the large basket that stood on a table under the open window where it might catch any breeze that came up later in the night, as the desert cooled. In the basket, Prescott Hazard lay asleep. He was four months old. Without disturbing the song, Laura went to lean over him in the loveliest of gestures. His fists were crowded against his face. She gently moved them. He let them fall to the little mattress where they lay framing his damp and delicate head, and he worked his mouth and cheeks in a slumbering memory and was quiet again.

*"Johnny, did you come on home?
Oh, yes, Father.
The government, they brought me home,
And laid me underneath the loam,
And here I lie, no more to roam,
Oh, yes, Father."*

Softly and slowly the song ended.

The listeners were silent. Half conscious of the vast wilderness all about them, in which Fort Delivery alone represented a life that was familiar, they clung to the last notes hungrily. Whatever they had of interest and entertainment, they had to provide for themselves.

The major broke the spell. "When I fit the Civil War as a youngster," he said in his ironic manner, "I thought that song was about me."

"And so it was," said Jessica briskly. "And I've heard you sing it for years, and only just now it occurs to me who 'father' was in the song."

"Oh, it does," he said. "Now who could that be?" "Father Abraham."

Laura looked at her with astonished delight. "Why, of course," she said, "Abraham Lincoln—not really, of course, but the feeling of it."

"His feeling for everyone whom he had to call to war," said Jessica. "That's in it."

Matthew rose and went to the supper table where the lamp was beginning to smoke. He turned the wick. "Did you ever see him, Major?" he asked.

"No. But he was the best general in the whole ruckus."

"I did," said Matthew. "I saw him." The Prescotts stared at him, and Hiram Hyde said, "Thunder, you're too young."

"No. I was seven years old. He put me—he himself put me where I am today."

"Put you where? In Arizona? What thundering rubbish is this?" asked the major, who disliked any figure of speech. Jessica had to remind him of the sleeping child again, and he nodded, frowning, and more quietly said, "What?" to Matt.

"President Lincoln, personally, himself, put me in the Army," Matt said.

"Oh, please. Tell us," Jessica said. A story was another way to endure the wilderness.

"Well," said Matt—and told his story. . . .

In the late summer of sixty-four, when school was barely begun, and bees were still above the clover in the meadows, and boys ran barefoot and women went every day to read the Army lists on

the post-office door, the town of Fox Creek, Indiana, heard some rousing news. Though he was not campaigning for re-election, it appeared that President Lincoln was obliged to make a trip by the steam cars in the second week of that September and that on a certain morning he would pass through Fox Creek, westbound.

Mr. Clarny, the station agent, had the news and for the next few days was the most important man in town. A committee called on him to telegraph asking the President to stop in Fox Creek and say a few words from the rear car of his train. There was anxiety until a message came back over the telegraph that said, I WILL. A. LINCOLN, and then there was great pride and delight.

About a thousand people lived in Fox Creek. The town had dusty, shady streets, many of them crossed by the creek that wandered from north to south through sloping meadows and rail-fenced orchards. The tracks of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago line came from the east between deep-grassed fields, went by the gray wooden station with its narrow gables edged with wooden cutouts, and then continued on across the creek and out of sight. The highest point in town was called School Knob. It stood on the outskirts and commanded a view in all directions. On its gentle summit sat what was called Old School. The children in elementary grades went there.

ON THAT September morning everything in town shone in the golden sunlight. From the school window the extra flags in town looked brand-new. Now and then a newly polished horn in the firehouse band reflected a ray of sunlight, blindingly. Nobody worked; nobody studied or did lessons. Everyone, since early morning, had been holding his breath.

The school children knew who was coming—it was Father Abraham. "Voom!" they said, imitating the cannons of the war in which their fathers and older brothers and young uncles were fighting. Of all those who had never seen the war, the children were nearer to knowing what it was like than their elders. But for all, the war was personified in the President. To the children he was like a grand figure in a storybook. Seven-year-old Matthew Hazard thought of him often—the commander in chief.

He thought of him in a great blue uniform with golden shoulder fringes and buttons, and with a long cavalry saber with a gold knot, and a white horse. He saw whole meadows full of men, all exactly alike, following him with bayonets at the port, knees bent in arrested running, dots of light along the ranks of their black, patent-leather visors. He saw the shining army right there, crossing Fox Creek after their commander in chief, who held out his saber to order "Forward!" It was a heroic creek for Matthew even before he entered the first grade, for one frosty afternoon in early winter he saw a

"This officer's cap does not fit you now," said the President, "but it will fit you someday, Matthew. And when it does, maybe you will remember kindly who put it there"



red fox among rusty weeds at the edge of the water, and for years he believed that the name of the creek, and of his home town, came from the very fox, the individual animal, that he had seen—Mr. Fox of Fox Creek, Indiana, himself.

And now that the commander in chief, President Abraham Lincoln himself, was coming there, the little creek became one of the great rivers of the world. Matthew Hazard was so excited that what meager breakfast he ate would not stay down. His mother said she worried until she saw him run up School Knob, right afterward, as muscularly wild and inventive as a large kitten.

He considered his whole life blessed by fortune, but on that morning he realized it for the first time. His seat in the schoolroom was by a window that overlooked the town—the tunnels of trees on the streets that led down to the tracks and the station, and the tracks coming to town and going. Before anybody else, he saw smoke at the horizon where the eastbound tracks were. Without thinking to get permission, he ran out in the hall.

FROM the cupola of Old School a good, stout rope hung down inside the building. He seized it and swung. High above him the school bell went clang and mrong. He danced, and the rope took him up, and he came down with it. He would have cracked the bell if he could.

He told the town with the bell that the President's train was almost there. Children streamed out of their classrooms and out the main door. He left his bell and ran with them; he led them. They tumbled and spilled all the way down the hill. Part of the way lay over a boardwalk. The weeds in the cracks blurred green to Matthew with the speed of his running, and he believed that he flew.

He was the first boy to reach the station platform. There he saw Mr. Clarny inspecting the last loops of red, white and blue bunting that were being tacked up by a firemen's committee. For the past several days Matthew had seen himself as Mr. Clarny and had wanted to be like him. Who but Mr. Clarny was in charge of the President's visit? Mr. Clarny was short, pear-shaped and deliberate. He wore an eyeshade and spectacles, and never lifted his eyelids all the way up. He held a moist, dead cigar butt cuddled against his sloping stomach. When he put it between his teeth, the effect was impressive. Matthew could imitate him and often showed other boys how Mr. Clarny was. He rushed up to him now and asked, "Right on time, isn't she?"

Mr. Clarny did not even glance at him, but he replied with grave civility, "This will be a special train. It'll only stay a minute."

The midmorning breeze lifted the bunting. People hurried down the road to the station. They could all see the smoke in the eastern sky; it seemed to come and go. Now it was dense and again pale and silvery like a wave of heat. When no steam engine took form in the distance, someone said that the smoke must be a hay fire about at the old Carruthers place. Murmurs of agreement went around. Someone else asked when was the train due in, then? And Matthew answered, exactly like Mr. Clarny, "This will be a special train. It'll only stay a minute."

And then someone asked why everyone had broken their necks to get down here if the train wasn't even due in and if it could only stay a minute, and Mr.

Clarny scratched his brow under his green eyeshade with the thumb of his cigar hand and said, "Somebody rang the bell at Old School," and with that all the children, the teachers, and finally everyone, turned on Matthew, and all their voices said: "He did it!"

It was a hard moment, full of responsibility. There was the band from the firehouse to be considered, and the mayor's committee. There was Mr. Clarny and his grave preparations. There was every man, woman and child. Matthew saw his mother in the crowd on the platform. She lifted her head and smiled at him as if to tell him she was proud of what he'd done, regardless. It was enough.

He too felt proud, then, and cried out, "He's coming, all right," and then threw himself down on the tracks to put his ear on a rail and listen for the faraway train.

He shut his eyes and listened hard. His heart banged away and slowly something cleared in his hearing. It was a thin, faint humming, and it grew stronger. He opened his eyes to look and be sure, and then he shut them again, and he heard. There was a clear, jarring ring of the track now. He jumped up, waving his arms, vindicated. "It's coming!" he called out. "I heard it!"

On top of his words there came on the wind, like a long cry, the oncoming engine's whistle out of the east. The crowd quickened, leaning out over the track to see. Other small boys fell to the tracks, like Matthew, to listen to the rails, and were hastily pulled back.

Then they saw it. It let out smoke, and it stood far away there on the track. They could tell by the smoke that it was moving, but it seemed to be both furious and slow. Those waiting in the little town in the summer fields felt something must crack if they had to wait much longer for the world to come down the tracks to Fox Creek. But of course the engine grew and grew, and soon the wheels with their shining drivers clanked by, and with a blast of

sunny steam and a ringing scream of her iron brakes, the engine ground to a halt. The name of the locomotive was Flying Dutchman, for it said so in a yellow-and-green sign under the engineer's window.

The rear car was four cars back, quite a way beyond the end of the station shed. The crowd broke and flowed to the rear, followed by the band. The train conductor, with telegrams in his hand, hurried to the office of Mr. Clarny. Matthew ran down the gravelly path beside the cars. Up ahead the engine grunted and sweated and leaked. Back to the rear the crowd fanned out facing the rear platform.

Running low, Matthew managed to come in around the crowd, at knee level, and at once began to climb up on the last car. Someone plucked him off and made him stand down properly. He had barely been put down where he should have been—staring upward at the overhang of the car and the long wood-ribbed door and the festoons of guard chains on the rear platform—when the door opened slowly, and, stooping to get out the doorway, came a very tall man in a stovepipe hat and a long, black, rumpled coat.

The crowd let go, and the band blared and drummed in general tumult. There were cries of "Old Abe!"

Matthew's mouth dropped open. There was some mistake. He had not come to see an old brown man with a scarecrow frame. He was looking for the commander in chief. He wanted President Lincoln. He stared about. The grown-up faces were raised and lighted. He looked up again to the rear car. Gazing down at him with a fierce frown that was at the same time a smile, the man took off his rubbed, tall hat, pulling it from the back frontwards across his face, and then he broke at the knees like a grasshopper and gravely set the hat down on the floor and then came up again. The crowd laughed and clapped, and Matthew did not know why.

The man held up one hand for si-

lence. Fox Creek, the fields, the United States held their breath and waited. There was going to be a speech. In the hated quiet Matthew tugged at the citizen nearest to him and asked out loud, "Where is President Lincoln?"

"Right up there, that's him; now you hush!" was the answer, which was accompanied by a hard clout.

"Is *that* him?" asked Matthew, and stared up at the platform, while his cherished images fell shattered.

THE tall, brown man heard him and looked down and nodded solemnly at Matthew, as if to say that, yes, this was him, such as it was, and nothing could be done about it. Then the President squared his shoulders and slowly raised his right hand over the crowd and scratched his neck and opened his mouth to speak.

And just exactly then the engine up front let go a leak of steam with a screech, and the President closed his lips and clasped his hands over his middle and waited. The band blared and pounded. Suddenly the engine quit screeching, and the President made several little nods and then began again, saying, "My—"

Blast went the engine again and cut him off, deafening him and everybody else. He looked down at Matthew and frowned, sharing with him, now that Matthew knew who he was, an opinion about that pesky engine. He looked like a farmer making a joke, trying to be serious and scary, when all the time he felt right peart. Somebody poked Matthew and gestured, to say that the President was making up to him.

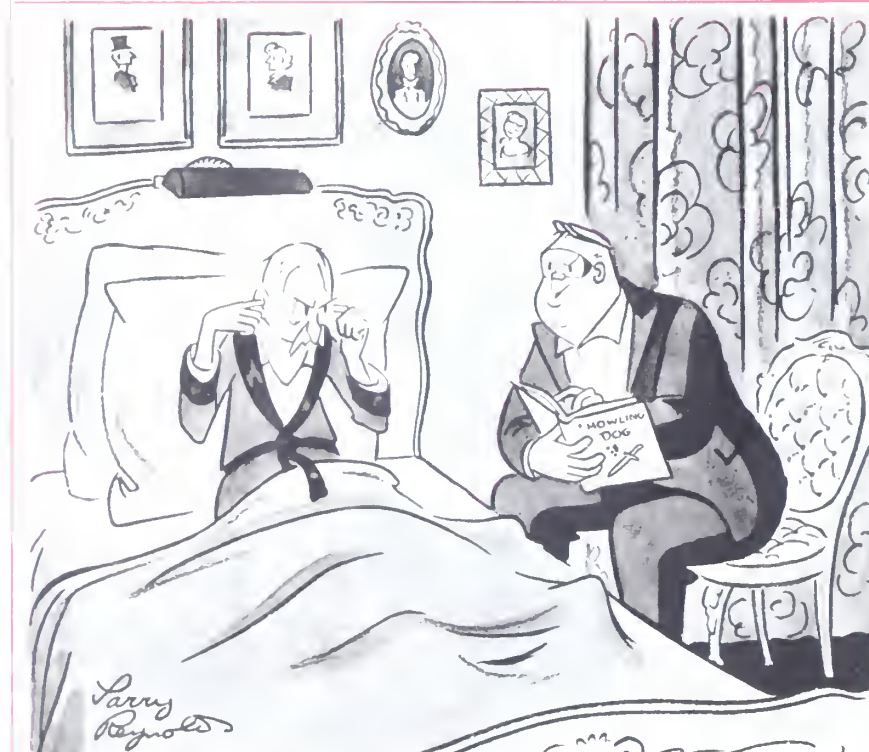
Matthew put his head down and turned hot in shame that he had not known who Mr. Lincoln was at first. He had to act more indifferent than ever. He scraped his foot and knew that everybody was trying to see the boy whom the President of the United States was making up to in the midst of all the racket. The President pointed his thumb over his shoulder at the engine that was making the noise that shut him up, and he raised his eyebrows and waggled his jaw and put apart his hands to ask what could be done about the whole scrape. He smiled. His face was so tired and so lined that when he smiled it was enough to turn your heart right over.

And the next thing anybody knew, the conductor was swinging up on the side of one of the cars up ahead, and the steam cut off, and the engine began to hoot out smoke, and the wheels started to turn. They took hold on the rails, and the President's train was moving out. Heavy soot came down over the crowd, and they yelled and waved. The President bent down and took up his hat and waved it back. As the train pulled out it gave several blasts with its saluting whistle.

The whistle seemed to wake Matthew up. He looked after the last car, where the President still stood looking at everyone, and Matthew thought he looked sadly at him because—Matthew suddenly jumped with a fearful thought—the President was almost gone away, believing that Matthew did not know who he was and didn't care.

"No, there!" cried Matthew, but there was too much noise, and nobody heard him. He gave a leap and began to run up the tracks after the special train under the smoky, jubilee sun. He was determined to catch the train and make things all right with the President. He knew he must win a race to do so, for not far to the west of the station the tracks crossed Fox Creek on a wooden

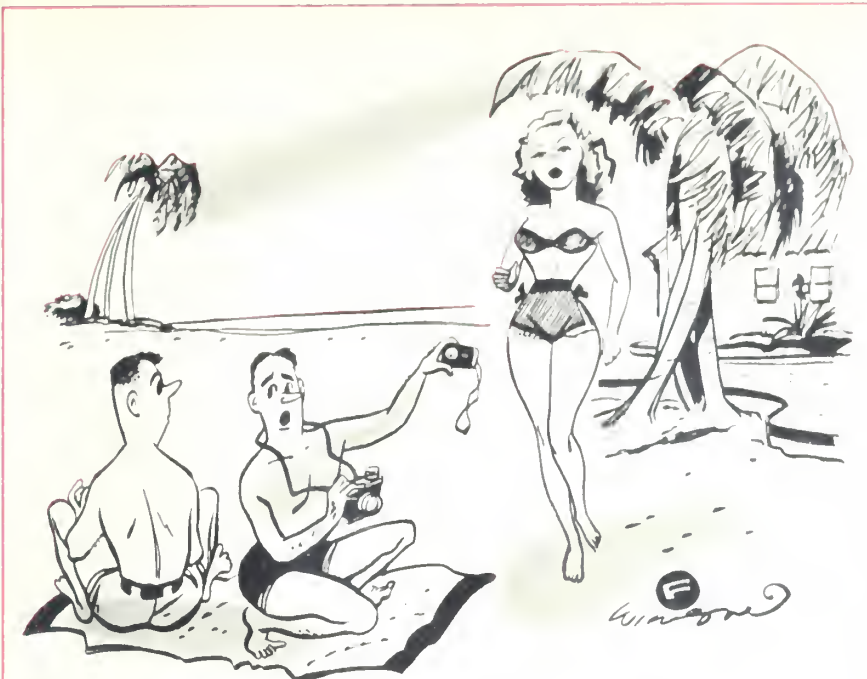
BUTCH



"Now I'm comin' to th' part where th' murderer's identity is revealed—unless you can recall where your dough's hid"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S "My exposure meter just went 'Boingggg!'" FRITZ WILKINSON

trestle with open air between the ties. If he tried to run across them, he would surely put his leg through and break it. He had to catch the train this side of the bridge. He put up his head and tried harder. He thought he was gaining, but the clackety-clack of the wheels ahead of him went faster.

Then he saw Mr. Lincoln lean out from under his rear-platform overhang into the sunlight to catch him. The President clapped his hands, and Matthew flew. The President stomped his big right foot in time with the running, and Matthew puffed and romped. The engine blew, and Matthew was ready to burst. The space widened between him and the last car. He was going to lose. He faltered.

"No, no"—the President shook his head and waved—"come on, come on!"

THE bridge was just ahead. Mr. Lincoln could hardly have known it was there, as a trap to Matthew, but just as if he did know, he suddenly put up his long arm and took the signal cord under the roof and yanked it hard many times. The train at once began to slow down; it rolled onto the bridge and stopped with only the rear car on solid ground this side of Fox Creek.

When Matthew saw that, he knew it had stopped for him. He came up to the rear car. The door opened, and some men came out to see what was going on. One of them was a young officer in blue uniform. The President turned to them and nodded that things were all right, he had taken charge. They just stood there then.

The President gazed down at Matthew, saying, "Well, now."

Matthew went hollow, now that he was where he meant to be, and said nothing. The President leaned down, took Matthew by his hand, then took his other hand and hauled him up over the guard chains and set him on the platform.

"You came to see me?" he asked seriously.

Matthew nodded.

Mr. Lincoln scraped up behind himself an unfolded chair made of fancy green-and-brown carpeting and sat down. On his knees he placed Matthew. "What about?" he asked.

Matthew knew perfectly well what about, but he couldn't speak. He hung his head.

The President said, "Just had to see the old hound-dog, anyhow, is that it?"

One of the men produced a watch and with barely respectful impatience said, "After all, Mr. President, we haven't got all day."

"Maybe you haven't, but I have, if somebody is about to break wide open unless somebody else will sit down and pay him a little mind."

"Yes, sir," said the man furiously.

The President winked at Matthew, poking fun at what grown men get all het up over, and asked, "You live back there in Fox Creek?"

Matthew nodded.

"Say yes, my boy."

"Yes," said Matthew.

"That's done her. Now we can talk."

What's your name?"

Matthew told him.

"All right, Matthew Carlton Hazard. What does your pappy do?"

"He was a soldier."

"He was, was he?" A long, sweet smile went over the tired old man's face. "In this war?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you lose him?"

"Yes."

"When? Where?"

"At Chicka—"

"—mauga?" the President said, finishing the difficult name. "Chicka-mauga. Last year." He put his hands on Matthew's shoulders and gripped him hard. "God bless him," he said. "Is your mother all right?"

"Yes, sir."

"And are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And so are we all, my boy, for we are trying to do what is right." He drew a deep, uneven breath. "Now let me tell you something, Matthew. Whatever you want to be and do, if it is a good thing to be and do, you can be it and do it in this land. Do you know that?"

"Yes, sir."

"If my father's child can get to be the President, your father's child can make his heart's desire. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Lincoln put his long finger like a bayonet on Matthew's breast. "Who is your father's child, then?"

Matthew thought for a moment, and then he knew. "Me."

"That's who he is all right! Now then. What do you want to be?"

"I like my father."

"You mean, a soldier?" the President asked.

"Yes."

The President turned to the young officer beside him and said, "Captain, if you please."

THE captain leaned down to inquire what his commander in chief wanted, and Mr. Lincoln reached up and took off of his head a little blue cap with the squashed-in front and the brass bugle on top.

"I'll make it up to you, Captain," he said, and put the cap on Matthew's head. It was somewhat too large, but it was real, and it was put there without any idea that it was funny or make-believe. "It does not fit you now," said the President, "but it will fit you someday, Matthew. And when it does, maybe you will remember kindly who put it there. Will you?"

"Yes, sir."

"When the time comes, you find your congressman and tell him you have to go to West Point. You tell him we want to get to where we won't need wars and killing, but you tell him if the Republic needs soldiers, you're aiming to be one. He'll pay attention to you, if you stick out your wishbone and dog him enough."

"One thing though"—the President put on a joking look—"one thing, don't tell anybody I sent you. It might do you no good ten years from now. Who knows? Who knows?" he added with a sort of sad politeness. "Anyhow," he said, brightening, "far's I'm concerned, you're a soldier right now! It's just a case of the Army waiting a while for you!"

And with that he lifted Matthew off his knees and got up and lifted him over the chains down to the ground. He turned and nodded to someone, the signal was sent to the engineer and the train began to pull away.

President Lincoln looked once more at Matthew, waved good-by to him with an air of having finished up a good piece of business and, stooping, went inside.

* * *

"That was the last I saw of him," said Matthew.

The others looked at him long. Just then the young trumpeter across the parade ground of Fort Delivery began to sound taps. It was the trumpeter's great moment of the day, and he met it fully. No matter how long they were with the Army, the purity of the call that closed the day and, finally, the life of a soldier, had the power to move those to whom it was directed. They listened and heard sung for them everything that they could not say for themselves.

After the last note, Jessica looked at Laura and said to her, but for the gentlemen to hear as well, "Love. Trouble. Duty. These are never worn-out words, are they?" She turned to Matthew. In the lamplight that made heavy shadows in the room, she looked younger and prettier than he'd have thought. "Your Mr. Lincoln was not ashamed of them, either, was he, Matthew?"

"All I know," said Matthew, "is that he took a lot of trouble that day with a fatherless child."

"I know," said Hiram Hyde, finding a way to hide his feelings, "I know. There aren't any great men any more. We don't breed 'em."

Laura smiled. She knew better. She let her gaze rest on the basket where Prescott Hazard lay sleeping. ▲▲▲

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Speaking of HOT COFFEE..



Dogs are trained to track smugglers by scent. Customs cop leading parade (above) impersonates smuggler with coffee sack, wears padded sleeve for protection. Graduate canines are called *Kaffeeschnüffelhunde*. Below, a member of notorious Mützenich gang, caught with the goods



Aachen, Germany

COFFEE is traveling in fast company nowadays. The beverage that most Americans consider a necessity of life has taken on, in one part of the world at least, the glamor of such costly or forbidden items as gold, diamonds and narcotics. And it is responsible for one of the most colorful cops-and-smugglers sagas of the day.

In West Germany, coffee is selling legally at the equivalent of three to four dollars per pound, chiefly because of a 265 per cent tax set upon its wholesale value by occupation law. But German coffee lovers, determined to have their brew, are buying 36,000,000 pounds a year on the black market.

Almost half the contraband coffee is sneaked into the country across a twisting 78-mile border near the point where Germany, Belgium and Holland meet. To curtail the smuggling, the government has set up a special patrol of 1,000 customs agents, known locally as *Kaffeebullen*, or coffee bulls, with a fleet of powerful cars and a pack of specially coffee-sensitized dogs called *Kaffeeschnüffelhunde*.

Thousands of people are being fined, jailed and shot at. There is a startling resemblance to our own prohibition era—coffeeleggers have their molls, called *Kaffeebräute*, the coffee cops their spies, who enroll as members of the smuggling gangs. There are running gun fights on crowded city streets and through the dense woodlands along the border.

To get the full story, I drove from Paris to the hub of the smuggling racket here in the ancient, war-smashed, triple-border city of Aachen. The once-proud capital of Emperor Charlemagne is now a depressing town of 130,000, where rubble combines with neon and chrome, and misery peeks at you from every corner. Of all the border spots, the Aachen area has the thickest woods and the most irregular boundaries. It's a smugglers' paradise.

I saw some of the international boundaries—wooden markers lost in the middle of forest greenery; a tunnel through a wooded hillside marked GERMANY at one end and BELGIUM at the other; an iron fence running lengthwise down the middle of an ordinary city street—on the left, where the streetcar runs, it's Germany and the bars advertise Lowenbrau; on the right, where the autos are, it's Holland and you can buy Heineken's beer.

I also had a series of talks with the chief coffee cop, Bernhard Fechner; went out one night with a forest patrol, and visited a saloon in downtown Aachen where the coffee elite swap trade secrets.

Black-market coffee can now be bought almost anywhere in West Germany, and almost everyone is involved in the racket in one way or another. Although there is considerable private smuggling, *der Schmuggel*, as the coffee racket is called, is actually a highly organized affair. Most of the coffee comes from Belgium, where it can be bought for less than \$1 a pound, and is resold on the German black market at a 150 per cent profit, still a good cut under the legal price. (The Bonn government contends that some contraband coffee filters out of the U.S. Army stocks; that's undoubtedly true, but Army coffee is just a drop in the black-market cup.)

Chief Fechner explained the workings of the professional smuggling racket to me. There are two main branches—*der Träger*, or infantry, and *der Kraftfahrzeug*, or motorized *Schmuggel*. It's the *Träger*s who give the coffee cops their biggest headaches.

When coffee costs almost \$4 a pound, look for a smugglers' field day. In wild West Germany, coffee can be hot in more ways than one

By PAUL E. DEUTSCHMAN

Der Trägerschnuggel is carried out largely by gangs of up to 150 members, which have a Teutonic organization that makes the old-time Capone mob seem like a disordered crowd of Sunday-school picnickers. There's the *Rabatz* gang (*Rabatz* is slang for tough guy), the *Putz* gang (named after its leader), the *Jugoslavische* gang (mostly Yugoslav refugees) and the famous village gang of Mütznich.

The gangs are split into two types, light and heavy. In the former, each runner carries a load of exactly 20 pounds; in the latter, runners carry 40 to 80 pounds each, over shorter distances. In the usual gang, there are three, sometimes four types of operator.

First come the spies, who go out ahead of the main body of troops to discover where the cops are hiding. Almost anybody wandering through the woods at night may be a coffee spy. Often a gang will send out a pair of apparent lovers, ostensibly searching for the privacy of a hidden nook. If they come upon a cop, what's to stop their speaking up—loudly—in surprise? Other spies have gone out as flower-pickers or mushroom gatherers or homeward-bound bicyclists.

Tricky Technique Used by Decoys

After the spies have signaled the cops' hiding places, three or four decoys go to work. Usually a decoy carries a conspicuous sack on his back; he leads a frenzied chase through the woods, and then lets himself be caught. The sack is found to contain hay or ordinary grass. "Food for my rabbits," protests the outraged citizen.

When smuggler-wise coffee cops began to ignore this ruse, many decoys filled their sacks with honest-to-goodness coffee. Now the cops have to gamble on just whom, if anyone, to chase—the lovers, the mushroom gatherers, or the suspicious-acting characters toting sacks that may or may not contain coffee.

After the decoys come the main smuggling troops, the runners who skim through the newly made holes in the boundary like a battalion of speedy halfbacks. As an added precaution, some gangs have introduced rear guards who follow behind the runners to create what the military would call a diversionary action.

The actual coffeerrunners, who carry the stuff over the border, are in a class by themselves—superbly conditioned men, usually between twenty and thirty-five years old. They wear working clothes that show a decidedly American influence: Army suntan trousers, field jacket, khaki shirt and the little knitted olive drab cap that fits inside a helmet liner. Rounding out the costume is a pair of high-topped sneakers. All of these items are obtainable in German stores selling U.S. Army surplus.

The basketball shoes are a source of great bitterness to the coffee cops. Because of their long waits in the damp woods, the customs police must wear heavy boots which put them to great disadvantage in competitive dashes through the underbrush. The field jackets are even more valuable to the smugglers than the sneakers. The light g ngs carry their coffee beans loose inside the full blouse, supported by the drawstrings at the waist; when there's danger of being caught, they simply zip open the jacket and out spills the evidence. Smugglers must be caught with their coffee on them to be prosecuted. The heavy gangs, which run shorter distances, usually carry their loads in sacks.

To catch the runners in the woods, the coffee cops' most potent weapons are *die Kaffeeshnuffelhunde*. I saw these coffee-sniffing hounds in action—most of them big German shepherds which, astonishingly, seem able to sniff out a handful of coffee beans half a mile away.

I went out by motorcycle one rainy night to inspect the patrols, along with Chief Fechner and a burly cop named Rudolf Goring. At one lonely spot, we set the motorcycle alongside a wooden fence and began tramping single file over the slippery, tree-shadowed countryside. About half a mile inside the woods, a voice boomed out in stern, storm-trooper tones, "Halt!", and a dog growled ominously in the darkness. We halted, and I had my introduction to Raudi, aged six and all fangs, who froze with his muzzle about one inch from my left knee.

In his five years of service, Raudi had caught 863 smugglers and brought in more than 100,000 *Deutsche Mark* worth of coffee. The day after our first meeting, Raudi put on a demonstration for me. Two coffee cops, masquerading as smugglers, disappeared into the thick woods beyond the police barracks. Raudi, with handler Willi Arlt, was standing about 500 yards from the woods. Suddenly he began to sniff and strain against the leash. The smugglers were nowhere in sight, but Raudi had caught the scent of the coffee they were carrying. He bared his fangs eagerly, his tongue dripped in anticipation, and his bark rose plaintively, like a puppy begging for a treat.

Then the men appeared briefly at a distant break in the forest. Like a flash of brown lightning, Raudi hightailed it after them. For a few moments both the men and the dog were out of sight. Suddenly, the men emerged in another clearing—with Raudi right behind them. He flashed round them like 20 unmuzzled furies after a treed cat. The men dropped their sacks and waited, with Raudi standing guard, until Willi came puffing up.

Dogs like Raudi are invaluable for combating smugglers afoot, but the motorized smugglers are a different problem. Like the "infantry," the mechanized coffeerrunners are divided into groups.

First, there is the "legal" *Schnuggel*—an activity in which vehicles fitted with clever hiding places attempt to slip through customs at regular frontier check-points.

The "inside" *Schnuggel* occurs when a truck or automobile on the German side of the border pulls to a stop at a prearranged spot, permitting gangs of coffeegggers to dart out of the woods and pick up loads of coffee. Inside smuggling always is tried late at night on some remote cowpath.

The "broken frontier" *Schnuggel* is the most dramatic of the lot: vehicles with large loads of coffee actually cross over in the dead of night, either by inching along a seldom-used road, then making a dash to some prearranged depot, or by crashing through a customs gate at terrific speed, hoping to lose the cops in the ensuing pursuit. For such escapades, the smugglers generally use cars like the heavier makes of American automobiles. Three armored cars have also been caught. One was stolen from Belgian occupation forces stationed nearby; the other two were homemade, steel-plated jobs.

To discourage cross-country driving by motorized smugglers, the customs people dig cleverly concealed ditches. Sometimes they spread barbed wire across roads at night, to lay speeding vehicles low. They also encase gateposts in thick cement, for smugglers have been known to saw through



Coffee cop and coffee hound stand guard near Aachen, where borders of three nations meet

wooden ones and use acetylene torches on steel ones. And there is a flying squad standing by 24 hours a day with motorcycles, souped-up Porsche cars and powerful new Mercedes-Benz station wagons equipped with radio.

A special unit has been set up to examine cars for coffee hiding places. This outfit's name, in simple, everyday German, is *Kraftfahrzeuguntersuchungstruppe*, which means power-driven materials-examining troop. Legally, these K-troopers can halt and examine any car within 15 miles of the frontier. And since, as one of them told me, "smugglers look like anybody," many innocent automobilists have had all the air let out of their tires, and have stood for an hour or two while agents went over every square inch of their car's chassis and upholstery with a rubber hammer.

Empty Limousine Fools Coffee Cops

A lot of time is spent on routine checking, but sometimes there's real excitement. One night a big limousine, driven by a well-known smuggler, went through customs empty. It was near the Mühlenstrasse, a favorite smuggling thoroughfare that forms a Y with the Aachen road. A motorized patrol tailed the car as it chugged, lights out, into a nearby village. The smuggler parked in the first of two side streets; the cops parked their car in the second.

Soon a heavy convertible came speeding out of the right wing of the Y—the frontier road. The driver honked three times, then headed for Aachen. Immediately, the limousine cut in behind.

The cops took off, trying to overtake the limousine and get at the convertible, which they were sure was loaded with coffee. But the limousine kept swerving back and forth across the road so the patrolmen couldn't pass. Finally, the lead car, after an hour's chase, disappeared from sight. When questioned, the driver of the limousine answered casually, "My steering wheel jammed."

Ten days later, the cops picked up the same trail. But this time, when the convertible appeared, the police quickly slipped in ahead of the limousine and gave chase through the night at 90 miles an hour. The smugglers dropped crow's-feet, cruel-looking four-pointed affairs made of soldered nails, over the side. The cops avoided the crow's-feet by zigzagging, and began firing at the smugglers:



Policeman shows inner tube used to smuggle coffee. Contraband beans have also been hidden inside coffins, babies' diapers, wheel chairs



When chased, the motorized smugglers throw these four-pointed "crow's-feet," made of soldered nails, into road to pierce police-car tires

after a 40-minute chase, mostly through downtown Aachen, the police shot out one of the convertible's tires. Two men jumped out and escaped. When the car was examined, 2,700 pounds of coffee was found inside.

Smuggling involves far more people than the organized racketeers. Local citizens are constantly tempted to slip over into Belgium to buy a pound of coffee for the equivalent of 95 cents. They can sell it at the nearest *Gasthaus* back in Germany for \$2.85. One observer, not connected with customs but in a good position to know, said, "Between five and six thousand people, in Aachen alone, live exclusively off the proceeds of coffee smuggling."

In 1951 there was an average of 1,000 arrests a month in the Aachen zone. The local jails are usually so full of coffee culprits that often those who've been arrested are allowed to walk about freely while awaiting trial. Some have been picked up for smuggling a second or third time before their first case has been tried.

Coffee cops have learned to trust no one. A few months ago, one of them stopped the local governor in his official car, asked him if he had any coffee, then made him show his car papers.

Border agents have found coffee in the most improbable places: inside coffins, in milkmaids' false-bottomed pails, in babies' diapers and in the padding of motor-driven wheel chairs.

In typical Teuton fashion, the customs people are very methodical and impartial about punishing offenders, big, small or medium. If a smuggler is caught carrying more than 4½ pounds, he's fined from 50 to 200 *Deutsche Mark*, (\$12 to \$47) or given a three-month jail sentence—whether he's a peasant or a coffeelegger connected with a million-dollar syndicate. If more than two people are involved, they're a gang, according to the law, and each member gets three months in jail. If it's a recurrent crime, the smuggler may be sentenced to three months more. A seventy-three-year-old woman recently was sent up for 23 days; it was her twentieth coffee offense.

By far the most fantastic coffee case in Germany is that of the Mützenich gang, a loosely affiliated group which, authorities claim, smuggled in more than 170,000 pounds of coffee in a single year before it was broken up. The gang, customs police say, included 90 of the 1,300 people in the border village of Mützenich-über-Monschau, among them two cops and the mayor's three sons. Although 52 were arrested and sent to jail, all were quickly

let out pending trial. It was harvesttime, the smugglers argued, and the fields had to be worked.

The Mützenich case is still waiting to go to court. Meanwhile, there's strong feeling against the coffee cops at the Mützenich check-point. No one will talk to them, and if they go into a café, they can't get served. Mützenichers have even threatened to secede from Germany and join up with Belgium if the case ever comes to court.

Because coffee is such an important element in German life, and because the tax is considered so unfair, practically all sentiment in Germany—except perhaps at the Finance Ministry in Bonn and at customs headquarters—is on the side of the smuggler. Angry mobs have chased cops away from sacks of coffee thrown out of pursued cars; threats of reprisal shootings have been made against customs men's families by people whose children have been hit by wild-flying bullets.

Press Protests over "Death Penalty"

The newspaper *Aachener Nachrichten* has a standing headline, **WILD WEST, AACHEN**, under which it runs stories with titles like, "Man Killed for Eight Pounds of Coffee." The entire West German press keeps driving home the point: "West Germany does not have a death penalty for any crime. Why, then, should a man be executed for carrying coffee?" (In the first eight months of 1952, three smugglers were killed and 11 wounded by the police in the Aachen area alone.)

Who is responsible for the tax law that's causing all the trouble?

The Bonn government would like to say it's the occupation's fault. "We lost the war and have to pay for it," a young customs lawyer told me. "That's why the Allies imposed those high coffee taxes on us." But spokesmen for the U.S. High Commissioner of Germany (HICOG) say: "It was the Germans' own idea."

When I dug deeper, I discovered both sides must share responsibility.

In 1948, the Allies took steps to make West Germany's currency worth something in world markets. There wasn't any Bonn government then, but HICOG consulted with the German-staffed Bizonal Economic Administration, forerunner of the present Bonn Finance Ministry. BEA suggested, among other methods of raising money, a 30-*Deutsche Mark*-per-kilo coffee excise tax. HICOG approved, and almost immediately serious smuggling started.

"Now," moaned one U.S. official, "they try to say the tax was our idea."

But although the original tax has been cut two thirds, it is still exorbitant, and smuggling continues full blast. There has been a great deal of agitation to change the law. Finance Minister Schaeffer has promised to take the matter up when the new budget is presented to the *Bundestag* this year. But Bonn is worried about what the proposed cut might do to its revenue.

In the meantime, the West German government goes on trying to enforce the law, and the coffee cops at the borders, the MPs along the roads and the customs accountants continue to have their hands full. Just how far smugglers will go in trying the patience of the border patrol is indicated by what might be called The Case of the Barking Fox.

A border cop was walking through the woods one warm evening last summer when he spotted a man standing in a small pond, with only his head above water. The man kept trying to shove something under with both hands. The officer made the bather get out.

The fellow turned out to be fully dressed—and, sure enough, he had two rubber sacks containing five pounds of coffee each.

The cop dragged the protesting man to jail. When the bather appeared before the judge, his excuse ran something like this: he had been strolling through the forest, minding his own business, when he heard a fox barking. "I must catch that fox," he said to himself; "they are bad for the livestock." He ran and ran, but couldn't catch the fox. Suddenly, he stumbled over two sacks—and found they contained coffee!

"I intended to bring the coffee to the customs station," he continued, "but it was very hot, and I was tired from all that running. So, when I came to this pond, I decided to take a little bath first."

"You took a bath with all your clothes on?" asked the judge.

"Oh, yes," the man said. "I was wet anyway, from all that running. . . ."

"In all my 40 years on the bench," the judge told the coffee smuggler, "I've never met a bigger liar than you!"

Although not all smugglers go to the same lengths as the man in the pond, they're a determined lot. Chances are they'll stay in business as long as the legal price of coffee remains at its present outlandish level—and as long as the Germans continue to be coffee hounds. ▲▲▲

FAIN'S ON FIRST

A fiery player, he'll charge the plate and dare enemy batters to ram the ball down his throat

HE'S a driving, scrappy, impulsive, win-or-know-the-reason-why kind of baseball player. He's as cocky as they come and so uncompromisingly competitive that he will verbally rip apart his best friend after a bobbled ground ball.

His explosive temperament has earned him such nicknames as "the Firebrand," "Fain the Fiery" and "Furious Ferris." But despite his low boiling point, Ferris Fain of the Philadelphia Athletics is almost universally regarded as the best first baseman in the American League. Some experts go further; they say he is the best in baseball.

Fain, a husky, five-foot eleven-inch left-hander now heading into his seventh season with the A's, does almost everything to perfection on a baseball diamond—except hit home runs with regularity. He's a smooth fielder, has one of the strongest throwing arms in the game, and has been the American League batting champion for the last two years with averages of .344 and .327, respectively.

His hitting is a throwback to the pre-Babe Ruth era. Instead of swinging for the fences and cracking out home runs, the Philadelphia first baseman is content with singles and doubles. Shrewd old Connie Mack was one of the first to appreciate the volatile infielder's batting skill. Back in 1950—a year in which Fain batted only .282—Manager Mack hailed him as the best hitter in baseball. Few others would go quite that far even today. But while Fain has hit a mere 35 homers during his six years in the big leagues, only five other players have won the American League batting championship two seasons in a row.

By **RALPH BERNSTEIN**

Strangely enough, during the off season, Fain the Fiery is deceptively mild. His home town of Walnut Creek, California, regards him as an affable, gentle-mannered, thirty-year-old pillar of the community. It's when he puts on a uniform—any uniform—that he undergoes a startling personality change.

As a soldier in World War II, he took his military calisthenics so seriously that he once literally knocked himself out exercising at an Army camp. Then there was a memorable game against the Chicago White Sox in 1951. Fain became so angry at himself for lofting an easy pop fly to the infield that he viciously kicked at first base on his way back to the dugout. He was side-lined for the next 37 games with a broken foot.

However, his driving spirit also pays its share of dividends. He beats out base hits, makes seemingly impossible fielding plays and wins ball games by just sheer grit and hustle.

There's no better man in baseball, for example, at fielding a bunted ball, and his don't-give-a-darn tactics are especially profitable when the opposing team tries to sacrifice a man from second to third base.

On the play, Fain charges with the pitch almost to home plate, picks up the bunt on the run and, if there is any possible chance of making the force-out, whips the ball to third in almost the same motion. The play is one of the most difficult in

baseball, but the Philadelphia first baseman makes it look routine. That's why he, and almost everyone else who follows the A's regularly, remembers two occasions in quick succession a few seasons ago when he missed.

The first occurred in the late innings of a close game at Boston's Fenway Park. With men on first and second, the Boston batter dropped a bunt along the first-base line. Fain roared in as usual, scooped up the ball, and rifled it toward third base. His direction was good, but the altitude was wrong. The ball soared into the grandstand and the Red Sox scored a key run. Later the same week, Fain pulled exactly the same honer and it cost Philadelphia a close game with the Detroit Tigers. As the disconsolate Philadelphia first baseman trudged toward the hench at the end of the inning, the straight-backed figure of Connie Mack, then eighty-seven and still active, blocked his way. With a studied softness that fooled no one, Mack said: "Young man—don't you ever do that again. Don't ever throw any more hunts to third base."

Fuming inside over his two failures, Fain barked back: "What do you want me to do with the ball, Mr. Mack? Sit on it and hatch it?"

"It might be safer," Mack said, and strode back to the dugout.

Few baseball men can stay angry long at Fain. Both Mack and Jimmy Dykes, the A's present manager, are among his greatest admirers. They know that a player who goes all out all the time will occasionally boot a game by trying to do the impossible. But they are willing to take the risk if the player performs as brilliantly as Fain does. Other managers feel the same way. Each spring Fain is the center of a flood of trade rumors. The New York Yankees, Cleveland Indians and Detroit Tigers are only three of the teams which are reported to have bid as much as \$250,000 for him, only to be turned down.

Signed Contract Brings Relaxation

Fain admits that the annual cycle of rumors, denials and trade speculation puts him on edge every now and then, adding: "I'm always glad when the contract is signed (he got about \$28,000 last year) and I don't have to worry who is going to be my boss. Then I can relax and play ball."

He has been relaxing and playing ball for cash ever since he signed with the San Francisco Seals at the age of seventeen. But his sports heritage goes back much further. His late father, Oscar Fain, was a jockey good enough to ride a horse named Duval to second place in the 1912 Kentucky Derby.

The younger Fain was considered an adequate, if not outstanding, player during his three prewar seasons. But on his return in 1946 from Army Air Force duty, he batted .301 for the Seals. Seven major-league teams sought to buy him; through luck and the vagaries of baseball law, the Athletics picked him up in the minor league for only \$10,000—a fraction of his real worth.

While Fain no longer goes around kicking bases to let off steam, there is little chance that he will mellow much more with the passing years. His reply to criticism of the way he charges in on bunts is typical:

"They tell me that someday a batter is going to drive the ball right down my throat. Sure I run risks. So what? All I know is that I want to win, whether I'm playing baseball or pinochle. I'll be up there this season trying the same way I've been trying for many years. Maybe I'll hit .380. Maybe I'll only hit .260. This is a funny business and you can't make any predictions. But I'll be giving out 100 per cent. You can bank on that." ▲▲▲

One of the game's finest short-ball hitters, Ferris Fain has led A. L. batters twice in a row. Only five others have turned that trick





The LONG WINTER

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

Ralph McKeever was a hard man—hard on his animals, and his men, and himself. In his grim world, you had to go it alone

A THIN, cold rain was falling, and the air came down cold from the snow fields on Sheep Mountain. It felt like March, not the middle of May; winter couldn't let go this year. So it looked good to Dan, when he rode into the little park ringed with dripping spruce, to see his father and Gus already dismounted and blue smoke rising in the gray air. Gus threw down an armload of sticks where big Ralph McKeever was feeding a reluctant fire, fanning it with his Stetson.

The boy broke through the fringe of trees, and his father called: "Drag up one of those dead branches, Dan."

He pulled the horse over to a stunted spruce and grasped a dead limb. The wood splintered as he leaned against it, bracing himself in the stirrups. At the rending noise Diablo shied, and the boy was already off balance. He fell hard, with the broken spruce branch under him.

His father, still fanning the fire, didn't look around. "Can't you learn to stay on a horse?" he said.

Dan got up slowly, pushing the dead limb away. Gus dropped his new load of sticks and splashed across the little stream. He headed off the horse, throwing up his right arm—the one with an iron hook on the wrist—while his good hand caught the reins. In a quick hitch he tied them around a sapling.

He looked around. "Hurt, Dan?" he asked.

The boy shook his head.

At the fire his father straightened up slowly, putting the Stetson on his head. As he approached, Dan limped away, his thin jaw set. His father went back to the fire. While he fanned the blue smoke into a blaze, the boy came up, dragging the spruce limb.

The rancher snapped off the wood and tossed it on the fire. "Hungry?" he said.

"Yes," Dan answered.

"Hurt yourself?"

"No."

"When I was your age . . . going on fifteen . . ."

The boy reached up for another branch. He was almost as tall as the big man in the blue work jacket, now stained dark with drizzle, but he did not have his father's big hands nor his wide shoulders. Dan pulled at the stubborn limb.

"We've got enough wood now," his father said. "You want to camp here all day and all night?"

The boy didn't answer. He jammed his stiff hands into his pockets.

Gus came up from the creek with the coffeepot dripping. With his good hand he dumped the coffee in and set the pot in the crackling fire.

"What you think I saw down there, boss?"

The rancher looked around.

"That young bull's track. Fresh," Gus said.

Ralph McKeever scowled at his son. "You must have

Gus had the reins wrapped around his hook; his good hand pointed. "There's his track," he said. "It don't tell much about where he was going. It fades out"



Johnny won
the Jack Pot!

Mary got
all A's!

Pop got
promoted!



Mom keeps up
these days!



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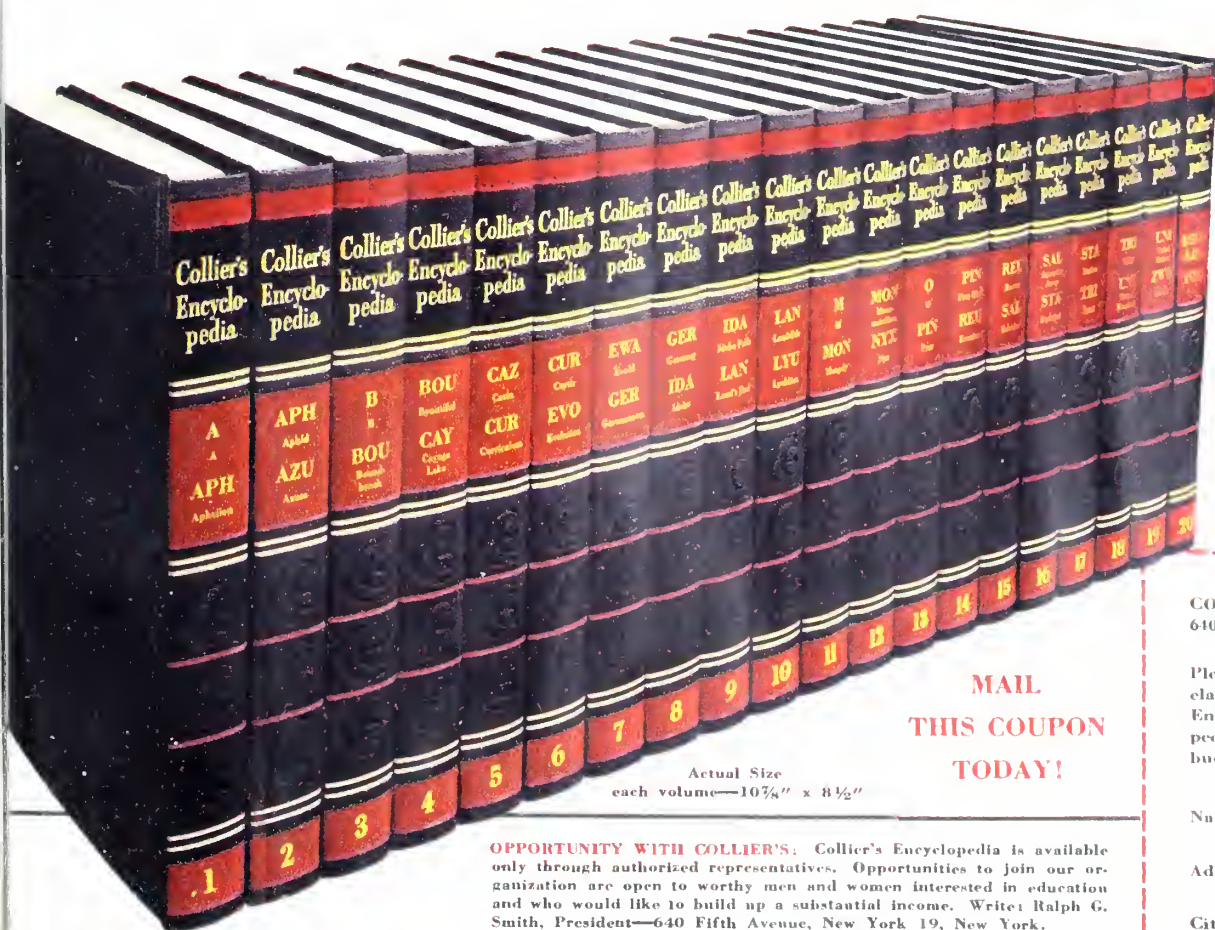
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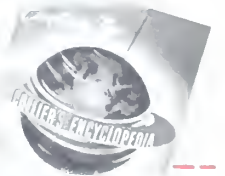
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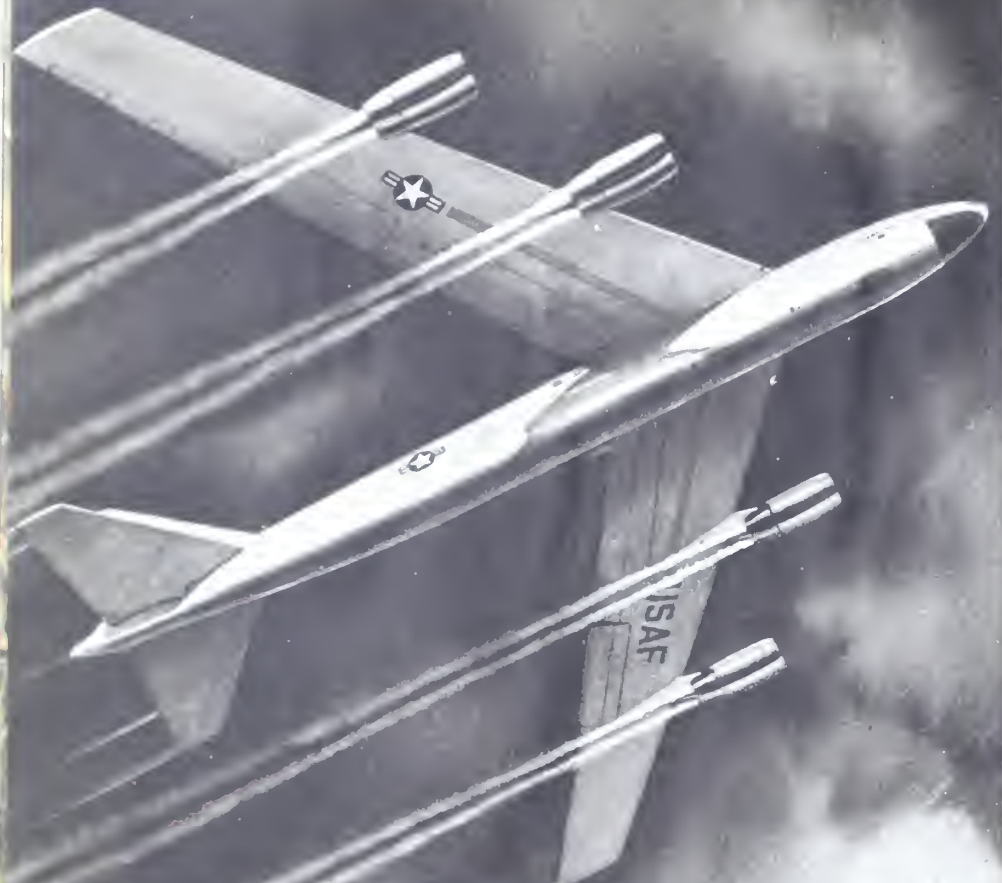
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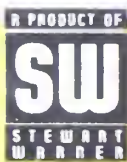
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rode right past them," he said. "Didn't you see anything?"

"They're half in the creek," the foreman said quickly.

"Which way is he headed?"

"Couldn't tell," Gus answered. "Only shows where he crossed over. But I'd say he was heading down."

"We'll separate then," the rancher said, "after we've had some coffee." He went to his horse and unbuckled the saddlebag.

THE rain was letting up, and the fire burned briskly around the blackened coffeepot. He laid out the sandwiches and boiled eggs that Indian Mary, muttering some singsong to herself, had fixed at daylight.

A brown froth boiled over and hissed onto the fire. Gus pulled the pot off with his hook and poured smoking coffee into the tin cups.

"We'll make a sweep down the mountain," the rancher said. "I'll go over and catch the other fork of the creek. Gus, you take this fork. You drop down the canyon, son, and follow Sheep Creek. One of us ought to pick him up on the way. We'll meet down at the flats."

Gus rinsed out the coffeepot, scouring it in the sand. He stomped on the fire and doused it with creek water, though the woods were dripping. They got on their horses.

"You know where to go, son?" the rancher said.

"Down the canyon."

"And keep your eyes open. That bull is worth a lot of money."

The rain began to come down harder as the rancher rode off, his slicker gleaming above the wet flank of his horse.

For a little way the foreman and young Dan rode together. Gus had the reins wrapped around his hook; his good hand pointed. "There's his track," he said, "but it don't tell much about where he was going. It fades right out after he got across."

"We might pick it up again," the boy said, "if he followed the creek."

"That's right."

For a minute there was only the crunch of hoofs and the creak of leather. Gus fingered a pinch of tobacco out of

his breast pocket and crammed it into his mouth. "Saw you limping," he said.

"That foot bother you?"

Dan shook his head. "It caught in the stirrup when I fell," he said. "It just got twisted."

"That canyon trail is rough. Maybe you better take this fork. I'll go down the canyon."

The boy swung around, his thin face tense under the wide brim of his hat. "Dad wouldn't— He told me to take the canyon. I can make it."

"Oh, sure," the foreman said. "But Diablo's spooking today. And your foot—"

"It'll be all right."

"You sure, Danny?"

The boy sat rigid in the saddle. Danny—that was what his mother had always called him. He hadn't heard it since that gray day, with the snow swirling furiously against her bedroom window, a week before Christmas.

"I'm all right," he said. He dug his heels in, and Diablo jumped ahead. The spruce boughs rained on him as he made for the head of the canyon.

"See you at the flats," the foreman called.

RALPH MCKEEVER had forded the noisy water and come out on the green flats when Gus appeared, driving the yearling bull ahead of him. Dan was not there. They waited a while in the rain, looking through the drizzle toward the canyon mouth, letting the horses pull at the wet grass.

"He ought to be here," the rancher said. "It's shorter down the canyon."

"Rougher too," Gus said.

The big man grunted. "That's why I sent him that way," he said. "When I was his age I knew every gulch between here and Granite Peak. I knew every foot of that canyon—could ride it in the dark. He's got to learn."

Gus put a wad of tobacco into his mouth.

"You know how it was last winter," the rancher said, looking off in the rain. "He took it hard. For a month after Christmas he wouldn't do a thing but tend that colt in the stable—blankets and hot water, ground oats and warm bran mash!" He turned to the slouching foreman. "But he's growing up



"This place is good enough for anyone who wants to be just a sister to me"

COLLIER'S

JOHN DEMPSEY



"Daddy, will you entertain Oliver while I get dressed?"

COLLIER'S

GEORGE WOLFE

now. Did you see him up there by the creek when he fell? It hurt all right, with that dead branch under him. But he wouldn't let me come near." The rancher smiled. "He got up and walked away. Did you see him?"

Gus nodded. "I saw him." He spat a brown stream past his horse's ear.

Daylight was nearly gone; a heavy sky was pressing down on the high, bare slopes.

"Let's be moving," the rancher said. "If he looks around any he'll see we've been here."

They jogged on along the creek, up a draw, across the big pasture. Through the dusk came a light drumming of hoofs. Then a yearling colt raced beside them, head up, showing the white feather between his pointed ears.

"That colt," the foreman said. "You wouldn't think he'd been sick all winter. I guess Dan wasn't wasting his time. Look at that stride. See how he puts his feet down. He'll make us a horse."

"He looks all right," the rancher said, "if he's got stamina."

They rode through scattered pines to the corral, and when they turned the horses out, the yellow lamplight showed from the house. They washed up at the pump, with a good smell of supper coming from the kitchen door and the radio going. Before they went in Gus looked across the pasture where the horses were standing in the thin, cold rain.

Old Franz, his wrinkled, red face freshly scrubbed, was already sitting up against the radio that was on full blast. Soon he would take the sheep up to the high parks, where there would be no sound but the wind pouring down the pass and the sheep blatting. He got up and hobbled over to the table. "Where's young Dan?"

"In the box canyon," the rancher said. "He probably lost the trail and had to pick his way."

Indian Mary set food on the table, and they ate with the radio shouting. Ralph made a motion over his shoulder, and Mary turned the knob. Then they ate in silence. When she padded around again, filling the coffee cups, she stopped at the empty place, next to the end of the table where Ellen McKeever had sat.

"That boy always hungry," she said, nodding her head so that her big shadow moved slowly on the wall. "He never get full."

"He's empty now," Gus said.

Old Franz nodded. "Hungry as a sheep," he said.

Ralph buttered a square of cornbread before he spoke. "When I was his age I was out for days in these mountains. He has to learn."

INDIAN MARY stalked back to the kitchen, and there was only the noise Old Franz made, working his toothless gums and swilling coffee. They kept waiting for the sound of footsteps outside, for the door to burst open and a voice half bass and half treble to say, "I'm starved!" But when Old Franz pushed his plate back there was only the steady dripping outside the window and a rattle in the kitchen, where Mary was poking wood into the stove.

After the cheese and pie and another round of the coffeepot, Old Franz turned on the radio again. "Not so loud," Gus shouted around the stem of his pipe. Ralph leaned through the Durango Herald-Democrat and then tossed it down. He filled his pipe, stared at the dark window, and began talking about horses.

"You know why our colts bring the price we get, Gus. They survive on their own."

"That colt, Feather—" the foreman began.

The rancher went right on. "Foaled on the range, born maybe in a snow-



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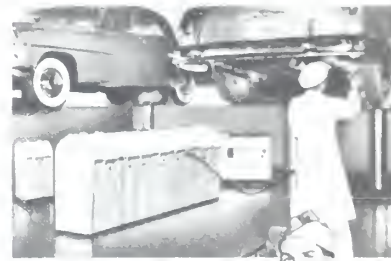
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storm, chased by coyotes and bobcats before they're a week old—they learn how to take care of themselves. Sure we lose some, but the ones that grow up are real horseflesh. They'll always have stamina."

In the slanting lamplight his face was harsh. One hand held the dead pipe in his mouth, and the other twisted a tobacco pouch till the leather was white. He was talking about horses, but even Indian Mary, moving around the table laying out the breakfast places, knew there were other things in his thoughts. There was his loneliness, his confused concern for the son he had cut himself off from, his memory of Ellen McKeever playing the upright piano at the edge of the lamplight. She had insisted on going to Durango to buy Danny's Christmas present, a bridle for the colt he was raising. She was already coughing when they started, and that trip was too much, the long cold ride back made longer when the chains broke in the deepening snow and Ralph worked with numb hands in bitter silence, mending them with a snarl of baling wire. That night, when she began to toss with fever, the telephone was dead. Somewhere in the cold woods the wire was down, though a doctor could never have got there through the drifting snow. All because of a Christmas gift.

Ralph held it against his son. And when the boy seemed lost without his mother, Ralph held that against him too. No man, or boy, can have things his way. Now he sat with a dead pipe clamped in his jaw, staring at the black window.

"Shut off the radio," Gus said.

When Old Franz didn't stir, Gus jumped up, pushed him out of the way and turned the knob. Outside, through the dripping rain, came a high-pitched whinny.

"That's Diablo," Ralph said.

Gus was already in the kitchen. He took the lantern from the wall, scratched a match on his metal hand, and turned up the wick. Then he went outside.

Ralph came out after him. At the corral gate they found Dan's horse, with raveled reins and a scarred and dripping saddle.

"Fell off again," the rancher said.

"He had a bad foot," Gus said. "It twisted when he fell this noon." He lowered the lantern and looked at the horse's ragged hoofs. "There's a rough stretch halfway up the canyon. That new rockslide."

The rain fell cold on their faces.

"We can't get up there tonight," the rancher said. "We'll have to wait for daylight."

Gus pulled off the scratched saddle and the sodden blanket, and then slipped the bridle off Diablo's head. His good hand made a flat sound on the wet rump, and the horse trotted off in the darkness. Gus heaved the saddle into the dark tack room.

As they walked back to the house, the rancher began: "When I was his age—"

Gus cut in. "He's got matches, and there's shelter in the canyon. He won't try to travel on a bad foot. He's hungry though, that's sure."

"Do him good," Ralph said sharply. "The kid's got to learn to take care of himself."

Old Franz stuck his head out of the bunkhouse door. "Where's Dan?"

"His horse came in alone," Gus said. "Where you think he is?" Old Franz insisted.

"He's still in the canyon," the rancher

said. "Saddle three horses in the morning. We'll start up as soon as there's daylight." . . .

At breakfast, while darkness was thinning outside the windows, Old Franz hobbled in, excited.

"We lost a colt, boss. That new one, out of the roan mare."

"Dead?" Ralph asked.

"Dead as a sheep. Throat slit wide open. And that other colt, Feather"—the old man pushed his battered hat back—"he's cut up bad. Part of the fence is down, above the creek. I found the colt there, scared as a sheep, with the wire cuts on him."

Gus got up. "Where is he?" he asked.

"In the corral," Franz answered. "I brought him in with the others."

In the kitchen Mary had a package of sandwiches ready and a thermos jug of smoking coffee. "That boy be hungry," she said.

"Better fill a jug of water, too," Gus said. The rancher followed him outside.

As they crossed the yard, Gus pointed. The sky was brightening, a band of pale blue spreading over the long saddle of snow on Sheep Mountain. But what Gus pointed to was a thread of smoke showing against the dark spruce slopes above the canyon.

"Halfway up the canyon," Ralph said. "He didn't get far."

Gus nodded. "By that rockslide. Right there is where you'll find him."

The rancher looked around. "You not going?" he asked.

"I figured to look at this colt."

The clatter of hoofs began as the men opened the heavy gate. The colt ran stiff-legged, head up, ears rigid, eyes rolling. He stopped on the far side of the corral and stood there sweating in the raw air. When he turned they saw the torn forequarters and the blackened stripes down his forelegs.

The rancher went toward him. Snorting, tossing his thin head, the colt ran to the far corner. "Whoa, now—whoa!" the rancher called, closing in on him. The colt bolted. The man waved his hat, and the colt dodged back, slammed into the fence, and fell. The rancher stepped up, but the colt got his black-

ened legs on the ground and scrambled up. "Whoa, now! Whoa!" Ralph said again. But the colt flew past him, flinging mud.

Ralph walked back to the gate. "Better turn him out," he said, pushing the hat back on his head.

But Gus stood waiting with a hackamore hooked on his metal hand. "He's hurt bad," he said quietly, his eyes on the trembling colt. "He needs some help."

"It's a waste of time," Ralph said.

GUS walked up slowly, holding his good hand out. "Easy, boy, easy. Easy now." Twice the colt jerked past him, and still Gus followed, his voice going on in that steady, quiet horse talk.

"It's no use, Gus." The rancher went to the tie rack and buckled the saddlebags behind his saddle. When he looked around, Gus had the hackamore on the colt and was studying the trembling forelegs.

"Three deep cuts," he said. "I hope they don't go through those muscles." Still muttering quietly to the colt, he tied the hackamore to the rail.

"Turn him out," Ralph said.

"I'll get some tar on him." Gus hooked the blackened bucket with his metal hand.

"You're wasting time," Ralph said again. There was a new sharpness in his voice. "Turn him out, I said. Let him heal up himself. If he can't, he'll never be my kind of horse."

Gus looked up, the blue eyes thoughtful in his leathery face. "What's galling you, Ralph? Any other time—before last winter—you'd be doing this yourself. What's wrong with you?"

The tall man's face was harsher than ever, and his voice was savage. "Nothing is wrong with me. But you can't make a sound horse out of a soft one. Let him heal himself, if he can."

Gus set the bucket down. For a minute he stood scowling across the corral. Then he pulled back his sleeve and held up his right arm. It showed a worn harness strapped to his elbow and holding a leather collar onto his wrist, with the hook anchored in it. "Your father didn't talk like that when I lost a hand





"I see you've rearranged the living room.
What did you do with your brother?"

COLLIER'S

DICK CAVALLI

with a stick of his blasting powder," he said. "I was just a boy, and I thought I'd never be any good around horses or cattle with my right hand gone. I was ready to blow. But your father wouldn't let me. He made me think I could be as good as any man." Gus spat at a fence post and turned back to the colt. "It's a waste of time," the rancher repeated.

"Then I'll do it on my own time. Take it out of my wages." Gus's blue eyes blazed as he hooked up the bucket.

Ralph climbed into his saddle. In a grim silence he rode out the gate, tugging the lead horse behind him.

At the canyon mouth he waded his animals across Sheep Creek and urged them up to high ground on the far side. He stopped there, his eyes searching. The sky was clearing, there was a thin sun now, and all along the west slope the wet spruce glistened. Finally he found the gray-blue thread, thinner now but unmistakable. In the windless air the smoke went straight up, across the pale swath of aspens on the mountain shoulder and the high snows on the ridge. Impatiently he nudged his horse ahead. He was not exactly worried about his son, but something was nagging him.

AS HE moved on up the canyon his mind kept going back—not to last winter or any time before that—just back an hour ago, when he had ridden away in anger from the corral gate. Now he saw, as though they were there before him, a calm man and a frightened colt. He saw a maimed hand holding the hackamore and a good hand dabbing a tarred brush at the torn forequarters. He heard a patient voice say: "Easy, boy, easy. Steady, now, steady, steady, steady." In that clear picture, Ralph saw the yearling flinch and stand. He was a proud colt, though he had been frail and awkward. He was a hurt and frightened animal, but he had courage. After this morning he'd be marked, but he'd be strengthened, too.

As Ralph rode on, he heard his own voice following him like an echo. "Let

him heal himself . . . You're only wasting time." And he saw the flash of scorn in the foreman's eyes. He was wrong, dead wrong. And Gus was right.

A realization came to him, and it was like the end of a long and numbing pain: *They don't have to survive alone. They can count on help.* The colts and the horses . . . Gus and young Dan . . . Even grim Ralph McKeever himself.

The sun had burned the ground haze off; and now he looked up at the washed blue sky. He nudged his horse and jogged through a scattering of cedars. In the clear again, he searched for the thread of smoke. All he saw was the rimrock and the huge sweep of the upper slopes.

He cupped a hand to his mouth and called: "Dan! . . . Dan!"

The fading echo went from wall to wall. Then there was only the small noise of Sheep Creek in the canyon's silence.

He urged his horses up a sharp grade and around a jutting boulder. As it climbed, the trail grew rougher. Then there was no trail at all. There was only a chaos of shattered rock studded by snapped and broken cedars.

"Dan!" he called. "Dan!" Now there was a pleading in his voice.

No answer came except the mocking echo. But his narrowed eyes fixed on an unshattered pine beside a massive boulder. He dismounted, unstrapped the saddlebag, and picked his way over the slide of rock.

He called again, "Dan . . ."

This time his voice was different, but the huddled figure in the huge rock's shelter did not stir. He stepped across the charred sticks and bent over. "Dan," he said quietly.

At his touch the boy awoke. For an instant his startled eyes showed white. He scrambled to his feet, but at the first step he collapsed. Then Ralph saw the bruised and blackened foot bursting out of a tattered sock.

He slit the sock with his knife and pulled it off. He opened the saddlebag, poured cold water on the sock, and bathed the swollen joint. The boy's

eyes opened. He looked at his father as if from a distance.

The older man said, "You've got a bad foot, Dan."

"It—it doesn't hurt."

"Hurt? Why, sure it hurts. It hurts plenty," he said, pouring fresh water on the sock. "It's as big as a feed bag."

The boy looked down and his eyes widened.

"But it won't stay that way," Ralph said. "In a few days we'll have you as good as ever."

The boy sank back.

"What I don't see," the older man said, "is how you got this far. Every lurch in the saddle would throw you on this foot."

"I fell off," Dan answered.

"Right here? Where you had firewood and this rock for shelter? That was lucky, Dan."

"No. I crawled here."

THE man looked again at his son, and now he saw the scarred hands and the torn clothing. As he dabbed at the ankle a muscle quivered in his cheek. "We—we saw your smoke first thing this morning."

"Can I have a drink of water?" Dan asked. "I'm thirsty."

"Sure you can. I'm forgetting everything. There's hot coffee here, and sandwiches. Mary knew you would be hungry."

As Ralph unwrapped the package a grimy hand reached out. The first sandwich went in three huge bites.

"I kept looking for the bull, Dad. Did you find him?"

"Yes, we did. Gus picked him up, halfway down the gulch."

"Where is Gus?"

"In the corral. Doctoring your colt, Feather. He cut himself on the new fence."

"Bad?" Dan asked.

"Yes, pretty bad. But we can take care of him. He was scared and hurt, but we'll get him over it."

The boy seemed to forget the food in his hands. Slowly his eyes went up to his father. "Dad—if we help him—will he—will he have stamina?"

Again the muscle quivered in the man's gaunt cheek. His deep-set eyes looked squarely at the boy. "Yes, he will, Dan. More than ever."

The boy swallowed the last of the sandwich. He rubbed his stomach. "I'm still hungry," he said.

"Well, Mary will know what to do about that. We'd better start home. I'm going to carry you to the horses." His arms cradled the boy. "Easy now. Take it easy. Just put your arm around my shoulder."

Ralph stepped carefully through the broken rock and lifted the boy into the saddle. They started down the trail, taking it slowly, the sun warm as a blanket on their backs.

"You all right?" the man asked. "We can stop and rest, anywhere."

"I'm all right," Dan answered.

They forded the creek and came out on the wide, green flats, where the wet grass gleamed in the sun.

A magpie flew over, showing its white chevrons, and from somewhere a hobolink sang his bubbling, dingdong song, over and over.

"Summer is getting here at last," the rancher said. "It's a late season. We had a long winter, but it's over now." He turned in the saddle. "You're not saying much, Danny. What's on your mind?"

The boy smiled. "Oatmeal and cornbread," he said, "bacon and pancakes. I'm starved."



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The Little Bride

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

We got into the car, with John J. sitting in front gnawing Mother's earring, and Father tried to drive and look at the baby at the same time. It never seemed to cross their minds that they had almost ignored Maxine for John J., a comparative newcomer.

WHEN I TALKED as fast as we could, and when we got out in front of the house, Maxine stood there like a pilgrim before a holy shrine. She had been homesick. "I never thought I'd see it again," she said.

"Nonsense," Mother said.

"Come on, fella," Father said, and he made a swipe at John J., who blinked like a philosopher. There was really a rebby. "I mean, if you want poise and health and a look of destiny, that baby had everything."

Maxine took off her shoes and walked through every room barefooted. She put on her old jeans that had been hanging in her closet. They were tight now. "I felt sad for some reason I could not understand except that she looked lonely, and I had never thought of her that way, not Maxine, who had everything. It made me suspect that love was not the easy, simple thing I had always dreamed it."

She wanted to know about everyone, all those who had danced at her wedding, and she thought we could have a crowd for Saturday night.

"Jeanie Pearson's studying art in Paris," Mother said. "The Meyers twins are married and living in the same town in Michigan." Bobby Hendricks, your old flame, is now engaged to a Canadian girl who lisps. The entire Whitehead tribe has gone to Chicago to make a fortune in a jazz band. She still held John J. dozing in her arms. "Aren't you going to feed him, dear?"

"He ate on the train." She looked as though she had had quite enough of her darling boy for a while.

Mother studied her for a moment. Then she rose and dropped the baby into Maxine's lap. "You'd better look after him, dear," she said, smiling and kissing Maxine's cheek. "I don't know these fabulous new methods." For one who had awaited John J.'s visit with such anticipation, she was certainly getting rid of him quickly.

"Oh," Maxine said.

"Give John J. to me," Father demanded gruffly.

"Go along," Mother ordered. "This is not a man's business." She gave me a warning glance.

Plainly, she would have her way in this matter, though I thought Maxine needed a vacation, and it all seemed cruel to me. She had hoped for her freedom as in the old days before Jack and John J.

We sat up most of the night in my bedroom—the baby slept in hers. She said that even the air at home was better, not so thin and sharp. She said everything was better, and repeated this many times, as though to convince herself.

She warned me, shaking her finger, "Jo, have a good time. Finish at the university. Be equipped to go out and make a living so you're not dependent on your husband or your family. Look at me—I left school too soon and for no sound reason, and now what am I? A dependent!"

"Did you fight with Jack?"

"Not at all. He fought with me!"

"That's what Mother said," I warned her. "She has no sympathy."

"We-ell," she said slowly, with that face of tragedy she had used when she was in a high-school play as the young girl who was stage-struck and had to give up her love for her art. "We-ell, I've left him, but I don't want them to know. They—they've had a perfect marriage. They're like children in a paradise, and they don't know other people may not be as lucky as they. Most people make mistakes, and then they are chained together forever. I want to keep this from them as long as I can. I only told you because I had to tell someone, and it's only right that you know so you'll understand, so you'll remember to enjoy your freedom while you have it and not give it up, foolishly."

She had always seemed so clear-headed and right, it was hard to hear such unreasonable talk. Mother always said there was no such element as luck in marriage.

"Did he strike you?" I asked. I had in mind a scene of family chaos in the kitchen—like something out of the old silent films.

"Strike me! I wish he had. It was nothing so simple."

"Was he cruel, then?" How terrible to think that she and Jack had come to such a situation when, in the beginning, I had thought that nothing could separate them.

"Not Jack. Jack's never openly cruel, but he sits and waits. Sheep can be expensive, you know, and much more important than wives, especially when you're just starting out in the nasty business. It makes me sick, Jo, when I think of Jack's education—he graduated with honors—and all the chances he had, and now he's rotting away in the mountains and expecting me to like it and rot with him because he admires that life, and his father says he needs him. We have our own lives! Why,

John J. acts like an animal most of the time, like a lamb or something."

"He's awfully cute."

"I'm awfully young to be a mother, too. It isn't altogether fair."

"I could just eat him."

"Actually, he's homely as a mud fence. He looks like Jack's father." But she was pleased, too, that I found John J. attractive.

I don't know what Maxine expected of her family and her old friends. Mother said Maxine thought of herself as being a bride still, in the middle of an everlasting honeymoon. She may have thought of herself as the same girl she had been before her marriage, but there was an undeniable change which even I, not wishing to see it, had to admit. She even looked different. A baby, a husband, and three years had done that, but she didn't know it. She did not think in the same way, either, but she kept trying, and I wanted to believe she could have whatever it was she needed most.

When you are girls together, sleeping in the same house, sharing your plans and fears, you think nothing can happen to the other that does not happen to yourself as well. You seem an everlasting part of that one life. The memories, the temper, the years of similar background are not changed by a separation of miles.

MAXINE clung to this ideal, too, but I began to sense, largely because Mother was so firm in her stand, that something new had been added, something bigger and grander than the old days, the old ways. With Maxine, it was Jack, and this had changed her without her knowing it.

Take the matter of golf. She planned to play every morning, but by the time she got John J. going for the day, and we drove out to the club with him in a jump seat between us—Mother made no offers to be a baby sitter—she could not give her full attention to golf.

She had missed all the carefree ways of her girlhood and brooded about them up there in the mountains. Golf had become a symbol of all she felt she had missed. She could not think of what she had gained. Golf was the big thing, and Jack and John J. had no right to take it from her. Still, by the time we reached the fifth green, she seemed bored. She was forcing herself to get her money's worth, and she was disappointed.

The same was true with tennis. We put John J. in his stroller. Maxine had been country-club champion. Now she kept trying to watch the baby with one eye.

ONE day, Bobby Hendricks, who was engaged to this Canadian girl with a lisp, came over from another court, and I sat on the side lines watching them play. For the first time, Maxine seemed to be as she always had been, laughing and playing hard. Bobby had admired her a lot and praised her for everything, joking with her. I did not want, however, to fall into the position of baby sitter, either. Not that my nephew was less than divine, but it doesn't look good to be sitting with a baby when you want to play tennis. You appear like an illegal member of the married set or a high-school kid who does it for money, and the position is not profitable.

John J. was bored. We had to leave, but Bobby walked to the car with us, and said he'd drop around that evening and talk about old times. "My girl's with her family for the summer, so I'm fairly foot-loose," he explained.

"Wonderful," Maxine said, and she talked all the way home about how it was just like old times, after all, but John J. yelled for a banana as it was past his lunchtime. He kept up a drooling dirge that made me sleepy, and I heard little of what Maxine said, but I saw her face. Of course, I never believed Maxine had any real intentions about Bobby Hendricks. I am sure she was not aware of any. She was thinking that he'd always been a good date, jolly and clever and an easy spender. He had taken her to one of the proms, and a girl remembers that, and he gave her her first orchid. I think his attention now made her feel like a girl without any cares, and, while Mother called it a clear case of regression, I could not see any harm in it.

"It's not a real date or anything like that," Maxine said when we were sipping iced tea after lunch and John J. was snoring like a goat, upstairs in his crib. (It sounded like a plane very low over the house.) "It's just for old times, you know."

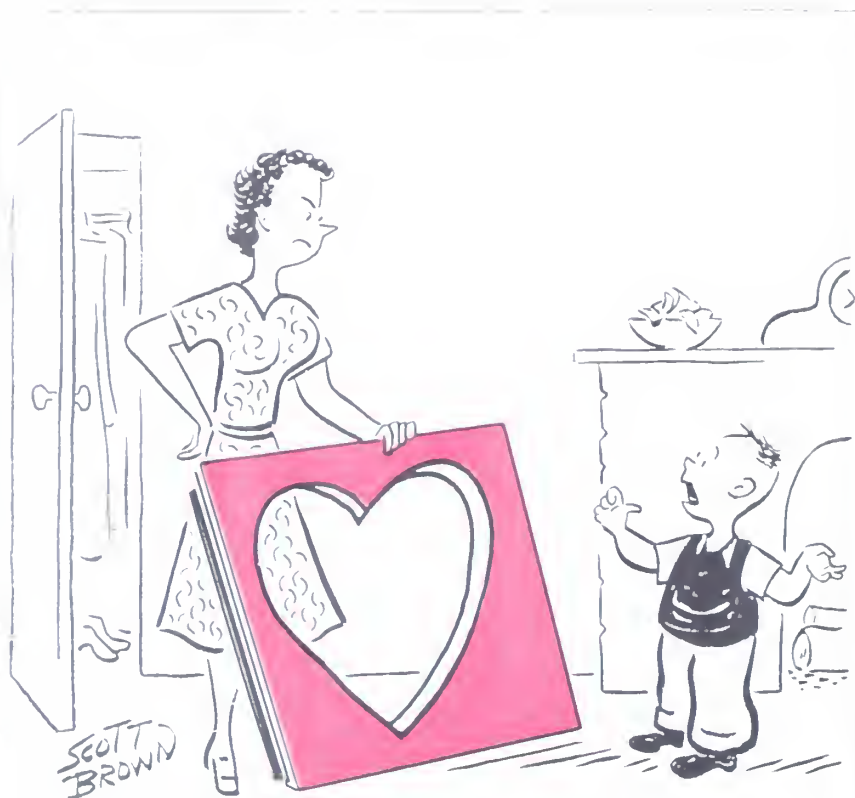
"You're a wife and mother, Maxine. You can't afford this girlish whimsey," Mother said.

"Mother!" I said. "You know Maxine isn't like that!"

"Uh-huh," Mother said, putting on the face she uses when she talks about what happened to her in Paris when she was a girl—very wise, very witty, and very sane, too.

"Honestly, Mother, you are quaint," Maxine said. "Just because I'm married doesn't mean I have to be a corpse or something."

"Old times are lovely, but don't try to trap them like mink to warm you, dear. Think of them fondly over cocktails. Remember that it was old times that gave you Jack and the baby, and



"You gave me permission. I asked if I could use the card table to make a big Valentine heart and you told me yes. Remember?"

COLLIER'S

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now it's new times and even more wonderful, if you'll stop acting like a bride and be a mother and a wife. It will be every bit as marvelous—only different, dear."

I was full of awe for Mother. She made sense.

"I hate it so," Maxine said. "You think Jack's so perfect, but you ought to try living with him up there. He's no happy college boy, now."

"Your father's a Republican, and that was never easy for me to live with," Mother said.

"But the life up there. Those ranch women. They're so settled and comfortable, and he expects me to act like one of them, frowzy and satisfied, going to the League of Women Voters, talking about recipes until you think you'll go completely mad."

"You hate it because they're better cooks than you are," Mother said blandly, not daring to look at me, because I thought this was cruel, and it was not like Mother to be like that, nor was it easy for her.

"But it's me—Maxine, myself. Not someone Jack owns. I'm myself," Maxine put her chin in the air, looking fragile and pathetic.

"It's no longer you, yourself, alone—Miss Maxine Farrell, her father's darling, her sister's idol," Mother said, angrier than I have ever seen her. "It's you—Mrs. Jack Staunton, and that means you and Jack and that snoring sea lion upstairs, John J. It's no use trying to make things the way they were, because it's too late, and later than you think. About time you went home before your fine husband gets range-happy himself and trots down to see some bright lights in Denver. You think he won't?"

"All he wants to do is hammer around the house and teach John J. to box. All the time, he's down on the floor swatting like a man in a paper bag, and the baby's what he wants, not me," Maxine said. She rose in her proudest manner and went upstairs to turn John J. onto his stomach.

Mother and I looked at each other, and Mother said, "It's hard to learn. You like to be the little bride everyone loves, so romantic, all white and starry-eyed, and you don't want to give in. You want to hang onto your little moment. Oh, I remember—and all I've said to her, Jo, was what my mother had to say to me."

"She counts on us to help her, and we just hurt her," I said. This was nothing like the romantic life I had supposed Maxine had for herself with Jack, nothing like what I had thought I would have, too, someday.

"She needs to be hurt," Mother said, and blew her nose and went into the pantry where she likes to stand when she needs a good cry. I left her. I think she was remembering about being a bride herself, and she was loving every moment of this memory.

MAXINE shoveled food into John J. She had her hair up in bobby pins and pink strawberry cream on her face just as she used to on the night of a big date, except that now her time was not her own. She had to stuff food into John J., who seemed to inhale it. Also, she could not take all the time she pleased in the bath because she had to bathe him and do the business of the drink of water and a story, making quack-quack and oink-oink sounds until her throat was raw, and then murmuring the prayer to the guardian angel.

I looked in on her then, and she was standing beside the crib looking down

at John J., who slept with his rump in the air, clutching a sawed-off Teddy bear that had been hers when she was a baby. She stood there, rooted, her body in that weary attitude you have seen in paintings of peasant women with their children. I think she had never felt quite like this before. She was alone there, and she did not want to move.

"He's here," I whispered to her. "Waiting on the porch. You'd better get to him before the folks insult him to death. The yellow convertible, the white buckskin shoes—all ready for the attack."

"What's the matter?" she asked. "What do you mean?"

How could I tell her that I did not want to see her changed, a kind of fallen idol? You never say things like that. "I don't want you and Jack to lose each other," I said.

SHE came to my room to finish dressing. "I want to have some fun," she explained. "We can all drive out to Mickey's."

"I'm going to a French movie with Charlie."

"Charlie Slater—little Charlie with the buckteeth?"

"He's got his growth. His teeth are okay now," I said haughtily. "Besides, Mickey's burned down, and everyone goes to the malt shop these days."

"A malt shop?" She was disgusted. "But I want a good band. I want to dance all night."

"And the police patrol the road up at Luther's Grove. You can't park there any more."

"Oh, nonsense," she said, blushing.

"I happen to think you're asking for it," I said finally. "I think, personally, it's a disgrace for a married woman, a mother, to try to hold onto an old flame who is engaged to another."

I had never spoken to her like this, woman to woman, and she was shocked. I was sore, too, that she mentioned Charlie as though he were still a crazy boy with poor teeth, and I was ashamed of her, Maxine, who had been the perfect sister, almost always. I wanted her to be on Mother's side—and on mine, now.

All evening I felt uneasy about her, as though I had lost her somehow, and I must hurry to find her. At the malt shop, the crowd was younger. The married ones stayed home, had the neighbors over for television, drank beer and ate cheese sandwiches in their kitchens. That was what the proper, married ones liked. Besides, Bobby Hendricks was supposed to be a little dangerous these days, trying to sow his wild oats just before his wedding, and everyone was going to be relieved once he settled down. Now he was having his last fling, and that could be dangerous, and Maxine was in this wild mood.

Also, she was naïve. She had married young and had been protected by her family and then by Jack. Bobby Hendricks was no longer a high-school boy. I knew, too, that Mother was trying every way she knew to make Maxine go back to Jack.

"Doesn't Jack write to her?" Charlie asked me on the way home from the movie.

"Sure, but she won't read them," I said. "He writes to Mother. It's hard on all of us. I ought to go home so I'll be there when she comes in. You can never tell."

Charlie understood everything about women and took me home at once. I went upstairs to my room remembering how often I had lain awake to hear

Maxine tell about the parties. She was home. I could hear her in her bedroom. I opened the door, and there she was sitting on the bed, still wearing her blue silk and the blue veil of sequins over her eyes. She was holding that big slob John J., crooning over him with tears running down her cheeks. John J. grunted like a pig and tried to cram his entire fist into his mouth.

"What happened? What's the matter? Is he sick?" I asked, frantic.

She shook her head slowly in wonder. John J. opened one glassy eye and stared at me and asked very plainly for a banana.

"It's too late—go to sleep," I said.

Maxine muttered something about giving him his own way this one time, the dear, blessed little lamb, and I followed them down to the kitchen, where he sat in his high chair, wide awake, very handsome and pink and solemn, messing up the banana.

"You're mad, Maxine," I said.

"That Bobby Hendricks," Maxine moaned, halfway between tears and laughter. Her face was flushed. She sat at the kitchen table, her palms to her cheeks to cool them. "He's certainly changed. I mean, he seems awfully childish, don't you think?"

"He acts like a very old college boy," I said. "But he hasn't changed. That's the point."

She frowned. "He always seemed so wonderful. I used to think he was for me, until I met Jack, and then up there at the ranch, I thought of what fun we used to have and how grand it might be to go out with him again. He's always been fond of me, though that seems silly now. But he did give me my first orchid—remember?"

"That was ages ago."

SHE nodded. "Yes. It was so funny tonight, Jo. I thought it would be perfect to do all the old things, but do you know—I can't remember what I ever saw in him!" Her eyes were full of amazement. She knew she had changed, and she found this change pleasant, at last. To me, she seemed even dearer than when she had been a girl teaching me to dance. This time, she had taught me the difference between a girl and a woman, a lesson it was just as well to learn early in life.

"Didn't you have a good time?" I asked.

"Not really. Everything's dull here without Jack. Do you know he'll often come in off the range in the middle of the day just to see me? And I never would have thought Bobby would—Why, I'm Jack's wife, and we've got John J., and you'd think Bobby being engaged and all would have some manners." She laughed. "I guess I asked for it. But, honestly, Jo, I was bored. Really bored! And with Bobby Hendricks, the gayest blade in town."

Whatever her grievances against Jack, real or imagined, they were now forgotten. She had assumed a proper, matronly attitude. The honeymoon was over. For my own part, having seen her dilemma, I hoped when my time came I would be wiser.

I was sleepy, hardly hearing a word of her running account of the dangers threatening a good marriage. I picked up John J., who was groggy with sleep. Maxine followed me, murmuring about train schedules and packing, the talk of a well-married woman, and there was nothing of the little bride about her now. Love, until now a childish and vaguely pink dream, had suddenly become a practical reality to both of us in that moment.



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COPTER COMMUTING

You'll Be Doing It Soon

By FRANK TINSLEY

Limited passenger service will begin this year. And helicopter makers are working right now on plans for big sky busses to speed the farmer to market, the salesman to customers, and the housewife to shops



HERE COME THE COMMUTERS: RUSH HOUR IN THE SKY

A copter commuter's view of New York City from the East River near Williamsburg Bridge (facing north, with Manhattan on the left): (1) Bell 32-passenger copter-bus from an outlying airport. (2) midtown rooftop heliport. (3, 4, 5) heliports on East River pier roofs. (6 and 8) Sikorsky taxi copters.

(7) combined seaplane depot and heliport. (9) a 40-passenger Hiller bus arriving from Connecticut. (10) Piasecki commuter copter, bringing 85 to 90 passengers from Long Island; the passenger pod under main fuselage may be detached at landing place and towed away on own wheels like trailer

I HAVE just had a preview of tomorrow's air travel. Not the world-girdling jet flights of the major aviation prophets, but the kind of local everyday trips you and I will be making within the next 10 years—shopping, business, going-to-see-mother hops in big bus-type helicopters.

I traveled on three helicopter airlines—in Los Angeles, Chicago and New York—which already fly regular schedules. At present these scheduled flights carry only mail, but sometime this year all three airlines plan to begin copter passenger service. And helicopter makers already are working on huge military transports—some of them designed to carry ultimately 40 or more passengers. These giant aircraft are the prototypes of the copter-busses of the future. They are going to revolutionize your life, just as the automobile and the railroad transformed your father's and grandfather's lives. The copter-bus, with its higher speeds and beeline flights, will bring the farmer another step closer to his market, the salesman to his customer, and the housewife to the big-city shops. At least two thirds of the time most of us now spend in travel will be handed back to us in added hours for production or leisure.

Suppose you are a farmwife, living outside a small Indiana town. You now spend half an hour or more going by bus or car to the county seat to shop. In the same time, a copter-bus could take you to Fort Wayne, Indianapolis or Louisville, where the selection is wider and bargains more plentiful. You would just drive to the town heliport—a small, fenced-in enclosure with an automatic beacon and possibly a passenger shelter. The copter-bus would take you right to the center of the big city's shopping district, landing on a midtown roof—the post office, depot or a smart hotel. You lunch in a restaurant, shop to your heart's content, and return home in plenty of time to get dinner.

If you live farther west, where distances are greater or mountains and rivers now force long, surface detours, the time saved would be multiplied. Flying over, instead of around, the hills and streams, the copter-bus would reduce tedious day-long jaunts to an easy hour or two. A simple signal, like a railroad stop flag, could make every ranch house an air-bus station, forever ending the loneliness and isolation. The severest winters would lose their terrors. In an emergency, copters even now

can hover above newly drifted snowbanks and lower supplies to your porch roof or upstairs window—or evacuate sick or injured members of your family without touching the ground. Hydraulic winches, strap-on harnesses and attachable litters long have been in use. In Korea, the fast, comfortable movement of the wounded by helicopter has saved thousands of soldiers who otherwise might have died before doctors could reach them.

With proper landing gear, a helicopter can set down on almost any kind of surface. Land or water, roads or rooftops, snow, mud, deep grass or growing crops: they are all alike to the rotary-wing pilot. The copter can fly fast or slow, high or low. As Lawrence Bell, pioneer helicopter producer, once remarked, "It is the only aircraft in existence that can make a flight six inches high and twelve inches long—then retrace its course backward and land like a feather!"

I can testify personally to the time saved by copter travel. In Los Angeles I flew in an S-51 mail carrier from airport to downtown rooftop in less than 10 minutes; by automobile, it is a traffic-buckling, 50-minute drive. I made a similar trip in Chicago, in about the same time. In New York, I

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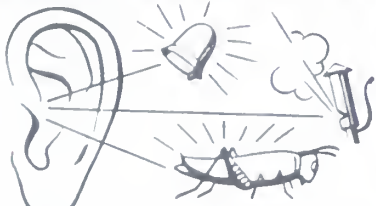
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Helicopter airlines already have flown millions of miles

flew from an East River pier to a Bridgeport, Connecticut, aircraft plant in 40 minutes; the return trip by standard transportation took two hours. The time gained on the copter hop permitted me to lunch, interview several additional people and still get back to the city before dark. Had I made the return trip by copter, the saving would have been that much greater.

Over Same Routes as Air Mail

Were these flights just stunts? Not at all. The flights in Los Angeles and Chicago were made on existing copter airlines flying regularly scheduled mail trips. The other hop could have been; one of New York Airways' postal runs parallels the course I flew. These three helicopter airlines fly over federally assigned routes hundreds of miles long, and they pick up and deliver air mail at scores of scattered heliports several times daily. In England, British European Airways' copters have flown passengers and mail between London and Birmingham, and Cardiff and Liverpool since early 1950. Across the English Channel, Sabena Airlines carries the mail on whirling wings throughout Belgium.

The granddaddy of them all, Los Angeles Airways, has more than five years of successful service behind it and has been called the laboratory of helicopter operations. Don't let that label fool you, however. LAA is no test-tube experiment. Serving about 5,000,000 persons in an area the size of Rhode Island, it delivers mail daily to dozens of suburban cities just as promptly as to the downtown Los Angeles business districts. It has carried more than a billion letters since it started in 1947, speeding up their delivery by 24 hours or more.

Treading closely on LAA's heels, Helicopter Air Service of Chicago is starting its fourth year of air-mail operation. It is about the same size as the older line and, allowing for differences in climate and geography, functions in about the same way. Despite the Windy City's severe winters, its little Bell-47 copter postmen boast a 97 per cent completion of their appointed rounds.

The junior member of the big three, New York Airways, commenced operations last October in what is undoubtedly destined to become the lushest helicopter transport field in the world. Starting with a triangular mail shuttle among the big city's scattered airports—La Guardia and Idlewild on Long Island and Newark at Newark, New Jersey—it is rapidly extending its routes to cover the entire industrial and residential area of Greater New York.

All three airlines soon will move from the all-mail phase of development to that of combined mail-and-passenger service. As fast as new ships become available, the Los Angeles and Chicago airlines are replacing the early S-51s and Bell-47s with the larger Sikorsky S-55s; New York Airways has used S-55s from the start. These intermediate-sized machines have a much greater carrying capacity and can seat up to eight passengers. Although this aircraft's Korean service has proved it a safe, rugged helicopter, it still carries too few persons to make its commercial operation very profitable; but all hands realize that a beginning must be made, and limited S-55 passenger service will be started sometime this year.

New York Airways will probably start the ball rolling with a 20-minute shuttle between New York International (Idlewild) and Newark airports, costing about \$6. Compare this with the present three-hour, \$3.50 bus trip, with its midtown transfer and four baggage handlings! Or the through trip by taxi, which cuts the time to a little over an hour, but ups the tariff to \$18!

In Los Angeles, the initial phase will consist of several round trips daily between International Airport and the cities of Long Beach, Riverside, Santa Ana and San Bernardino. Passengers will be landed alongside their planes in a third of the present road time.

Chicago's Helicopter Air Service hopes that larger and more economic machines will come along soon enough to permit skipping the S-55 phase entirely. "In this area," president T. Hamill Reidy explains, "intercity runs are the logical introduction to passenger service." He points out that his present northernmost stop, Waukegan, is almost halfway from Chicago to Milwaukee. In the other direction, Detroit, Cleveland and Toledo—all important traffic centers—are within a 300-mile run. With these facts in mind, Reidy is eyeing 12- to 24-seat military types to link the cities by helicopter.

At least three copter models in the 12- to 24-seat class are now being built. The Piasecki Work Horse has been test-flying for the Air Force since last April. A Bell submarine hunter and a Sikorsky assault transport will make their official bows this year. A fourth copter transport, Piasecki's monster XH-16, big as an airliner and with a civil potential of 52 passengers, will be ready about the same time. Under speeded-up military testing, the bugs should be worked out of all four models within two years. Commercial versions should be ready in four.

In addition, several entirely new types of helicopters are in the design stage. Bell and Sikorsky are considering gas-turbine-driven models, and Piasecki is reported already building one. This even larger version of the XH-16 will carry a separate freight or passenger pod, hung beneath the main cabin and increasing the passenger-carrying potential to 85 or 90. Equipped with built-in wheels, the pod can be detached and towed away like a trailer truck. Western helicopter producers like Hiller, Hughes and McDonnell are trying to by-pass today's heavy mechanical transmissions mounted in the fuselage. Instead they hope to build simpler, more powerful copters driven by jet engines mounted at the tips of the rotor blades.

The prototype of one of these weight-lifting monsters, Howard Hughes's XH-17, is already flying. The big copters are designed primarily to ferry heavy military cargoes and have been dubbed flying cranes. Civil versions also are contemplated, however. A projected twin jet—Hughes-205, a civil version of the XH-17—is a double-deck 70-passenger job. Stanley Hiller's 40-passenger Skybus is based on a similar flying-crane design; it has a two-bladed rotor, powered by twin ram-jets at each blade tip.

Several other copter makers are expected to enter the civil air transport field, but for the moment they are too preoccupied with military orders to plan for civil production. For example,

Doman Helicopters, Incorporated, of Danbury, Connecticut, is building copter ambulances for the armed forces; converted to civilian use, they would carry seven or eight passengers, plus cargo and mail. McCulloch Motors Corporation of Los Angeles, California, is building a two-passenger helicopter for the Navy. Cessna Aircraft Company, Incorporated, of Wichita, Kansas, and Kaman Aircraft Corporation of Windsor Locks, Connecticut, also are building small helicopters for the Navy.

Even with the early models now available, the helicopter airlines have proved the safety and dependability of this type of transport. They have flown millions of miles on tight schedules and have made innumerable take-offs and landings on tiny heliports—including more than 100,000 on rooftops alone. Los Angeles Airways has carried more than 3,000 passengers as guests on regular postal runs. And nearly 2,000 paying passengers have ridden British European Airways' routes. Count in the unnumbered thousands of military personnel toted in service copters and you have quite a volume of passenger traffic to date, almost all without injury.

The reason for this remarkable safety record lies in the basic design of the helicopter. Even with power off, a helicopter's rotor blades continue to whirl, driven by a natural effect of weight and air resistance called autorotation. This will not keep the copter in the air indefinitely, but it slows the rate of descent and permits complete control right up to the moment of touchdown. In effect, its autorotating wings provide the copter with a built-in parachute. Unlike the conventional airplane, which can glide only forward, the helicopter can descend in any direction—forward, sideways or backward. I have made autorotational touchdowns on roofs and heliports in fair weather, heavy rain and wind squalls without detecting any appreciable difference from normal, power-on landings.

An Important Safety Factor

The helicopter has other unique safety characteristics. As the last few feet of its descent are vertical, it settles down in its own tracks. Thus any space big enough to contain a copter—with a small margin all around—permits a perfectly safe landing, from which the machine can take off again as soon as its engine has been repaired.

Like many conventional airplanes, two independent power plants double the safety factor in flight. One may conk out, but you still have the other to get down on. A twin-engined military assault copter-transport is now being built by Sikorsky, a division of United Aircraft Corporation, and will be ready for flight testing early this year. It is reported to carry up to 24 passengers and cruise at 125 miles an hour. Converted to civil use, this ship would make an ideal medium-sized bus or intercity copter.

Probably the most intensive use of the big transport helicopters will be made in the commuter areas surrounding great metropolitan centers. Twice a day the average suburbanite dribbles away 30 to 60 minutes of his life getting to and from his city job. Traveling by copter will give him more time to spray his rosebushes or just plain relax

ular mail trips—and made 100,000 safe rooftop landings

—a prospect that should interest any country dweller.

What will commuting by copter be like? Take a typical suburb like Tarrytown, 25 miles up the Hudson River from New York City. It could, of course, just as easily be San Fernando, outside Los Angeles, Lake Forest, outside Chicago, or Falls Church, Virginia, outside Washington. The running time from Tarrytown to mid-Manhattan by train is about 40 to 50 minutes; that means getting up pretty early and racing through breakfast. But if you traveled by copter, you could get at least a quarter hour's extra sleep, eat more leisurely and still have plenty of time to get to the Tarrytown heliport. It might be down on the river front—a large, single-story structure, surmounted by a concrete landing deck.

With a glance at your watch, you would file into the lobby and up the stairs with the rest of the eight-thirty regulars. The previous flight has taken off and your copter is just coming in. It is a big 72-seater, especially designed for commuter traffic. The body is divided into compartments, each with individual side doors in the European railway style. You swing into one, settle knee to knee with your neighbors, and run through the morning's headlines. A scant quarter hour later, the towers of Manhattan stream past the windows and the copter settles down on a pier, one of a number of heliports spotted like express subway stations along both the Hudson and East rivers.

Thus your office may be just a few blocks away from the nearest heliport, and a brisk walk would get you there by nine. The trip has been short, comfortable and convenient. Later flights will bring in the big executives from their estates 100 miles or more away. Around eleven, a still more leisurely wave will descend, this time women shoppers and matinee-goers. Throughout the day, lesser copter currents will ebb and flow until the great five-o'clock migration turns the flood tide backward to the suburbs.

The advent of the helicopter age will not mean the end of present surface transportation. Far from it. The copter is expensive to build and operate. It cannot possibly handle more than a fraction of the vast daily traffic that pours in and out of our great cities. What it can do, however, is stretch out practical commuting distances from the present 30 or 40 miles to 150 or so. It will appeal principally to people who enjoy country living and can afford its higher fares. It will have an emergency value to the man who has missed his usual train, or has to get home or to town quickly. For businessmen or travelers, it will cut down the time wasted in short intercity runs.

Calculations show that the helicopter is the fastest form of present-day medium-distance transportation—city center to city center. At distances up to 200 miles, it can beat the 300-mile-an-hour conventional airplane because of the need to take a bus or taxi at either end of the airplane's run. When faster copters go into service, this marginal distance will increase to a possible 500

miles. Since some 60 per cent of all airline passenger travel is 400 miles or under, the potential usefulness of tomorrow's helicopters becomes evident. Again, however, helicopters will not put fast regional airlines out of business. Instead small taxi copters will cut the airport travel time as well as the overall time spent on airplane travel.

Clarence Belinn, president of Los Angeles Airways, insists that the helicopter's function is to complement, not compete with, the automobile, railroad and fixed-wing airline. "I can see future transcontinental travel," he says, "as a joint copter-airplane service. Present municipal fields are being located



COLLIER'S

AL RAMEE

farther and farther away from centers of population; there, land values are low and the nuisance element nil. These focal fields will serve a whole group of cities within a four- or five-hundred-mile arc. The traveler someday will leave Los Angeles or San Francisco via a rooftop heliport, be carried by a feeder copter to the central airport, and transferred to his jet liner. He will speed across the country at 500 miles an hour, land at another focal field and be whisked by copter to his hotel in midtown Washington, Philadelphia or New York. It will be a straight-through process in which passengers are drawn in from dozens of cities and towns, sped across continents or oceans and scattered to their individual destinations." This concept will take at least 10 years to get under way.

"However," Belinn goes on, "it takes more than a good copter to make a helicopter airline. Better radio must be devised, all-weather flying made safer, and satisfactory passenger-handling techniques evolved. Above all, proper heliports must be established—rooftop depots capable of handling mass traffic rapidly and efficiently. If the helicopter cannot pick up and drop passengers at their ultimate midtown destinations, it loses some of its natural advantages over the fixed-wing airplane."

Copter operators, civic officials and

businessmen are all aware of this fact. In New York, the commissioner of marine and aviation, Edward F. Cavanagh, Jr., has worked out far-reaching plans adapted to the city's geography. "The waters surrounding the various boroughs are natural helicopter flyways," he says, "and an extensive program of pier-top heliports is under way." A commercial heliport on Pier 41, East River, has been operating for nearly four years and is the oldest in the world. A concrete landing deck will crown Pier 57, now under construction in the North River. Other shore-line installations, designed exclusively for helicopter and seaplane use, are in the design stage and will be spotted around Manhattan and the other boroughs. Architects' drawings show handsome waiting rooms, restaurants and other modern depot facilities.

The Port of New York Authority recently paid a group of experts \$70,000 to study the probable volume and pattern of future helicopter service in the New York area. The group forecast a three-stage helicopter development program. It predicted that helicopter passenger service among New York's three airports will start this year or next; that intercity flights will be inaugurated between 1955 and 1957, and that suburban service will begin between 1963 and 1965. By 1975, the study group predicted, helicopters will be flying more than 6,000,000 passengers, 40,500,000 pounds of mail, and 6,500,000 pounds of cargo in New York and the surrounding area.

In Chicago, the lake front also provides sites for copter landings. In the built-up business sections of most big cities, however, rooftops offer the only safe, convenient locations for heliports. Unless incorporated in new buildings or developments, these may prove quite expensive, although hotel and other concessions could cut operating costs. In downtown Los Angeles, a heliport atop the Pacific Mutual Life building already has been leased to L.A. Airways. Connected by bridge to an adjoining hotel, it brings the heart of the business district within half an hour or so of any of Los Angeles' satellite cities.

The copter's effect upon rural land values will be tremendous. Villages well beyond present commuting limits will become expensive estate areas as the circles of 60-minute air travel spread out and overlap. Many lovely but secluded wilderness areas will be opened to settlement. Imagine, after a hot day in the city, being able to fly home to a mountain lake or seashore hamlet in plenty of time for a cool swim before dinner!

The city dweller will find the helicopter of equal benefit. Special runs will take sportsmen to their favorite haunts in the morning and bring them back at nightfall. Surf casters and trout fishermen, hunters and hikers will spend week ends at spots now reached only on long vacations. Skiers will be able to follow the snow to distant slopes.

Indeed, an amazing new era of local air travel is closer than we even dreamed a few years ago. ▲▲▲

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JOHN FISCHETTI

Now's the Time to Clean Up

EVERY NOW AND THEN somebody comes along with a device or scheme which is so simple and wonderfully useful that the inevitable reaction is "Why didn't somebody think of it before?" This remark was probably made about the invention of the wheel, and repeated periodically down through the ages to the introduction of the beer-can opener and the pay-as-you-go tax plan. Now we are going to say it once again about a system for increasing government efficiency suggested by a man named John Cramer.

For the last dozen years Mr. Cramer has been covering a rather unglamorous beat for the Washington Daily News. He doesn't interview congressmen, or second-guess the President. He writes for and about the capital's anonymous thousands of government clerks, stenographers and other civil-service employees.

In the course of his daily rounds Mr. Cramer has had plenty of chances to observe the everyday functioning of the federal machinery, from the bureau level down to the lowest echelons. And somewhere along the line he hit upon a likely solution to the extravagance, irresponsibility and general boondoggling which he kept running into. It is simply this: run the government, which is the country's biggest business, the way any sensible and orderly business of any size is run.

The present tradition and practice in government is to give a department or bureau head a sum of money for the year's operation, after which he is on his own. Except in rare instances, there is no attempt at systematic budgeting. Bureaus are divided into divisions, branches, sections and units. Each of these subdivisions has a supervisor. There are about 100,000 supervisors in all. But, according to the estimate

of Mr. Cramer and his newspaper, only 5,000 of those 100,000 supervisors ever get to see a working budget for the outfit that they manage.

So what do the 95,000 do? They spend, most of them, because there is no curb on spending and because, according to the current bureaucratic rulebook, the more people a supervisor has under him the more important he becomes and the better his chances are for promotion.

If such practices prevailed in the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, for instance, we can assure you that we wouldn't be around for long. Any other sizable private enterprise would surely tell you the same thing.

Those practices are just as wasteful in government as they are anywhere else. But, of course, the government isn't in competition with private interests in very many fields. In fact, it doesn't have to compete. If it loses money it still stays in business.

Mr. Cramer's plan is to reverse the present operation completely. He would give each supervisor a budget and have him understand that he has to function within that budget. He would be responsible to his immediate superior. Economy and efficiency, rather than numerical superiority, would be the basis for promotion—with a premium on budgetary saving. In short, Mr. Cramer would have the administrative side of government adopt the practices of a well-run private business.

How this solution has escaped the notice of Presidents and ex-Presidents, congressmen and former congressmen, business leaders, top-drawer economists and others who have sought to overcome government inefficiency is something of a mystery. But we don't see how the solution could miss. It has worked too often

and too well in the business world to be a doubtful quantity.

We don't think that the plan would require any legislation. It could be put into effect by the administrative branch of government. The same can be said for Senator Douglas' plan for not refilling every vacancy on the federal payroll, which we have already endorsed on this page. Together they could save the American taxpayers an impressive sum of money. We trust that both will receive serious consideration and be put into practice.

As for Mr. Cramer, if he doesn't win a Pulitzer prize for his efforts, he deserves a vote of thanks from his fellow citizens for even making the suggestion.

Good Example Always Helps

THIS EDITORIAL is a sort of background memorandum with, we hope, a moral. But it isn't to be read until you have finished John Gentry's article in this issue called *Racial Prejudice—How San Francisco Squelched It*.

In preparing the article for publication, the author and Collier's research staff talked to a good many people who are actively concerned with San Francisco's efforts against discrimination. And they were surprised to find some opposition to publication of the article where they least expected it. These reactions, which ranged from fearful to hostile, came from members of business firms who have helped to break down the racial barriers, from representatives of state government groups, and from organizations that seek to stamp out prejudice and segregation and promote equality of opportunity.

None of us here at Collier's questioned their good will and good intentions. We were all on the same side. But we found it hard to understand some of their objections. The article, they said, told only one side of the story: prejudice still exists. There was fear that our piece might be sensational or irresponsible. We were warned that we might thwart the passage of an FEPC law in San Francisco.

Well, here's how we feel about those objections: We think that San Franciscans have made impressive strides toward breaking down racial prejudice, and we think the country should be told. Of course the picture isn't perfect. But must all news of progress be stifled until perfection is reached? We don't follow that practice in the campaigns against still-incurable diseases, or poverty, or illiteracy, or crime, or dishonesty in public life. We don't see why it should hold in the case of the social illness called racial prejudice.

Much has been said about the enormous problem which this social illness has created, and about the shame and injustice which accompany it. But we believe that it is legitimate journalism to write not only about how much there is to do, but also about how much has been done. And we further believe that legislation is always less desirable than voluntary action where voluntary action gives indication of doing the job.

As a reader of the article we would like to ask you: Do you think that it will cause San Francisco to return to the segregated *status quo* of 1946? Do you think the example of San Francisco's progress will have an opposite and harmful effect in other cities? Do you think that Collier's has set back the cause of antidiscrimination?

Neither do we.

Look AT THE STYLING

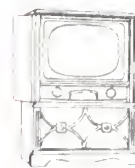
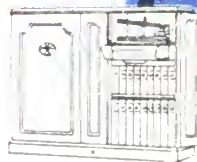
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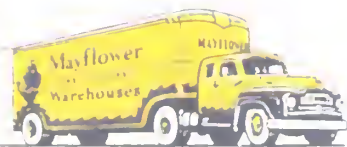


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February 21, 1953

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The Cover

When artist Birney Lettack set about to show a young man, 5½-year-old David Alan Lettack, passing critical judgment on his father's patriotic sculpture, he decided first to model his subject's head in McCoy snow. Since there was less than an inch of same on the ground at the time, Lettack borrowed a truck and scrounged his New Haven neighborhood for the necessary material. Photo shows result. The proud "sculptor" in



the painting is Mr. Jim Bostain, who, out to buy the Sunday papers, was accosted by Lettack and asked, please, would he pose? Mr. Bostain obliged and was quite late getting home with the papers. Vital statistics: the Father of His Country was born 221 years ago this week; died in 1799.

Week's Mail

"Actual, Factual Credit"

EDITOR: I write to compliment you on your excellent article, Wally Cox Is "Mr. Peepers" (Jan. 3d). You managed to capture the unique flavor of this young comedian, both in your pictures and text.

However, the vagaries of the television industry helped produce two inaccuracies. Since October 26th, when "Mr. Peepers" returned to the air on a regular Sunday-night basis, the show has been under the direction of Hal Keith. Under Mr. Keith's direction "Mr. Peepers" has now climbed to a 35.5 Nielsen rating, topping the 32.8 rating you reported.

As "Mr. Peepers" might say, "Actual, factual credit is essential in the concerted effort to produce a well-regulated, adjusted life."

JOE WOLHANDLER, New York, N.Y.

Steinbeck's Funny Money

EDITOR: After reading John Steinbeck's *The Secret Weapon We Were Afraid to Use* (Jan. 10th), I cannot understand why such a plan might not be more effective than the atomic bomb we are being urged to use, for even if Russia would retaliate in kind there would not be the destruction of lives and property.

As a Christian nation we say human lives are more important than property. Mr. Morgenthau said, "It's against the law"; are we not going against God's laws? In my opinion Mr. Steinbeck's plan is just too simple for men in high position to comprehend.

DOVELDA ALLARDYCE, Saginaw, Mich.

... John Steinbeck's "secret weapon" makes interesting fiction, but could probably not have more than a serious nuisance value because it would only be necessary (although troublesome) to

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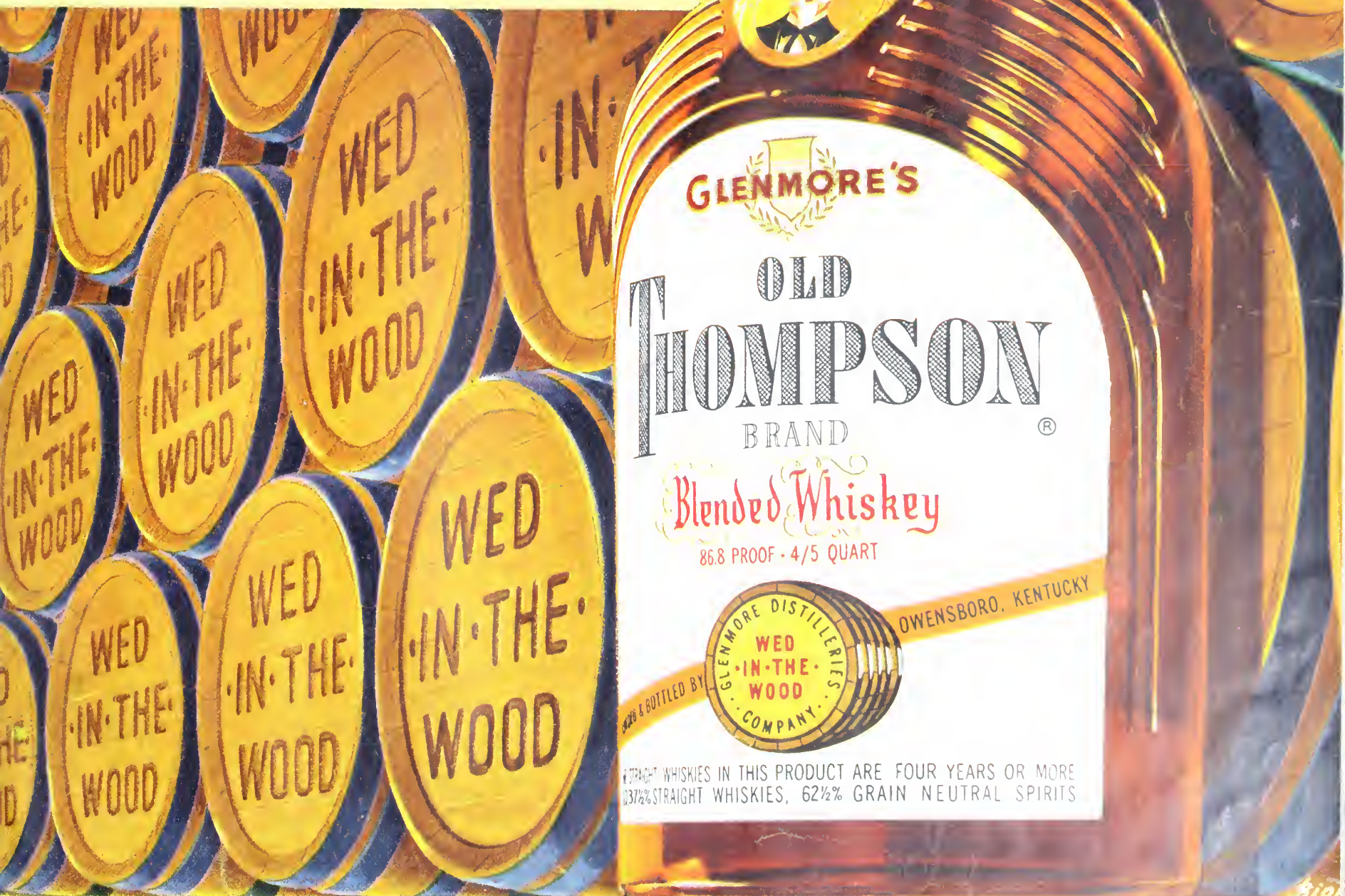
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Week's Mail CONTINUED

print new paper money at intervals short enough to keep ahead of the Allies' issues. For instance, all paper money might be called in on the first of each month and exchanged for new money bearing the date of that month and a new design, again good only for a month.

It would be impossible to obtain samples of the newly printed money, duplicate it and dump it as fast as Russia could issue new currency, because they could print this well in advance.

HORACE C. KNERR, Philadelphia, Pa.

... Reading Mr. Steinbeck's story brought to mind an incident that happened while I was flying with the 487th Bombardment Squadron of the Eighth Air Force.

On August 6, 1944, we made a mission to Berlin, and the Fortress I was on, instead of being loaded with the conventional bombs, was loaded with cardboard cylinders much like shotgun shells. Inside of these were tons of ration stamps for meat, eggs and butter.

JAMES T. DUNN, Milwaukee, Wis.

... There is nothing new under the sun. If John Steinbeck will read the William Pitt Papers in the British Public Record Office in London, he will find receipts for assignats (French paper money) printed in London and furnished the British invaders of France in the early 1790s.

The French economy was wrecked with a little assistance from the horrified Lord Halifax's countrymen.

FRANCIS PIRCHER, Nokomis, Ill.

... The "money deal" won't work. It would turn the superficial hate for us, which the Russian government has thoroughly propagandized, into a real, deeply felt hate. The Russian people would believe all that has been said against us—germ warfare, indiscriminate atomic and gas warfare, and the most unspeakable atrocities. It would achieve a short-lived confusion, perhaps panic, then frustration, sorrow, and the end result of irreconcilable hate for us, and the complete unity of Russia's people and her satellites.

WAYNE L. SHICK, Champaign, Ill.

Collier's Home Detective Course

EDITOR: About 8:30 A.M., Wednesday, Dec. 31st, V. J. Ziegler, manager of a state-owned liquor store here, opened shop. Moments later, he was looking down the barrel of a .38-caliber pistol, and a gunman was warning him not to move.

Ziegler followed orders, and the gunman took about \$600 from the cash register. He ordered Ziegler not to follow him when he left, but Ziegler followed and got a description of the getaway car.

Police arrived a few minutes later, and Ziegler gave them a description of his robber that Police Chief James Waller praised publicly as being excellent.

Ziegler told them the man was about six feet tall; was of medium weight; was clean-shaven with slight traces of a dark beard; wore a hat, brown leather jacket, brown trousers, brown socks and brown shoes, and had small pockmarks on the lower part of his face.

Police asked him how he managed to get such a good description, and Ziegler

told them about reading How to Spot a Bank Robber, in Collier's of Jan. 3d.

ROY THOMPSON,
Winston-Salem Journal,
Winston-Salem, N.C.



Ziegler & instruction book

Bwana Ruark

EDITOR: Robert C. Ruark is to be complimented for the frankness and humor that he has written into the first article of his African Safari series, Ruark Shoots a Lion (Jan. 3d). However, he indicates a lack of knowledge concerning firearms and the merits and limitations of the numerous cartridges which are manufactured. I'll bet that a lot of firearm enthusiasts stopped for a second look when they came across the passage defaming the deadly little .220 Swift as a woodchuck cartridge.

You can take the word of thousands of devoted users that the .220 Swift is sudden death when employed on woodchuck and similar varmints. It is not surprising that the cartridge did not perform well on hyenas, since the bullet is not constructed for use on that sort of game.

WM. H. HOUFF, East Lansing, Mich.

... I would suggest that author Ruark use a 75-mm. recoil-less rifle in any future lion hunts. The sympathetic Selby could load the shells.

I suppose I would fit nicely into the class to which Ruark refers as "the deserving poor" and I'd be glad to take the .220 Swift off his incompetent hands.

For really exciting hunting, he might try the "police action" in Korea. When I left there on a stretcher the hunting was very good and the game very dangerous.

VIRGIL A. EGGERS,
St. Louis, Mo.

Author Ruark did his share of hunting more dangerous game in both the European and Pacific theaters during World War II. He came out of the war with an injury that keeps him from further military service and confines his shooting to and at the animal kingdom.

Collier's for February 21, 1953

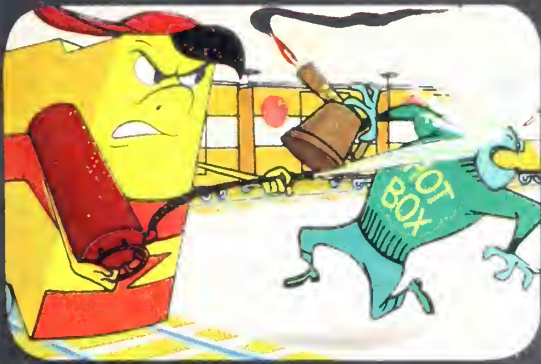
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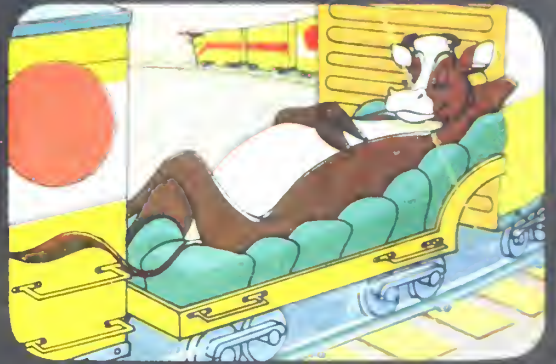
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ANOTHER RAILROAD cut running time in half on a livestock run with "Roller Freight", upping its business 30% in two years. Timken bearings permit sustained high speeds, cut the cost of lubricant up to 89%.



TO TAKE the shock loads of railroad service, rollers and races of Timken bearings have tough cores. Hardened surfaces resist wear. When all railroads go "Roller Freight", they'll save an estimated \$190 million a year, net a 22% yearly return on the investment.



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... ISN'T THAT JUST THE WAY! A NICE GUY LETS DRY SCALP RUIN HIS LOOKS! IF I RECOMMEND 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC... WILL HE GET IT?



EDDIE GOT IT...

Now a few drops a day keep dry scalp away . . . and see what *that* does for his appearance! No more dull, lifeless-looking hair. No more itchy scalp or loose dandruff either. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplements natural scalp oils . . . contains neither water nor alcohol . . . works *with* Nature not against it.



Hair looks better...
Scalp feels better...
when you check DRY SCALP with

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48

STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We're glad to announce that Congress is not going to investigate reports that the Communists have infiltrated baseball. It is not true that subversive pitchers will be throwing baseballs at the heads of capitalist, warmongering, imperialistic hitters. Nor is the current rumor true that Yogi Berra has been approached by Kremlin agents seeking the H-bomb formula.

Customer in Bangor, Maine, wishes it known that he is unalterably opposed to the new idea of a motor-driven revolving house—a recent architectural



vision. Says it's much too cold these nights to be standing on the doorstep trying to catch the doorknob and the keyhole as they whirl past.

Prince, the only horse in Nome, Alaska, having been saved by popular subscription from starvation, is now writing a column for Jessen's Weekly in Fairbanks. Specializing in national politics. Behind-the-brass-curtain stuff. Syndicate handling Prince's copy decently makes no mention of feed-box sources or horse sense.

Important information from old 48's unequalled service department to those contemplating moving to Fort Wayne, Indiana. It's illegal to build a barbed-wire fence in Fort Wayne. Also, you may not tether your horse to a lamp-post in that city. Furthermore, there's a law forbidding you to tell fortunes in Fort Wayne's public parks and you've got to wear a bathing suit if you go swimming in the river. Maybe you'd better move to Kokomo.

Just before you hit a stretch of road that's under repairs in Mariposa County, California, you'll see a sign: SLOW—MEN SHOULD BE AT WORK. We have a photograph from Mr. W. T. Scheld in Merced to prove it.

The man at the Internal Revenue office in Kansas City, Missouri, listened with admirable patience as the tax-happy guy across his desk said what he thought of the late administration, Congress, the Treasury Department and so on. He also had a number of bitter remarks to make about Big Government.

But presently he ran down, giving the income-tax man a chance to remark: "Cheer up, my friend. It might very well be worse. Suppose you got all the government you're paying for."

China going in for zoo treaties with Russian satellites. This item from Mr. Kai Lung Shan, of Reno, Nevada. Many strange wild animals already exchanged with Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Large number of rare birds already arrived from the U.S.S.R.

Guide on sight-seeing bus in Milwaukee informed his passengers that at that moment they were passing the largest brewery in the world. A bored gentleman in the back came suddenly to life. "Why?" demanded he, rising to his feet.

Fellow in Columbia, South Carolina, tells us he'd been bothered by a loud noise on the right-hand side of his car. He decided to do something about it so he let her drive.

Motel owner in Ohio kicking about business fall-off. Said it was due to the new superhighway built a mile away from his cabins. Friend said he saw a "No Vacancies" hung out in front of the fellow's establishment and that looked like prosperity. "Yeah?" said the motel owner. "Before they gypped me by running that new highway over yonder where I ain't, I used to turn away twenty, thirty parties a night. Now I'm lucky if I have to say nothing doing to ten or twelve."

Just been talking to our congressman. He said yes, Congress was surely going to do some cutting in spending. Asked him about tax reductions. "Take it easy," said the honorable gentleman. "We've got to have something left to promise you in 1956."

Next time you meet a guy with \$240,000,000, urge him to stop in the bank and get 240,000,000 one-dollar bills. Mr. Bill Prellwitz has just written from Walla Walla, Washington, saying, if



IRWIN CAPLAN

laid end to end, that many pieces of folding money would encircle the earth. Have a good time and let us know if the above is true.

Collier's for February 21, 1953

The Best of References

IT WAS too bad that Mary and Paul Westley never had any children of their own, because there was nothing in the world they wanted more. They lived in a fair-sized house down on Maple Street, and Paul kept moving up to better and better jobs with his company. They knew a great many people in town and went out a lot, but they began to suspect that it was mostly to keep from thinking about the one empty spot in their lives.

They'd been married about nine or ten years when they got to talking seriously about adopting a child. They'd spoken of it from time to time before, but now they were really in earnest. So much so that they started the wheels in motion.

It was not, they discovered, a simple matter. You don't just walk into a place and say, "We'd like a nice, cuddly boy with blue eyes and light hair, please," and walk out with him bundled in your arms. Mary and Paul found that they look into your background and your way of living very carefully. You have to have the best of references. Because they want to make sure the child will have the very next best thing to parents of his own—and a home in which he'll be happy.

Paul and Mary Westley asked several people in town to vouch for them. They wrote nice letters saying that Paul and Mary were fine people, which was true enough.

But Al Barnett went a step farther, as the Westleys discovered later. He went to see the adoption representative and after he explained the purpose of his visit he said, "I've known Paul

Westley for something over fifteen years with my friend and at the New York Life agent. And I know that Paul is not merely concerned with his business of day to day things but has made some sound solid plans for his own, and his family's, welfare."

Paul believed in life insurance and had had since set up a program with some conditions that will take care of himself and his family. You can be sure that only good the Westleys—kept well provided for.

Whether or not that conversation was a deciding factor that clinched the matter, we don't know. At any rate, in the course of time, Mary became known as Dad and Mom, with the father who soon was riding his motorcycle up and down Maple Street with the rest of the neighborhood.

They named him Lawrence Westley, and he grew up just in time to serve in the Marine during the last war. He finished college when he got back.

One of these days when you're looking up a number in the telephone directory, next night just leaf through the W's for a moment. You'll still see Westley, Mary, on Maple Street with the same listing she has had for the ten years since Paul Westley died. But there's a new listing in the book now that reads Westley, Lawrence, attorney, 200 Main, SPrg 7-1957. They put it in the directory only last fall.

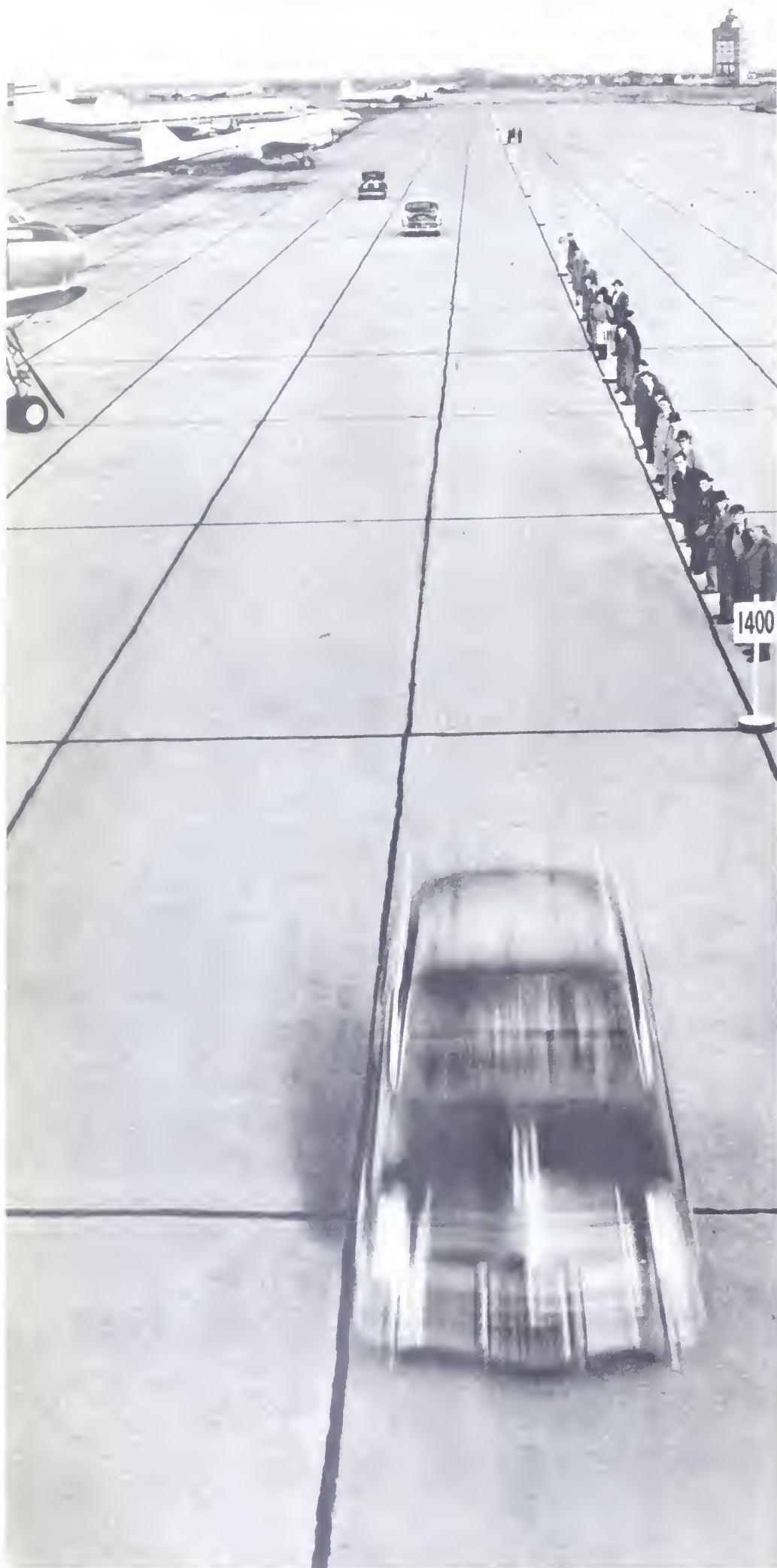
The listing is in the usual small print, but it looks mighty big to Mary Westley. Yes, and to Al Barnett, too.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

51 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



Natural names used in this story are fictitious.



Runway Tests Prove Gasoline 50% Better Than in 1925

**Priced the same as it was then,
2 gallons now do work of 3**

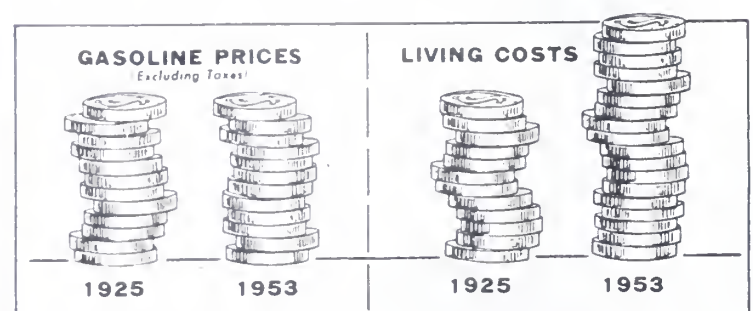
Dramatic automobile tests at New York International Airport, "Idlewild," prove that 2 gallons of today's gasoline do the work 3 gallons did in 1925.

Today's gasoline, these tests show, is worth 50 percent more by every measure of automobile performance and economy—even taking into consideration the great improvement of car engines and designs. To make test results even more remarkable, today's gasoline still costs about the same as gasoline did in 1925—*only taxes are higher*. In the same period the price of most things you buy has gone up sharply.

This increase in gasoline quality has been the direct result of constant competition in every branch of the oil industry. Every day, oilmen try to win your business by doing their jobs better, faster, more efficiently.

That's why you get the finest oil products at the world's lowest prices. And this is just one way you benefit from the American system of free competition where privately-managed oil companies have a chance to earn a profit while serving you.

For a free booklet about the improvements in today's gasoline, "2=3," write to the Oil Industry Information Committee, American Petroleum Institute, Box 46, 50 West 50th St., New York 20, N. Y.



20 SECONDS AFTER start of acceleration test, 1953 car with 1953 gasoline pulls far ahead of same model car using 1925 gasoline. Trailing both new cars is an automobile of the twenties fueled with 1925 gasoline. By every test, including ton mileage, today's gasoline proves 50% better than 1925 gasoline.

1953 GASOLINE is an outstanding buy. While general living costs in the U.S. have jumped 52.2% since 1925, gasoline today is priced about the same as gasoline was then—*only the taxes are higher*.

Problem Parents

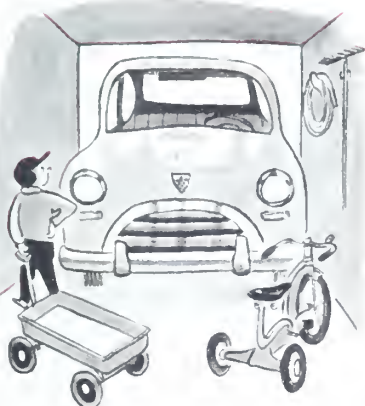
By CHARLES PEARSON



THEY'RE CARELESS



CLUMSY



INCONSIDERATE



INACCURATE



LOUD



LAZY



MISERLY



And still
books are written
on how to understand us

Keep Hair Neat All Day This New Greaseless Way



**"V-7"—new grooming discovery now
in Vitalis Hair Tonic—outdates messy oils.
Keeps your hair neat all day without
gummy film or matted-down look.**

**Not an animal, vegetable
or mineral oil**

If you object to over-oily hair tonics, as most men do, here's good news. Now you can keep hair in place and easy to manage—yet avoid that gummy, "oil-slick" look.

The secret is a completely new kind of grooming agent—introduced to you in new finer Vitalis Hair Tonic.

Called "V-7," it is not an animal, vegetable or mineral oil. In fact, "V-7" was developed in the laboratory especially to overcome the messiness and other disadvantages of various greasy oils.

**Feels tingling good—
kills dandruff germs on contact**

In addition to good grooming, new Vitalis gives you a combination of *active* ingredients found in no other leading hair tonic.

Massaged briskly onto scalp with the famous "60-Second Workout," new finer Vitalis feels tingling good... far more refreshing than creams or oils. And laboratory tests prove it kills, on contact, germs that many doctors associate with infectious dandruff. No mere oil or cream can do this.

**Outgrooms any other hair tonic
—or double your money back**

We think you'll find new Vitalis with "V-7" the finest hair tonic you ever used. If you don't agree, return empty bottle to Bristol-Myers, 630 5th Ave., New York 20, N. Y., and get *double* your money back. (Offer expires December 31, 1953.)

Make this easy test



Even if you are satisfied with your present hair tonic, we think you'll be pleasantly surprised the very first time you use new finer Vitalis containing "V-7":

1. Hair stays neat, natural-looking. No heavy greasy look.
2. No gummy film or "matting down."

You can easily prove these facts for yourself. Just apply the tonic you are now using to one side of your head—new finer Vitalis to the other. See if you don't agree that the Vitalis side looks far better.



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Do the Real Heroes Get the Medal of Honor?

By Brig. Gen. S. L. A. MARSHALL with BILL DAVIDSON

Sometimes they do, says this expert. But the selection system is shamefully unfair. Many of our greatest heroes don't even get a pat on the back, while fools and cowards may be rewarded

HARRY S. TRUMAN often said, "I'd rather have the Congressional Medal of Honor than be President of the United States." Most Americans—I'm one of them—share his feeling of respect for the nation's highest decoration.

But after careful study I have come to the reluctant conclusion that the Medal of Honor and our other high decorations aren't being used as they were intended and have lost a great part of their value among our troops.

Many men earn their medals the hard way. But others sometimes get them without truly rating them. The decorations are awarded by boards of officers who often lose sight of the main idea in a snarl of red tape. Under our present system, not only does it take so long for medals to be awarded that they lose their good morale effect, but—far more serious—morale is undermined because too many outstanding acts of heroism go unrewarded.

How can such injustices occur in the world's most scientifically run military organization? If you had analyzed combat operations during two wars, as I have, you would find little science in our cumbersome method of awarding decorations. Injustices occur constantly.

The bravest action I ever recorded, for example, took place along the Chongchon River in Korea, where a handful of men in B Company of the 2d Division's 9th Infantry Regiment held back hundreds of attacking Chinese and gave the Eighth Army a sorely needed 24-hour breathing spell in the retreat from the Yalu River.

The company commander, Captain William C. Wallace, of Petersburg, Virginia, led an attack directly into an enemy machine-gun position. His ear and cheek were smashed by a grenade explosion, but for four hours he continued leading the outfit before collapsing from loss of blood. When Wallace was struck by the grenade, Pfc Dennis Rush, of Casper, Wyoming, crept out under the machine-gun fire to pull him back to



ANTON BRUEHL

cover, while Private Robert Noel, of Beckley, West Virginia, stood in full view of the enemy, firing his automatic rifle at the Chinese gun until his last round was gone.

That night, an eighteen-year-old South Boston, Virginia, farm boy, Corporal Walter K. Crawford, crawled twice through the Chinese lines to get ammunition. Then for two hours, Crawford and Corporal James C. Cureto, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, fielded 40 enemy hand grenades, catching them in mid-air or scooping them up from the ground, then throwing them back at the Chinese before they could explode. This feat—which must be unparalleled in our military history—kept a tiny band of 14 men on a key knoll from being wiped out.

Acts of heroism piled one upon the other. In the forefront was B Company's executive officer, Lieutenant Ellison C. Wynn, who took over after Wallace collapsed. A handsome six-foot five-inch Negro from Durham, North Carolina, Wynn became the rallying point of the night defense against a Chinese force which had his position surrounded. At last, with the company reduced by casualties from 129 to 34 men, its last machine gun shattered and its ammunition gone, Wynn told his men, "Get down the hill; I'll cover you." They stared at him in amazement, knowing that he had nothing left to fire. But they started down the ridge.

Then they looked back and saw a sight they'll never forget. The giant lieutenant was on his feet, silhouetted against the skyline. Yelling and cursing, he was holding back the Chinese, then only 20 feet distant, by throwing rocks and cans of C rations at them! A white enlisted man, Pfc Paul Frost, of Roslindale, Massachusetts, stood next to Wynn, swinging his rifle like a club.

As they watched, a hand grenade blew away part of Wynn's face. But the big officer fought his way down the hill. For five hours, he continued to command, refusing bandages and plasma on

Whole classes of soldiers—like medical-aid men—are victims of discrimination

grounds that other men needed them more. Finally he collapsed. It took him 187 days in Army hospitals to recover from his wounds.

Soldier after soldier, white Southerners among them, told me later that Wynn was the bravest man they had ever seen, and I consider him as worthy of the Congressional Medal as anyone who ever received it. I think Crawford, too, earned the Medal of Honor; and that Wallace, Rush, Noel, Curcio and Frost—plus two others in the company, Pte Lawrence E. Smith, Jr., of Sandston, Virginia, and Master Sergeant Herbert Seegar, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—all deserved the D.S.C.

Did they get it? They did not.

In the retreat, the battered 2d Division had neither the time nor the equipment to make out the forms required by our archaic decorations system. So no B Company men received proper recognition. Wynn finally got a D.S.C., but that was all.

Do you think the case of Wynn and the others is an isolated example? My official records are filled with others like it.

The Sergeant York of World War II, for example, was Staff Sergeant Harrison Summers, of Rivesville, West Virginia. On the day of the Normandy landings in 1944, Summers singlehandedly attacked five stone barracks filled with German soldiers, kicking in the front door of each, and spraying the interior with his submachine gun. It took him three hours; other men who tried to help were shot down.

Summers accounted for more than 100 Germans, and Army historical reports describe him as a major reason for the success of the entire Utah Beach enterprise. But did Summers get the Congressional Medal? No; he lost out through my own technical error in the filing of the affidavits. I neglected to get signatures, and when I went back for them, two of the three witnesses were dead.

One night in North Korea, the Chinese threw their weight against F Company of the 27th Regiment. Corporal Lonzo Mosier, of Tyler, Missouri, alone in an outpost, held fast until ordered back. Then the Chinese lighted a brush fire against the company line. The others with Mosier were forced back, but he held off the enemy while the line reformed on another knoll. He finally burst through the flames to rejoin the main body.

Chinese Strafed with Own Machine Gun

The next morning, the company charged a Chinese position which was blocking the escape of a large part of the 25th Division. Mosier leaped into the enemy strong point, grabbed a machine gun and turned it on the Chinese crew as they fled. Then he dragged the gun to the side of the ridge and slaughtered a score or more of the enemy grouped below.

That night, the Chinese again lighted a forest fire, which drove everyone back but Mosier. He kept firing until his last bullet was gone. At last, with the Chinese only 20 yards away and the flame beating at his clothing, he retired, lugging his 80-pound machine gun with him.

His award? Nothing—not even a Bronze Star. His was a sustained performance, but no one bothered to link the heroic episodes together. It simply didn't occur to anyone that he rated a decoration (I'd say the Medal of Honor).

Yet I know of a battalion commander who received the Medal of Honor for an exploit which, he later admitted, wouldn't have occurred as it did except for his own carelessness. He ordered an attack, but didn't see to it that his orders were understood by the whole battalion. Only a fraction of one company followed him and that made his leading the attack seem braver than it really was.

Even more ironic is a case involving two men who became terrified and didn't follow their company into an action which proved to be an ambush. The others were all killed or captured. The two malingersers scampered back to summon aid, and

both later got the D.S.C.—one "for holding his position singlehandedly in the face of the enemy," the other "for voluntarily, at great risk to himself, bringing in a support force to re-establish the position." In cold fact, neither had been subjected to a single enemy shot. The effect of such cases on troop morale is greatly damaging. The men know who deserve the medals and who don't.

During the Normandy landings in World War II, I asked a battalion commander if he was planning to cite any men for extremely brave actions he had reported. He said wearily: "No, sir; I quit in Africa. Invariably, when I put men in for decorations, the least-deserving cases got them and my outstanding men were by-passed. So I gave up. It was demoralizing the battalion." Until the day he left the battalion, *this commander did not cite a single man for bravery*. Dozens of heroes thus went unrewarded in one of the most valiant American regiments.

What's responsible for the confusion surrounding our awards system? You have to go back into history for the answer. George Washington established our first military decoration, the Purple Heart, then awarded for valor, instead of for wounds, as it is today. But the Purple Heart fell into disuse after the Revolution and there was no award for military heroism until Congress created the Medal of Honor during the Civil War. (About



Brig. Gen. S.L.A. Marshall

Rated among the world's top analysts of U.S. Army combat operations, Gen. Marshall is a Detroit News staff member and Army reservist who recently returned from a mission to Korea. His activities have made him an authority on awards; during World War II, he was Gen. Eisenhower's representative for the ETO unit citations

3,150 Medals of Honor have been awarded since then; perhaps 300 holders of the award are now alive.) It wasn't until World War I that the Distinguished Service Cross, the Distinguished Service Medal and the Navy Cross were added, to be followed in recent years by the Silver Star, the Bronze Star and all the others.

During the Civil War, the Medal of Honor was intelligently awarded. But then there was trouble. When the war ended, many soldiers claimed the medal without documentation.

The crowning abuse came when General George Custer's forces were massacred by the Sioux in 1876. Several companies were sent to Custer's rescue; none arrived in time, but the company commanders recommended nearly every man for the Medal of Honor. Brigadier General Alfred A. Terry turned down the awards, commenting tartly: "Medals of Honor are not intended for ordinarily good conduct but for conspicuous acts of gallantry." Terry asked that the deserving cases be resubmitted with complete documentation, and a board of officers was appointed to review the list.

That first board solved the immediate problem, but it was also the beginning of the present laby-

rinth. As time passed, the Army piled board upon board. Today, a Medal of Honor recommendation must go through a gamut of officer groups.

When a man commits an exceptionally heroic act nowadays, his commanding officer writes up perhaps eight pages of facts, then sends a Medal of Honor recommendation, and the sheaf of documents, to his division commander.

Now the parade of boards begins. The division commander has a board to advise him; he merely rubber-stamps the board's decision and sends it to the corps commander. The corps commander, in turn, submits it to his awards board, then bucks it on to the Army commander, with his awards board. A theater awards board considers the recommendation before it goes to the Pentagon—where the Department of the Army Decorations Board takes a final look at it.

Recommendations May Be Easily Vetoed

At each level, the awards board is usually a group of officers called in from other jobs. Any board can disapprove a medal or suggest a lesser decoration, but the boards must forward all Medal of Honor recommendations until they reach the Department of the Army board. However, that top group rarely approves a recommendation that has been turned down on a lower level—so the recommendation must brave six separate vetoes. The only appeal is to resubmit the recommendation—if new facts warrant it—and go through the entire procedure again.

The defects of the system are obvious. The highest boards, separated from the act of valor by hundreds of miles, have only a vague idea of its value in relation to the remote battlefield. Also, all board members have other pressing duties; they usually have scant interest in decorations.

I have been a member of three theater boards which, in an average session, passed upon 50 to 150 closely documented cases within two or three hours. The first board knew the regulations and studied the cases. The second board neither read the cases nor respected the regulations. Members of the third board didn't even bother to attend; they sent subordinates.

But even if all board members were conscientious, decorations would still be "boarded to death." Boards tend to haggle over trifles, to concentrate on technicalities and to search for excuses for saying no. A citation may spend a year in the pipe line before it is finally bucked back to the source with a request for more information. By then, the hero may be a civilian—or a corpse.

Possibly the greatest weakness of the boards is that they take the easy way out, by approving citations which they know are sure-fire—the single, spectacular act, such as falling on a hand grenade or charging a machine-gun nest singlehanded. Some of the sacrifices which have won decorations have been plain suicides. We also have rewarded men for foolhardy ventures from which they had to be extricated with loss of life.

Because of the appeal of the stereotyped, the boards discriminate against whole classes of soldiers. I have known medical-aid men who shamed panicky infantry into holding fast by refusing to abandon wounded soldiers under fire. To me, such men are as deserving of the Medal of Honor as any doughboy who captures a new hill. Yet it is almost an unwritten law that the aid man receives nothing higher than a Silver Star, though no other group in the Army is more uniformly courageous.

It has also been an unwritten law that *leading* men in acts of bravery over a prolonged period is not, in itself, worthy of the Congressional Medal. The smug attitude of the average board is: "He merely did his duty"—and there they make the greatest mistake of all. Strong leadership under fire is the rarest sight on the battlefield.

The traditional disregard of leadership was finally broken in 1951, when Marine Lieutenant



Man who valiantly exposes self to enemy fire may never get medal—unless an officer sees him

Colonel Raymond G. Davis, of Arlington, Virginia, led the 1st Battalion of the 7th Marine Regiment to the relief of its F Company, which had been surrounded by Chinese for five days. That action was the essential preliminary for the 1st Marine Division's historic march to the sea.

To rescue F Company, Davis forced his men cross-country in 30-degree-below-zero cold, wrestled them to their feet when they fell exhausted, and finally stormed with them across a valley swarming with Chinese to blast a pathway to the besieged company. Marine Brigadier General Homer Litzenberg said, "The personal example of Davis was one of the rallying forces which most directly contributed to the extrication of the bulk of the division." But it took two years to get a Congressional Medal of Honor approved for Davis. Navy boards chewed over it, and finally sent it back for better and stronger affidavits.

Why Some Heroic Deeds Go Unrewarded

Besides the board system, other evils have held over from Custer's time. First, there grew up a tradition requiring a man's commanding officer to put him in for decoration. When a soldier performs a heroic act while separated from his officers, he usually remains unknown and unsung. My records are filled with accounts of feats meriting the Congressional Medal or D.S.C., where we have been unable to learn the hero's identity. In other cases, the name is known and the merit of the act clearly established, but no one took the trouble to initiate the award action.

Our best men in ranks often feel abashed about heroism. They are not talkative about their own actions, and few of them know they may put a comrade forward for a decoration. So the unit commander has to initiate awards. That places a great burden on a young, overworked officer who may be too inexperienced to know what medal an act is worth. So what wins a Silver Star in one company might look like a Bronze Star act to the skipper next door. Moreover, in time of emergency, heroism goes begging. In the 2d Division's terrible march through the Chinese gantlet in November, 1950, at least 10 Medal of Honor possibilities were overlooked and perhaps 60 to 80 D.S.C.s. Later, the unit commanders were too busy rebuilding companies to bother with awards.

And that brings me to the most exasperating evil of all—the fact that literary style often counts more than the merit of the act.

An officer who can write effectively may describe a comparatively inconsequential act with such drama that he makes it seem worth a high-ranking decoration. Most combat officers don't possess that literary knack; when they submit worthy citations, their clumsy narratives do not catch the eye of the bored awards-board members.

I'm a professional writer. In Europe, I recommended 58 men in my command for decoration; 56 got awards. Of course, writing out the recommendations took time; when I wrote the Medal of Honor narrative for Captain Lewis L. Millett in Korea, it required two and a half days and the full-time services of two stenographers.

What happens in the thousands of cases where the commanding officer can't write well and can't take a couple of days off to compose an epic?

A good example is that of Sergeant William D. Owens, of Alhambra, California, one of the outstanding heroes of World War II. In June, 1944, Owens took over a machine-gun position in Normandy and fought off four German tanks advancing along a causeway. A full German battalion was behind the armor. He engaged the force for over an hour, and finally beat it back.

His action preserved the flank of an entire U.S. corps. But Owens' commander was no writer. His narrative recommending a Medal of Honor wasn't exciting enough. Owens got a Bronze Star. The men of his company were livid over this injustice. One of them asked me later: "What do you do to win a Medal of Honor—capture Hitler?"

How can we correct such abuses? The answer is fairly simple:

First, the narrative should be short; decorations should not be a competition in prose. Any heroic act can be described in a half-dozen paragraphs.

Second, the operations officer, or S-3, of each regiment should be charged with systematizing awards, with a full-time decorations specialist under him to collect the necessary information. That would take the burden off inexperienced, harassed junior officers. The unit leader would simply make a recommendation to the specialist, who would then interview the witnesses and write the citation.

Besides scouting out deserving men, the specialist would bring about standardization, identify

cases which are low rated and protect men who might otherwise lose out because of prejudice.

The third major corrective should be the virtual elimination of the board system. The Bronze Star and the Silver Star should be awarded on the spot by the regimental commander on the advice of his S-3, and the division commander should award the D.S.C. on the advice of his operations officer.

Responsibility for the Congressional Medal should go no higher than the Army's authority, who should have a full-time officer to investigate Medal of Honor cases. Awards boards could be convened to consider material and completed cases, pass upon recommendations in unusual and operationally independent units and consider all decorations for nonbattle service.

Patton Defies Precedent at Bastogne

There is really nothing radical about these plans. In World War II, General George S. Patton Jr. rushed to Bastogne after the relief of that straggled and pinned the D.S.C. on Brigadier General Anthony C. McAuliffe, who certainly earned it three over. If it can be done for a general, why not for deserving enlisted men and junior officers?

One reason is the prejudice of some of our leaders against awarding "too many medals"—no matter how richly deserved. They say they don't want to cheapen the award. To my mind, you can't cheapen an award except by awarding it to the wrong man. The present system is not free of cheapness and hypocrisy, as is proved by the quota method of distribution. Under the quota arrangement (which is not chronic but is used periodically), just so many awards of each class are given to each command. The command may either use up the decorations by rewarding minor acts, or cheat true heroism by husbanding the awards too carefully because there are so few.

Some outfits in Germany after the war were given a quota of Silver Stars and Bronze Stars long after most of their combat men had been rotated home. So they pinned medals on replacements who had never fired a shot at the enemy.

When it came time to distribute the French *Croix de guerre fourragere* to our best divisions in Europe, we received 12 from the French on a quota basis. More than 30 U.S. divisions had been put in for it. They all had magnificent citations which read much alike. The weighty problem was solved in this scientific manner: two U.S. officers put the numbers of the 30-odd divisions in a hat, then drew out the "12 best."

In the same way, a division might have 30 valid winners of the D.S.C. But if somebody topside has ruled that 12 is its limit for the period, the other 18 go without. It would be fairer to draw the numbers from a hat. As one bitter GI put it to me, "If the quota's gone, you couldn't get a Bronze Star for saving Eisenhower. If it isn't, they might give you a Congressional Medal of Honor for recovering 150 yards of telephone wire."

I think we ought to eliminate the cynicism and bureaucratic nonsense from the system and get back to the original purpose for which awards were created—to stimulate pride of unit and morale in the men who do our fighting. And I wouldn't worry about how medals are given away just so long as they're deserved. I also want to return the prerogative of awarding medals to the commanders in the field, where it belongs.

No one ever stated the basic principles more forcefully than George Washington in his Newburgh Proclamation of August 7, 1782, which established the Purple Heart as a reward for valor. It was the first time in history that a commander had thought of decorating enlisted men—almost as revolutionary an idea as the Revolution itself.

Washington ordered Purple Hearts "not only for instances of extraordinary gallantry, but also of extraordinary fidelity and essential service in any way." He ordered the medals presented on the basis of *the facts plus a certificate from the commanding officer forwarded to the commander in chief*, and ended with stirring words. "The road to glory in a patriot army and a free country," he wrote, "is thus opened to all." ▲▲▲



Go and Kiss Him If You Dare

By BENEDICT THELEN

*The old ones were trying to stay young, and the
young ones were trying to grow up. Nobody was
having much luck, but it was fun to keep trying*

IN THE quiet summer night, the sound of a car drawing up in front of the house, with a spraying of gravel and a screech of brakes, sounded unexpectedly violent and loud. When she heard it Nancy turned and rushed up the stairs. Near the top she tripped and almost fell, but she caught at the banister and pulled herself up the rest of the way, in a convulsed tangle of white saddle shoes, flying shirttails and rolled-up blue jeans.

Mr. Ellis, who had been standing by the living-room window looking out at the sea, turned to his wife with a puzzled expression. "I thought she was all ready to go," he said.

"She was," Mrs. Ellis said, "but it wouldn't do to seem so."

"That's true," Mr. Ellis said slowly. "I'd forgotten."

She sighed and said, "We forget so much."

Eighteen years of marriage had given Mr. Ellis a certain subtlety of response to his wife's moods. He looked at her thoughtfully.

"So many things," Mrs. Ellis said, and he felt the deepening of the melancholy in her voice.

Just then there was a sharp, impatient toot of a horn from the car outside. Mr. Ellis went to the door and snapped on the switch of the porch light. Leaning forward with his face close to the screen, he called, "Come in. She'll be right down." He looked back at Mrs. Ellis. "If there's anything I hate it's people who honk horns."

The door opened, and a boy dressed almost exactly like Nancy stumbled across the threshold.

"Watch it, Ted," Mr. Ellis said.

With a bright smile Mrs. Ellis said, "Nancy'll be right down, Ted."

They all sat down. Mr. Ellis stifled a yawn and, picking up a pack of cards from the table by his side, began to examine it.

"How's your mother, Ted?" Mrs. Ellis asked.

"She's okay. They're over at the Bremers'."

"Oh, I haven't seen her in perfect ages," Mrs. Ellis said.

"They don't go out much," Ted said. He crossed his legs and began twitching one foot rapidly up and down. Mr. Ellis watched with a nervous fascination, as one battered brown moccasin gradually worked loose from the heel, hung suspended from one toe, then fell onto the floor with a thump.

"Yeah," Ted said, as he picked up his shoe, "they generally stick around pretty close to the old home plate. Although as a matter of fact," he added, "they did say something about coming to the square dance tonight. Being with the Bremers for din-

ner and all. Since the Bremers go in heavily for square dancing." He gave a brief, sardonic laugh. "Big deal."

Nancy came languidly downstairs and said, "Hi."

Ted got up, said, "Hi" and for a few seconds they stood there staring at each other with expressionless faces.

Then Ted said, "Okay."

Nancy answered, "Okay," and they went out letting the screen door slam behind them.

When the car had driven off, Mr. Ellis shook his head and said, "I don't get it." He brought out a card table, drew up two straight backed chairs, and sat down. "The general attitude. They don't seem to get a kick out of anything. They seem to know all the answers."

Mrs. Ellis came over and stood by his side. "Well, I suppose we thought we did too."

"In a different way," he said. "We thought we were hard-boiled and wild, but these kids . . . They're just blasé."

Mrs. Ellis laughed and said, "Drinking gin. Necking in cars."

He looked up quickly. "Who?" he said. "They?"

"No, no. We."

Mr. Ellis smiled and said, "I guess we were sort of wild at that." He started to deal the cards, then looked up. "Do you suppose Nancy . . . Oh, hell, she's only sixteen. But with a couple of drinks."

"All they drink is milk," Mrs. Ellis said. "Or Cokes."

"Funny. But it's probably just as well." He motioned to the chair opposite him. "Aren't you going to sit down?" he said.

SHE sat down, picked up the cards, and looked at them absent-mindedly. She gave a small and almost imperceptible sigh.

"What is it, Jo?" he asked. "Is something wrong?"

"Why, no, Howard," she said, "not at all. Let's play."

He shook his head. "Something's bothering you. Come on, you might as well tell me now. What was that you said before? About forgetting things? So many things?"

"Oh," she said, beginning to sort the cards. "Nothing."

A shade of impatience came into his voice. "Don't keep saying nothing, Jo," he said. "I can tell when you've got something on your mind. I forgetting what things?"

"Well," she said, and her eyes moved around the room. Then she suddenly looked directly at him and with a kind of distressed determination said, "All I mean is: don't you (Continued on page 44)

Mr. Ellis saw Nancy whirling in the center of the floor with a tall, dark young man who looked somewhat older than the others. "Who's the big lug she's with?" he asked his wife. Mrs. Ellis answered dreamily, "The iceman"

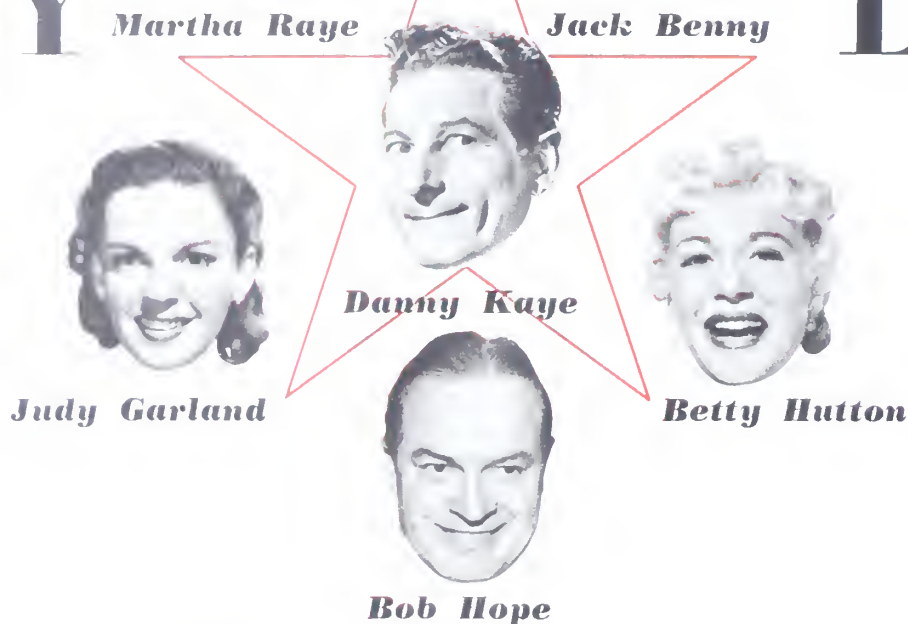
WHY

Martha Raye

Jack Benny

LOVE TO

American stars can earn more



Judy Garland

Danny Kaye

Betty Hutton

Bob Hope

By **ROBERT MUSEL**

MARTHA RAYE, of Hollywood and points east, sat at a table in a London night club fortifying herself with champagne. The curtain had just fallen on her first night on the stage of the London Palladium and she was waiting for the verdict of the morning newspaper critics.

With a groan, she explained her predicament: "If you're an American artist these days and you don't make a hit at the Palladium—well, you're dead! London's approval has come to mean as much to a star as a Hollywood Oscar. But, gosh, the way you have to work and worry to get it!"

Miss Raye was giving expression to a phenomenon of the entertainment world: many of America's top-drawer comedians and popular singers would as soon appear on a London vaudeville stage 3,500 miles from Broadway and 5,500 miles from Hollywood as in a new American movie or a television show.

Those who make good—as Miss Raye did—treasure the Palladium accolade as a memorable high light in their careers. The theater has become a symbol of success as great as New York's Palace Theater in the palmiest days of American vaudeville. As a matter of fact, Danny Kaye never got over his reception in 1948, one of the greatest personal triumphs in stage history.

Jack Benny, another Palladium favorite, tells of the day he met Danny on Hollywood Boulevard and asked him the time. It was mid-afternoon, but Danny, with a faraway look in his eyes, replied: "Six fifteen and eight forty-five." Danny was day-dreaming of London again, the curtain rises on the twice-nightly Palladium shows at 6:15 and 8:45 p.m.

Another season of big-name vaudeville will open at the Palladium next month and once more American night-club and theater proprietors can be expected to stand by in awe while London lures their box-office stars across the Atlantic.

What is the Palladium's siren call? Reigning film stars regard an engagement there as a chance to achieve success on the stage. Top stage, radio and television performers see a new world to conquer. Fading stars see a chance for a fast, new start to the top.

Then, too, Britain ranks next to the United States itself as a market for American films, popular music and records. An appearance on a London stage helps a star at the movie box office and the record and music counters. Significantly, many film-name engagements coincide with the release of the star's picture in Britain, and singers get a chance to plug their records from the stage.

Still another attraction is the opportunity to see Europe on the Palladium's money. Singer Frankie Laine says that consideration was a primary reason why he signed a contract; then his wife, ex-film actress Nan Grey, bought so many antiques in Britain, France and Italy that Frankie claims he had to squeeze in an extra concert on his last Sunday in Britain to "make enough money to get out of town." Betty Hutton says she came so that she and her husband, Charles O'Curran, could visit Britain, France and Ireland.

Valentine (Val) Charles Parnell, managing director of the Palladium, shrewdly takes all these circumstances into account when he begins negotiations with an American performer. No one in the business can draw a finer line on how little to offer a big star and still have him strike at the bait. Not that the London salaries are peanuts. Kaye, Benny and Bob Hope pulled down from \$9,000 to \$14,000 a week, but over the same period they could get \$25,000 and more at home. However, they play only 14 shows a week at the Palladium compared with about 30 a week at big American movie houses.

American Stars Spend Freely in London

Despite the sizable salaries, few American stars manage to leave London with much of their Palladium pay. Living in Britain comes high for them. Hired Rolls Royces, suites at the Savoy Hotel or Claridge's, and innumerable purchases soon eat up the money. For example, Maxene Andrews of the Andrews Sisters bought a \$10,000 British automobile, and Red Skelton purchased a couple of smaller cars before leaving for home.

Whatever the lures Val Parnell dangles before them, he has succeeded in bringing to his theater during the past five years probably the greatest galaxy of American entertainers to appear on a single vaudeville stage in recent years.

Not all the stars found the success Parnell had promised was waiting for them. There have been a couple of flops and a half-dozen near misses. But there also have been enough smash hits to encourage Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, Johnnie Ray, Hope and Laine to agree to play the house this year. Hope and Laine needed no urging to return; they had such warm receptions in the past that they look forward to playing the Palladium. And they know that once a British audience accepts a performer, it remains loyal.

Despite the Palladium's world-wide fame, the theater looks anything but imposing. It is squeezed in between office buildings on narrow Argyll

Street, a half mile from teeming Piccadilly Circus, the hub of London. It is so far off the beaten path, in fact, that it was one of four theaters permitted to reopen in the early days of the Nazi aerial blitz during World War II simply because they were not in crowded sections of the city.

The narrow sidewalk permits only a small marquee. The façade is in the style of a temple to Pallas Athene, from which the theater took its name. The Greek architectural style is heavily conventionalized and the front of the building is painted cream.

Inside, past a shallow lobby, the Palladium's two balconies and red-plush and gilt decorations make it look superficially like a lot of legitimate theaters in the United States. When built in 1910 at the then fabulous cost of \$1,200,000, however, it was the only theater in London completely carpeted and with tip-up seats throughout the auditorium.

Moreover, Frank Matcham, one of the finest theater architects of his day, somehow managed to achieve in the auditorium of nearly 2,400 seats the intimacy of the small music halls then strewn thickly through London. Billy Daniels, the American pop singer, puts it this way: "As you stand on the stage, you can feel the audience close to you. It's like standing on the handle of a giant fan, with the fan spread out before you. There's no real gulf between you and the audience because of little alcove boxes overlooking the stage and the way the balconies curve toward you. And when those lights hit you, you know that everyone clear up to the last row of the top balcony can see and hear you."

Still other novel features were introduced by George Black, a former movie-theater-chain owner, who took over the Palladium in 1928, and Parnell, whom Black hired as his booking agent. They built a soft-drink counter; until then British music-hall audiences could buy only alcoholic beverages in a theater. They introduced a policy of two shows nightly plus two matinees a week—under which the theater now sells more than 1,500,000 tickets a year at prices ranging from two shillings and sixpence (35 cents) to 14 shillings and sixpence (\$2.03).

They threw out the London theatrical tradition of having the women ushers—who also distribute programs at seven cents each—sell trays of tea with biscuits to the audience at intermission time. Instead, the then new regime built a mission-style lounge behind the orchestra section and added a chef to the payroll. Audiences are tempted out for a drink and a snack between halves of the show.

PLAY THE PALLADIUM

money at home. Yet they grab at the chance to show their wares in an English theater

Parnell, a 56-year-old six-footer with a build like an ex-football player, continued to add improvements when he became managing director after Black died in 1945. As Parnell tells it: "We try to keep it all top drawer. Our pit band is the best. You ought to see the leader, Woolf Phillips, from the stage. He smiles at the artists, encourages them, gives them the thumbs-up sign, tells them they're great. When Judy Garland was nervous, Woolfie sang the English version of Easter Parade. She thought he was trying to throw her off. It brought back her concentration and became a running gag between them for her engagement."

"Our scenery is the best we can get. So is our lighting, which is operated from the front of the house on a device like an electronic organ. Music, too, is tops. We were using Leroy Anderson's music before he became famous in the States."

Show business is in Parnell's blood. His father, Fred Russell, now 90 and still active, was the first ventriloquist to use a single dummy, which he called Coster Joe. Val began his own theatrical career at 13 as an office boy to a producer. Val's wife, the former Helen Howell of Honolulu, was in an adagio act at the Palladium before their marriage in 1937.

Today Parnell supervises the booking of about 200 acts a week for the Moss Empires group of theaters in addition to directing the Palladium. He works long hours at the job, and even away from the office frequently entertains show people in his luxurious eight-room apartment in Westminster Gardens, behind Westminster Abbey. His method of negotiating with American stars—and with British performers, too, for that matter—is to coax rather than to bluster. He is slow to anger, and he rarely lets a personal dislike keep him from booking an actor who might help the box office.

Although Parnell is responsible for the postwar American conquest of the Palladium, there have been American performers on its stage off and on

ever since the theater's gala opening December 26, 1910. The opening bill included a male impersonator from Baltimore, Maryland—Ella Shields, known as Birmingham Bertie from Bow. Then, on down through the years, some of the Americans who appeared were Nora Bayes, Ramon Novarro, Joe E. Brown, Gregory Ratoff, Polly Moran, Bert Wheeler, Ethel Barrymore, W. C. Fields, Tom Mix, Jackie Coogan and Gene Dennis, the clairvoyant. (Parnell fondly remembers Miss Dennis because he won a sizable sum on her prediction that Windsor Lad would win the Derby in 1934. Windsor Lad paid 15 to 2.)

In 1940, the Palladium switched temporarily to bright, bouncy revues. It headlined such stars as Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, two of Hollywood's silent-screen stars now resident in Britain (and top radio comedians at the moment), and Tommy Trinder, who will go down in London theatrical history as the man who squelched Orson Welles. ("The name's Trinder," said Tommy, in opening his act. "Why don't you change it?" bellowed Welles from the audience. There was a hush. "Are you proposing marriage?" Tommy inquired.)

The Act That Inspired a New Policy

During the 1947 season, Parnell booked Laurel and Hardy. Box-office receipts indicated that he had hit pay dirt; he decided British audiences were ready to flock to topnotch American performers whom they had seen in American movies, or heard either on records or over the United States Armed Forces radio. So Val flew to the United States and signed the first American stars for what he designed as the Palladium's new—and still continuing—policy: 31 weeks of big-name vaudeville, 10 weeks of an autumn revue, one week to refurbish the house and 10 weeks of pantomime (traditional, noisy British musicals based on fairy tales).

Parnell concedes that the success of the 31-week vaudeville season hinges primarily on getting American stars to head the bills. Only three British headliners have been able to fill the theater by themselves in recent years. They are Gracie Fields, who also has made a hit on American stages, singer Donald Peers, who is Britain's Guy Mitchell, and Max Miller, a burlesque-type comedian who calls himself the Cheekie Chappie and uses some of the bluest material in show business.

The whole project nearly foundered at the start, however. Parnell had signed Mickey Rooney to open the 1948 season. But Val's sleek, iron-gray hair nearly curled when he read in London newspapers that the ebullient little actor on his arrival in England had told reporters: "I can act, sing, dance, write screen plays, direct and produce pictures, play drums and ride horses. I am show business. I know it all."

Mickey was just being his brash, natural self. But the British, who prefer understatement, didn't appreciate his egotism. The press roasted him even before the show opened, and the brickbats increased after the first night.

"Mickey didn't seem to care," Val says now. "He used no make-up. He did imitations of people and things our audiences had scarcely heard of." Then Mickey's manager, Sam Stiefel, compounded the British ire by explaining Mickey's failure to appear at a children's benefit in these words, according to the London press: "I thought it was outrageous to fix Mickey up with a show without consulting me. It's like asking your king or one of your great athletes to appear without warning."

After the Rooney debacle, the British press was ready to carve up Parnell's next American star for British breakfast-table reading.

But the next star—Danny Kaye—approached his engagement with an altogether different attitude. Danny arrived in London several days in ad-

Located among office buildings away from theater district, Palladium doesn't appear very imposing on outside. But crowds quickly fill its 2,400 seats when a U.S. star is on bill



Queen, Princess Margaret and Prince Philip lend royal touch to a Palladium performance



Palladium audiences have long memories. Tony Martin once relearned the Tenemen

value of his opening to familiarize himself with the theater and he prepared studiously for his preshow press conference. He had two friends—his manager Ed Dukoff and a veteran American foreign correspondent—pop questions at him so that he would have all his answers ready.

"If I ask you how much money you're getting, dollars are a sore point here now," the correspondent warned him. "I'll tell them that whenever it's I hope I earn it," Danny said. After the first round, Danny told his friends, "Boys, I'm going into the conference alone on my own." He left and the press conference went off like clockwork. When a British reporter acidly recalled that Danny had flopped in a prewar dancing act at London's Dochester Hotel, the comedian smiled and said, "It was the time of Munich, and I've always had the feeling I may have started the war." The critics were disarmed.

Danny opened on February 2, 1948—and he made theatrical history. The 4,000,000-circulation *Daily Express* gave him a rave review on page one—not the drama page. The first house demanded so many encores that the street outside became choked with hundreds of ticket holders for the second show. Danny's triumph assured the success of Parnell's new policy of featuring American stars.

Member of Peerage Among Standees

Among those who bought standing-room tickets for the second house that opening night in 1948 was the Marquess of Milford Haven. He fought his way through the crowd to Danny's dressing room after the final curtain.

"I enjoyed it," he told Danny. "May I bring my cousins?" He could, and he did. The cousins were Princess Elizabeth (now Queen Elizabeth II) and Princess Margaret. They joined the audience in singing Minnie the Moocher with Danny, and Princess Elizabeth went backstage afterward to invite him to supper with her party.

"I can't," stammered Danny. "I have a previous engagement." After the royal party left, Barry Stern, the Palladium manager, snapped: "You can't turn down invitations from royalty. What

engagement could possibly be more important?" Red-faced, Danny confessed: "I didn't have any engagement. I was too nervous to accept."

Elizabeth and Margaret went home to Buckingham Palace and told King George VI and Queen Elizabeth about the new comedian. On February 26th, for the first time in recent history the king and queen sat in regular orchestra seats for a music-hall performance. Afterward, the king and queen spent nearly a half hour chatting with Danny in the royal box. Queen (now the Queen Mother) Elizabeth told Danny she too had tried to sing Minnie the Moocher, but couldn't keep up with his seat.

The *Times*, most austere of newspapers, published Danny's photograph in action—an almost unheard-of honor for a vaudeville performer. Famous people crowded into his dressing room. Winston Churchill—guarded by detectives, for on the night he attended the show Scotland Yard had been tipped there would be an attempt on his life—told Danny his impact was frightening. "I start quietly and gradually build up," said the great orator, "but you come on and hit your audience in the eye."

The Duchess of Kent, Prime Minister Clement R. Attlee, Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin and Anthony Eden all went backstage to pay tribute. Danny was booked for four weeks, but Parnell hastily rejiggered his line-up and gave him six. Ticket scalpers got 10 to 15 times box-office prices for seats.

Everything Danny did made news in Britain. His car almost ran down the Archbishop of Canterbury. "Young man," said the Primate of All England, with a smile, "you almost achieved a measure of real fame." Danny lunched with George Bernard Shaw; the entertainer bruised his ribs in an automobile accident while returning to London, and when he went on that night, he was hailed as a hero. On the last night of his run, the scalpers were asking \$50 for orchestra seats. The audience sang Auld Lang Syne and kept Danny on stage so long most transportation shut down and many of those without cars had to walk home.

Word that Danny would fly back from the United States for the Royal Variety Performance

brought 80,000 applications for 2,400 seats. Four months before his 1949 season at the Palladium, forged tickets were on sale; Parnell had to put out tickets with a special design to foil the racketeers. During Danny's provincial tour in 1949, thousands gathered before his hotel in Glasgow and sang Will Ye No Come Back? His eight-week 1951 season at the Palladium was sold out before he opened.

Electric Tension on Opening Nights

Danny's success had several aftereffects. Parnell started the Palladium Oscars—the brass name plates affixed to the star's dressing room. Danny took his along, and so has every star who followed him. Since 1948, the first show on opening night has always run suspiciously late. Parnell blandly denies he engineers the jam-up in Argyll Street between the two shows; but he admits it adds to the electric tension of first nights. Audiences developed an attitude toward American stars which Beverley Baxter, Member of Parliament and drama critic, named "palladiumania."

And Parnell found American resistance to his blandishments collapsing. For example, take Danny Thomas. "Why did I come?" says Thomas. "Because Benny, Kaye and my other friends in show business told me that you haven't performed to an appreciative audience until you've performed in England." Thomas represented Parnell's big gamble for 1950. Val booked Thomas for four weeks although he was almost unknown in Britain. The comedian won the audience with his opening line: "I wouldn't like to be in your shoes tonight. You're supposed to be the best audience in the world—you've got a lot to live up to."

Only one other top American entertainer—Jack Carson—has given Parnell a headache approaching that of the Rooney incident. "Carson wouldn't listen," Val sighs. "He tried out his act in Manchester. I went up there, looked at it, and told him it wouldn't do at the Palladium. He said, 'I'm killing the people, aren't I?' I nodded. 'They're English, aren't they?' he said. I saw it was no use and he came into London. The first night was painful—for Jack as well as for the audience."

Managing Director Val Parnell studies posters for some of acts he's brought to Palladium



Theater also has pantomimes (traditional musical



Symphony for first-nighters. And Dorothy Lamour had to put on a hastily made sarong

"Carson then agreed to change his act. But when I came back to see it, I found he had put in a few bits I didn't like. I phoned his agent, Harry Foster, who was having dinner, and said, 'Drop your fork and hurry right over here.' We both talked to Jack and, do you know, after that his act did quite well." What Carson did at Parnell's request was to tighten his act by cutting out a long card-trick routine and two songs.

But if there hasn't been much temperament, there has been a lot of drama and comedy both on and off the Palladium stage. During the 1952 season, Betty Hutton tried to do her trapeze act despite gastric flu and nearly fainted as she swung over the edge of the stage. Her husband, Charles O'Curran, saw she was on the verge of collapse and was hanging on only by instinct. He ran out onto the stage and directed stagehands to bring her down. Betty missed the next night and Frankie Laine, who had tickets to see the show, substituted for her.

Judy Garland began her comeback at the Palladium in 1951. Parnell assured her that her widely publicized emotional problems would meet only sympathy in London. As she finished her final rehearsal, she said: "I'm all right now, if only I don't fall down." On the opening night, she stumbled and fell while going into a tricky dance step, but the gallery already was screaming, "You're great!"

Critics Were Won Over by Sinatra

Frank Sinatra was another whose career got a high-octane injection. Frank came over in 1950 during his courtship of Ava Gardner, and the critical knives were whetted. But the critics decided at his opening night that he really could sing and that he was—as they admitted somewhat grudgingly—quite an artist.

By one of the lucky breaks which have studded Frank's career, he was invited to sing at a society party given by Lady Bailey, widow of Sir Abe Bailey, the South African diamond millionaire. Among the 100 guests who sat around him on pillows under a marquee in the pelting rain was Princess Margaret. It developed he was one of her

favorite singers, and this news—duly broadcast by his press agent, Mack Millar—hit the front pages in the United States. Frank could have lunched with George Bernard Shaw, too, but he blithely passed up the rare honor for tea with Ava. As Sinatra's run ended, bobby-soxers paraded before the theater carrying placards reading: THANKS, VAL PARNELL. WE KNOW IT'D BE SWEET.

Dinah Shore went on depressed that her husband, George Montgomery, had not even cabled good wishes. But the handsome actor had secretly flown to London and went into the wings during his wife's first number. Dinah caught a glimpse of him, broke off her song and ran off stage to embrace him, crying: "George! George!" The audience loved it. So did a little man who stood at the side of the orchestra applauding loudly. When John Carlsen, the theater press agent, questioned the little man, he got this explanation: "Please don't think it's because she sings my songs; it's because no song writer could ever hear his songs done better than Dinah sings them." The little man was Irving Berlin.

Dorothy Lamour didn't think she would need her sarong—although Parnell warned her that the British often remember artists for things they themselves have forgotten. (Tony Martin, for example, had to relearn Tenement Symphony quickly when the first-nighters wouldn't let him off without it.) So a sarong was quickly run up backstage for Dorothy out of some prewar silver lamé from the wardrobe department.

Jack Benny is one of the best-loved of the American visitors. On one of his first visits, he asked Hannen Swaffer, dean of British columnists, how he thought his act would go. "If it's in English, you should be all right," said Swaffer. "Some of us here speak it quite fluently." Benny is another who cannot hope to make anything like his American salary in London, but he says: "Back home I'm on the go all the time. Here I'm free during the day and can get some golf in. Playing at the Palladium is good fun—a relaxation, if you like."

Red Skelton won public acclaim, but the critics were unaccountably cool. The Andrews Sisters also drew an unenthusiastic press for their 1951 act,

which went in heavily for comedy. But their stage manager, Lou Levy, promptly recommitted the act with the emphasis on singing and invited all the critics to see the show again. This time the notices were good.

Burns and Allen got their start in big-time vaudeville in London. "They were playing the house in 1929," Parnell recalls, "and I was going with Eddie Darling, the chief booker for the American Keith-Orpheum circuit. 'Who are they?' he asked. I told him they were Americans and he said, 'Never heard of them.' But he booked them for the Palace in New York and they never looked back."

Jack Benny's "Long-Distance" Call

Benny and George Burns are great friends and never fail to wish each other luck. Playing golf in California one day in 1949, Benny remembered that Burns and Allen were opening in London in a couple of days. He staked his golfing partner—his dentist—to a ticket and both flew to England. Burns was at a cocktail party when he got a phone call from Jack. "What do you know," he said when he hung up, "Jack called me all the way from California just to wish us luck." And Benny walked into the room.

Three of the big hits of 1952 were singers—Billy Daniels, Frankie Laine and Sophie Tucker. Laine had heard a great deal about British reserve and was so startled when ecstatic shrieks descended from the gallery during his first number that he turned to his accompanist, Carl Fischer, in the middle of a song and asked: "What happened?" In another number, Frankie suggested the audience sing along with him. "Are you ready?" he asked. A large, well-dressed woman jumped to her feet in the orchestra section and shouted: "Any time, Frank—eh. Any time!"

What with all his success, you might think Parnell would be a very happy man. But he isn't. He has never been able to tempt Bing Crosby.

"I'll come when I need the money," Crosby assured him.

"And you know when that will be," Val Parnell sighs. ▲▲▲

based on fables). Number is from Dick Whittington



Backstage at Palladium, as in other theaters, the chorus girls like to chat between numbers



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL STAPLETON



CHARLES HAWES

The stranger tossed up a coin. "Most women wear dresses," he said, glancing at Aunt Vicki

Tuneful Stranger

By MARK HAGER

I TRIED to get in a little fishing that morning, while we waited for the men to come to cradle Aunt Vicki's wheat, but just about the time the biggest fish in Little Stony Creek started to nibble at the cricket on my hook, Aunt Vicki yelled that the men had come.

It's a pure sin to leave a nibbling fish, but I had to. I met my Aunt Vicki at the barn. The guinea hens were pottracking shrilly at the barn door.

"What's the guinea hens excited about?" I said.

"Must be a hawk flew over," Aunt Vicki said, and then she handed me a fifty-dollar bill. "Run to the store and get this bill changed so I can pay the men off this evening."

Aw, shucks, another trip!" I said. "Why don't you marry you a man, like everybody says you should?"

"I will, when my man comes along," Aunt Vicki said. The guinea hens were getting more noisy.

"That wasn't no hawk," I said. "They duck from hawks. It's something strange in the barn."

Then we heard the sound of a man—a man inside my Aunt Vicki's barn, humming a tune.

We backed away as the barn door opened and the stranger stepped out. He was tall, lean and black-haired, and he had a bag in one hand. He looked about thirty. When he spoke, he seemed to speak to himself. "Only trouble with a barn is," he said, "a man can't get his sleep out. Things wake up too early. Too noisy."

Then my Aunt Vicki spoke. "Most men work for a living and sleep in houses," she said.

The stranger glanced at my Aunt Vicki. He tossed up a gold coin. "And most women are married and wear dresses," the stranger said, and with that, my Aunt Vicki glanced at her overalls and fumbled with her tumbly hair while the stranger glanced at the wheatfield.

"But all the gold," the stranger said, "is not in your wheatfield, miss. Some of it is in your hair."

With that, the stranger put the gold coin back in his pocket. He set his bag down, opened it, and got out a small mirror. Then he took off his hat

and walked over to the waterspout and began to lather his face.

"Bub," my Aunt Vicki whispered, "there's a man I'd like to find out about. You can ask him while he shaves. Find out who he is, where he's from and going to, and is he married, and a believer. I can hear what he says from inside the barn."

Then my Aunt Vicki disappeared into the barn, and the stranger came back to shave.

"You seem to be a stranger around here," I said. "I am," he said. "My name's Medley McKay. I'm what you might call a globe-trotter. You and your aunt live here alone?"

"Yes, sir. I have to stay with her since Grandpa and Grandma died, and her man ain't ever come along yet for her to marry."

"Tell your aunt that when her man does come along, he might be old-fashioned enough to like his woman in a dress."

"Yes, sir, I'll tell her. But she likes overalls when she works. In overalls she can outrun me on a dead level. How'd you leave your folks?"

"With a tune in their hearts," he said.

"Your wife and children all right?"

"Ain't ever had a wife," the stranger said, and I said, "Why?"

"My woman ain't ever come along yet," he said. He pitched up the gold coin. "One ever comes along who can pull this gold out of my pocket, I might marry her," he said.

"Believe the Scriptures?"

"Uh-huh. Only Samson had an awful good pack of hounds to catch them three hundred foxes that day."

"Been baptized?" I asked.

"Indirectly. Boat turned over while I was fishin' in the Jordan River one day."

"Bein' as the reason you're foot-loose ain't because you left a wife, my Aunt Vicki might hire you. Ever cradle any?"

"Cradle? Grew up on Sourwood Mountain among cradles and fiddles."

"You could sweat out ten bucks in the wheatfield today."

The stranger glanced toward the wheatfield, ripe and hot. "Mind to lend me that fifty-dollar bill a minute?" he said.

I glanced at the stranger and at the barn door. It was my Aunt Vicki's money, but the stranger had a friendly and harmless twinkle in his eyes, and I didn't think he'd run.

He took the bill and walked over to the men. "I've heard," he said, "that there's good blood on Little Stony Creek. I've heard men are men here."

The big cradlers glanced at each other.

"I'm not a man to hire out for wages," the stranger said, "but I have a streak of the gambler. I'll cradle one swath. If I'm not the front man at the end of the swath, you men get this fifty, and I finish the field. If I am the front man, I take the fifty and you finish."

The big cradlers were running hard thumbs along the keen edges of the cradle blades. They huddled, whispered, and said, "Stranger, you're called."

AUNT VICKI had come out of the barn, and she gave the stranger Grandpa's old cradle from the apple tree and the mossy old whetstone from the forks of the tree. He stood the cradle on its handle. A cradle has four or five wooden fingers out from the blade, and they catch the grain as the blade sweeps through and hold it, and the cradler lifts it out.

The stranger adjusted a warped finger or two, and then he began to whet, stroking the blade first on one side and then on the other with the whetstone, and at the same time he hummed. He was the only man ever on the waters of Little Stony Creek who could whet a tune on a cradle blade, and the tune made me and my Aunt Vicki shiver, for it made us think of Grandpa with no calf on his leg because a Minié ball hit him when he climbed the hill with General Pickett's men that day. For you see, the tune was Dixie.

When the stranger got done whetting, the men opened the gate and started cradling. The stranger started as the hind man. Aunt Vicki ran to the house. She came back in white moccasins and a flaming pink dress, and she smelled like she'd waded through a patch of primroses.

I stood with Aunt Vicki, and we watched that first swath that day. We saw the stranger's blade swish and sing at the heels of the next man, and the next. We watched the big Stony Creek men jump from their swaths to get away from the blade at their heels.

When the last man had jumped out of the way, the stranger shouldered the old cradle. Me and Aunt Vicki sat down on the plow beam at the barn lot. He came back whistling a tune.

"I could use a man like you on the farm," Aunt Vicki said as she handed him the fifty-dollar bill.

"You are beautiful in pink," the stranger said.

"But I suppose you could never settle at a place like Little Stony Creek," Aunt Vicki said.

"I might," the stranger said. "I might even decide to settle and work for a living and sleep in a house," and with that he tossed the gold coin. Aunt Vicki whispered to me it was a good time for fish to bite and shoved me off the end of the plow beam. I went on fishing, wondering could it be that my Aunt Vicki's man had come along.

But of course I wasn't sure, not sure until some weeks later when I saw the stranger make the last toss of the gold coin, which he did because Little Stony got on a high lonesome that day and the stranger and Aunt Vicki couldn't cross, and the preacher just came down to the bank of the creek. He married my Aunt Vicki and Medley McKay across the creek that day.

Then the preacher seemed puzzled. He hesitated and waited. My Uncle Medley felt in his pockets. He got out some bills, but when Little Stony Creek gets on its Sunday clothes, you can't throw paper money across, and my Uncle Medley dug again, and this time he came up with the gold coin, and, with that last toss, it sailed across the creek, and the preacher picked it up from the sand. ▲▲▲

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FOUL

By FRANK ROONEY

Donovan was a craftsman who took pride in his skill. A proud man cannot betray his own pride. He cannot fight dirty, for if he wins a dirty fight he destroys not his opponent, but himself

DONOVAN, who was neither articulate nor talkative, admired his friend, Joe Evers, but did not always understand or agree with him. Evers, a sports columnist for a New York City afternoon paper, had written three years ago, when Donovan retired from the ring, that no fighter in his memory had had more pride in his skills than Donovan. Donovan, Evers wrote, was dominated by his pride the way some inferior men are dominated by a woman. Pride was Donovan's mistress. This pride, fierce and probably unrecognized by Donovan himself, would not allow him to perform a small or mean action in the ring. He is retiring from the ring now at thirty-one because he is afraid his diminishing skills will demean him. He is afraid that his body, made slow and clumsy by time, will try to replace skill and stamina with trickery and deceit.

Donovan, lying on the bed in the hotel room a half mile from Yankee Stadium, wondered how many people had read that column. He wondered too how many of the people who had read it would be in the Stadium tonight to watch him fight Kid Grover. The kid was twenty-four and weighed one sixty, and Donovan was giving him ten years and six pounds. Not that the weight mattered. Fifteen pounds would matter but not six. The years were important, the ten years, including the two he had been away from the ring. Those two years had hurt him. The three fights he had had during the last year had proved that. But this was the big one. The kid now in September, and the champion in June—if he got by the kid. And there was another thing that might hurt him too: the heat. The hotel room was air-conditioned. What would it be like on the floor of the Stadium under the lights?

Getting off the bed, he checked the thermostat by the window. It was set at seventy-five degrees. He did not want to risk getting chilled, nor did he want to go directly from a temperature of sixty-eight to one of eighty-five or ninety. His wife, Mary, came into the room shutting the door quickly behind her; Donovan could hear the voice of Tully, his manager, in the brief time the door was open.

"I heard you moving around," Mary said. "Is there anything you want?"

"I don't want to see anyone."

"I won't let them in, honey. How do you feel?"

"Good. I feel like I need a little exercise."

He smiled when Mary laughed, grateful to her for recognizing and appreciating the joke. Not many people knew when he was joking and when he was not. Even five months pregnant, even in the maternity dress, she looked fresh and handsome. They had been married three years ago, the day he announced his retirement, when he was still middleweight champion retiring undefeated and not, as he was now, simply another challenger. An average challenger, coming back a one-way street

and bucking the traffic all the way. Joe Evers had written that in one of his columns, Joe who had come from the same neighborhood on the lower West Side of New York and knew what it meant to get away from it. *They live there in the old street, Joe had written, and they will die there, softly or loudly, in love or in hate, in filth or in decency. When we were kids, we dreamed of getting away. Donovan was one of those who got away. Some of us who got away go back now and then but Donovan never did. Perhaps Donovan feels that getting away was a miracle and going back even for an hour would put that miracle in jeopardy.*

"Joe call?" he asked, and Mary said, "He'll be in the dressing room. Do you want to be alone now?"

"In a minute."

He stared at Mary, thinking that he would like to touch her but remembering that it was bad luck to touch a woman before a fight. Or not bad luck. It ruined his concentration. If he touched Mary, he would no longer be alone. Joe Evers had written: *Although the fight game is often a filthy racket populated by evil men dedicated to the slaughter and robbery of the innocent, there are some fighters who approach a bout with the mysticism and reverence of devout men entering the pew of a church. The cynical will clutch their sides and roll out in the aisles with laughter at the above sentence. What the cynical do not and cannot understand is the frightening simplicity and devotion of a man who works at a trade that has not only enriched him but has removed him from the environment of crime and degradation. To a man climbing out of a sewer, the gutter is heaven.*

That was it exactly, Donovan thought. A talent, even a talent for fighting, made it certain that he would not have to live and die like his father, live in dirt and poverty and die in a brawl on the docks. And his talent bettered not only himself but also his three brothers and his sister. A whole generation. And there was his mother too, finally taken away almost by force and set down in a clean little cottage in New Jersey. Living on a ranch in California now, he did not see his mother very often, but it was pleasant to think of her in the cottage, pleasant to think that two of his brothers had a profitable trucking business in New Jersey and saw his mother almost every day; his sister too, married and living in Connecticut; and the other brother, the youngest, teaching in a high school on the outskirts of Philadelphia. Without his talent none of this would have been possible. A whole generation uplifted (that was Joe Evers' word) by his talent

Crouching, Donovan threw a right as the kid closed in. Bent nearly double, he threw the right hand hard and straight, as he had intended in the early rounds, and the kid fell





and his money. A man who had done this had good reason to respect the trade he worked at, to be proud of his reputation for honesty and decency. Being before a fight—concentrating on the fight, planning it, shutting away everything that did not belong to it and might lessen his ability to think clearly about it—was a part of his trade, like training. He ought to start doing this now, but there was Mary.

"Twenty thousand," Donovan said. "Maybe twenty-five."

"Don't think about that now."

"I've got to think about it. Money. You and me and the baby."

"You ought to rest, Tom."

"In a minute. And after the kid, the champ. Maybe another twenty, twenty-five thousand. Then the champ again in September. And then no more. What time is it?"

"Seven. I'll call you at eight thirty."

AFTER she left, Donovan, crouched in the space between the bed and the window, jabbed twice with his left hand, holding his right close to his body and even with his belt. He was going to end this early—in the first round. The kid was a counterpuncher and Donovan would have to force the fight. He had it planned. He would push the kid into the ropes, the kid would come off them fast, and Donovan would hit him from a crouch, the right hand pushed up from the hip with his weight solidly behind it, the elbow crooked and rigid, the shoulder rising fast. It was a sucker punch, crude and tasteless, and would not have been possible against the kind of man he had fought ten years ago, but it would be possible against the kid. The kid did not know how to fight. He had a right hand and was hard to hurt, and nowadays that was enough to give a man a shot at the championship. Ten years ago, Donovan thought, he would have chopped the kid down like a tree. Or better, no one would have thought of matching the kid with him. The kid would have stayed in the preliminaries where he belonged, and his only contact with Donovan would have been in a training camp as a sparring partner.

Donovan lay down on the bed again and tried to get his mind back on the fight. The money. In the beginning it was twenty-five dollars and now it was twenty-five thousand. He did not wonder where it had gone, as some men did. He knew where every penny of it went—to his mother, his three brothers, his sister. He had thought he had enough when he retired, but there had been the ranch and Mary's father and now the baby. Joe Evers had written, after he had flown out to see Donovan in California and had got the exclusive story on Donovan's plans to fight again: *We grow up together and we were two who left the street. I remember another of us who left the street. What stands between myself and the street is a typewriter. What stands between Donovan and the street is his fists. But all Whitey Milgot had was a gun. Whitey was a hood on one way for everything I am against. I despised him. But I understand why it was that he could not let the cops take his gun, why he died with it in his hand. As long as he had the gun Whitey could stay away from the street. So he died still having it. Whitey had his gun. Donovan has his fists. I have my typewriter. It sounds like I'd take my typewriter away from me, I'd fight too. And I would not fight as clearly as Donovan is going to fight. I'd fight dirty—like Whitey.*

He must have dozed then because there was Mary shaking his shoulder,

Tully, his manager, and Millstein, his trainer, standing in the door behind her. He stayed with Mary a moment after Tully and Millstein had gone down to the elevators.

"You can turn on the radio," he said.

"I don't want to listen." She had never seen him fight. She would not turn on the radio when his fights were broadcast, nor would she look at the movies made of them. He remembered coming home to her after the first fight of his comeback, and remembered the shock in her face as she saw the strip of adhesive over his left eye and the cut on his lip.

"Well, I'll see you in a couple of hours," he said.

He went out the door and down the hall to the elevators. When the elevator

hurt. But I'm not going to be a party to any of it."

Down in the dressing room under the stands, Donovan asked about the crowd, talked with reporters, and, after they left, started the business of shutting out everything around him. It was a conjurer's trick. You made people vanish until you were alone in the room. Now was the time to think and to plan. In the ring, if a man thought he knew, he was beaten. There was no time to think. You fought, and thought afterward. You never saw an opening, either. You hit and saw it later, when the fight was over, when it was necessary to start thinking of the next fight. If you saw an opening clearly enough to want to take advantage of it in the ring, you knew that you had missed it. Keep the



"Tommy and I had planned to elope on Thursday night, but his father wouldn't let him borrow the car..."

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

came he said "Wait a minute" to Tully and Millstein and went back to the hotel room. Putting his arms around Mary, he kissed her and held her tight, feeling the bulge of the baby inside her against the taut muscles of his belly. Touching her might be bad luck and it might ruin his concentration, but this time he was going to take Mary with him.

"Attaboy," Millstein said when he rode down in the elevator. "You feel good. First time I seen you smile."

"It's the baby," he said. "My brothers—the older ones—got two apiece. This is my first. We'd like to have a girl, but we've got a boy's name picked."

TAKING the cigar out of his mouth, Tully said, "Work on his belt. He's got a chin like a boulder," and put the cigar back in his mouth. The cigar was light brown, smooth and expensive, but where Tully had chewed it, it was dark, almost black, and crushed. Donovan did not like Tully and when he had signed with him, he had said, "You get the money. I'll do the fighting." He had wanted O'Brien, the man who had taught him how to fight, had brought him the championship, who had managed him for twelve years before he retired. But O'Brien had said, "It's like this, Tom. You're not going anywhere but where you've been before—if you go that far. I can't stop you from fighting and I can't stop you from getting

left hand out, he thought, and get your weight behind it. Hurt him with it. And in the first or second round, the sucker punch to the jaw. Ten rounds. He would have to go fifteen when he fought the champion, but tonight it would be ten.

Joe Evers came in while Donovan was having his hands taped, the kid's manager coming in too to watch Millstein wrap the long cotton strips over Donovan's knuckles and the first joints of his fingers. Donovan, wearing a towel and the blue bathrobe with his name on it, stood in a corner, talking to Joe. As he talked, he stretched lazily and bent at the knees, loosening and testing his muscles.

Joe Evers had written: *Donovan is not only putting a magnificent record on trial tonight but the myth of invincibility many people who have seen him fight—and many who have not—cherish in their minds. No man can be as good as his myth. On his record Donovan was a great fighter. Ninety-one professional fights. Eighty-three wins, two draws and six losses. Sixty-two knockouts and he himself was knocked out only once, early in his career, when he was fighting four- and six-round preliminaries. But this is not enough for the people who create myths. They want and expect a superman and Donovan was never that and is not now, at thirty-four, even a shadow of that.*

Joe's columns were highly personal and not always about sports. Short and stocky, he often referred to himself as "that round little man." He had written: *I am on the short side and must watch my weight and I am not sure you would like me the first time you saw me. I know that I hit people in the eye, when I hit them at all, and sometimes I am sensitive about this. I do not have all my hair either and I sleep badly, I talk tough too and hearing me talk you would know I came from the street. I write like I look, sometimes in pain, often in ridicule, and almost always in anger.*

"How about it if you lose tonight?" Joe said. "You going to quit?"

Donovan thought for a long time. "I don't know. Mary wants me to quit. But this is the only way I know how to make money. I've got to have one more fight."

"Your brothers are doing all right. You helped them plenty."

"I can't ask them, Joe."

"Sure you can."

"No."

"You going to try to end it early? The sucker punch?"

"Like I told you."

"Good luck, then."

"Don't say good luck, Joe. If I'm good, I won't need luck."

"I'll see you after the fight."

"Come back to the hotel with me. Mary's got a pot of coffee for you."

EVERS had written: *The skills go first. The timing is poor, the reflexes bad, and the fighter cannot put a combination of punches together. He knows what to do but he cannot do it. His legs tremble and buckle under him, and after five or six rounds the old fighter reminds you of a man with weak arches chasing a kid off his front lawn. Only this is a kid with a brick in his hand and when the old man gets tired enough the kid is going to turn and clip him. The skills go but the pride stays. Pride is senseless then. It can injure and sometimes maim. But no one can tell the old man this. The old man will never believe it.*

In the ring, Donovan looked briefly at the kid while the referee was giving his instructions, seeing the heavy shoulders and arms under the light bathrobe, seeing the heavy, square face and the broken nose. He can be hit, Donovan thought, and he'll take three punches to get one in. I don't even have to remember that. I don't have to remember anything. All I have to do is fight and win. Donovan did not listen to Tully as he stood waiting for the bell for the first round. Tully irritated and disgusted him. "Work on his belt," Tully said. That was all the man knew. What Tully meant was: Do anything you can get away with to cut the kid down. And that meant all the cheap little tricks he had learned years ago that other fighters used but which he himself had never used. It's a business arrangement, Donovan thought, and what Tully is cannot touch me.

Donovan came out quickly in answer to the bell, and after feinting with both hands, jabbed twice with his left lightly, moving to his right, making the kid miss. He got in three straight left hands without a return and hooked his right to the body, taking a right hand on his shoulder before he moved in and tied the kid up. Midway in the first round he began to put more weight behind the left hand, hoping for a chance at a combination. He missed badly with his right and took a left and a right to the ribs that shook him. The kid could hit but Donovan

had expected that. And the kid was quick with his hands, quicker than Donovan had thought.

Donovan was feeling the heat a little; the air was thick and warm under the overhead lights, and there was no breeze to move it. He sensed the crowd too for a moment and then forgot it, as he always did. It was simply a movement or a sound outside the ring. It had nothing to do with the three men in the ring and what happened there.

The kid tried to work closer, Donovan stabbing him with the left hand and bringing his right straight into the body, the first solid punch he had landed. He followed it with a left hook to the body and a left to the head; ducked the kid's right; and then from his crouch, his own right hand low, he saw the opening he had planned for—saw it and knew that seeing it meant that it was gone. He had to tell himself not to think about it, to keep moving, to keep his left hand out. The time to think about the fight was later; the time to fight it was now.

In the second, third and fourth rounds Donovan stayed away from the kid and used his skill as a boxer to pile up points. He did not use the right hand very often, but when he did he made it count. In the fifth round, with the crowd restive and yelling for action, he tagged the kid with a clean right hand, shaking him, but took a left and right to the body later that hurt him. He was feeling the heat more too, and in the sixth round his legs began to go. The kid was able to work closer, brushing aside Donovan's left hand and hooking both hands to the body. Donovan missed continually with his right, and when he set himself to use it, took more rights and lefts to the body.

"It's still your fight," Millstein said at the end of the sixth round. "Now, listen. Make him come after you. Watch him. He drops his shoulder when he throws that right."

"I'll get him," Donovan said.

"Sure, you will. He's wide open."

Wide open, Donovan thought, and I can't hit him. A kid that ten years ago would have been making twenty-

five bucks a fight and hanging around training camps trying to get taken on as a sparring partner. He sat on the stool, raging at his own clumsiness, disgusted with the defective body, humiliated by what he knew was to come. He had been beaten before but not this way, not like a duck being knocked over in a gallery by a man with a rifle, not like a snail crushed on a sidewalk by a maa's beel.

THEN the bell rang for the seventh round. Donovan, abruptly determined to get it over with, came out fast and put his left hand in the kid's face. Working faster now than he had in any earlier round, he jabbed with the left and hooked the right to the body. He missed with another right, took a right and left to the body, and landed a hard right on the cheekbone and followed it with a left hook to the body. He staggered the kid with a right cross and, holding him off with his left, hit him twice more with the right. Then he had the kid on the ropes and was hitting him with both hands—a left and a right to the head, a left to the body, a left to the head, and a right and left to the head. But the kid grabbed him and hung on and grabbed him again after the referee broke them, and Donovan, trying to hold him off, missed with a right and a left, and the kid grabbed him again. The referee broke them, and Donovan, coming in fast, took a hard right over the heart, then missed with a left and a right. As Donovan crowded in, the kid, in a crouch, grabbed him, and Donovan, off balance, slipped and felt the sting in the left side of his face as his face struck the kid's skull. He held the kid and, when the referee broke them, grabbed and held, feeling the blood running down into his left eye. Closing his eye against the blood, he jabbed and clinched and backpedaled until the round was over and Millstein could come out and lead him to his corner. He did not know it was the end of the round until he saw the kid drop his hands and walk away, and he did not know where his corner was until Millstein led him to it.

He was tired. He had never been so tired. What he had left after six rounds in the heat had been used up in the seventh. Millstein said something about luck, but Donovan knew that it had not been luck. What had prevented him from finishing the kid off was something more important than luck. Luck could come back to a man, but not this. When this went away from a man it stayed away.

"Okay," Millstein said, after he had stopped the blood. "Keep him away from that eye."

That was a beautiful idea, Donovan thought, as he moved out for the eighth round. Keep him away from the eye, but what with? His disgust made him careless. He did not back away. He moved in and stayed in, slugging it out. The blood was running into the eye again; and, missing a right hand, he slipped and fell, getting up quickly and not hearing Millstein yell at him to stay down. He felt the ropes against his back and then



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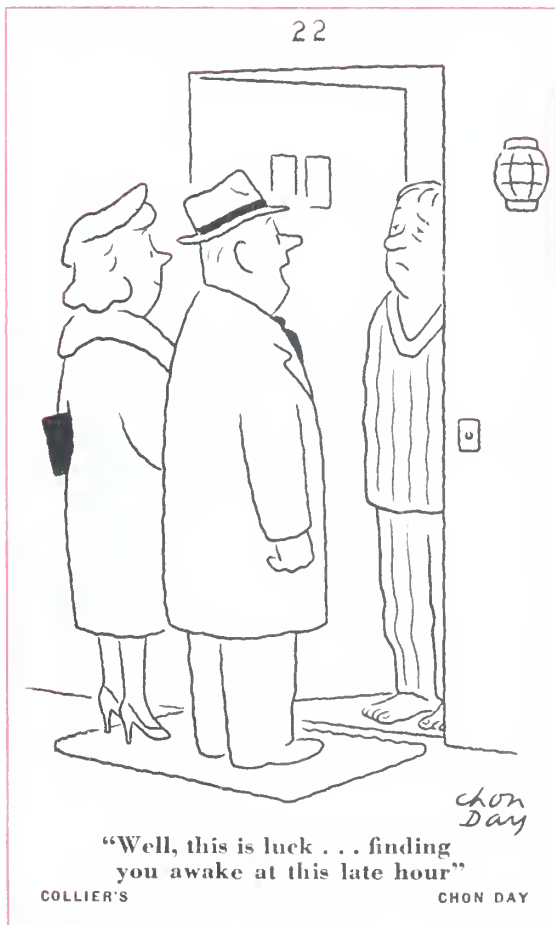
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suddenly, shockingly, canvas against his chest. Pushing himself to his hands and knees, he looked toward his corner, and when Millstein's hand came up he came up with it, the referee grabbing his gloves and rubbing them against the gray shirt. And now, after his carelessness and disgust, he realized that he did not want to lose this fight. He had been close to throwing it away. It was still, despite the knockdown, his fight, and if he did not win, it might be his last one. And there was Mary and the baby and the ranch, and there was a year of the punishment of training and fighting to get himself into shape and now—if he won—a shot at the championship and the money. A lot of money. Not his, but Mary's and the baby's. And then of course he was too good, still too good, to be beaten by a novice like the kid.

He was hurt, but his head had cleared, and with the kid coming at him fast, he had to cover and duck and run and jab and hold on until he had strength enough to fight back. The kid, anxious and overeager, crowded Donovan against the ropes, using both hands to the head. Donovan tied him up and, after the break, moved out into the center of the ring. Donovan's left eye was closed and he had trouble seeing the kid's right. Donovan jabbed with his left, keeping his left shoulder high to protect his jaw. A hard right to the temple forced him to the ropes, and, crouching, his right hand low, Donovan threw the right as the kid closed in. Bent nearly double, he threw the right hand hard and straight, as he had intended to in the early rounds, and the kid fell and rolled on his side, holding his belly. Donovan, moving to his corner, heard the bell and saw the referee signal and saw the kid's handlers coming into the ring.

"What's the matter?" Donovan said. "What are they doing that for?"

TIRED and dazed, confused by the sudden action in the ring, he allowed Millstein to push him down on the stool and work on his eye.

"You got him now. He's hurt. What a break! Sit still."

"I want to know what happened. Why don't they count him out?" Donovan tried to get up but Millstein held him down.

"You hit him low."

"Why, I never—" Donovan said. "I never—"

"Sure, you didn't. That punch was six inches above his belt. But the referee's giving it to him. Forget it. You lose the round, that's all. Okay. Go get him."

The kid was off his stool now, and Donovan came out to meet him. In New York a fight cannot be lost because of a foul. The fighters are equipped with protective cups and it is presumed that these cups prevent them from being injured by low punches. It is up to the referee to decide whether or not the fouled fighter is in shape to continue the fight. Donovan was not angry with the referee. The referee had made a mistake, and the mistake could either be corrected or denied successfully by the people who saw the fight. It was the kid, turning a clean knockout into the dirty business of a deliberate foul, who infuriated him. The round was lost but not the fight. It was the fight that mattered.

It did not take long. The third time the kid went down, the referee stopped the fight. In the dressing room, Donovan collapsed. The doctor who worked on him wanted to send him to the hospital, but Donovan refused.

Back at the hotel, he rode up in the elevator alone, wanting to see Mary and Joe Evers and wondering what he was going to say to them. The motion pictures of the fight, he thought—they ought to show clearly that it had been a fair punch. Sometimes they showed very little. It would depend on the angle—where Donovan, the kid and the referee were in relation to the camera. Donovan knew that he had not hit the kid low and that in the morning the newspapers would prove it. But unless the referee reversed his decision (and that was hardly possible) the foul would go into the records or at least into the public memory, and his twelve years in the ring, thirteen now, would end like this—in doubt, in shame, in agony.

When Mary opened the door and saw his face, she started to cry.

"It's only a cut," he said. He kissed her hair as she cried softly against his shoulder. "It'll heal. Anyway, I won. The referee stopped it."

He sat with her on the couch under the windows, holding and patting her hands. "They claimed I hit him low. I wouldn't do that, Mary."

"I heard it, Tom. I couldn't help it. I didn't want to. Just the last two rounds. It was terrible."

"Have you seen Joe? I'd like to talk to him."

"He called and said he'd be up later. Are you all right?"

"Fine. You don't believe I hit him low, Mary?"

"I don't care. It's over. That's all I care about. Do you want something to eat? How about some scrambled eggs?"

"A lot of people are going to think I did it on purpose. They'll think I had to do it to win. You see? That's what they'll think. They'll think the kid had me beat and this was the only way I could win. They'll think—"

"I don't care what they think. Why don't you lie down here while I get the eggs ready?"

Mary was in the kitchenette when Joe came. Donovan got up off the couch to let him in, then set up a card table in the middle of the living room and brought three straight chairs. Eat-

ing the scrambled eggs slowly, his mouth and gums sore from the kid's punches, he listened to Mary and Joe talking and began to go over the fight in his mind. After a fight, he had to remember it round by round, punch by punch, before he could sleep. He remembered all his fights and never made a mistake about them.

THE first six rounds were easy to remember but he became confused in the seventh. It was clear up to the point where the kid had butted him, cutting the skin over the left eye, and after that it was not at all clear. And the eighth—what exactly had happened in the eighth?

"I was knocked down," he said aloud. "I remember that."

"You took a count of nine," Joe said.

"What was I hit with? A right hand?"

"You could call it that," Joe said.

"Eat your eggs," Mary said.

"Then I got up and I hit him. Wasn't that it?"

"You slipped once."

"That's right. That was earlier. After I got up I—I was in the corner."

"Why don't you eat your eggs?" Joe Evers said.

"And then I hit him. Over the heart, wasn't it? Maybe under the heart. Maybe a little lower than the heart. That right?"

Tom drank his coffee and Mary told him to eat the eggs and stop worrying about the fight.

"No lower than that," he said. "I had my hand down and I brought it up fast. I caught him coming in. That right?"

"That's right," Joe said.

"The kid was wide open. I couldn't have landed it against anyone else." He put down his fork. "I landed that one. Just the way I'd planned it before the fight. You remember that, Joe. I planned that days ahead. I thought about it a lot. It wasn't just something I did without thinking about it. And they claim I fouled him. Hit him low."

Joe nodded.

"The doctor examined the kid afterward?"

Joe nodded again.



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"Did it show where I hit him?"
 "He had a bruise."
 "Where was the bruise?"
 "Please," Mary said.
 "I've got to know."
 "All right," Joe Evers said. "It was a little low."

"How low? I'll find out tomorrow anyway."

"Low enough," Joe said. "You were half blind. It was an accident. He was wearing a cup but it didn't do much good."

"I suppose the kid and his manager are yelling I did it on purpose."

"What else did you expect, Tom?"
 Donovan got up and went into the bedroom, where he lay down on the bed and shut his eyes. Mary came in and bent over him, and without opening his eyes he asked her to send Joe in: "I want to see him alone."

WHEN he opened his eyes, after a time, he saw Joe standing with his back against the closed door of the bedroom.

"You'll feel better about this in the morning," Joe said. "I'm going over to write my column. I'll send it over to you as soon as it's done."

"I want you to put this in," Donovan said. He looked at the ceiling. "I did it on purpose. I hit him low because I had to do it to win. You can say I needed the money. You can say anything you like, but say first I did it on purpose. I'm through, Joe. This is my last one. If I had another fight, I'd probably do the same thing. You can say I don't like to lose and you can say this is why I did it." He closed his eyes. "I ought never have tried to come back, Joe. I wouldn't have if I'd known this was in me."

Joe Evers left Donovan in the room with Mary and went to the newspaper office where, typing with two fingers, he wrote: *It is a part of Donovan's creed that he must take the blame for fouling Kid Grover. He claims that he did this on purpose, that this was what he had to do to win. The blow that struck Kid Grover was delivered by a man as bereft of sight and sense as the victim of an automobile accident. I talked with Donovan after the fight and it is my conviction that he believed at the time that he had landed a fair blow.*

Collier's for February 21, 1953

It was, as he himself said, delivered according to plan. And this is true. A week ago, Donovan outlined the plan of the fight to me. Stated simply, his plan was to maneuver his opponent into such a position that Donovan would be able to hit him on the jaw with a right hand, the right hand to be held low, down on the hip, and moved upward with Donovan's body behind it. Donovan himself described it to me a week ago as a sucker punch, one that would only work against a clumsy, inexperienced, or inept fighter. Like Kid Grover. The blow was to be delivered in the first or second round and if it landed was to have ended the fight. As it happened, Donovan had just such an opportunity in the first round but because of his slower reflexes he was unable to take advantage of it. Since I was looking for this, I saw it clearly. In the eighth round Donovan had a second opportunity but now the circumstances had changed. He had been beaten to the floor by a roundhouse right he had not even seen. Dazed and bleeding, he crouched against the ropes and because this was his creed he fought back. He caught Kid Grover coming in and hit him the way he had planned to hit him. And he fouled him. There is no doubt of that. I saw the bruise on Grover's body afterward and, more important, I sat ringside and saw Donovan's glove on Grover's trunks. Half paralyzed, dragging his right foot, in terrible pain, Grover was a sitting target.

The point of all this? Just as Donovan took the credit for his victories, so he must take the responsibility for his defeats. And this was the worst of his defeats, a defeat that could not even be dreamed of and something he must now live with the rest of his life. I have tried to tell Donovan that few people outside of those who stand to gain by it will believe that he struck that blow on purpose. Donovan is a proud man and pride never allows a man an accident. To the proud nothing they do is accidental. All their actions are parts of a grand and regal plan, even those that demean and injure them. Especially those that demean and injure them. . . .

"Do you mean that?" someone looking over Evers' shoulder said.

"I think I do," Evers said. "I hope to God I do."



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Who stands in for a great

IN PARIS almost anything can happen to a young man—especially if he is imaginative, and most especially if he is an artist. What happened to Marcel Vertès in the 1920s is the basis of as curious a little tale as any ever written. It is worth knowing because, as you can see by the pictures on these pages, he has just made a major contribution to the new movie *Moulin Rouge*. But here is the story much as Vertès, now a famous illustrator in his middle fifties, tells it in his autobiography *Amandes Vertes** (Green Almonds).

About 30 years ago Vertès went to Paris from his native Budapest to study art. "Like all the other students," he recalls, "I amused myself by making paintings 'in the manner of' the great masters. Since I warmly admired Toulouse-Lautrec, who at that time had already joined the immortals, I naturally became proficient at conveying his style in my own work. Perhaps I became too proficient.

"There was one sketch—two horseback riders in a park, with a carriage and two young women in the background—which could have been done by Lautrec. I put it in my portfolio along with my other sketches and water colors.

"One day I was making a fruitless tour of the galleries. What devil possessed me to show that sketch, I'll never know. The proprietor tried to conceal her excitement. 'Where did you get that picture?' she asked."

With elaborate calm, Vertès said, "Oh, it's been around the house for quite a while." Suddenly, though, he realized what was happening. There was no signature on the sketch, neither his nor Lautrec's. No name had been mentioned, but the dealer offered him 100 francs, saying, "We like horses. But if you find any others in this style—with nudes perhaps—we will take them, too."

Mr. Vertès accepted the 100 francs and left the matter with his conscience. Now he has a fine reputation of his own. He is an American citizen with a vast studio in mid-Manhattan and another in Paris. His gamin-eyed, slim-bodied nudes, brazen boulevardiers and haphazard dogs and cats in book, magazine and advertising illustrations are

*Copyright 1952 by "Adam", Publishers, Paris



La Goulue, above, queen of cancan at fabled Paris music hall Moulin Rouge, and Mine. Eglantine's Girls, at left, chorus of black-stockinged cancan dancers, were re-created by artist Marcel Vertès in spirit of the original Toulouse-Lautrec posters

Artist designed sets and costumes for film, "played" Lautrec's right hand in story of crippled genius. At right, the camera closes in on Vertès hand in *Moulin Rouge* scene in which the little painter sits making sketches on the tablecloth



Great Imitation

By SEY CHASSLER

Artist when they film his biography? Marcel Vertès has the best answer



Vertès made series of water colors, like one above, of gaslit cafés and music halls immortalized in Lautrec's lithographs. These pictures of backstreet Paris set mood for the film. In tour of Lautrec's haunts last spring, Vertès found atmosphere of eighties gone for good, though it had still lingered in his student days thirty years before. So he fell back on memory. Photograph of José Ferrer as Lautrec, right, shows how closely film follows art, now on show at New York's Carstairs Gallery





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distinctively and unmistakably his own. And he has become an authority on the works of Lautree. Several months ago the ghost of the artist came back to haunt him.

Vertès was asked to help design the sets and costumes for *Moulin Rouge*, the film biography of Henri de Toulouse-Lautree, directed by John Huston and released last week by United Artists. To cap the irony, he was asked to imitate for the screen the works of the master himself.

Before a single camera was set in motion, the mood of the picture—the misty half-light of cobbleled alleyways, the gaslit gaieties of the Montmartre music halls, even the Chaplinesque outlines of the dwarfed Lautree (played by five-foot-eleven José Ferrer)—was set down in a series of casually correct water-color sketches by Marcel Vertès. When the camera swings to a forlorn figure seated at a little café table in the finished movie, the face behind the black beard, the fingers reaching out for the cognac glass are those of Ferrer. But the hand that makes swift, satiric sketches on the tablecloth belongs to Vertès. The silent partnership between Lautree's alter ego and the great artist himself comes full circle.

"It was a queer feeling," Vertès says now. "I had not wondered what became of my 100-frame riders for many years. But suddenly in Paris, working on the film, I got to talking about it again. Finally, in July, I had a telephone call from a stranger. He had read my autobiography. He was interested in my story of the imitation Lautree—and he knew where it was hanging now. It was in the collection of a wealthy American. I thanked him, but we agreed that since the collector was happy with his Lautree, we would not spoil his pleasure."

The matter, however, did not end as easily as it sounds. Vertès is still bothered now and then with the haunting thought that something beyond reality guided his first green attempt to imitate Lautree.

Perhaps. Or the moral of the tale might be this: Vertès is his own reward. ▲▲▲



In *Moulin Rouge*, frustrations of Toulouse-Lautree's short, lonely life are symbolized by slatternly Marie Charlet, one of his models, above, and lovely fashion model Myriam, being sketched by little dwarf in Vertès drawing at left. Rear view of Lautree, leaving restaurant, right, is copied often in the movie, as are other scenes reproduced here





"I'm telling you," the old man said, "that as long as Buell's number is up, and he knows it, he's going to get all three of us if he can"

Showdown at Scuffletown

The three men had to face together the danger that lay in the valley. Two were young and hated each other. The third was old and—they thought—a coward

By **JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS**

RIVES TUCKER reached the sheriff's office at daylight that April morning in 1919 and found Page Yancey waiting with the sheriff. He should have known that Page would be there first, for Page was restless and impatient, and very ambitious. You never had to wait for Page; he was always ahead of time.

Rives spoke respectfully to Sheriff Julian Webb. To Page Yancey he gave a scarcely perceptible nod, and he received the same kind of nod in return. They looked at each other guardedly, he and Page, their enmity close to the surface, neither troubling to mask the hostility in his eyes.

Then, shrugging in that contemptuous way he had, Page stepped past Rives and flung open the door. In single file, Page leading, the sheriff second and Rives bringing up the rear, they went down the courthouse walk to the sheriff's Model T. Here they stood a moment, the three of them, the old man and the two young men, as if gathering

their strength against the danger that awaited them across the mountain.

Beside his two tall deputies, Julian Webb seemed almost tiny, a thin old man beginning to wither, the fire faded from his blue eyes. In contrast Rives and Page looked especially young. Yet they were both twenty-seven, had served with the A.E.F. in France, and had been deputies before enlisting in the Army.

They were good-looking young men, practically the same height, but Rives Tucker was a little broader. Page was more wiry. He had quick, impatient black eyes, thick black hair, high cheekbones and a rather small, thin-lipped mouth. Rives's eyes were gray and tranquil, his hair the color of ginger, his features relaxed and pleasant.

None of the three was in uniform. Rives and Page both wore whipcord breeches and brown felt hats. Rives had on a brown wool coat, and Page a jacket of dark corduroy. Each of them had a

.38-caliber revolver at his hip and a cartridge belt.

Sheriff Webb was dressed in a black business suit, heavy-soled high shoes, a hat of black felt, a white shirt and a narrow, black bow tie. It was his official costume and had been for forty-one years. He wore no gun at his hip, but carried it in the right side pocket of his coat.

"Let me drive," Page said.

"If you like," the sheriff said gently.

They got under way with Page and the sheriff in front and Rives riding in the back. It was like Page, Rives thought, to want to drive, to take charge as much as the sheriff would permit him. That, however, was only one of the things about Page Yancey that Rives Tucker did not like. There were many others.

As boys they had been jealous rivals in athletics. As deputies before the war, they had struggled to surpass each other, with Page always outshining Rives by virtue of a certain reckless but effective



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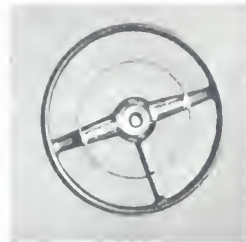
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courage. As young veterans after the war, their jealousy had developed into open hostility when both began courting the same girl, Julian Webb's daughter Lillian.

In this contest Rives had, for once, been the victor. Only a month ago the sheriff had announced the engagement of his daughter to Rives Tucker. And the next morning Page had said to Rives, "You may think this sews up the job of sheriff for you when the old man retires. But it doesn't. You can't marry the job. I'm a better man than you are and you know it, and the county knows it."

AND that, Rives thought now, was partially true. Page would make a better sheriff. Rives could dislike Page as intensely as he pleased, which was very intensely. He had to admit that the man was fearless. It was this fearlessness that would count with the voters if the contest ever came to an election.

The sheriff himself would back Page. You might think, if you didn't know old Julian, that he would support the man who was going to be his son-in-law—but that was not the way Julian Webb did business. Because he was honest and he knew Page was better qualified for the job, he would back Page. The old man was sixty-nine now and showed it. Soon he would retire, and Page would step into his shoes.

"Lillian said to take care of yourself today, boy," the sheriff called above the noise of the Model T.

"I aim to," Rives said, and thought of Lillian's golden hair and the way it curled around her ears, and of her blue eyes that were not faded like her father's but bright and alive.

They rode west, along a hard road, for three or four miles, and then they turned onto a dirt road, rutted and narrow. Page drove fast. Eighteen miles from the county seat, they began to climb the mountain, going around one hairpin curve after another, drawing always closer to a notch between two peaks.

"You sure he's at Scuffletown?" Page asked suddenly.

"Not a doubt in my mind," the sheriff said.

"Well, there's some in mine," Page said. "Why wouldn't he take to the mountains?"

"You can forget that, Page," old Julian said, with a curious gentleness. "I was sherriffing in this county before you were born, boy. I know them Shatters like I know my own family. They don't run. They're too mean to run. And young Buell Shatter is the meanest of them all. It ain't a question of escape with him now, anyhow. He knows that when he killed Harlow yesterday it was the end of the line for him."

"Well, after all," said Page, "he's just one man—just one, human, two-legged man."

"That's so," the sheriff said. "How you riding, Rives?"

"Fine."

"You got some questions, too?"

"No, sir."

"You just following me blind, then? That's a good way to fall in a trap, following some old fool blind."

"I've always followed you," Rives said half angrily, "but I wouldn't say I ever followed you blind. I've seen you in a better humor, though, lots of times."

The Model T labored around another hairpin curve, and suddenly they were in the notch between the two peaks. Here the road ran level for a

quarter of a mile. When it began its descent of the western slope of the mountain, Sheriff Webb ordered a halt.

There was an open place at the western end of the notch—a wide, clear space, hulked with boulders, from which you could look down into the valley below. You could look back to the east, too, and see smoke from the chimneys of the county seat hanging like gray mist against the sheer blue of the morning sky.

The sheriff put one foot on a boulder and stared down into the valley below, where Scuffletown lay nestled among the Alleghenies. Scuffletown was a settlement rather than a town, a settlement of half a dozen scattered houses, each house a careful distance from its neighbor, as if to discourage familiarity, but close enough for protection if the need arose.

"I was raised in this end of the county," Julian Webb said. "My wife came from Hunter's Hill, which ain't more than ten miles down the valley. In them days, same as now, the good people of this valley stayed away from Scuffletown."

"I know," Rives said. "I've heard my daddy tell how the horse thieves used to hang out at Scuffletown."

"You don't know anything," the sheriff said, "except what somebody's told you—you and Page both. But I know. I was here. In 1887 me and Tom Graham broke up that band of horse thieves, and Tom killed Henry Shatter. We caught old Buell red-handed and away from his gun, and we sent him to prison, where he died in 1893. Young Buell was twelve years old when his daddy died."

"What are we waiting for?" Page asked.

Rives wondered the same thing, though he resented Page's impatience.

"We're waiting until I can make up my mind."

"About what?" Page asked. "What is there to decide? We've just got a job to do."

AND that was the truth, Rives thought, even though Page had voiced it. There was nothing complex about their problem, dangerous though it might be. They had simply to go down the mountain, enter the settlement, and arrest a man for murder. They were three against one; they would get this

man even if they had to kill him. It was as simple as that. The danger was there, certainly, but it did not change the problem.

"There was a time," the sheriff said slowly, as if he had all day to dispose of whatever it was that troubled him, "when every one of them houses sheltered a Shafter or Shafter kin. Now all the Shatters are gone except Buell. Trash lives in the other houses, trash that won't interfere with us. They're mean, but not mean like the Shatters. Low-down and common, but without the guts the Shatters had."

"The Shatters were pretty brave?" Rives asked in a loyal effort to humor the old man.

"Mean brave. Crazy brave. That's why they'd never run. That's why they're most all gone. Tom Graham shot Henry, old Buell died in prison, somebody picked Frank off with a rifle. Two of the younger ones went the same way. Another one was murdered at Three Chimneys in 1912. Couple of them were killed in the war. And that brings us down to young Buell."

"Lucky for us," Page Yancey said. "Lucky we got just young Buell to deal with. If all the other Shatters were living, I reckon they'd run us clear out of the woods."

THE old man looked at Page tiredly. "I am trying to tell you two young men how this thing is, and I aim to keep on trying, and in my own way, until I do. If you think we're going down there and inform Buell that he's under arrest, and have him agree and come along peaceable, you don't know the first thing about this situation."

"Maybe he'll get tired of waiting for us," Page said.

Old Julian ignored the remark. "You boys know what happened yesterday. Buell went across the mountain to Harlow's. About six months ago he started hanging around Harlow's sixteen-year-old daughter. Time and again Harlow warned him to stay away. Yesterday—"

"I know," Page said wearily. "I was in your office last night when Mrs. Harlow and her daughter told the story."

"Yesterday," the sheriff continued imperturbably, "Harlow warned him again. Buell laughed at him. Then Harlow went at him with his fists, and Buell shot him dead in his tracks. He

murdered Harlow. That's why it's the end of the line for him. In his time he's got by with a lot of meanness, but even he knows he can't get by with murder. He'll make his stand in his own house, not go dodging through the mountains. Men don't get any more desperate than Buell Shafter is right now. I am trying to tell you that as long as his number is up, and he knows it, he's going to get all three of us if he can."

They were silent then for a while, Page restless and on edge. Rives waiting with a disciplined patience, the sheriff still standing with his foot on the boulder, leaning forward, his elbow on his knee, his chin resting in his hand, his eyes busily scanning the valley.

"I'd give my right arm to take him alive," he said finally, "and I'm afraid it can't be done."

"All right then, let's take him dead!" "Wait," the sheriff said. "Wait, Page."

Page turned away abruptly. His eyes were fixed on Rives Tucker. Rives stared back at Page, reading in Page's eyes the same thing that Page read in his. It was strange, he thought, that the truth had come to them both at exactly the same moment, yet not so strange either, because it had been there all the time, waiting for them to discover it.

Rives felt sick at first, then his years of loyalty asserted themselves, and he felt not contempt for old Julian but pity. It was pity for a man who had stopped here and tried to win back his lost courage and had failed. Page Yancey was not troubled by pity.

"Look, Sheriff," he said curtly, "you've been at this game a long time. Too long maybe. Why don't you wait here, you and Mr. Rives Tucker? I'll go down the mountain by myself and get him."

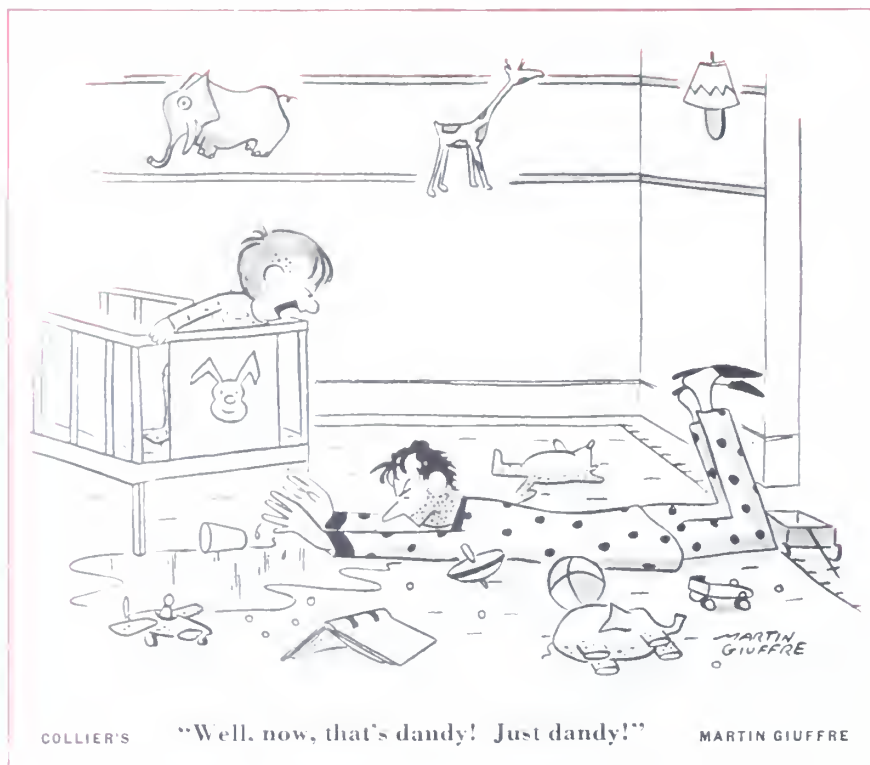
Julian Webb stared at Page. "I talk myself blue in the face, and for all you understand, you might just as well be on your way to arrest a drunk or a chicken thief." He took his foot off the boulder and stood erect, and his eyes were suddenly brighter. "Here's the way it will be: Rives and I will go to Scuffletown in the car. You, Page, will go down the mountain on foot, to the creek that runs north of Scuffletown. There'll be plenty of cover along the creek. When you come to the mouth of the draw that runs from back of Buell Shafter's house down to the creek, stop and wait."

"All right," Page said thoughtfully. "I still think he'll run at the last minute. If he does, down the draw will be the quickest and surest way into the mountains for him—and he'll meet me."

THE sheriff turned to Page and said, his voice rising for the first time that morning, "Wait at the mouth of the draw. You wait there, Page, until one of two things happens—until Buell comes down the draw, or I call for you. Do you understand, Page?"

"Yes, sir," Page said, impatient, eager to be gone.

The moment Page disappeared, a deep silence settled on the cleared place, and Rives Tucker was suddenly aware of loneliness and a creeping anxiety. He was not afraid; that might or might not come later. But in a way he was alone. Unless Buell Shafter chose to go down the draw, the success of this undertaking depended on Rives Tucker, for the sheriff had lost his nerve. Some time between this moment and the capture of Buell Shafter, Rives knew he would have to push the sheriff aside and take charge.



COLLIER'S

"Well, now, that's dandy! Just dandy!"

MARTIN GIUFFRE

But he felt no resentment toward Julian Webb. Page was right. Old Julian had been at this game too long. You had to look at it that way. You had to remember and honor the man the sheriff had once been. You had to do that and then, when the moment came, you had to take charge.

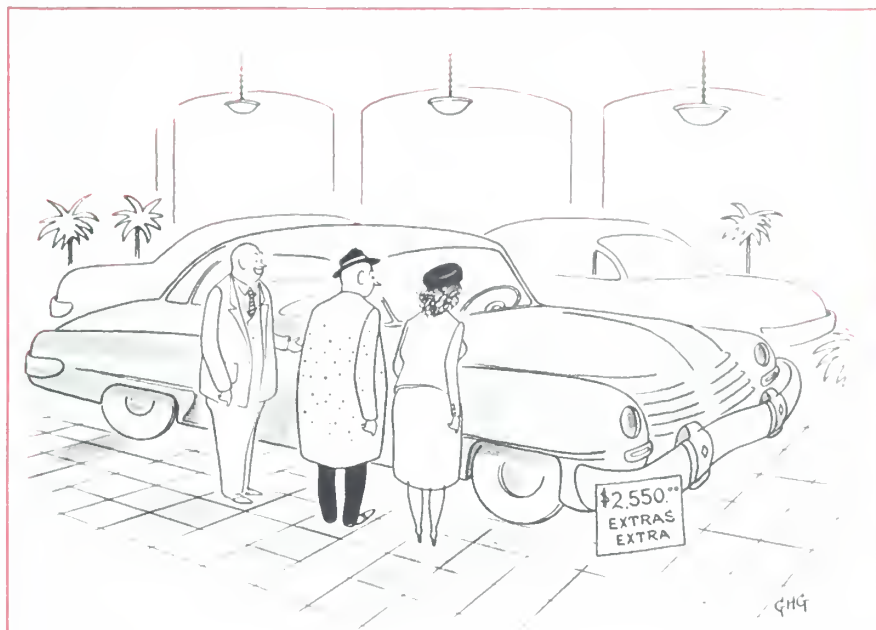
"We'll give Page a little time," the sheriff said, and got out his pistol and checked it.

Rives did the same. High overhead the sky was a warm blue, but a sudden chill wind blew through the notch—an odd, silent wind that you felt but did not hear.

"Let's go," Julian Webb said at last. "You got that thing fully loaded? If you have to use it, take your time, but be quick, too. That's simple, ain't it?"

Slowly, watchfully, they walked along the road until the last house but one lay behind them. The last house stood alone, a two-story frame building, with a small porch and two windows—open and uncurtained but screened—downstairs and two more upstairs. A ragged row of boxwoods grew along the front and one side of the house. At one point, the road, running between two high, brushy banks, passed within sixty yards of the house.

The sheriff and Rives Tucker made their way to the shelter of the west bank of the road without any sign of their being seen coming from the house. A windy little sigh escaped the sheriff as he peered through the sassafras bushes lining the bank. Rives peered too and saw nothing but the bleak and



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COLLIER'S

G. H. GREEN

Go along with him, Rives told himself. It's too early to take charge. You have got to be careful how you do this.

They walked back to the car and got in, the sheriff at the wheel. The road dropped swiftly, and Julian Webb drove with caution. Through the pines they sometimes caught glimpses of the valley below, and the gray, weathered houses of Scuffletown.

"Page is a brave boy," the sheriff said. "He's braver than you, Rives."

"Then why didn't you bring him with you and send me down the creek?" Rives demanded hotly.

"On the other hand, you've got better judgment than Page."

This is going to be tough, Rives thought. He doesn't know, he hasn't realized yet, that he's afraid. He thinks all that talk-talk of his really meant something.

THE sheriff fed the car more gas, and then they coasted down the last incline and were in the bottom of the valley. A quarter of a mile away the houses began. Sheriff Webb stopped at the first one, slid out of the Model T, told Rives to wait, and walked to the house. The door opened part way when he knocked, and the sheriff stepped inside. Five minutes later he reappeared and returned to the car.

"He's up there, all right, in his own house, the last one to the north, with whisky and ammunition enough to last him a long time. We'll go on foot from here."

Collier's for February 21, 1953

lonely house, the blue mountains beyond it, the blue sky above it.

Suddenly, in a ringing voice, the sheriff called Buell Shalter's name. Receiving no response, he shouted again and again. The house remained utterly still.

"He's pretending he ain't home," Sheriff Webb told Rives. He stared at the house gloomily, a dull resignation in his eyes. "Whether he is or not is something we've got to find out, and there's just one way to do it."

"Make a break for the house?" Rives said quickly.

"No, make a walk for it. We'll go side by side, but not real close together. You watch the windows on the left, I'll watch the two on the right. If you see a sneaky movement back of either one of them windows, shoot and keep shooting—and run, run for the porch."

For a minute they both stared at the house, studying every detail, straining their eyes for any movement, however slight, behind any one of the four windows. Then Rives gave his attention to the space lying between their shelter and the house. The ground was flat and bare of grass and treeless, offering no protection whatever. He judged the distance to be more than fifty yards and less than sixty. Suddenly, however, the distance grew, and kept growing, until the house seemed to stand against the mountains a mile away. He felt sweat break out on his forehead.

One moment he was standing in the roadway; the next he and the sheriff had scrambled up the bank and were walk-



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ing toward the house, not swiftly, not slowly, but at a steady, careful pace. Rives kept his eyes fixed on the two windows to the left. In his right hand his gun swung at his side, and he had to light himself to keep from gripping the butt so hard that he would freeze to it at the very moment he needed to be loose and fast.

With each step the tension in Rives mounted. Sweat ran down his face, and he wiped it out of his eyes with his free hand. He dared not look at the sheriff, but he could hear the old man's hard breathing. Suddenly he knew that he and Page had been wrong, that never again would he question old man Webb's courage.

THEY were halfway to the house, they were two thirds of the way, they were better than three quarters. Then they broke step simultaneously and dashed for the protection of the porch. For a little while they leaned against the wall, sheltered from the upstairs windows by the porch roof, protected from the downstairs windows by their own watchfulness.

"He's not here," Rives said. "He—he did run."

"Wait," the sheriff said. Gingerly he tried the knob of the door. When it turned easily, he gave the door a slight shove, and it opened inward. The sheriff drew back. "He's made it too convenient for us. This is a trap. One of us might have got away if he'd opened fire on us in the yard. But if we open this door, he makes sure of both of us."

Again they stood close to the wall, and for a while there was no sound except their breathing. Then the sheriff whispered, "When you've been in this business as long as I have, you can smell a trap. He's in there, all right, waiting beyond the door. I can feel him in there."

Suddenly he rapped the door with his gun muzzle. "Come out, Buell! Lay your gun down and come out with your hands up!" There was no answer. Again the sheriff whispered, "Suppose he leaves us waiting here, sneaks out the back way, and comes around the house on us?"

"I'll go to the back," Rives said, his lips barely moving.

The sheriff nodded. Rives quietly left the porch, ducked under the window and, still staying close to the wall, made his way stealthily toward the rear of the house. Behind him the sheriff shouted Buell's name again and ordered him to come out. After he had negotiated the first corner of the house and was approaching the second, Rives heard the old man call again.

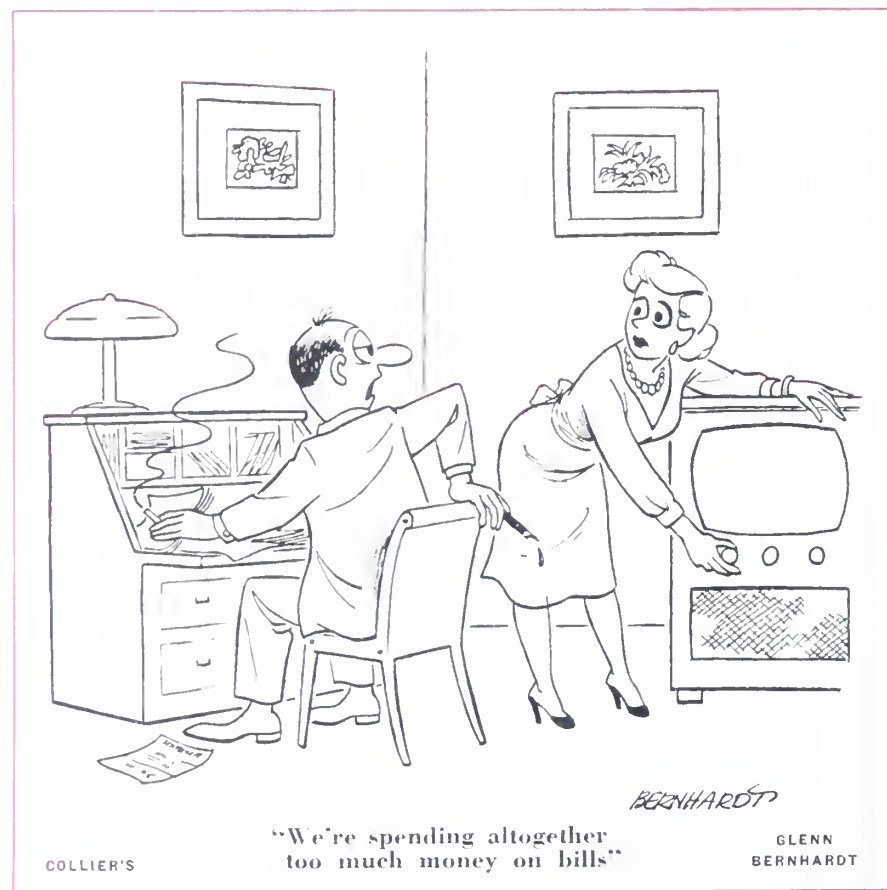
Luck was with Rives. Turning the second corner, he found another boxwood, bushier than those at the front of the house; it stood directly in his path. He dropped to his knees behind it and fixed his eyes on the back door of Buell Shafter's house. He could not have picked a better place of concealment. The boxwood was tall enough, wide enough and thick enough to hide him completely, yet he could see through it.

He heard the sheriff's voice, calling on Buell to surrender and then pretending to address Rives. Old man Webb was kicking up quite a commotion at the front; he was putting on a good show. A man inside, if there were a man there, would never suspect that the sheriff and his deputy had divided forces.

Rives waited. He was never afterward able to estimate exactly how long. He waited until the gun in his hand became a burden, until his eyes ached under the strain, until his cramped legs hurt from hip to heel. He waited until at last it came to him that old man Webb had guessed wrong. There was no one in this bleak old house. Buell Shafter was gone.

He shifted position carefully, painfully. From the corner of his eye he caught a movement, turned his head, and saw Page Yancey emerge from the brush at the head of the draw, fifty yards away. His first impulse was to beckon Page on. But something warned him and, standing erect, he signaled for Page to drop.

Page hesitated. Rives waved again frantically. At last, grudgingly, Page dropped from sight in the weeds and brush at the head of the draw. Once more Rives got down on his knees be-





"Spike, wake up. I think there's a strange burglar in the house"

NED HILTON

hind the boxwood. He was acutely disturbed now. Page was not one to stay put long. If Page exposed himself again, and Shafter, provided he was in the house, opened the door and saw him, he'd slam the door shut, and they would be back at the beginning.

Rives glanced quickly toward the draw. So far Page was keeping out of sight. Rives looked at the door again, and his heart began to pound. Ever so slowly, the door was swinging inward, and then it was wide open. For a little while the doorway was empty, then Buell Shafter appeared in it, a big man in his late thirties, with black hair and eyes, and a lean, haggard face. He had a pistol in his right hand and another jammed into the waistband of his khaki trousers.

He looked directly at the boxwood and evidently saw nothing suspicious; he scanned the yard; he let his blood-shot eyes travel quickly over the head of the draw. Then, satisfied, he stepped from the doorsill to the yard. Rives waited. This was the important moment. If Shafter turned to his left, fine. If he turned to his right, Rives would have to meet him face to face.

He turned to his left, and Rives, rising instantly, stepped around the boxwood, and called: "Buell!"

Shafter did not whirl, as Rives had expected him to, but stopped dead in his tracks. Rives waited, his gun leveled, his finger loose, yet ready on the trigger.

"You going to shoot me in the back?" "Yes," Rives said, "unless you drop that gun."

THEY had a lot of friends when they got back to town, a lot of friends who'd known all along that Sheriff Webb would bring the murderer in alive. Good-naturedly the sheriff waved them aside. Then he nodded to Rives and led the way to his office.

"Where's Page?" "I haven't seen him since we left the jail," Rives said.

"You made me proud of you today, son," the old man said. "I wanted to take Buell Shafter alive more than any other criminal I ever went after, and you took him for me. But if you'd shot him the minute he poked his nose out

that door, I couldn't have blamed you. Doing it the way you did is the difference between being a good peace officer and a topnotch peace officer."

They walked into the office and found Page waiting with characteristic impatience. "All right, so I disobeyed orders, Sheriff," he said. "So I didn't wait in the draw, and the way you and Rives see it, I suppose you think I came awful close to spoiling your party."

"I didn't intend to mention that, Page," the sheriff said.

"I'm mentioning it for you, because I know why you sent me down the draw. You wanted to get me out of the way so you and your future son-in-law could get all the—all the glory."

"Did you go to Scuffletown today, Page, looking for glory?"

"You know what I mean."

"I know why I sent you to the draw, too. I was afraid of you. Afraid I couldn't control you. You're a brave man, Page, but there's always a point where bravery leaves off and lack of judgment takes over."

"There's a point, too, where I quit," Page said. He unbuckled the gun belt and the gun and laid them on the sheriff's desk.

"Wait," Rives said. "Wait, Page."

"And play second fiddle to you? No! I've hated you too long for that, fella."

Wheeling, Page left the office. Rives and the sheriff watched him stride down the courthouse walk. By the time he had reached the street, he was swaggering.

"I was never absolutely sure about him until today," the sheriff said, "and I was never absolutely sure about you, either, until today. I'll be resigning in June, Rives. You can run for sheriff in the fall elections if you're interested. Being a topnotch peace officer gives a man a lot of satisfaction."

The telephone rang then. Sheriff Webb said, "Hello . . . Yes, we're both safe and sound. Yes, he's here with me now . . . Telephone for you, Rives. Some woman or other." He winked.

Lillian's anxious voice came over the wire. "Are you sure you're all right, Rives? You didn't get hurt? You're all right?"

"I'm okay," Rives said. "I'm fine. I'm wonderful." ▲▲▲

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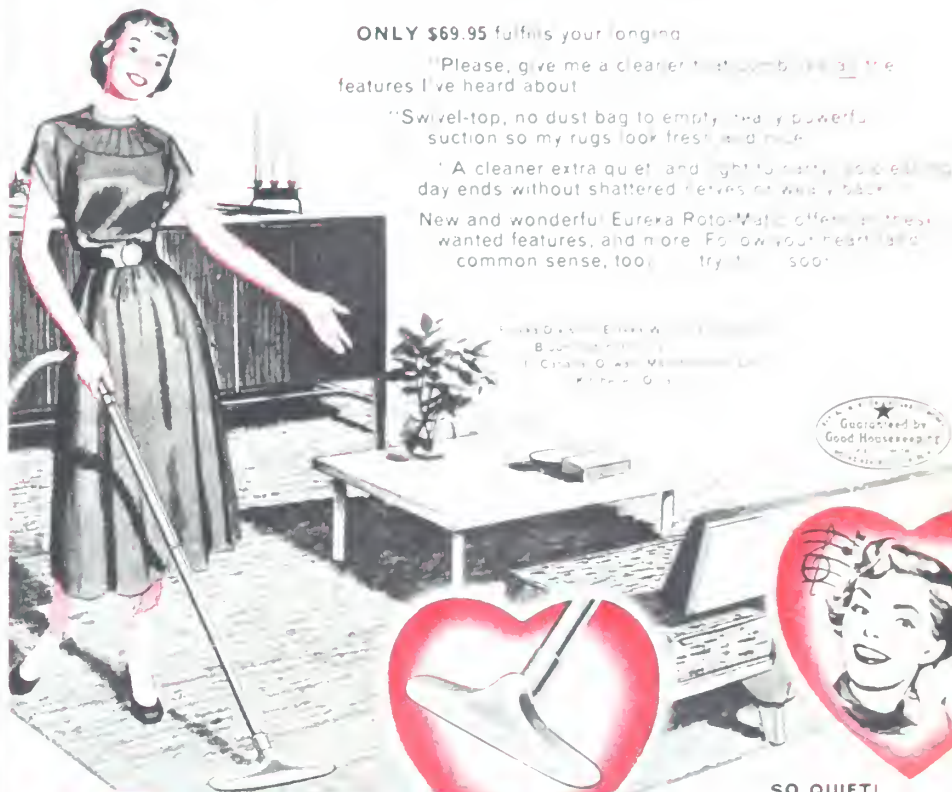
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Teeth bared, startled fox dashes for cover as .22 hunter whirls to fire. Fox usually is hunted on snowy ground. Animals in these photographs are live

Hunting in Your Own Backyard

YOU AND A .22

Stop dreaming of expeditions to faraway places. You can find real hunting adventure at the end of the bus line—at bargain prices. What's more, stalking small game with a .22 takes the finest woodland skill

THE fog was thin and wispy. It lay upon the hillside like a giant's breath. There was no wind. The sun was up, but it hadn't yet pushed the fog away.

From over the hillside came the sound of a deliberate, businesslike step. The hunter, carrying a gun, cleared the ridge. As he moved slowly down the hillside, his eyes were wide with looking and his head was cocked to hear.

Inside, he was atingle. He had keyed his senses to the fullest. He was, even as were the animals he hunted, aware, cautious, alert—seeing and hearing and smelling everything about him. He was, at that moment, as fully alive as a man can be.

In most respects he was much like the almost 14,000,000 hunters in this country who annually spend an estimated \$3,500,000,000 to equip and transport themselves into the woods. He did, however, differ in three ways:

He was hunting out of season, when most other hunters were dreaming of the past or itching for the future.

His out-of-pocket expense for the day was a scant 50 cents—including transportation.

He had stepped off a city bus 20 minutes earlier.

In addition, he was notable in one other respect—he was unexcelled for skill and woodland know-how.

But he was nothing more than you could become. Some of the greatest hunting in the world—requiring as much skill as the most elaborate safari into Africa—probably can be found within 60 minutes of where you are at this moment—even if you are in a large city.

You need only take the time to investigate your close-to-home hunting possibilities. All you really need for your home-town safari may be tucked away in a corner of the hall closet or gathering dust under Junior's bed. It is a .22-caliber rifle.

If you would enjoy hunting, there is no need to buy a lot of expensive equipment or to travel long distances. In some places, you don't even have to get a license to hunt with a .22. Closed seasons, for the most part, are no problem. If you approach him right, a farmer probably will welcome you, and you can make his land your personal hunting preserve. The conservationist will pat you on the back. You needn't ever miss a meal at home. Indeed, after a day in the woods, you can often bring dinner home with you.

Hunting with a .22 packs a challenge virtually unsurpassed in outdoor recreation. The man who can hit a running rabbit with a .22, or come off best in a game of wits with a nervous squirrel, or coax the wily crow into position for a shot (and hit him) should envy no other hunter. He is qualified to take his place alongside the sportsmen whose trophy rooms are hung with heads of mountain sheep, moose and water buffalo.

Actually, the animals who make

By **LEONARD A. STEVENS**

their homes close by our biggest cities are the wariest you can find. They have to be, or they couldn't exist in proximity with man, their natural enemy. And the person who sets out to hunt small game with a .22 merits the title sportsman in the truest sense. He is meeting the animals he hunts on nearly equal terms. A .22 hunter on the trail of rabbits is roughly in the class with the person who would stalk a housefly with a peashooter. He isn't out just to kill. He has, in effect, stacked the cards against himself just to make the game more difficult, more sporting.

With a .22, the joys of hunting at its very best are yours at about a penny a shot and virtually in your own backyard. Let me tell you how.

Check with your conservation department and your local law-enforcement officials. Find out what you legally can do and what you legally must not do. What is fair game in one state is forbidden in another. Regulations covering firearms are as strict as they are varied. So, know the law as it applies to you.

That accomplished, equip yourself with good materials. You can get .22s for \$15 or less. But at that price the rifle will be only a single-shot, bolt-action model suitable for target practice or plinking away at hottles or tin cans. You'll do better in the field with a .22 that fires faster—a semiautomatic (if your state permits its use), or a model with a slide or lever action.

Whatever weapon you choose, get some target practice. If you set off into the woods straight away, chances are you'll return empty-handed and discouraged. Practicing with a .22 can be almost as much fun as hunting itself.

Beginners should concentrate on moving targets.

Roll a croquet or rubber ball along the ground, or skid a piece of coal across an ice-covered stream, and pop away at it. (During the summer, you can use that same stream by firing at a hottle bobbing in the water.)

And always use your sights; don't just blast away. Practice throwing the rifle to your shoulder. Never fire until the gun is against your cheek. Get the sights in front of your eye until you become so familiar with the sight picture that you wouldn't think of firing until you see it.

But however you practice, *always* know where your bullet is going to stop. Use a rise of ground as a backdrop. And watch for ricochets. A .22 bullet packs a killing punch—for humans—up to a mile. Even deflected, it can be lethal.

If you weary of practicing on inanimate targets, shift to live ones—and do your community a favor in the process. Go out to the city dump (if they permit hunting there), or get permission from a farmer to use his field, and shoot rats. Make it easy for yourself.

Ammunition makers turn out a little-known .22 cartridge called the "long rifle shot," which looks like a tiny shotgun shell made of brass instead of paper. The cartridges are filled with minute, sand-grain-size No. 12 shot. They're tiny, but they're deadly on rats up to a range of about 20 feet. Using them, you can get some wonderful practice in the technique of throwing your rifle up to your shoulder and sharpshooting away—what the big-game hunters call "snap shooting." It's not a good idea to shoot too many of these cartridges because prolonged use will injure the rifling on the inside of your gun barrel. But a box or two of these cartridges won't do any harm.

When you've finished the long-rifle-shot cartridges, promote yourself to regulation bullets against the same targets. No need to waste money. Use "short" ammunition, the smallest .22 ammunition in popular use. (BB caps, actually the tiniest .22 cartridges made, will work, but shorts are preferred.) A box of shorts costs less than 50 cents. After a couple of week ends, during which you fire regulation fixed ammunition, you should be ready to take to the woods.

The game you go after will depend largely on where you live, the time of year and your personal tastes. In most locations you have a choice of about a dozen different animals, ranging from frogs to foxes. One of the most genuinely challenging little critters for the would-be .22 hunter—an animal found throughout the country and in several different species—is the squirrel. (He also is a mighty tasty dish, properly prepared.)

The squirrel hunter, however, in addition to knowing how to handle his .22, must also know how to handle the squirrel. Peanuts will lure squirrels up close in a city park, but the country cousin of the tame panhandler is



The author sights a slide-action .22, an excellent gun for hunting



The wily crow abandons caution to attack his archenemy, the owl, unaware that wise old bird is decoy placed on tree limb close to hunter's blind. System is popular for attracting crows

mighty fussy about the hand that feeds him. You'll do best to pick a good spot, somewhere along a squirrel runway, then take up your stand with your rifle ready to fire—and remain still.

Squirrels travel along regular paths, like the tops of fences or stone walls, and along the trunks of fallen trees. Find a likely-looking spot and go into business. You should arrive on the scene before daylight, for squirrels eat breakfast early. Try to be in position ahead of time by a tree or stump in his dining room. But, above all, keep quiet and don't move. The slightest noise, the smallest movement, and the squirrel takes off. Sooner or later, if the circumstances are right and if you have any sort of luck at all, a squirrel will come your way. When he does, fire, and fire fast.

Arousing the Squirrel's Curiosity

Even in squirrel hunting, though, there comes a time to abandon the sittin'-and-waitin' system. Most frequently that time comes when you hear bits of nuts falling to the ground or an unseen squirrel chomping his food in a tree. That's the time to go to work on his curiosity; maybe you can coax him into view.

Try rubbing two sticks together. If that stratagem doesn't work, try pursing your lips to make a sucking noise, or cluck your tongue against the gum behind your upper teeth. You might lure him into the open by shuffling your foot slightly in the leaves, or clicking a coin or cartridge against the metal of your .22.

Probably the most exciting moment of all comes when you move up on a squirrel which refuses to come into range regardless of what you do. The instant you move, the squirrel will flatten himself on the tree trunk or limb—and always on the opposite side from where you're standing.

If you think you can outrun him around the tree, forget it. His revolutions per minute will be exactly half a tree ahead of you. But don't give up. Maybe you can outwit him. Throw a stick or stone to the far side of the tree. There's a chance you'll startle him around to your side of the trunk. But have your rifle at your shoulder, aim fast and fire. There's little likelihood you'll get a second chance. That's the time you'll be thankful for your snap-shooting practice at the city dump.

There are other systems. One hunter I know who frequently goes after squirrels uses a decoy. He removes his hat and coat and hangs them on a bush near where he takes up his watch in the woods. If a squirrel gets on the wrong side of the tree, the hunter cautiously moves toward the far side. If the squirrel thinks the hat and coat are another man, the hunter sometimes is able to get to the other side of the tree while the squirrel is still there. If the hat and coat don't do the job by themselves, the hunter throws a stick or pebble to make a noise and make the clothing move.

Remember that in squirrel hunting—as in all types of hunting—you must be where the animals are or you'll come home empty-handed. One way to find out where game will be is to learn what the animal you're after likes to eat. (Animals spend a

great deal of their time eating.) Squirrels go for acorns, butternuts, walnuts, beechnuts, hickory nuts and pecans. If squirrels have been in the area you plan to hunt, you'll probably notice empty shells on the ground. Squirrels almost never clean up after they've eaten. But don't concentrate on a nut diet, and don't limit your hunting to the woods. Squirrels also are crazy about the farmer's corn, and they like side dishes of all kinds of seeds. Occasionally, they eat the sap of trees; and in the spring some of their favorite foods are the buds from blooming trees.

There's a fairly sure-fire method of finding good squirrel-hunting ground: ask the local people. The rural mailman is a good bet, or the local feed-store operator. A co-operative farmer may tip you off to a choice location. But always ask before trespassing on privately owned land.

Fascinating as it is, you may find that squirrel hunting begins to cloy after a while (though I doubt it). So maybe you'd like to hunt some game that is really difficult to shoot with a .22. If so, set out after *hasenpfeffer* on the hoof—rabbits.

Rabbits Seem Part of the Scenery

The reason rabbit hunting with a .22 is difficult is that the rabbit is always on the move when you shoot him. Not that rabbits don't sit still. They'd like nothing better than to sleep all day (they feed at night). But rabbits look like where they live. Most of the time, rabbits blend in beautifully with the scenery. And they know it. Their first defense is camouflage. A sitting rabbit often will allow you to approach to within four or five feet before he resorts to his second means of defense—running. When a rabbit takes off at full tilt, he's really moving. Scientists have clocked Texas jackrabbits at as much as 45 miles an hour, a little less than the speed of an antelope.

But occasionally the rabbit's camouflage will work against him. A cottontail, for example, is brown like the earth, weeds and rocks where he makes his home. Comes a snowfall, though, and he's caught in the wrong suit. If you're after cottontails, hunt them in snowy weather.

In northern areas, you can go after snowshoe rabbits. They have the part-time advantage of turning white during the winter, so don't hunt them when there's snow on the ground. Wait for a good thaw. The ground goes bare and the snowshoe rabbit is caught in the wrong overcoat.

Since most of your rabbit shooting will be at moving targets, you can borrow a trick from the field artillery to increase your chances of scoring a hit. It's called "bracketing." Shoot at the running rabbit, and, if you miss, note where the bullet kicks up the dirt or snow. With the next shot, try to correct your error. Keep shooting and correcting until you hit the rabbit or he gets out of sight. The difficulty of using a single-shot, bolt-action model should be obvious. For rabbits you need a repeating .22.

However, there are some tricks you can use that may slow down the rabbit a bit. The instant the rabbit takes off, let out a sharp whistle. The noise may make him pause. You also can employ the sharp-whistle technique by going to the edge of a field and sitting quietly for about 15 minutes, then giving out with a short, sharp whistle. The rabbit may sit up from his hiding place.

The rabbit hunter usually must keep on the move. A good place to look for rabbits is a cornfield near a clover patch. If there are rabbits around, there's an excellent chance they spent the night eating in one or the other. But if you arrive during the day, they'll be resting in weeds, grass and bushes. Rabbits really do love the brier patch.

If you're not familiar with the area, pick out a strip of brushy cover between two open areas, if possible. When a rabbit jumps, he may run into the open area where you can see him.

Be sure to walk slowly and inspect the cover thoroughly. Kick at tufts of grass. Walk through gul-

Port. Animals are smart, and when you use a .22, you meet them on their own terms

lies. Make noise around refuse piles. Jump on brush piles. Look in tree crotches close to the ground. Throw stones in culverts. Remember, you're hunting an animal who will let you walk right up to him without tipping you to his presence.

After learning how to hunt squirrels and rabbits, you may want to try your hand in what, for the .22, is the big-game department. If so, go after foxes. You'll probably have to journey farther from home, and you can expect to be bone-tired at the end of a day in the woods—but it's worth it. Some Southern states make great efforts to preserve the old English sport of fox hunting with hounds. In those states, foxes enjoy the protection of laws which even, in some cases, prohibit trapping. But Northern states generally do not have a paternalistic approach to foxes. Some Northern states occasionally pay bounties to fox killers (the fox is a carrier of rabies).

For the hunter with a strong back and a sockful of determination, fox hunting is a sport that can hardly be topped. Snowy weather is preferred, because you must trail the fox. Check with your state conservation department for a good locale, and when you arrive, team up with some local hunter if possible.

A great many hunters use dogs to track fox. But although a dog is a handy item on a fox hunt, he is by no means a necessity. The dogless hunter, by behaving as foxily as the fox, can come home with a potential fox fur muff.

Your fox, if and when you catch up with him, probably will be asleep. Foxes usually feed at dusk and sleep all day. Red foxes prefer to snooze right out in the open, most often on a rock or some rise of ground. Gray foxes are partial to holes or crevices under logs or tree stumps. Your shot—and chances are you'll get only one—will be fired when you startle the fox from his nap.

Pick up a fresh fox trail when you get to your selected hunting grounds. If it was made the night before while the fox himself was hunting, it probably will be a zigzag trail, punctuated by little "nosings" where the fox shoved his snout into the snow to search out mice or rabbits. Follow the trail as stealthily as if the fox were going to jump out at you. Look to each side. Stop frequently and survey every foot of ground within your range of vision.

Sooner or later, perseverance will pay off. Up he'll jump—and *zing!* You've got him.

Crows Are Disliked—But Not Dumb

For real excitement close to home, I think crow hunting with a .22 tops everything. Crows are almost universally disliked. They destroy duck eggs and they have been known to bankrupt farmers by devouring entire crops. But however you feel about the crow, you have to respect his IQ. If you want to shoot crows, you have to think faster than they do, and don't get the idea that's easy.

When you go after them with a .22, the best—and safest—method is to entice them down on the ground. You'll need decoys.

Position your decoy crows like a flock of the black marauders eating lunch in a field—say a cut-over cornfield. At the edge of the area, build yourself a blind from tree branches and leaves placed around a rectangle of trees. Once you've learned how, you can make a good one in an hour or less.

Do a little investigating before you build your blind, though, by observing crow aeronautics. Crows travel along flyways, just as ducks do. For real success, erect your blind in a flyway. You can locate flyways by riding around in your car late in the afternoon and watching flights of crows returning to their sleeping grounds. The prevailing wind should blow from back of your blind. Crows land into the wind, and you don't want them coming in over your blind where they can look down and see you waiting for them.

Only one additional piece of equipment is needed: a crow call (cost: \$1.25 to \$3). You can learn to use it by practicing with a phonograph rec-

ord made for the purpose. Or an experienced caller can teach you. If you're trying to lure crows in to land at your open-field feeding station, it's best to stick to the common conversational "caw, caw," and its variations of "ah, ah," or "gnaw, gnaw."

With luck, one or two crows will spot the decoys or hear you calling and decide to stop for a bite. The chances are they'll give out with a few "caws" of their own to tell the rest of the flock that they've found a free meal.

"Don'ts" for a Hunter Lying in Wait

During this period, keep perfectly still in your blind. Stare at the decoys. Don't look up. Don't smoke. Don't move your hands. You want the crows to land on the ground, and if you move, they're practically certain to see you. Even as they come in, crows invariably will post a sentinel in a high tree. If he spots you, he'll give the crow call of alarm, "caw, ca-a-a-a-w," and the flock will speed off.

If the crows land among your decoys, then slowly, ever so slowly, bring your rifle up, aim, and fire. One crow is considered par; two makes you a semipro. After the crows have gone, remove the dead crow, return to your blind and start all over again.

In really open country, in places where you can safely shoot into the air without fear of hitting anything or anybody (never, never fire into the air in populated areas), you can hunt crows by stalking them and spotting them from afar. You then get under some natural cover and call as if you were a crow in trouble. If you're expert enough, the crows will rush to the rescue of their troubled friend and land in trees nearby.

The best crow hunting is done with an owl decoy. Crows and owls just naturally hate each other. The owls give the crows all sorts of trouble during the night, and the crows love to reciprocate in daylight. When a crow spots an owl asleep during the day, he goes berserk with rage and summons every other crow within hearing distance to the attack.

An owl decoy made of papier-mâché costs about \$3. Place your decoy owl on a pole or the limb of a tree, near other large limbs where the crows can land when they come in. If you happen to have a dead crow, hang him near the owl. His live relatives will think he's been murdered by the owl. Your next move is to retire to your blind and begin setting up a terrible noise with your crow call, as if you were a crow being attacked.

First thing you know, the crows in the area will pick up the distress call and rush to the scene, spreading the alarm as they come. They'll dive and scold the owl. If you've placed your decoy correctly, one or two crows will land on a limb and begin berating the owl from there. That's where you enter the picture—with your .22. Scratch one crow.

But unlike the cautious feeding crows, the attacking flock, its anger aroused, very likely will ignore the fact that a comrade has fallen and continue to worry the owl. That's the time to knock off a second one, if you can. Some hunters have been known to thin out a flock considerably before the one or two remaining birds have looked around and noticed how lonely they were.

So, whether it's crows, rabbits or squirrels, frogs, foxes or woodchucks, you and a .22 can find real hunting pleasure very near home.

With practice, you may even get as good as the farmer who walked into Frank Vogt's sporting-goods store in Ellingham, Illinois, not long ago. He threw open the door and stood there. His jaw quivered with rage.

"That .22 rifle you sold me don't shoot straight, young fella!" the farmer roared.

"Oh?" said Frank, cautiously.

"You're dang tootin'," the farmer snapped. "When I miss two hummingbirds out of three, I say the rifle don't shoot straight."

It just takes practice, I guess. ▲▲▲



Rats provide good practice at firing quickly. Barnyard rodent here darts off as hunter throws gun to shoulder



Squirrels prefer to put tree between them and hunter. Pursuit is useless, but woodland tricks sometimes help

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Go and Kiss Him If You Dare

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

think we're maybe getting into sort of a rut? You and I? Perhaps?"

He leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"No, really," she said. "I mean, it does happen. Without your realizing it."

"But what things? Forgetting what?"

"I just mean," she said slowly. "I just mean we forget how others, how the kids feel about us. We forget the point of view."

"You mean they think we're in a rut?" he said, and laughed again.

SHE nodded, without smiling, and he said, "Well, of course they do. Natch. So what? Do you think we ought to be like the McCloskeys: each week end a brawl, people falling off the dock, screams and breaking glass at all hours of the day and night? Hell, that's a rut if ever I saw one. It's just a different kind, that's all."

"You know I don't mean that, Howard," she said wearily. "You always exaggerate so."

"I exaggerate?" he said; then he took a deep breath and, sitting back in his chair, brought his finger tips together and looked at her across them with an air of judicial calm.

"Well, we both exaggerate," she said. "We know that. When I say a 'rut' I don't really mean a rut, but..."

"What gave you this idea, anyway?"

"I was coming to that. It's just that... Well, you know those bath-houses?"

"I certainly do. A hundred bucks for the season, when it was only fifteen the first year we were here."

"I know, it's just awful, but where else can you go? Anyway, you know how they're all open at the top and you can hear anything anyone is saying around you? Well, I was getting dressed, and in the one next to ours there was Sally Dodge and some friend, and they were giggling and talking about their parents. And I heard Sally say, 'Every night, every single night without exception, my dear, they sit and play Russian bank, and at exactly a quarter to ten they have one highball, and at exactly ten thirty they go to bed. Isn't it awful?'"

Mr. Ellis looked down at the cards lying spread out on the table in front of them, then he cleared his throat and said, "Well, that's Walter and Sarah Dodge. That isn't us—we. And of course Walter Dodge is one of the biggest stuffed shirts in existence. Vice-President-in-Charge-of-Trust-Department! My God!" He lighted a cigarette, then offered the pack to Mrs. Ellis. She shook her head. "Besides," he said, "we don't play Russian bank every night."

"Well, canasta," she said, "and before that, gin rummy. But, Howard, we always do have just one drink and then go to bed. I mean it's a tendency we ought to watch."

"What are we supposed to do?" he asked, his voice rising slightly. "Get plastered every night? When I have to get up at a quarter to seven? I don't see that drinking to excess is necessarily any indication of—well, I don't know—emancipation. Or something."

"I wish you wouldn't always get so angry," Mrs. Ellis said. "Like at Ted blowing his horn."

Mr. Ellis got up and began pacing up and down the room. Presently he stopped and stood for some time with his head lowered, staring intently down

at a large, smoothly rounded green stone that they had picked up on the beach and which now served as a door-stop. Finally he turned around and, speaking very slowly and calmly, said, "I'm sorry I gave the impression of being angry. I assure you I wasn't. I was just—just being emphatic."

They stood facing each other without speaking. Then at the same moment they both laughed.

"Oh, dear," Mrs. Ellis said. "It all sounds so familiar. Doesn't it? Remember how we used to fight?"

He nodded, smiling. "You were always so dramatic," he said.

"I was dramatic? I like that. Why—"

He took a step forward and laid his hand on her arm.

"After all," she said, "it was you, not I, who used to be so keen on the little theater. Howard Ellis, the Matinee Idol. The Stranger in The Passing of the Third Floor Back. With a beard, no less. All I did was help with the costumes."

"Please," Mr. Ellis said, "don't bring that up."

"As a matter of fact," she said, "you were darned good. That beard was quite becoming. And your voice sounded beautiful. So spiritual."

He laughed and said, "You used to say it sounded sexy."

"Well, that too," she said.

"H'mmm," he said. "Quite a remarkable combination." He leaned forward and kissed her lightly on the cheek.

"It really is," she said.

They stood there a little longer, both smiling, then he stepped back from her and, rubbing his hands briskly together, said, "Well, what do you propose? To get out of this rut. Shall we get drunk? Roll up the rugs and do the Charleston? Make fudge? What?"

"No, no, no," she said, laughing. "But—" She looked at the clock over the fireplace. "Well, we might go to the square dance. For instance."

"Oh!" Mr. Ellis said. "Oh, no! Please!"

"See!" Mrs. Ellis said. "As soon as I suggest anything—"

"Caper around and..." he said, shaking

ing his head. "Anyway, I don't know how to square-dance. The last dance I learned was the black bottom."

"You don't have to know how. All you do is what the caller... uh, calls."

"Please," Mr. Ellis said, but after a time, listening to her, he began to nod his head in a resigned way, and while she went upstairs to get a coat, he got up and made two highballs. When she came back they drank them rather quickly, sitting a little forward on the edge of the couch.

As they were about to leave, Mr. Ellis said, "Maybe we ought to take that bottle along. Just in case. Don't you think?"

Cars were parked for some distance down the road from the Quohansett Town Hall, where the square dances were held. As they walked toward the brightly lighted building, the soft night air became strident with the sawing of a fiddle and the thin, high, reedy notes of an accordion playing Turkey in the Straw.

"Remember," Mr. Ellis said, "I'm not capering around any. I'll sit and beam benevolently, but that's all."

THOUGH most of the dancers were young, other people of the Ellises' age or older were also on the dance floor, and others sat along the wall. They were divided almost equally into three groups: the villagers, the city people, like themselves, and the artists who, during the summer, formed a small but truculent colony of their own. It was a simple matter to tell which was which. The villagers—the women in print dresses and the men in dark suits with stiff collars—looked like city people. The city people, in plaid shirts and blue jeans, looked like stage versions of country folk. The artists, in paint-stained trousers, turtle-neck sweaters or soiled T-shirts, looked defiantly artistic.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis went in and sat down on folding chairs that had been arranged along the wall.

"There!" Mrs. Ellis said, her face lighting up. "There's Nancy. Doesn't she dance well?"

Mr. Ellis saw Nancy whirling in the



"It was easy. I just raised my hand and asked if I could leave the room, and here I am"

DICK CAVALLI



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center of the floor with a very tall, dark young man who looked somewhat older than the others, especially by contrast with his daughter's slender and—it suddenly seemed to him—frighteningly fragile, young grace. He turned with a frown and asked, "Who's the big lug she's with?"

"The iceman," Mrs. Ellis said dreamily. When she saw his startled look she added, "Oh, it's perfectly all right. He's working his way through Rhode Island State."

SOMEONE sitting along the opposite wall waved at them. Mrs. Ellis waved back and started across the room. Mr. Ellis, following her, recognized the Dodges, Sarah and Walter, the parents of Sally, the people who played Russian bank and had just one highball every night.

Sarah Dodge was small and slender, and in spite of the narrow streak of gray in her dark hair looked very young and pretty—much too young and pretty, he thought, to be the wife of a pompous ass like Walter Dodge. He sat down beside her.

As he was starting to speak, Walter Dodge and Mrs. Ellis got up, and Walter, in the same tone of matured decision in which he might have said, "We shall invest the proceeds in U.S. Treasury two and a quarter," announced that they were going to dance.

Mr. Ellis looked nervously at Sarah Dodge. She shook her head and, as the others left them, half yawned and said, "I can't imagine anything more utterly boring."

Mr. Ellis offered her a cigarette and sat back with a sensation of profound relief.

She inhaled deeply and said, "God, I wish I had a drink!"

Mr. Ellis gave her a quick look out of the corner of his eye. Then he looked toward the dance floor, where Mrs. Ellis was happily dancing in a ring with half a dozen other people who had joined hands. He hesitated; then, raising his voice to be heard above the music, the clapping hands and the stamping feet, he said, "Well, why not?"

She turned to him quickly, then got to her feet and started for the door. He followed her. When they came to the shadow beyond the lighted doorway, she took his arm. "You have no idea

what this means to me," she said as they walked down the dark road. "I think those affairs are just too deadly."

"Why do you go?"

She shrugged her shoulders and said, "It's better than just sitting around."

When they came to the car and got into the back seat, he handed her the bottle. She took a long drink, then gave a deep sigh of satisfaction. He glanced out the window. Some people were walking along the road, coming in their direction. Drawing back into the corner of the car, Ellis took a quick drink. The whisky felt hot and harsh against his throat, and he choked a little on it. Sarah Dodge laughed, and he said, "Gosh, I guess I'm not used to this any more. It's been years."

"Remember how we used to drink in cars?" She turned and smiled at him. "At proms? I remember one prom where there were northern lights all over the sky when we came out, and everybody was seared to death because they thought they'd gotten some bad liquor and were going blind."

He laughed and said, "I was there. But I'd forgotten all about it."

"I know," she said. "It was a long time ago. My God, I was young! Only sixteen. But not too young to get looping on bootleg gin. We really were pretty wild, weren't we?"

"Yes, I guess we were."

"But it was fun," she said. She shook her head. "Most of the time nowadays I feel about a million years old."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I thought you looked particularly young tonight. That dress is very becoming."

SARAH turned to look at him, and it seemed, although he could not be absolutely certain, that she moved slightly toward him.

"Why, Howard!" she said. "How nice! That's the first compliment I've had in years."

"Is it?" he said, feeling as he said it that he should have said something else, although just what he wasn't sure. "Why, I'll bet you get all sorts of compliments, Sarah. All the time."

She gave a short laugh. "Who from?" she said. "Walter?"

"Well, I know," Mr. Ellis said. "Men aren't always very good at that sort of thing. But that doesn't mean they don't think so."



COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S

"Listen, Filstrup! Just because it's called an ammunition dump . . ."

VIRGIL PARTCH

"Oh, well, you and Jo," Sarah said, "that's something else. You're so congenial."

"Oh, we fight too," Mr. Ellis said. "Sometimes."

"Fight! I wish we did. At least if you fight you're alive. You're not in a rut."

"Well . . ." Mr. Ellis began.

"She's so pretty," Sarah said. "She looks so young. Even though," she added reflectively, "she's actually older than I am."

MR. ELLIS suddenly realized she was leaning against him, with her head almost resting on his shoulder. He started to sit up straight; but just then the headlights from a car coming down the road flashed in the back window, and he slumped down in the seat and lowered his head. Her hair lightly touched his cheek. For the first time he was aware of a heavy but agreeable perfume. Sarah's hand moved a little, and he felt his heart beating faster. He remembered Mrs. Ellis saying something about being young in spirit, and he leaned a little toward Sarah. Although they both stayed perfectly motionless, he had the slightly dizzy sensation of starting slowly to slide down a long incline. It was almost as if he could feel the beginning rush of a dark wind. He half closed his eyes.

At that moment, from outside the car, he heard the sound of footsteps crunching on the graveled road, followed a moment later by laughter. It was a clear, high, young-girl laugh. It sounded just like Nancy's, and he turned to look out the window. He saw a slender figure, dressed in blue jeans with a man's shirt flapping outside; but even though her face was partly turned toward the car it was too dark to see it.

When she had gone past she stopped. She faced the tall boy she was with and, imitating the nasal voice of the square-dance caller, said, "Honor your partner!"

The boy bowed gravely from the waist and said, "Now stamp on his feet and pull his hair, go and kiss him if you dare."

There was a brief confused struggle between them, then she broke away, laughing, and called, "Now leave her

alone and run back home, and everybody swing your own."

The young man seized her, and they began whirling round and round, moving swiftly down the road until they were lost in the shadows of the tall trees beyond.

Mr. Ellis watched them until they disappeared. He heard the echo of her laughter. But at the same time, unexpected and disturbing, there came the sudden vivid picture of Nancy sitting in the back of one of the cars that was parked down there in the darkness.

He reached for the handle of the door, then paused. He looked back at Sarah. "Well," he said, "I guess we'd better get back."

When they got back to the hall, the dance had just ended. People stood on the dance floor, applauding and cheering, but the players were putting away their instruments. Mrs. Ellis and Walter Dodge came toward them, both looking flushed and rather breathless.

"It was such fun," Mrs. Ellis said. "Did you see us?"

They stood there together for a few minutes, talking. When they went out Nancy was standing in the crowd that was gathered by the door, and as they passed her, Mrs. Ellis called, "Oh, Nancy, be sure and come home right away now. Don't go anywhere else."

Nancy looked at her over her shoulder with an expression of long-suffering patience. "Okay, Mother. Okay."

IT WAS only a short drive home. As they got out of the car, another car came up close behind them. Shading his eyes against the headlights, Mr. Ellis stared at it, then said slowly, "What's the ice truck doing here? At this hour of the night."

He walked back to it. He heard Nancy's giggle from the front seat, and when he looked in the cab, he recognized the tall, dark young man with whom she had been dancing when he first saw her.

"Good evening, sir," the young man greeted him.

Mr. Ellis said, "What's the idea, Nancy? Where's Ted?"

They both laughed, and Nancy said, "Ted got sore and left. So Gilbert"—her voice dropped in what seemed to



Winter orange harvesting



Winter geranium field



Desert oasis in winter



Hollywood night life



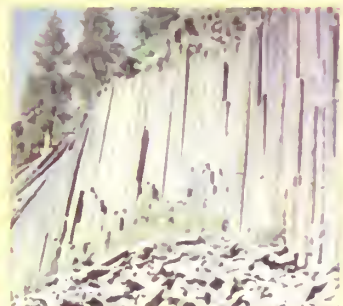
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Mr. Ellis a fatuously caressing manner—"Gilbert brought me home."

"Oh," Mr. Ellis said. "Well, you'd better come in now. It's late."

In the house Mrs. Ellis was standing by the card table, smiling down at the cards that were scattered on it, and humming *Turkey in the Straw*.

"They had a fight or something," Mr. Ellis said. "Nancy and Ted. So she came home with the iceman. Jo, I think you really ought to talk to Nancy."

Just then the door opened, and Nancy came in.

"Well!" her father said. "That was pretty fast."

NANCY sniffed and walked past him with her eyes lowered. Then she stopped, swung around abruptly, and said, "When I'm told the instant I arrive that it's time to come in, that it's late and little Nancy has to be in bed, what do you expect me to do? If I didn't rush in immediately you'd probably start peering out through the screen and calling to me. Jeepers, why, we'd hardly gotten here before you—"

"All right, all right," Mr. Ellis said. "But there's one thing I'd like to know, and that is why Ted Albee got mad and you had to come home with the iceman."

"He isn't an iceman. He's a junior at Rhode Island State. He's working his way through. In any event, I don't see why you have to be such a snob."

"I'm not a snob. And I don't care where he goes to college. Rhode Island State or—Oxford. I just asked you why Ted Albee—"

"That drip! Gilbert and I just took a little walk down the road and—"

"And sat in the ice truck?"

Nancy looked at him for several seconds before answering, then she said slowly, "Well, yes, we did, as a matter of fact."

"I've told you," Mr. Ellis said, "that I don't want you sitting in parked cars with perfect strangers."

Nancy laughed mockingly. "What about yourself?" she asked.

"Myself?" Mr. Ellis said, and Mrs. Ellis turned to look at him curiously.

Nancy nodded and said, "I saw you. Sitting in our car. With some woman. I kept talking my head off so Gilbert wouldn't notice you. Of course it may not have been you, and in any event, I wasn't going to mention it but—"

"Why, Howard?" Mrs. Ellis said and broke into a rippling laugh.

"Well, as a matter of fact," Mr. Ellis said, "it was. I was sitting there with Sarah—with Mrs. Dodge. She wasn't feeling well and said she wanted some air, so I took her out. Neither of us was dancing."

"In any event—" Nancy began.

"I wish you'd stop using that expression," Mr. Ellis said. "I'm sick of it."

Nancy sighed and said, "All right, in any case, then. I mean, besides, I don't see why you have to spy on me."

Mr. Ellis looked bewildered. "Spy on you?"

"Oh, not only you." She turned to her mother. "Following me to the dance and watching my every move. Telling me again and again I have to come home the second the dance is over. Before the music has hardly stopped. And incidentally, Mother, it's sometimes a good idea to learn how to do a dance before you try it. I saw you at one point, simply standing out in the middle of the floor with that . . . with Mr. Dodge, just standing there. You have no idea how humiliating it was."

Mr. Ellis looked at his wife with what he knew was an annoyingly elfish



"The party's getting dull. Think of something to do to pep it up!"

COLLIER'S

FRITZ WILKINSON

grin, then said to Nancy, "Your mother felt that by not going out occasionally we were perhaps in danger of getting into a rut. We want to avoid that."

"Well, of course that's fine," Nancy said, "but it would help if the old . . . if people knew what the things the caller calls meant. If they didn't just stand there and fowl things up. Like that old Mr. Bremer. Why, poor Judy Bremer can hardly face going to the dances. I mean, it's so utterly undignified."

Mrs. Ellis nodded toward the clock on the mantel and said, "It's time for you to go to bed, Nancy."

"Oh, all right," Nancy said. She raised her eyes to the ceiling with a stricken look. "Would it be all right if I got a glass of milk first?"

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis waited, without speaking, while Nancy went to the kitchen. When she came back she had a glass of milk in one hand and a large piece of chocolate cake on a plate in the other. She passed them with heavy-lidded eyes and a bitterly ironic twist

to her mouth, on which there was also a smudge of chocolate icing.

When she had gone upstairs, closing the door to her room behind her with elaborate quietness, Mr. Ellis said, "Well, that was a success."

Mrs. Ellis, who had begun emptying ash trays and straightening pillows, smiled and said, "Apparently it was. For you."

"Look," Mr. Ellis said. "You don't really think I was out there sitting in that car necking, do you?"

Mrs. Ellis gave a tinkling, artificial-sounding laugh.

"Well, do you?" he said.

She shrugged her shoulders. "That's what Sarah Dodge usually goes out and sits in cars for. It's well known," she said and smiled. "Any man at all."

"Oh," Mr. Ellis said. He watched Mrs. Ellis as she moved busily around the room, humming to herself.

Presently he said, "She's really a very unhappy woman."

Mrs. Ellis laughed and said, "And I



"Here's the dinner I've planned for us this evening—somewhere"

COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

suppose her husband doesn't understand her."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Jo!" Mr. Ellis said. "Stop acting so childish."

"Childish! If anyone has been acting childish, it's you. Sitting out in a car like some college boy. Even if you don't care about me, I think you might have given some consideration to the effect that such a performance might have on Nancy."

"Frankly," Mr. Ellis said, "I don't think she was half as humiliated by me as she was by you. Capering around there with—"

"Can't you find any other word than caper?" Mrs. Ellis said.

"It expresses my meaning," Mr. Ellis answered, with some dignity.

Mrs. Ellis took a deep breath and said, "I wish we didn't always have to fight so."

"I know," he said. "But at least there's one thing: it shows we're alive."

Mrs. Ellis paused in the act of emptying the contents of one ash tray into another. Then a slow smile came over her face. "Why, I guess it does, really, doesn't it?" she said.

"Yes, because if we were really—in a rut, why, we just wouldn't care. As it is . . ." he said, raising one hand, then letting it drop to his side. "Well, never a dull moment."

"Sometimes," Mrs. Ellis said, looking at him admiringly, "you really have very original ideas, Howard."

"Oh, well," Mr. Ellis said.

"No, you really do."

"For that matter," he said, "so do you. Like going to the square dance."

"Please!"

"Well," he said, "it was a noble experiment."

She laughed and said, "They wouldn't even know what that meant. Those kids. Nancy."

"Oh, hell, they don't know what anything means."

"It takes so long," Mrs. Ellis said. "Doesn't it?"

HE NODDED, smiling at her. She took a step forward and stood by his side. He put his arm around her.

"What did she say?" she asked.

"Who?"

"Sarah. Sarah Dodge."

"Oh! Why, she said she thought we were very congenial. And that you were very pretty. And very young-looking."

Mrs. Ellis gave a short, skeptical laugh and said, "Was that all?"

"Just about. I gave her a drink. Then we went back."

She leaned her head on his shoulder. Presently she said, "They don't really know anything. Except," she added, yawning a little, "except the things the caller calls."

He raised his eyes and looked over her head toward the window. It was dark, but far out beyond the shore a beacon flashed on and off at regular intervals. Seeing it he thought again of the northern lights, and he remembered how the whole sky, from the horizon to the zenith, had been filled with flowing bands and curtains of light, shot through with swinging rays and hung with patches that shivered like the surface of still water swept by gusts of wind. Sometimes in the late summer they saw them up here, and he wondered if now, above their heads, the sky was quivering and flashing. He leaned forward a little. All he could see, low above the pine trees to one side of their house, was the moon. It was a waning moon, and more than half of it was gone, but it cast a warm and steady golden light.



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FROGMEN IN KOREA



Frogmen, training for their underwater net-cutting assignment, pause to rest on rocks off Korean coast

OPERATION FISHNET was a job that had to be done by hand. The men who performed it had to work in the numbing waters of the Sea of Japan. They had to operate behind the Communist lines literally in the shadow of the embattled North Korean hills. The success of the operation depended entirely on stealth.

It was a job only the U.S. Navy's frogmen could do. Their only weapons were knives; their only armor, rubber suits. Their enemies were the tides and the surf and the reefs—and the Communists.

So secret was the undertaking that the Navy only recently released the details and allowed the photographs taken during the daylight phases of the operation to be published.

The first phase of Operation Fishnet got under way late last July, when frogmen of Underwater Demolition Team Five boarded the high-speed transport USS Diachenko. At a rendezvous point off Wonsan on Korea's east coast, they collected the latest intelligence reports, then headed for their target area farther north. Their task was to locate and destroy the nets the North Korean Communists were using to catch fish for their troops. Fish is the second most important item (next to rice) on the North Korean menu; the Communists were catching more than a million tons a year. And though the United Nations naval blockade had cut off food supplies coming by sea, the Communists were doing very well indeed on the fish they caught in the nets.

Operation Fishnet, therefore, had only one purpose—to knock out that supply of food, too. Our strategists figured that if we were successful, we could take fish off the North Korean diet for six months or more.

Operating from the Diachenko, UDT Five struck three times. Twice they were unmolested. But during the third strike the enemy garrison ashore cut loose with machine guns while the frogmen were in the water. It took the combined firepower of the Diachenko, the landing boats and a

Korean PT boat rushed to the scene to get the swimmers out safely. They made it all right, but as of that moment Operation Fishnet was no longer a secret.

Two months passed. The weather got colder. Then it was Underwater Demolition Team Three's turn—only this time the Communists knew we were after their nets.

Raid Starts in Cold of Early Morn

It was one o'clock in the morning, and it was cold. The sea around the ship was a nervous, oily blackness, rolling restively. Manchuria was 15 miles to the north.

The men had coffee, and then the order was passed, "Lower boats three and five." The engines of the high-speed transport were suddenly quiet and the ship lost headway as it slid gently through the water. The lieutenant mustered his men for one last briefing.

"We're going to have to go in close," he said. "We'll split up. Two platoons will work the north end of the cove, and two will work the south. Air Intelligence reports there's a garrison of 600 troops on the beach. They've got machine guns and howitzers. That's a slug of trouble if they get on to us. Good luck—but be careful." Then: "Over the side!"

The men went down the cargo nets into the landing boats. They cast off from the mother ship and raced over the uneasy ocean toward the beach. Almost immediately, the ship astern faded into the darkness and the boats became tiny bouncing objects alone in the cold vastness.

But the solitude was unreal. The men weren't alone and they knew it. Communist Korea lay a third of a mile ahead. They could hear the surf against the shore line.

By radio, the skipper on the mother ship ordered the boats to search for the objective. The lead boat veered to the right. Its engines were

Aged, unshaven North Korean fisherman, captured prior to strike, undergoes interrogation by UN intelligence team about location of nets. Reds employed civilians to catch fish for their forces



A few nets were returned to ship, though most were sunk on spot. Here section is hung to dry



The Navy named it Operation Fishnet. It had to be carried out within pot-shot rifle range of Communist positions far behind the front lines. Only the frogmen could do it. They did the job

throttled down to dead slow. The sound of the surf was much louder. Communist sentries marched back and forth somewhere there in the inky emptiness. In the landing boats, it seemed as if the men could almost hear the sentries' boots crunching on the rocky beach. The men in the boats were within pot-shot rifle range.

They edged slowly along, looking for the net. Each pass took them closer to the beach. Then someone caught the scent of burning wood. A moment later they slipped into a tiny cove. A fire was blazing on the beach. It was less than 100 yards away—probably a sentry warming himself. And there was the net—dead ahead.

Nobody moved except the radioman. He flicked a switch. "We have found Key West." He spoke softly, using the code word for the net.

The frogmen slipped their black rubber boats over the side. They climbed aboard and paddled toward the line of floats supporting the net. It extended at least 300 feet. The floats were clearly visible in the light from the fire on the beach.

The party split up. One moved noiselessly ahead toward the beach, seeking out the anchor line. The other took off after the floats. They slashed and hacked the net loose from its supports—50-gallon drums, logs and clusters of glass balls about as big as grapefruit. The net was much too big to haul away. Instead, the frogmen chopped it into sections about 40 feet long. One by one, the sections slipped beneath the surface.

Spotted by Communists on the Beach

The operation was going along right on schedule when a frogman exclaimed hoarsely, "Look!"

Work on the net stopped. Goggled heads poked up. The tiny figures around the fire on the beach were signaling to another group farther along the shore. The Communists knew they had company. "Damn!" The word ran along the nets, and the goggled heads dipped down again. There would be no pulling out until the job was done.

Closer to the beach, the second half of the demolition team had seen the signal fires, too. But they had other problems at the moment. They had found the anchor line. It seemed to be made of Manila rope, but the covering was a disguise. The anchor line itself was steel—a massive cable wrapped in hemp. Their knives were useless. They had to send back to the landing boat for bolt cutters. Long minutes passed. Finally the cutters arrived, but against the steel cable they were about as effective as a pair of pinkie shears. The anchor line would have to be blown apart. The order went back again—demolition charges—and again, the long wait.

When the explosives arrived, quick, anxious hands rigged them along the net and prepared to set them off. But just as everything was ready, three rifle shots spat into the water.

The men shouted for the landing craft. All parties broke off their operations, climbed into boats and roared back toward the mother ship. Nobody spoke. They all watched astern for the explosions. The fires on the beach grew smaller. No explosion. There were muttered oaths about clumsy work. There were muttered oaths of denial. Then—*whoomph!* . . . *whoomph!*—two dull thuds. And two columns of phosphorescent sea water shot into the air.

Smiling, the men turned to face one another. "Scratch one fishing net," the lieutenant said. There'd be that much less fish on the North Korean menu for a while. ▲▲▲



Clothed in rubber suits to protect them from numbing waters off North Korean coast, frogmen paddle their rubber boats toward objective. Demolition teams struck 15 miles from Manchuria

A flipper-footed frogman, armed only with knife, rolls overside from a speeding boat while another swimmer adjusts goggles before entering water. Operation requires split-second timing



The BANCROFTS, By Half a Length

We'd got real happy, me and my brood. Then the neighbor's grass began to look greener

By HARRIET FRANK, JR.

IT'S been so long ago that I'm not quite sure of my facts, but I think *one* year I must have paid an excess-profits tax. I must have, or I wouldn't have let Ruthie talk me into buying a house in Connecticut.

"You've got the children to think of," she began. "You can't expect to give them a good start in life in New York."

I've noticed that whenever Ruthie is bucking for something, the kids are right away all mine, like I got them by cellular division. "What's the matter with little old New York?" I said hotly.

"It's not Connecticut," Ruthie said, "and I've already found the house."

"I know," I said grimly. "Built before the Revolution, and two miles through open country to the privy."

"It has a little creek," she said dreamily.

"I've spent most of my life up the creek."

"Very funny."

"I'm laughing with tears in my eyes," I told her. "I like it here."

"I understand," she said honestly. "It's an exciting place. But for the kids' sake I think we ought to try to get back to the basics."

"Can I make them chop wood?"

"I'm serious, Sy. It'll be good for all of us. The way it is now, the girls think trees are something that block the view of the Chrysler Building. Living in the city is doing bad things to them."

The other day I caught Ginny sending the elevator boy out for comic books. She said her daddy would make it worth his while. Their sense of values is all cockeyed. And so is ours. In the country you don't have to compete with the birds or envy the bees. We can find out who we are and where we're going."

"Can't you covet in the country?"

"There's less chance. Life will be so simple, and so good for us. We need it, Sy."

"Then I guess it's back to the land for us," I agreed, "if that's

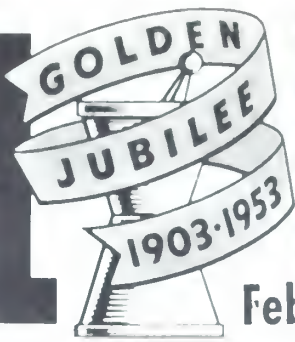
ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

Pointing, Patty said, "Mummy has it on now." Ruthie came out on the porch. She looked nice, except she had a look like she does when she goes to the dentist





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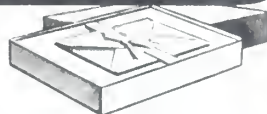


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a ferment. Moving vans were disgorging some very free-form furniture while the front lawn was being carefully torn up. Scaffolding was already climbing up the front of the house, and television antennas were sprouting up like mushrooms. I ignored Ruthie's injunction against covetousness and was enjoying all this with slack-mouthed awe when the front door opened and a woman came out onto the porch. Let me state, unequivocally, that I am, first, last and always a monogamist. However, it was plain to see that this was, without doubt, a dish. She was wearing some kind of tight-fitting black pants that ended below the knee. For no reason at all that I could think of, she turned and waved at me. "Hello, there!" she called.

I turned to see if there was anyone behind me. "Me?" I asked. I jabbed my chest with my thumb.

SHE came down off the porch and approached the fence. "You're Mr. Bancroft, aren't you? We're your new neighbors. I'm Paula Jones, and skulking about somewhere are my husband and offspring. You haven't seen them, have you?" Her voice was like the center of a chocolate cream.

"Not hide nor hair," I said pleasantly. "Say, you're certainly working the old place over."

"Mmmm. I think it will be sweet. When we're tidied up I'd love to have you and Mrs. Bancroft help us warm it up."

"Very kind of you," I murmured. "We'll bring bread and salt."

"What a quaint idea," she said. "Is that local lore?"

"I read it somewhere," I explained sheepishly.

"You're New Yorkers, aren't you?"

Queasily, I realized that the fruit of my loins had been talking. "Yes," I said cautiously.

"I'm simply fascinated by your job," she said. "I suppose it's very top secret."

"No matter what my children tell you," I said, trying to be debonair about it, "I manufacture foundation garments."

"Oh, I see," she murmured with an amused smile.

"Just for the record," I asked her, "what line of work did they have me in?"

"The Federal Bureau of Investigation," she said.

"Narcotics Division?"

"They didn't say."

"Sometimes it's Narcotics, and sometimes it's plain old Secret Service."

I was about to tell her all about myself when her husband appeared. I haven't been to a movie since the Gold Diggers of 1935, but this man bore a striking resemblance to Ronald Colman, if I remember correctly. All he needed was a patch over one eye and he could have posed for shirt ads. His opening gambit was, "Hello, neighbor. I'm Merle Jones," followed by a grip of steel.

Instantly I realized that I should never have given up handball, but I managed not to wince. "Bancroft," I gasped. "Sy."

"Delighted. I wonder if I could ask you a great favor?"

"Sure," I said, trying to sound like old landed gentry. "name it."

"Well, we're on the torn-up side, and we haven't gotten our drinkables out. I wonder if I could borrow a Martini?"

Paula smiled ingratiatingly. "We're such creatures of habit," she said.

Hurriedly I ran over our liquor supply in my mind. Cherry cough medi-

cine, cooking sherry that went down like sandpaper, vanilla, and maybe some gin. "I'll just whip up a batch," I said. "Say fifteen minutes?"

"You're a brick, old man."

Sullenly I watched his athletic figure retreating; then I dashed into the house. I found Ruthie in the kitchen making an apple pie. "How do you like the Joneses?" she asked.

"I see you've had the pleasure."

"Yes. I gave him a lift up from the village."

"Very toney-type people," I said.

"He's quite charming," she said absent-mindedly. "I haven't met her."

"You will. They're coming here for drinks."

"Sy, you didn't! We haven't got a drop of anything stronger than homogenized milk."

"Yes, we have. I put something aside for snake bite." Frantically I rummaged in a dark corner. "Here we are."

"But I can't have a cocktail party now. My hair needs washing, and the house is a mess. The girls have been putting on a play in the living room."

"Streetcar Named Desire?" I was mixing with wild abandon.

"Don't tease. Is Mrs. Jones awfully svelte?"

"Awfully."

"And look at me!" she wailed. "Hausfrau rampant."

"You look fine."

"You're only saying that."

I gave her a warm buss. "You are practically perfect."

"What was she wearing?"

"Something sort of bullfightish."

"Chic! I knew it. And my good slacks are at the cleaners."

"Wear your bad ones."

She hurried past me to the icebox. "We were just going to have vegetable soup and egg sandwiches. Do you suppose they're nibblers?"

"What's the matter with a neighborly nibbler?"

"We're out of everything. We've just got olives and that smelly cheese. Well, it'll have to do. I'm going upstairs to take a shower, and you'd better change that T shirt. It's got a hole right over your navel."

"Air conditioning," I told her, "and besides, I'm a country mouse."

"Change!" she shouted over her shoulder, and she was gone.

I WAS sampling my brew when the girls showed up. "It smells medicine in here," said Patty. "Are you sick?"

"Not yet."

"Those are drinks, silly," said Ginny, in a superior tone.

"I wouldn't drink it," Patty said.

"So young and so wise," I said, patting her. "Why don't you girls go wading?"

"We want to stay and watch you."

"You haven't got the price of admission," I said. "Run out and play, and if you see the Joneses coming let me know."

After a few minutes a shrill cry rang out. "They're coming. Daddy, they're coming!" They made it sound like a cavalry charge. Wiping my hands on my T shirt, I went out to greet them. I should have stood in the kitchen. Merle had changed into a white jacket, and Mrs. Jones was wearing something yellow and blowy. I patted my hands nervously on my jeans and decided to give them the old Bancroft aplomb. "Didn't have a thing to wear," I said, guffawing heartily. "Have some fire-water?"

They were good-natured enough to accept a double dose. I motioned them

Starts Next Week in **Collier's**

into chairs, only then becoming aware of the fixed stares of my children "Shoo," I hissed.

"They stayed in the yard, close to the porch, regarding us thoughtfully. "Why don't you go 'be' somebody?" I suggested cheerfully. "How about Clark Gable and Marilyn Monroe?" They didn't make a move. "Or Martin and Lewis?" There was no response. I turned to my guests. "Great little actresses," I said. "They eat up the theater."

"Charming," murmured Paula. "Our little girl is so bookish. She reads French."

I THOUGHT of the thumbel comic books in the girls' room, and smiled weakly. "They come from a long line of extroverts," I said. "Very imaginative kids." I leaned over the balustrade. "Go imagine something, why don't you?"

"We're waiting for Mummy," said Patty. "We want to see what she's got on."

"Yes," said Ginny, "she was putting on her girdle."

"She has it on now, too," said Patty, pointing. Ruthie came out on the porch. I guess she looked nice, all right, except she was wearing something sort of dark and she had a look on her face which she only gets when she goes to the dentist. The girls took one disgruntled look and left.

"This is certainly a pleasure," Ruthie said, and groped around the table for a glass. Ruthie's not given to drink, but she tossed her Martini off like an old China hand. I figured it was Paula, in all that organdy. Ruthie gets intimidated around powerhouse women. I began to wish we kept a vicious dog around the house; I was running low on insouciance myself. Ruthie's gaze started to stray around the porch. There was a lot of litter from the kids, only it seemed a little more colorful than usual. They'd dragged out a bottle of cherries, an old typewriter, some paper dolls and a copy of a lurid best seller, handsomely illustrated. "We're just camping," said Ruthie, groping for the book. She picked it up, blushing. "I don't know where they found this." Her remark dropped into a well. "How do you like living in the country?" she said—in Paula's direction.

"Which one?" Paula said sweetly.

I laughed weakly. Nobody joined me. Merle's eyes narrowed unpleasantly at his wife. "Paula's here under protest," he said. "We were going to summer in the Bahamas, but I voted for the simple life."

Ruthie's gaze brightened. "So did I," she said enthusiastically.

"We were going to summer in Manhattan," I added sourly, "and I voted for Manhattan."

Ruthie joined forces with Merle by sitting next to him on the swing. The kids jump on it all the time so they sort of slid together in the middle. Ruthie loves an ally.

"Won't you have some cheese?" she asked warmly.

He smiled at her. "Thanks, it's awfully good." He munched happily.

"It's rat cheese," I said loudly. "I don't touch it myself."

Paula laughed. It was low down and effective. I walked over to her. "May I buoy up that olive?" I said, taking her glass from her.

"You're a dear," she said.

After I had joined her in several more drinks, we were in total agreement. I was a dear.

"Say," I said loudly, "why don't all four of us amble over to the club for Collier's for February 21, 1953

dinner? All four of us could have a little drink, and then all four of us could have a little dance."

"I think," said Ruthie lightly, "that one of us has two sheets in the wind."

"Who?" I said, looking around. "Where?"

Ruthie came over and put her hand on my arm. "You didn't have much lunch, darling," she said smoothly.

"Olives are very nourishing," I said huffily. "Now what about my plan?"

"Wonderful," said Merle. "You two come as our guests."

"That's awfully nice of you," said Ruthie, "but it's too late to get a baby sitter. Another time."

Merle took her hand. "Is that a promise?" Ruthie nodded.

Paula rose languidly. "It's been fun," she said, and trailed down the steps. Merle crushed my hand and followed her. Their voices floated back at us through the gathering dusk. Then they were gone. I circled for a landing in the porch swing. Ruthie began to brush up the crumbs.

"Better leave something for the birds," I said.

"This whole episode was for the birds," said Ruthie. "Coming over here in that yellow organdy job."

"How about him? He looked like a Good Humor man."

"She probably made him wear it."

"Listen," I said in a knowing tone. "I've seen guys like him before. They do push-ups all the time and have their pajamas tailor-made."

"What's the matter with exercise?" Ruthie demanded. "It's better than going around holding your breath all the time, like you do."

"When do I hold my breath?" I said hotly.

"I've seen you. In the morning when you look at yourself sideways in the mirror. You're only deluding yourself, that's all."

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," I said cuttingly. "From now on I'm going to emulate your friend Mr. Jones. I'll get my tailor to knock out a white jacket, and I'll sashay around the neighborhood borrowing Martinis."

"Just because a man tries to live gracefully," Ruthie said coldly.

"First we've got to live in the country," I said warmly, "and then we've got to live gracefully in the country. Swell."

RUTHIE began breathing hard, and I could see things shaping up for a spat. I rose with what I considered great dignity.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To dress for dinner."

"Sy Bancerolt," she said angrily, "don't you dare!"

"To dress for dinner," I persisted, "including a maroon cummerbund."

I should never have started it. That night, when I came down after my shower, some changes had been made. There was a table set out on the front porch, and there were candles on it. After a moment the distaff side appeared en masse in the doorway, all dressed in their Sunday-school clothes. The girls seemed a little bewildered, but they'll always go along with a gag. "Good evening, Father," they said together, demurely. My children had never greeted me with gentility in all their lives.

"It's me," I said. "Daddy."

"We know, Father."

"Father," I said it aloud. It was sort of Clarence Day and fifty thousand shares of A.T.&T. I like it. I pulled out Ruthie's chair and then took my

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own. "Say," I said, "maybe there's something to this."

Ruthie smiled. "I got the baby sitter in to serve dinner," she said, "and I told her I'd ring for what we want, so don't holler."

Our baby sitter is a large, open-faced girl of sixteen. She came in and thrust the platter of chops under my nose. "Here," she said, "dive in."

From across the way we heard the tinkle of glass and china. "Get a load of the Joneses," I said.

The household effects seemed to have got straightened out in jig time over there. Their terrace was alive with candlelight, and we saw a glass table set with silver and flowers. A butler was doing the honors, and after a moment Merle rose, glass in hand, and lifted it in our direction.

"Should I make a speech?" I asked Ruthie.

"Oh, sit down."

ALL through dinner, the kids kept swiveling in their chairs to take a gander at what was going on. Finally Patty couldn't stand it any more. "Look," she said, "what *they're* eating is on fire." There was a note of disappointment in her voice.

"Eat your nice tapioca," Ruthie said, "and never mind."

"But it's burning like *anything*," Ginny said.

"So did Rome," I commented. "Finish your dessert."

"I don't care for it, thank you."

They both pushed their plates away and sighed.

"Daddy," Patty said suddenly, "can we go to school in Switzerland?"

"What's the matter with the school here?" I asked politely.

"Melanie Jones is going to Switzerland," Patty said.

"Yes. She can order ice cream in French. Any flavor," Ginny said.

"Accomplished child," I said coldly.

"Well, *can* we go to school in Switzerland?"

"You can clear the dishes," Ruthie said, "right now."

Unhappily they loaded up. "Melanie's butler does the butting over there," said Ginny. She made it sound like the promised land.

"This is 'over here,'" Ruthie said, "and I'm not going to tell you twice." They went out, burdened.

"Alone at last," I said in a friendly voice. "That's a pretty dress."

Ruthie eyed it with dissatisfaction. "I need something pastel," she said dreamily, "something pastel and sort of blowy."

Out of the corner of my eye I could see Paula's draperies stirring in the breeze.

"I know I'm not the type," Ruthie said flatly. "I'm small and pudgy. It's just that all of a sudden I'm sick of being small and pudgy." She turned critical eyes on me. "Sy," she said, "why don't you grow a mustache?"

Merle Jones, I recalled, sported a small, dark mustache. Ruthie went on: "I think you'd look distinguished."

"Tired of plain, unadorned me?" I asked lightly.

There was the sound of voices being raised across the way. Then Merle came down the steps within hailing distance. "Hello, you two," he called, "come join us for coffee?"

"Let's," Ruthie said eagerly.

She took the lead. Paula's face brightened as we came up the steps. "Good," she said. "I'm glad you came over. Merle and I can only stand each other through the main course."

Ruthie looked at me and then at her shoe tops.

Merle smiled stiffly. "Company manners, darling," he said icily.

"Don't mind us," I muttered.

"Brandy?" He went over to the table and filled four snifters. "This is really old stuff," he said. "My father put it down."

Paula's laugh tinkled unpleasantly. "He certainly did. In fact, he died of it."

Merle's mouth got thin. "He died of heart failure."

"Very well, pet. Heart failure." She turned to Ruthie. "What do you *do* with yourself all day in this forsaken place? I know I'm just going to lose my mind."

"None of us will miss it," Merle said.

"Clever," Paula snapped.

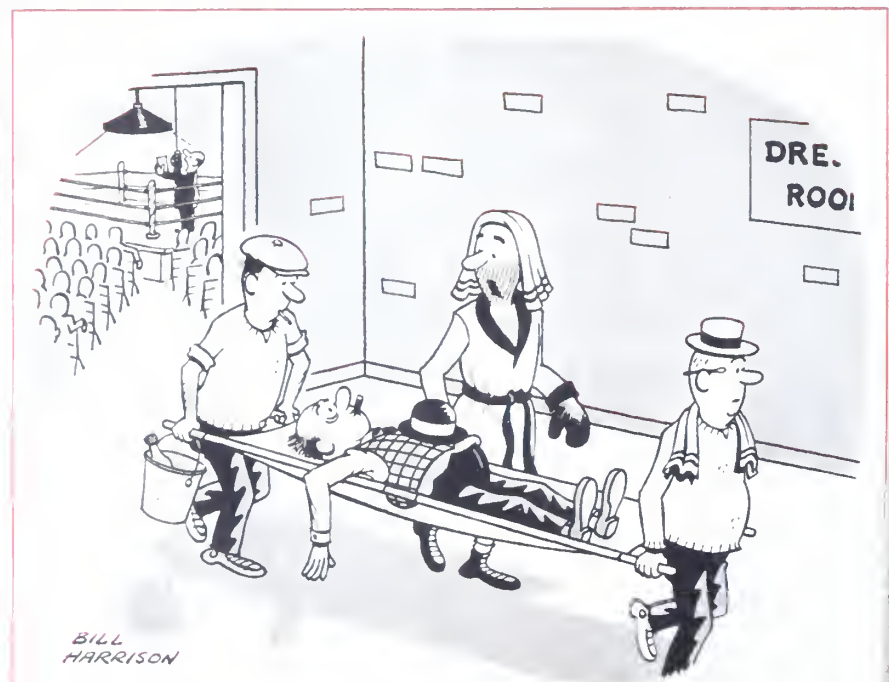
"Say," I said weakly, "how about a rubber of bridge?"

"We don't play. Paula persists in trumping my ace."

I tried again. "What kind of television reception do you get?"

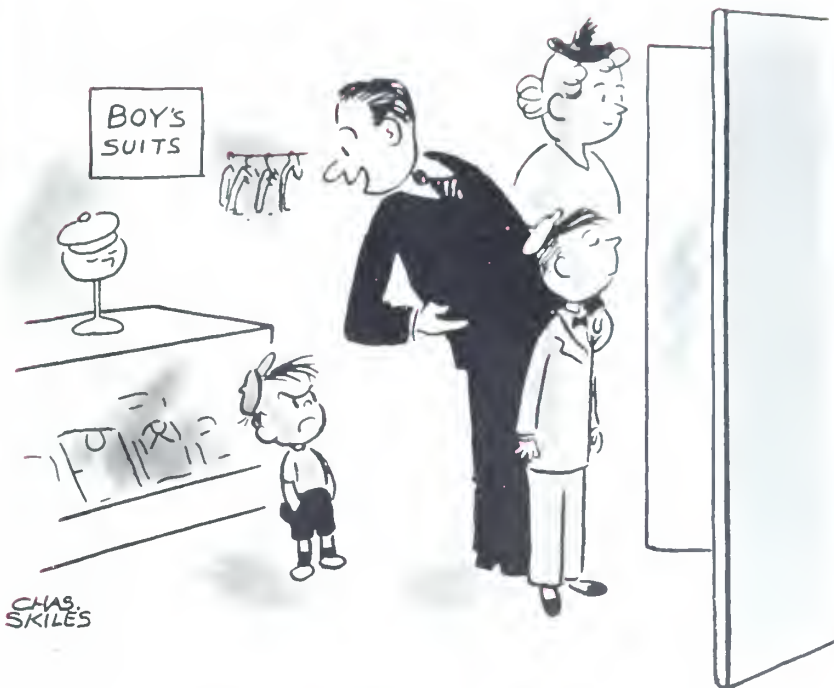
"Melanie's watching it now. She doesn't like to be disturbed."

As she spoke, a child appeared in the doorway. That is, I think it was a child.



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She looked more like a cut-down adult. "Mon père," she said imperiously, "doucement, s'il vous plaît. Je suis occupée."

"What's on her mind?" Merle demanded crossly. "And why can't that kid speak English?"

"Chacun à son goût, Papa," she said haughtily. "Les gens du monde parlent français."

"Is she insulting me?" Merle said hotly.

Ruthie looked uncomfortable. "I studied Spanish in school," she said.

"I never went to school," said Paula languidly, as she turned to me. "So that leaves you."

"Pig Latin," I choked.

Merle stormed across the terrace. "What's going on?—that's what I want to know." He turned on me with an almost helpless expression on his face. "My own kid could be eating me out, and I'd never know it."

"I was only asking you to be quiet because I'm busy," Melanic said in a strident voice. "I'm watching the Continental!" With that she turned and marched back into the house, slamming the door behind her.

Merle turned on Paula. "You had to send her to finishing school."

"She reads a menu beautifully," Paula said, and she yawned.

I SHUFFLED my shoes and looked imploringly at Ruthie. She had a dazed look on her face.

"Well," I trumpeted loudly, "early to bed, early to rise."

"You're not going already?" Merle asked urgently.

"We have to say good night to the girls," Ruthie said quickly. "It's been very nice. You come to us next time."

Merle looked at us despairingly. We have a projection room," he said hopefully. "We could show you a double feature. We have them flown in from New York."

"Just like the Roxy," said Paula. "Merle runs the popcorn concession."

I inched out of my chair. "We'll take a rain check."

I grabbed Ruthie and hustled her toward the steps. They started in again as we reached the bottom. Merle's voice

rose irritably. "It is *not* Rin Tin Tin. It's a musical!"

We bolted. A few minutes later we drew up, winded, on our own sagging front porch and collapsed on the top step. The window on the second story was raised, and Patty hung out of it. "Did they give you something fiery to eat?" she asked avidly.

"They gave us both barrels," I said, "and why aren't you in bed?"

"I've been playing lost in the desert, and I have to keep going to the bathroom for water."

"Well, tank up and turn out the light," I ordered.

"Come tuck us in."

RUTHIE and I went up together. Ginny had a sun helmet on and a thermos bottle tied on to her pajamas. Patty had a carafe and two bottles of Coca-Cola.

"We've joined the French Foreign Legion," they explained.

I gathered up all the liquid refreshment and herded them into bed.

"Daddy," said Patty, sleepily. "Do they speak French in the French Legion?"

"Cherchez la femme," I said, turning out the light. "And that's an order."

Ruthie kissed them and joined me in the hall. We went into our own room. Across the way the crystal chandeliers sparkled in the Jones manse.

Ruthie went to the mirror and looked at herself critically. "She's thinner than I am and more sophisticated, and he's in better shape than you are." She came over and put her arms around me. "But they're too fancy," she said, "and they fight all the time, and they have an awful, bilingual child. It's the very thing we were running away from in the city."

We walked to the window and stood side by side, watching the glitter. I put my arm around Ruthie's shoulder. "Honey," I said, "plain or fancy, town or country—to thine own self be true."

"Yes," said Ruthie snuggling up. "Let's not try to keep up with the Joneses."

"Keep up with them?" I said loftily. "In the human race, it's the Bancrofts, by half a length."

DRIFTWOOD - LATEST

On beaches, the dead wood may look like junk. But shoppers know that


OF THE many objects yielded up by the seas around us—broken shells, an occasional bottle or empty can, knotted snarls of seaweed—none is seemingly of more doubtful value than driftwood.

Few cabinetmakers or carpenters would dignify with the name of wood these twisted, battered branches, eroded into skeletal shapes by lashing salt water and sand, perforated and infested by thousands of unseen tiny marine creatures. Yet by a curious circumstance, driftwood is today one of the sea's richest gifts, convertible into hard cash of the realm.

Within the last three years, furniture and decorative pieces made of driftwood have suddenly become a trend. Its fantastic shapes, picturesque textures and romantic sea-and-sun aura have caught the fancy of homemakers everywhere. Women who wouldn't dream of letting Junior bring rocks or rusty pipes into the house are eagerly paying hundreds of dollars for objects made of gnarled old hunks of rubbish.

Previously the plaything of a few fancy-Dan decorators, driftwood tables, lamps, mirror frames and assorted knickknacks are being peddled in shops and department stores across the land. The lobbies of swank hotels feature driftwood sea sculptures, haberdashers' windows display thousands of men's neckties hanging from driftwood limbs, and uncounted housemaids have quit their jobs rather than try to dust the convolutions of driftwood *décor*.

The traffic in driftwood is so relatively new that official furniture sources have no solid statistics on its scope. Informally, however, they estimate that sales of driftwood objects total more than a million dollars a year. For similar reasons they lack accurate figures on the number of driftwood furniture makers. Because it is an easily available raw material, a great many driftwood hobbyists have gone into the business on a small scale. In addi-



Bob Astruc, chief of Driftwood Creations plant in Florida, tests a twisted trunk for solidity and potential eye appeal during a driftwood expedition to Key Largo



Plant worker Leonardo Falcao threads a wire through driftwood lamp base. Wood has been acid-treated to preserve finish and kill insects

Collier's for February 21, 1953

TREASURE OF THE SEAS

Driftwood can look elegant and cost plenty. There's a reason

By MORTON M. HUNT

tion, there are five sizable firms: Driftwood Originals, and Tropical Driftwood Originals, both in Miami; House of Driftwood, Natural Creations, and Driftwood Creations, all centered in New York.

In the trade, the man regarded as responsible for a goodly part of driftwood's spreading popularity is the head of Driftwood Creations, Edward Freedman, a short, soft-spoken bachelor of forty-five. Freedman's firm, which produces about half the driftwood furniture made, not only earns him a tidy income but has been a major force in converting a rarity into a vogue.

Nobody is more surprised at all this than Freedman himself, who tried to retire, but was trapped back into activity by a stubbed toe and a half-buried piece of weather-beaten buttonwood.

A few years ago Freedman was a prosperous Wall Street broker whose doctor persuaded him to give up a hectic existence for reasons of health. He moved to Miami Beach. After half a year of the vegetable life, he could again sleep soundly and he felt fine.

One day Freedman drove down to the Florida Keys. He was top-fishing for mullet, a tame form of the sport in which you cast a net over running schools of fish while standing on the beach. A large, sun-bleached hunk of driftwood stuck out of the sand at the water's edge. He perched on it to get a better throw of the net. The wood was awkwardly shaped and Freedman fell off, painfully stubbing his toe.

He glared at the wood, but simultaneously noted its beauty. Aware that a few Florida hobbyists were fashioning useful objects from driftwood, he decided he would try to make a lamp of it. He yanked the wood loose and toted it to his car, feeling a bit foolish, but determined. It seemed a pleasant enough project for a man in forced retirement.

Back in his hotel room, Freedman, with the aid

of penknife, sandpaper and a bottle opener, gradually scraped his new acquisition free of barnacles and seaweed. A few days later he bought a small saw and cut the wood, trying to accent its most interesting lines.

Next, using a borrowed drill, he wired the piece, then gave it a surface finish. Finally he bought a shade, and the project was complete.

The ex-Wall Streeter was a little abashed to learn that he had strong artistic feelings about the lamp, and more than a little pleased when the hotel owner's wife admired it. He presented it to her in a glow of good feeling, and tackled another project.

"Inside of a month," he recalls, "I was making a dozen lamps, putting in sixteen hours a day, and loving every minute of it. I was working again, and this time it was great."

When first he lugged one of his lamps to a Miami decorator's shop and hesitantly offered it for \$25, the owner snapped it up. That sale decisively ended Freedman's retirement. In three years he has built up a business with a yearly gross about which he is reticent, but which is estimated at a quarter of a million dollars.

When a Dealer Bought His First Lamp

Freedman no longer nostalgically turned to the stock-market page. Instead he began to read weather and tide reports and wander along the isolated shores of the Keys hunting out sandy, half-rotten, bug-infested wood, hauling it back in his car, and making a shambles of his hotel room.

One day, with 19 finished lamps in his car, he headed North for the first real test of his new-found talent—the reaction of New York decorators and lamp-store owners. Some thought his idea preposterous. "Who wants something you dug up on the beach?" one skeptic asked. But when Freedman tallied the results of his calls, he

knew that driftwood on a mass-production basis was in the cards, all his lamps had sold. Back to Florida he sped.

Since then, he has set up a small plant and a New York showroom, advertised his products nationally, displayed it at the National Home Furnishings Show, arranged for distribution throughout the country—and attracted plenty of competition.

Beachcombing on foot for wood soon proved inadequate. One of Freedman's employees was assigned to cruise over the Keys and Florida's coral reefs in a rented biplane and spot heavy driftwood accumulations from the air. The richest of all, he found, was one several-square-mile area on Key Largo—its exact location, understandably, kept a trade secret. Freedman employees scour the area about once a week, bringing back a ton or two of driftwood each time.

Not long ago, I went on a driftwood search with Freedman. The hunt began at 4:00 A.M. one warm Florida dawn in a car with a large trailer hitched behind. With us were Bob Astruc, a young Frenchman recently here from North Africa; Bob's elderly mother; and several other employees of Driftwood Creations. By daybreak we had reached Key Largo, parked the car, pushed through a jungle of bushes, and come out into a flat open area about half a mile inland from the beach.

"We find far more driftwood in here than on the beach," Freedman explained. "The ocean takes back a lot of what it casts up. But when a big storm or hurricane comes up, the wood and uprooted trees are washed in this far, and here they stay. We're the only people in Miami who are really happy when there's a hurricane."

The search area was desolate. The ground underfoot was perforated, jagged coral. Beneath it could be seen the sea water which daily floods through the coral mass. Spotted amid a scrubby undergrowth of mangrove were pools of water covering



Philippe Astruc and son Bob fit shade to a finished lamp base to study the total effect. Lamps are most popular item in their line, sell for \$50 to \$150 in stores throughout the country. Astruc's other driftwood products range from tiny wall hangings to dining tables



Ed Freedman was a retired stockbroker when he started a driftwood furniture firm in 1950. Now grosses a quarter-million dollars yearly

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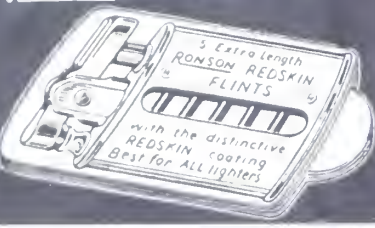


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TOOTH GUM
TOOTH DROPS
POULICE

Driftwood can be like diamonds: one bad move in cutting, and pft!

quicksand. Sticking up or lying scattered all around were branches and trunks of driftwood—buttonwood, mahogany, red mangrove.

Countless tides and rains had washed over these broken branches; thousands of suns had bleached and baked them. Their bark was long since gone. The softer parts of the wood had rotted away, leaving a deeply veined surface. White and gaunt, the driftwood thrust up from the green undergrowth like mementos of some forgotten tragedy.

Our party spread out and began to select choice pieces. Hallucinations seemed to overtake them. "Look!" cried Freedman. "Look at that terrific coffee table!" He pointed to a half-embedded dead stump that, at the moment, no one would have wanted within a hundred miles of his living room. "Voila!" shouted Bob Astruc. "Here's a lamp of real distinction." He held up an arthritic lump of muddy buttonwood. Bob's gray-haired mother, in floppy straw hat, old dress and wading boots, scrambled over the jagged surface and waved aloft a long twisted shaft. "Rob-air!" she called. "Regarde ça! Qu'est-ce que tu en pense pour un lampadaire?"

Bob, Freedman's chief aide, does his wood hunting armed with a loaded 20-gauge shotgun because poisonous snakes thrive in the coral wastes. Thus far no one has been bitten, although many an interesting find has wriggled when touched.

Often the searchers have to use a pickax to uproot some particularly choice bit of wood. I wondered how driftwood could be rooted in the coral, and was told that the word is really somewhat of a misnomer. Only a small amount of the driftwood sold today has done much drifting; some of the best pieces are standing right where they died during a hurricane. Wind-twisted Rocky Mountain shrubs, desert wood grotesquely shaped by sandstorms, swamp woods distorted by tides, outcropping roots that thrust across rock—all these are called driftwood by various makers and sellers.

Trees That Grow in Coral

Freedman scorns all these woods, holding out for the coral-island mangrove, buttonwood and mahogany. Some has traveled across the sea from Haiti and Honduras, but the native Florida mangrove that has drifted only a few miles, or perhaps not at all, furnishes the bulk of his stock in trade. The reason lies in the way this wood grows on coral.

A live mangrove shrub seems to be reaching desperately for better ground nearby. A tendril—half branch and half root—thrusts out sideways from the trunk; it crawls like a starving man, hopefully working its way through every jagged contour of the coral, doubling back when it finds itself in a blind alley. Eventually it may put down new roots, or send up green shoots into the blazing sun. Years pass and it thickens into a branch, still true to its tortured shape.

A hurricane comes and uproots and kills the entire mangrove tree. For years it alternately soaks in salt tides, bakes in the fierce sun, and weathers away. Eventually, it is as truly a piece of driftwood as the plank washed up from a mid-Atlantic shipwreck, al-

though it may be only a stone's throw from its point of origin.

Key Largo's coral margins supply most of Freedman's wood. A smaller but important source is the Everglades, where similarly interesting and unusual driftwood shapes can be found wedged amid the mangrove thickets. His helpers, working from a rowboat, and clad in dungarees and face netting to ward off the mosquitoes, paddle slowly along between dense clumps of swamp bush.

The place where Freedman transforms his driftwood into salable articles is a cinder-block shed back of the Astruc home in Hollywood, 15 miles north of Miami. It is manned by the Astruc family, Bob, his wife Suzanne, his *maman*, and Papa Philippe Astruc, as well as by a French-speaking Portuguese named Leonardo Falcao.

The workshop atmosphere is, in consequence, more like that of a cluttered kitchen in which the whole family is trying to cook dinner than that of a modern furniture plant, except that the utensils are tangled piles of driftwood, old paint cans, power tools, crates and sawdust. Despite this, the Astrucs and Falcao get a great deal done. Before World War II, Bob Astruc was a furniture finisher in Algeria; he knows how to handle wood, and is plant boss and chief designer.

The toughest part of the process is making the basic cuts in the crude driftwood. This procedure has some kinship to diamond cutting, for a wrong cut may mean the loss of a valuable piece of wood that might have become a \$150 lamp or a \$300 table. The trick is to cut out just the right segment, visualizing in advance what the best end result will be for any one of six or eight different kinds of finished product. His forehead wrinkled, his eyes squinting, a cigarette dangling from the center of his mouth, Bob studies

the piece carefully. Finally he grunts, and *Maman* bustles over to hold the piece while he saws. Hers is a key job in the plant, for no vise can grip the tangled stuff as well as human hands can.

Next Bob lops off the excess boughs and ends, leveling them so that the piece stands perfectly on all feet at the same time. "I do it by the eye," he says. He disdains spirit levels and pantographs. "Designing and cutting is what I best enjoy. Every piece makes the new challenge."

Secret Acid Preserves Wood

After he strips off extraneous twigs, simplifying and stylizing the piece, he sends it on to Leonardo or *Maman* for chemical treatment. They wash it again and again in a large vat full of an expensive secret acid developed by chemists as a wood preserver and anti-insect agent. As the acid sinks in, scorpions and all sorts of bugs scurry out of the depths of the driftwood, dying almost immediately in the chemical, which, meanwhile, soaks through the porous wood, solidifying and hardening it permanently. When the piece is dry, *Maman* or Leonardo works on it with an electrically driven wire brush or by hand, scrubbing the surface clean of discoloration and encrustations.

If it is a lamp Astruc is fashioning, he then wires it. First he drills a passage along the sinuous contours of the wood. "How on earth do you drill a hole around those curves?" a decorator once asked Bob.

"It is simple," Astruc smiled confidentially. "I have a trained termite; I tie the electric wire to his leg and turn him loose." To another inquirer, he declared that he used a rubber bit in his drill. Actually, he drills a series of straight lines which enter and emerge across segments of the wood curve;



"The signal light blinks when the current is turned on, blinks again when it is time to pour the batter and blinks again when the waffle is done. After that you're pretty much on your own!"

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RICHARD
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Collier's for February 21, 1953

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

"Boy—was I ever glad t' hear that police siren! That last problem in long division was too much for me"

LARRY REYNOLDS

after feeding the wire through, he plugs up and hides the holes with a secret mixture that exactly matches the driftwood surface.

Suzanne and Papa Astruc do the final finishing, applying a fine furniture wax, and slowly polishing the wood until every weathered line and every ridge of grain has a soft walnut-hued glow. They put felt pads on the bottom and pack the piece for shipment to New York, there to be fitted with a shade. It is then sent off to a store, eventually to set some homemaker back \$50 to \$150.

Special items like mirror frames, coffee tables, buffet and dining tables, are constructed of anywhere up to six or eight large pieces of driftwood. Astruc selects pieces that will simulate a single tangled natural mass and at the same time flow into reasonable places as legs and supports for a plate-glass top. He joins these pieces with concealed fir dowels, and levels off all the legs with uncanny skill. *Maman* periodically falls in love with these compositions, and smuggles them into her house; just as periodically, Freedman goes through the house, cleans them all out and sends them to New York, amid much moaning and supplication.

The workshop produces nearly a thousand finished pieces a month, ranging from tiny wall hangings or table decorations which sell for a few dollars to dining-room tables at \$600. (One recent special dining-room table to seat 12 people cost \$1,500.)

Eddie Freedman, who three and a half years ago faced the prospect of premature retirement, is today an obviously happy man. In New York he busily promotes, advertises and sells his product; when he wants a change he dashes South, gathers choice pieces of driftwood under the broiling Florida sun, and designs some items himself. His product goes to hundreds of decorators and to such stores as G. Fox in Hartford, Wanamaker's in Philadelphia

and New York, Rich's in Atlanta, and retailers in Cleveland, Los Angeles and elsewhere.

Freedman is all for having the amateur enthusiast try his own hand at making driftwood objects. The more of the stuff around, the more it will win national favor, he reasons, and the more handsome will be his own profits.

"But don't pick out a piece of driftwood just because it looks great on the beach," he cautions. "First study the form and texture, and try to visualize how the driftwood will look with excess twigs broken away and sawed to proper size.

"Look it over for wildlife and bounce it around a few times. When you get it home, sun-dry it for a couple of weeks, or kiln-dry it; either way, it will be an uncomfortable place for anything crawling around inside. Don't use any chemical on it which has an oily base, or you'll leave discolorations.

"After making your cuts, clean the surface by lightly rubbing it with a big wood file—and what a job that will be! After hours of that, you can start smoothing out the file marks and restoring the grain with a small hand wire brush—something a little coarser than a suede brush.

"If you're making a driftwood lamp—and that's a good thing for you to start off with—drill and wire the driftwood with regular lamp-mounting parts. Use a clear furniture wax and a soft clean shoebrush for the polishing. Then pick out a shade, set it up in your living room—then get ready for your friends' wisecracks."

Freedman's business is only a tiny part of the massive \$2,000,000,000 American furniture manufacturing industry, but it's something he has personally created, and in an impressively short time. And it's the only part of the industry whose product can lay unique claim to being made in equal parts of art, hard work and rubbish. ▲▲▲

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Ask for A.1. when dining out, too.



Russell Nype, the popular young night-club entertainer who achieved stardom in the hit play, *Call Me Madam*, is on the thin side. But, in his formal attire, Nype looks as well groomed as a more hefty man



Herman Hickman, former Yale grid coach turned NBC-TV personality, is a real heavyweight. But he finds that most good clothing stores offer selections which can give a stout man a neat, smart appearance

Bud Palmer, once a Princeton and pro basketball star and now sports commentator for WPIX-TV in New York, towers over the Rangers' Wally Hergesheimer. With "extra longs" available, Bud has no problem



Red Buttons, star of his own CBS-TV comedy show, is smartly dressed as he spoofs with actress Judy Sinclair during rehearsal. He's short, but Red wears clothes as well as the man who takes a perfect size 40



All Sizes, All Shapes

By BERT BACHARACH

Your dimensions are no excuse for being poorly dressed. If you're five foot five or six foot six—whether you tip the scales at too much or not enough—men's stores today are catering to you

I CAN never find a suit to fit me." How many of you 46-longs and 35-extra-shorts have sung that plaintive refrain? Well, weep no more. The men's clothing industry has come to your rescue in fine style. Today, whether you're tall or short, thin or stout, you can walk into a clothing store almost anywhere and pick a well-fitted suit off the rack. One manufacturer, for example, is now making suits in 253 shapes and sizes. Obviously, no one store carries them all—but most shops will take a special order, in the material you want, if they can't fit you. The chart below will show you what to ask for.

Hats and shoes? Practically all shops carry them in practically all sizes. Shirts and other accessories are catching up with the trend, too.

Nowadays, no matter how you may be built, when it comes to buying your clothes you're in good shape. ▲▲▲

YOUR HEIGHT	YOUR WAIST	SUIT MODEL
5'7½" TO 5'10"	5" TO 7" LESS THAN CHEST	REGULAR
5'10½" TO 6'1"	5" TO 7" LESS THAN CHEST	MEDIUM LONG
6'1" TO 6'3"	5" TO 7" LESS THAN CHEST	LONG
6'3" TO 6'5"	5" TO 7" LESS THAN CHEST	EXTRA LONG
5'5" TO 5'7"	5" TO 6" LESS THAN CHEST	SHORT
5'7" TO 5'9"	SAME AS CHEST	STOUT
5'7½" TO 5'10"	3" LESS THAN CHEST	PORTLY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PETER DIMITRI



How to make sure the new TV you buy is really new:

Has it all-channel one-knob tuning built in?

Arvin

Built-in All-Channel TV

Needs no tuning strips, no converter

—receives all 82 UHF and VHF channels on one knob!

Three out of every four new TV stations will be UHF. So your new TV should be able to receive UHF. But there's a vast difference in *how* various makes of TV provide for UHF.

Some simply substitute UHF tuning strips for one or more VHF channels. You can never receive more than 12 channels altogether with this type of TV. Strips usually cost \$13.95 each and if you move to another locality, you have to replace them.

Others use a converter, either inside or outside the cabinet, to convert the UHF signal down to a VHF frequency. You have to tune both the UHF converter and the VHF tuner.

Arvin TV is the first set engineered and produced with all-channel tuning built in. With Arvin All-Channel TV, you receive every new UHF or VHF station within range as soon as it comes on the air—wherever you live, wherever you may move.

Arvin All-Channel TV gives you television at its finest—today and for years ahead. Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Indiana.

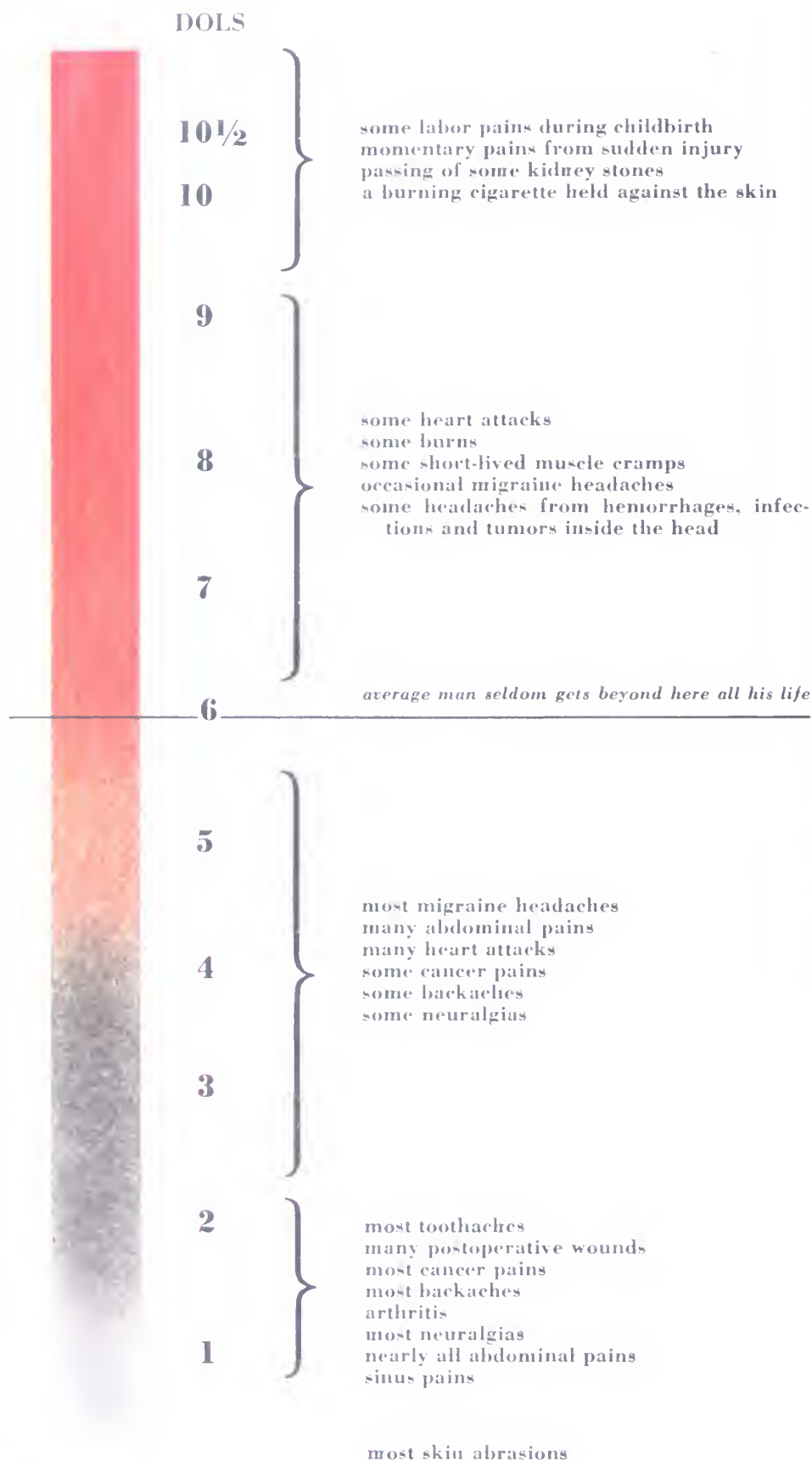


Arvin offers 16 models with 27, 21 or 17-inch screens—all-channel tuning and all-channel antenna built in—in fine-furniture cabinets of period or modern design, ranging from \$699.95 to... **\$2499.95**

(Prices include federal tax and warranty—slightly higher in extreme South and West.)

PAIN CHART

The chart shows severity of various types of pain. It is based on the results of tests with pain-measuring dolorimeter. A dol is unit of measurement on the machine



Pain threshold

How Much

Three research scientists—one of them

OFF the coast of Africa recently a fisherman caught a fish supposed to have been extinct for 75,000,000 years. The discovery excited scientists, but it was not nearly so important a scientific find as one that was made by Army physicians during World War II—a man supposed never to have existed at all.

From the time he was born, this man—an Air Force cook—could not remember ever having felt a pain.

Sore throat, raw chest, crick in the neck: all these were mysteries to him, although he was twenty-five years old. The closest approach he had to a headache was "a drawing sensation, as if my eyes were being pulled together." Insect bites never itched, even when they raised big welts on his skin. He sneezed only if he inhaled pepper.

The dentist's drill caused him no discomfort whatever. Inoculations against tetanus and typhoid, painful enough to disable many soldiers, reddened his arms and swelled his flesh, but gave him no sensation. He often cut his fingers with knives, and once hacked his right shin to the bone with an ax; the only symptom he recognized was the blood he saw.

The doctors wouldn't believe this man's story without proof. So they jabbed the recruit in the eye with a twist of cotton. They stuck him with pins. They pushed a metal rod up his nose until tears rolled down his cheeks. They got him to swallow a balloon and, while it hung in his esophagus, blew it up to five times the air pressure a normal person could stand. They plunged his hands into ice water. They blistered his forehead with heat. They injected into his veins enough histamine phosphate to produce a thunderous headache in anyone else. And throughout the ordeal he neither winced, perspired, trembled nor said ouch.

The doctors were baffled by his complete immunity to pain. Their best guess at the reason for it was some rare undetectable anomaly in his brain. That was only a guess, however, and they let him stay in the Air Force, although one observed: "He ought to be in a museum!"

The painless man is not to be envied. Instead we should think ourselves lucky that we feel pain in some form every day. It may save our lives; it certainly can save us from serious injury. Pain helps protect us from burning, from freezing, from impaling ourselves on sharp points, from being cut to bits by a buzz saw. Yet the painless man, having grown safely to manhood, was living proof that pain is not essential to a happy existence. He may be nature's reminder to us all that pain is a good thing only so long as we don't rely on it as a permanent crutch.

We need the reminder. Scientific experiments have piled up overwhelming evidence that we habitually exaggerate our pains. They cause us far less harm than the worrying we do about them.

The sharpest pain a human can suffer is the agony of childbirth. Millions of women endure it every year, welcome it, seek it, and even by choice undergo it without the aid of drugs. By contrast the pains of cancer are regarded with horror because cancer itself is such a dreaded disease. Yet endless suffering could be avoided if cancer pain were recognized for what science now knows it to be: generally (not always; there are exceptions to all rules) a low-grade, dull sensation.

Pain of any kind would be easier to bear if we

Pain Can You Stand?

man—badly hurt themselves finding out. Their conclusion: most of our pains aren't nearly as severe as they seem

By JOHN LEAR

could bring ourselves to accept the fact that it has a limit. There is a point beyond which it just can't hurt any worse.

How can we be sure that this is true?

Because three courageous scientists, two men and a woman, deliberately burned and blistered themselves with rays of heat to prove it. This trio—Dr. James D. Hardy, Dr. Harold G. Wolff and Miss Helen Goodell—subjected their own arms to temperatures three times as hot as those which hundreds of patients later reported to be the point of their greatest suffering. The three couldn't distinguish the slightest increase in pain after the heat went above this established ceiling, although their arms still bear the scars that resulted from the additional physical punishment.

These three research workers at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center were the first to find an accurate method of measuring pain. The inspiration that led to their success was born on a railroad train between New York and Chicago. Dr. Hardy, a physiologist who had spent many years observing the phenomenon of heat, was traveling to a scientific society meeting with Dr. Wolff, who had spent most of his life studying pain. Although both men were on the staff of The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, for some reason they had never got together on the subject of pain measurement until they went into the dining car on this trip. Over the dinner table, they talked about pain and heat and decided it should be possible to measure pain with heat.

After they returned to New York, Hardy built a one-eyed mechanical mammoth on top of one of his laboratory tables. The eye was a 1,000-watt light bulb, set behind a magnifying lens that might have come from an early motorcar headlight. Between the bulb and the lens he hung a pendulum, geared to swing once every three seconds. Then he aimed the magnifying glass at a small hole in an upright board near the table's edge.

On the other side of the board, Hardy, Wolff and Wolff's research assistant, Miss Goodell, took turns exposing their foreheads to the light that came through the hole. They soon established that they all felt pain with a similar amount of heat.

Then they took turns swallowing aspirin tablets before exposing their foreheads to the light. They found that within an hour after they swallowed the aspirin, it took more heat than before to make them feel pain.

After that, they drank a mixture of alcohol and water, scientifically measured but equivalent to a hearty slug of whisky. Within a half hour, they exposed their foreheads to the light again. This time they did not feel pain until the heat was still greater.

That was enough to prove that they could measure not only pain, but the effects of medication on pain. They christened their monster a dolorimeter (from *dolor*, Latin for pain).

The dolorimeter has been refined and prettified since then, but its fundamental principle remains unchanged. The light beam, its intensity regulated by a rheostat, is focused on one centimeter of ink-blackened skin on the forehead (the forehead because it maintains a constant temperature throughout the ordinary range of indoor climate; the ink because it absorbs all the heat), and the pain the patient reports is measured in units of heat delivered within three seconds.

Pain measurements on any individual begin only Collier's for February 21, 1953

after his pain threshold—the point at which he first feels pain—is established. Under similar circumstances, all of us have approximately the same threshold—113 degrees F. And if we pay close attention, we all can distinguish 21 barely perceptible steps in the rising intensity of pain until we hit the pain ceiling.

For convenience' sake, the dolorimeter scale brackets two of these barely perceptible steps into one unit of measurement—a dol. The scale runs from zero to 10½ dols. Beyond 10½ dols, none of us can tell any difference, no matter how hot it gets.

The procedure seems simple enough for pain on the skin. But suppose you have a pain in the belly. How does the dolorimeter measure it? Simply by raising the temperature on the tiny spot on your



Dr. Harold Wolff and aide, Helen Goodell, demonstrate the pain-measuring dolorimeter

forehead until the spot hurts as much as your belly does.

I can give you an idea what a dolorimeter test feels like because Miss Goodell, Dr. Wolff's brainy and patient aide, put me through a mild test in the laboratory the doctor maintains as professor of medicine (neurology) at Cornell University Medical College.

When the light came on, the ink patch on my forehead felt cozily warm. It grew warmer. It started to tingle. Suddenly it was hot. Swiftly, then, it drew together like a tiny volcano about to erupt. Zing! The pain came just as the light went off.

"That's your pain threshold," Miss Goodell said, flicking off the dolorimeter switch with one hand while she lifted a jangling telephone with the other. She spoke a few words into the phone and hung up. "We'll have to stop now," she said gently. "Someone's coming in with a headache. Isn't that wonderful?"

That laboratory is one of the few places I have

ever been where a headache is considered good fortune. Doctors and nurses on the huge hospital's staff troop through its doors day after day to add their experiences to the accumulating history of pain's behavior.

Pain, the researchers have found, is a sensation all its own, entirely separate and distinct from touch, the perception of heat and cold, sight, smell, hearing or taste. There are specific points at which impact, heat, cold, light or sound can and do produce pain, but definite distinctions can be made between cause and effect. The normal temperature of the forehead is about 94 degrees F., for instance, but pain from heat is not felt until the skin temperature hits 113 degrees F., and pain from cold is not felt until the skin temperature falls to 64 degrees F.

Pain actually begins to be felt only after the forces of destruction, which are constantly struggling against the forces of healing in our bodies, get the upper hand to such an extent that cells of body tissue will die if the domination continues unabated. The pain worsens as the speed of cell deaths accelerates, whether the damage is limited to a small area or spread over a large one. When the damage stops growing, the pain stops.

Cessation of pain, however, does not mean that the damage already inflicted has been repaired. You can have a large bruise which looks ugly and yet doesn't hurt unless you bump it or touch it, the bump and the touch disturb healthy cells, cause or threaten to cause new damage, and so provoke new pain.

There are very few parts of the body which never feel pain. The interior of the brain is one, and another is the inner lining of the mouth opposite the second molar.

Wherever pain does appear, it always has one or more of three qualities: pricking, burning or aching. Pricking and burning pains originate on the surface of the body, and the body's reaction invariably is either "Let's get away from that!" or "Let's drive that away!" Science calls this the fight-or-flight reaction, and it dates back to the earliest days when man was constantly being threatened by natural enemies. Aching pains arise within the body and stimulate an entirely different but equally logical and sensible response—"Let's take it easy. Let's rest."

Pain impulses travel through the body over a communications network similar to a radiotelephone hookup. There are cables of all sizes in it. Sometimes they follow nerve paths; sometimes they hook onto blood vessels. Maps of the lines that report deep-seated pain are still being filled in, but pain from the skin is known to have a choice of two routes: a high-speed line for urgent messages and a low-speed line.

Regardless of their origin, the pain impulses go first to the spinal cord. There they set off an alarm which is immediately picked up by the motor nerves controlling the muscles in the region whence the pain impulses came. The motors move at once. Suppose you have stepped on a tack. The foot with the tack in it lifts off the floor—automatically, yes, but in answer to a motor message.

Meanwhile, the pain impulses are going up the spinal cord to the thalamus at the base of the brain. The thalamus is chief engineer of the motor nerves. To it the pain sounds another alarm, and the thalamus orders a lot of motor nerves elsewhere in your body to help out. The muscles in your other leg

your whole body shifts its weight so that you can keep your balance on your injured foot, and your hand moves down to hold the foot with the tack in it.

By this time the pain impulses have reached the sensory cortex of the brain, the cortex, and have set off a third alarm. The cortex is executive secretariat in charge of thinking, and also keeps the memory file. It remembers how you got rid of the pain the first time you stepped on a tack. Your one hand is already holding the foot with the tack in it. Your other hand now reaches down and feels for the tack. It hesitates a scantillionth of a second and the pain impulses flash on to the frontal lobe of the brain where judgments are passed.

"What are we going to do about this?" the pain impulses ask the frontal lobe. The frontal lobe at once replies, "Why, we're going to pull out the tack, of course!" And the fingers which have reached the tack quickly remove it.

All this happens in much less time than it takes to read about it. The pain, incidentally, is gone before the tack. The threat of new cell deaths ended as soon as you lifted your foot.

The marvelous transmission system used by pain impulses to protect us can be interrupted at any one of four relay points, or synapses. These are microscopic spaces between the cable endings in the spinal cord, the thalamus, the cortex and the frontal lobe. The pain impulses must jump across them in identically the same way that radio messages jump across the oceans. A particular pain must send out a certain number of impulses before it can span these gaps. And even a strong set of impulses can be drowned out, or jammed, by a stronger set, precisely as a powerful radio transmitter silences a weaker one.

Brain Can Order Pain to Be Ignored

There are several reasons why this arrangement is excellent. To begin with, the brain is a very busy executive and can't be bothered with trifles. Then, too, it wouldn't do for a small, relatively unimportant pain to take up the body's attention if there were a bigger, more serious pain to be got rid of. Last, and most vital, there are times when self-preservation or higher requirements of the human spirit demand that the brain order pain to be ignored.

Let us say, for example, that instead of stepping on a tack accidentally, you must cross a roomful of tacks to save the life of a helpless person. The frontal lobe of the brain takes command. It instructs the motor nerves to expect a lot of pain impulses but to ignore them. You run across the tacks as lightly as you can. Chances are you feel nothing painful at all until the crisis is past and you sit down to gasp, "Boy, what a job!"

You don't have to be heroic to undergo such an experience. When you go to the doctor next time for a hypodermic injection of some sort, notice how little you mind his jabbing you with the needle—and then think how far you'd jump if someone stuck you with a point that size as you walked down the street!

Along with its great advantages, the human brain's ability to sort pain impulses into intricate patterns of behavior also has its drawbacks. Memories and emotions can play hob with realities. We sometimes respond to threats of pain as though they actually were pain itself. And we even go beyond that and react to mere symbols of threats.

If a small boy is hit on the arm with a stick, the arm withdraws, and its mate makes muscular preparation to do likewise. If the stick seems about to hit the struck arm again, the arm will withdraw even though the stick stops short of it. Later, the mere appearance of a stick may cause the muscles of that arm to prepare for a blow.

When this child grows up, he asks himself whether his defensive reaction to the appearance of the stick is mahy. What he really wants to know is whether his fellow men expect him to react this way. If the answer is negative, a guilt complex may further distort the situation surrounding his perception of pain. New questions—"How much do I have to put up with?" or perhaps, "Am I a sucker to take this?"—rise to complicate his

mental torture. And, unless he either (a) conforms to the pressure around him because his acceptance by others is worth it or (b) follows his own convictions, knowing and accepting the loneliness or ridicule that course can involve, he may, in time actually (c) adopt some form of pain as an escape from meeting the real or imagined standards of those around him.

Diabetics have been known to go into coma because of a conscious or unconscious threat to their well-being. It isn't a bluff. Their blood sugar actually rises. Somewhere along the line a defensive mechanism to physical pain gets crossed up with an emotional reaction to such a powerful degree that the metabolism of the entire body goes haywire.

Emotional disturbances also may lead to painful stomach ulcers. An angry, harassed employee may say of his boss, "I want to strangle him." Although he doesn't attack the boss, the angry man's body goes through the same reactions it would have experienced if he had been a primitive man about to kill and eat his victim. The employee thus unconsciously rouses his stomach for a meal that doesn't materialize; then digestive acids corrode a weak spot in the lining of his innards. Results: an ulcer.

Painful skin rashes have been shown to occur on less aggressive people who can see no outlet for emotional thrashings they receive. Their doctors elicit remarks like, "I was taking a beating," "My mother was hammering on me," "The boss cracked a whip over me," "My fiancée knocked me down and walked all over me, but what could I do?"

Fascinating correlations have been worked out, with experimental support, between certain body reactions and painful emotional dilemmas. Asthma, for example, is associated with a desire to disown a problem—have nothing to do with it. People who want to get rid of a troublesome situation often develop diarrhea. Constipation frequently occurs in those who feel they've got to hang on to a problem even though they can't see a solution. Nausea tends to reflect a wish that something never happened. Low back pains rise from an inhibited desire to act with the whole body—"I wanted to walk right out of the house."

Nine out of ten headaches are caused by fear of making a mistake, or striving too hard for perfec-

stances which cause them to be adopted originally. Tendencies are passed on from one generation to another; thus sinuses or colons of members of the same family may come to participate in emotional disturbances in a stock pattern just as a retriever sense is developed through generations of dogs, running gaits through generations of horses and sham death through generations of opossum.

"Now we begin to know what price we pay for a way of life," Wolff has written. "There are many things more important than comfort and a few even more important than health. But man should appreciate what his actions and goals are costing him. Then, if he chooses, he may pay for them in pain and disease. Often he will decide that his values are poor, and that he has been confused, and therefore change his direction and pace."

Where a Doctor's Biggest Task Lies

Since few of us are prepared to undertake such a reappraisal alone, our personal physicians must help us. If they are willing to take the time to understand our complications, their reassurance alone can change our reaction to pain and so relieve our suffering. In fact, the gist of a new book (*Pain Sensations and Reactions*) by Hardy, Wolff and Miss Goodell is that the doctor's biggest task lies in this realm—the easing of emotional involvements—rather than in the banishment of pain as a phenomenon.

Aren't the doctors stretching a point?

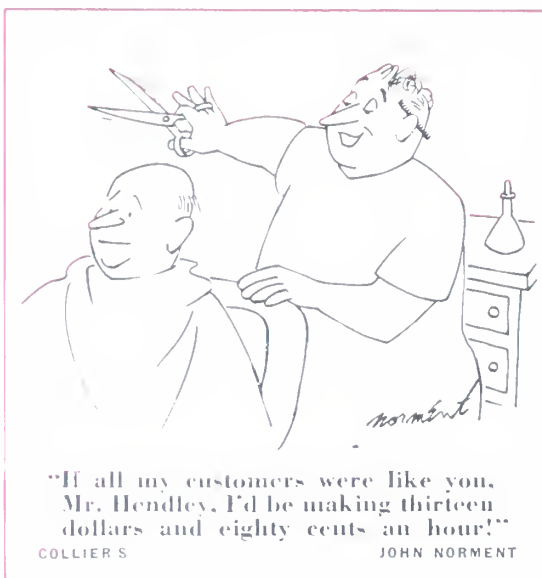
Not at all. There still exist on the earth primitive peoples who simply do not recognize pain. Unlike the Air Force cook who was physically incapable of feeling pain, these people perceive pain but regard it as socially unacceptable and refuse to admit even to themselves that they feel it. Then, too, there are certain highly civilized peoples who can withstand pain easier than others. Scientists have found that the Irish and Scandinavians, for example, do not respond to pain as much as the Latin races.

Apparently Nature never intended pain to cause as much concern as it does today. She took care to make it a warning only, did not allow it to immobilize the body completely, and provided few powerful antidotes, the most familiar being the poppy. Even the poppy's derivatives, opium and morphine, do not actually kill pain; they merely depress the brain's judgment centers to stop the sufferer's worry.

Man has refused to be bound by Nature's suggestions, however. Skillfully employing his laboratory tools, he has created a whole new family of morphine relatives. The commonest is the cough-syrup ingredient codeine, and the newest—less likely to cause drug addiction or nausea than morphine—is metopon. He has invented his own synthetic substitutes for morphine, from the common aspirin tablet to a new and powerful drug known only as L isomer of isomethadone. He has learned to disconnect the brain's frontal lobe and so remove concern about pain without interrupting perception of pain. And, proceeding from there, he has developed operations to cut the pain transmission cables at the spinal cord, thus halting the actual perception of pain.

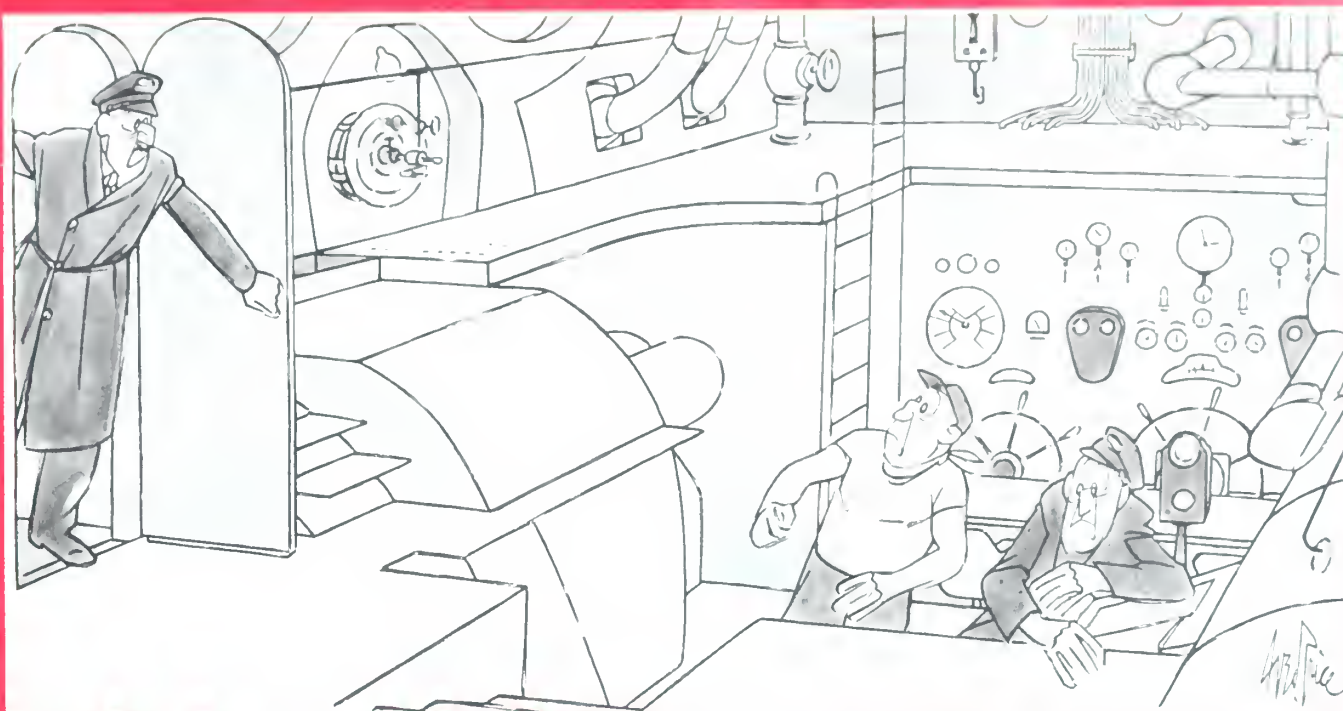
Although merciful in extreme suffering, the operations are not recommended for pain that can be relieved by less drastic means. The conscientious physician keeps his patients from the knife and even from palliative drugs as long as he can. His first preference always is to reach the cause of the pain directly by using splints or casts, applying heat or cold, or giving local medication: ergot derivatives for headaches, cortisone for rheumatoid arthritis, atropine for digestive spasm, nitroglycerin pills for heart pain. But his greatest curative agent is his understanding, his reassurance, his use of the power of suggestion to lift the threshold of pain.

You can help your doctor the next time you are in pain by remembering that it isn't the pain itself that gets you. It's your attitude toward the pain. Pain is rarely fatal. It simply can't hurt worse than a certain amount, and millions of people have lived through that limit. If you make up your mind you can take it, you'll be surprised how much better you feel.



tion. Unlike other pains, which warn that something is physically wrong, headaches generally mean only that our direction or our pace is wrong. This conclusion is fairly easy to demonstrate, because one type of headache—migraine—is called by many different names depending on who has it. To one person it is known as a "washday headache," to another "cleaning-day headache," and to still others, "Sunday headache," "week-end headache," "menstrual headache" or "constipation headache."

Migraines, backaches, neuralgias, rheumatisms, arthritis and other painful results of emotional tensions are pernicious in the sense that, as protective adaptations, they long outlast the circum-



"Sternwash That Gyve, Scrudd!"

A gripping sea saga half written by a 5 h.p. outboard motorman

By SCOTT CORBETT

THE luckiest thing I ever did was read a recent story of the sea which was laid almost entirely in the engine room of a great ship. Ninety-nine per cent of the technical details were Greek to me, and yet I loved their authoritative ring, and was held spellbound by the yarn.

Now it occurred to me that if I am like that, so must be thousands of other men. Therefore, if I could just get technical enough I should be able to write stories which would please them, and do it strictly on my own terms. Technical terms, that is to say.

Of course, I haven't really polished this one up yet, but see what you think of it as far as I've gone.

* * *

Mark Fairfield looked up from the binch chart as the door of the gyving room opened and Scrudd came in. Scrudd was his assistant, a veteran gyve-fitter, and Mark knew he had yet to win Scrudd's confidence and respect in their important engine-room annex. Scrudd considered him flaybait, even a capstan-drainer, and so he was, admittedly green and untried as yet. But his trial would come soon enough, if the merkelmeter was to be believed.

"Spline the fenly connections, Scrudd," said Mark. "We ought to be almost out of the harbor."

Scrudd nodded shortly and walked down the long, narrow room past the sturber gauges, tapping the bollard chamber cam with a practiced finger as he went by. These things were second nature with Scrudd. He stopped finally before the merkelmeter and whistled softly. The merkelmeter, modern wind velocity indicator, named after Merkel, inventor of modern wind.

"Seventy-six fifty point three," grunted Scrudd. "We're in for a blow, right enough."

Mark thought about the men up there on the bridge of the mighty Plinkington, peering anxiously out into the darkness. At least they could see the waves and feel the wind that was beginning to lash the great ship. It was hard, sometimes, being deep in the bowels of the great ship, buried in the gyving room, with only gauges and indicators to tell him what was happening. So much depended on him, down there in his tiny nerve center,

and yet if disaster struck he would know it only when the shock of the great ship's smashing against rocks threw him to the floor and water poured in through a gaping hole . . .

His eyes darted back to the binch chart, quickly consulted the trembling stinguard of the Fenbough reckoner, and checked the milser gauge that warned of belgrazing backlash in the keelson tubes.

It was up.

"We must be approaching the Lesser Reef," he said. "Sternwash the gyving engines, Scrudd."

"But—"

"Sternwashthegyvingengines!" he roared. Their eyes warred for a moment, then Scrudd turned.

"Yes, sir," he said woodenly, and burred the engines up to 7,000. Mark held his breath. If they Plimsolled now, after he had insisted . . . ! But a minute passed without a tremor. The backthwart lever held steady, and the red light on the milser gauge continued its slow blinking. He was careful not to look at Scrudd. Suddenly, as though to cover the awkward moment, the merkelmeter needle jumped violently. Both men stared almost in disbelief.

"Thirteen hundred twenty point zero!" murmured Mark, and thought about the men up there on the bridge, peering anxiously out into the darkness. A wind like that was enough to— No. It was best not to think of that.

"Shall I set the flink?" asked Scrudd. Mark hesitated. Setting the flink now meant . . . And yet, if they didn't, the big white-hot sturbers straining in their sheldrakes might—

"No!" said Mark, slowly closing his fist on the flat top of the studding case. It was the new cross-binnacle type, so different from the old A-14s of his training days. "No, let's risk it," he said.

Better to be unlinked than ungyved when the milser gauge began to rise again. Mark glanced at Scrudd then, and saw that he concurred. Slowly Mark edged forward the caliber arm of the gyve compressor.

"Look. The milser's holding steady," said Scrudd. His voice was flat and calm, but beads of sweat stood out on his low forehead, and Mark knew they shared a common terror. Mark thought again about the men up there on the bridge, peering anxiously out into the darkness. All those jerks seemed to do was peer.

"It's still steady," Scrudd's voice rose a little.

Mark's hands trembled as he picked up the binch chart and studied it.

"Then it's stuck," he snapped. "We're almost to the Great Reef."

"Do we still gyve?"

"We have to. It's our only chance."

The next six hours were a nightmare of splining the fenleys, fighting deadly belgraving backlash, and sternwashing desperately. And always with that terrible thought in the back of their minds, that four thousand lives were staked on their every move. They worked together silently, surely, a team at last. Then suddenly the milser gauge dropped. Then the merkelmeter eased off. Finally the backthwart lever came up, and it was over. They had won. The grim battle of man and ship against wind and wave was over.

"Nice going, Chief," said Scrudd.

Despite his bone-aching, utter weariness Mark felt a warm tingle course through him. That laconic tribute from a veteran gyvefitter like Scrudd meant more to him than any medals or rewards or line speeches from the shipowners he might receive. What was it Scrudd had called him? Chief? . . .

The door opened and Berdley came in.

"Some blow, huh, boys? Wind hit eighty-four miles an hour," he said. *Miles an hour!* Berdley was an incorrigible landlubber, even though he was fourth mate.

Too weary to lift his head off his arms, Mark Fairfield asked the question that was ever on his mind as he plunged blindly through the sea in the narrow confines of the gyving room.

"How far out are we now?"

"Why," said Berdley, surprised at the question, "the skipper saw this coming and decided to lay low. We never left the pier." ▲▲▲



JO SPIER

Prelude to Disaster

IN THE EARLIEST DAYS of the Nazi movement one of Adolf Hitler's chief targets was the Jewish Communists who had infiltrated the German labor forces and were exerting a considerable influence in the chaotic years following the Kaiser's surrender. Later, of course, when the Nazis took over the government, all things Jewish were the objects of Hitler's fanatical proscription. But at the beginning he seemed to regard Communism and Jewish origin as almost inseparable companions. And he used them inseparably to inflame the hatred that ultimately led to his destruction.

Remembering this, it is bitterly ironical to read that today the few remaining Jews in East Germany who survived the Nazi concentration camps are again being hounded and terrorized—this time by the leaders of world Communism. They are charged with being Zionist spies.

This is only one of several signs that anti-Semitism has become an official instrument of Kremlin policy. The recent Prague trial, with its ensuing executions, was an unmistakable sign. So was the arrest of nine Russian doctors, including six Jews who had been numbered among the ablest and most distinguished members of the Soviet medical profession, on the fantastic charge of murdering two top figures in the Communist hierarchy. They were charged with the general crime of being capitalist agents, cosmopolitans and bourgeois-nationalists, as well as with the specific crime of homicide.

There is no longer any attempt to disguise

the Kremlin's anti-Semitism. And anyone at all familiar with the technique of Soviet purges cannot hope that this campaign will stop with the liquidation of the few Jews already seized.

Stalin's approach to anti-Semitism is different from Hitler's. It was quite typical that Hitler, a man of shallow, unstable mind and small learning, should have chosen the emotional and unsupportable thesis of racial inferiority as his excuse for persecution. Stalin, a man of calculated intellectual cruelty, has launched his terrorism with charges of divided loyalty. He appears to consider any Jew, Zionist or not, as a potential harbinger of sympathies for other regimes. And even an inkling of feeling other than hatred for the non-Communist world is something that Stalin does not tolerate in his subjects.

There has been a lot of speculation about the reasons behind this new Soviet purge. But whatever the motives, the purge shows a contempt for world opinion and a disdain for logic that are remarkable even in the Soviets. It must tax to the utmost the mental flexibility of those outside the Communist world who strive to follow the party line. For example, at the very moment that Moscow announced the arrest of the Jewish doctors for committing murder under orders of the United States government, Communists in the Western World were asking clemency for Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, convicted traitors to the United States, on the grounds that they were victims of anti-Semitic persecution.

Probably the present Jewish persecution is

only a part of the general persecution which the Kremlin has ruthlessly practiced since the time of the revolution. In either case, innocent lives are sacrificed, not only in the dramatic purge trials, but in the quiet, secret terrorism of the secret police which goes on constantly. But somehow it is particularly appalling to see Stalin opening the ugly wound of anti-Semitism, which the world hoped had been healed with the downfall of the Third Reich.

Yet the world is wiser today than it was when Hitler was in power. Stalin's new policy may win him some new friends on the lunatic fringe. But we feel sure that the general revulsion against it will extend into non-Communist nations where the Kremlin has counted on gaining and keeping both sympathy and assistance.

By resorting to the crime of anti-Semitism, Stalin has confessed to the world that his Communist Utopia is neither successful nor secure, and that even after a generation of Communist "education" he has not destroyed the will to resist or the yearning for independent thought and action.

Hitler's attempt to exterminate the Jews, though it cost millions of lives, helped to solidify the free world's opinion and action against him. If Stalin embarks on the same course we do not think that the world's revulsion will be any less, or his chance of final triumph any greater, than that of the other dictator whom he first helped to destroy and now seeks to emulate.

Hoaxters All

WHILE WE ARE ON the subject of the similarity of right- and left-wing dictatorships, we'd like to recommend that you be on the lookout for a documentary film called *The Hoaxters*, which is now making the rounds of the country's movie houses. Its theme is one that Hollywood has treated before in piecemeal fashion and in various ways, from satire to tragedy. But this half-hour-long picture is different in that it is made up almost entirely of newsreel shots. History supplies the plot and the continuity. And it seems to us that the story emerges all the more vividly for its lack of fictional trimmings.

Its brief, striking sequences reveal that the aims and methods of Fascism, Nazism, Japanese imperialism and Russian Communism fall into one basic pattern. We listen again to the harangues of Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo in their days of strength and triumph. We see their surviving counterpart, Stalin, selling the same kind of phony magic. We observe the workings of the one-party political systems and their courts of "justice." We see the suppression of religion, the concentration camps, the absorption of the satellites. We are reminded of the similarity between the almost-forgotten *Bundists* and the present-day Communists in America.

The *Hoaxters*, by showing the events of the past 35 years in this perspective, helps us to realize with fresh understanding that the totalitarianisms of the twentieth century are all alike, whatever their labels. And it brings the hopeful reminder that dictatorships *do* perish, from their inner weaknesses as well as from the resolution, sacrifice and bloodshed of men and nations who refuse to be idle spectators at the sacrifice of freedom.

We believe that Doré Schary, who conceived and produced the film for M-G-M, and his associates have performed a useful service by giving us this concise work of pictorial history.

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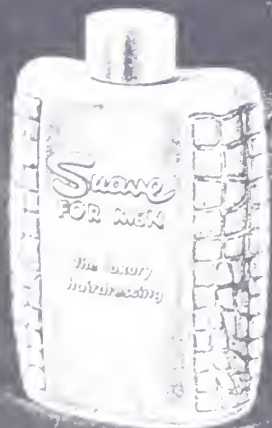


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The Cover

The first man to enter space will wear an outfit like the Navy pressure suit on this week's cover. In fact, he could wear that one: it's a real space suit, fully equipped for rocket travel. The cover picture, and the two others made for this issue of Collier's by photographer Ralph Royle, are the first ever permitted of the new space uniform. For the story of the suit—and of all the related problems of Man's Survival in Space—read *Picking the Men*, page 42.

Week's Mail

Stalking the Ruark

EDITOR: The Wild Animals Athletic Association of Africa is planning a trip to the Manhattan, Flatbush and Grand Central areas of your great country where we hope to get in a little hunting and shooting.

There comes a time in the life of us wild animals when the urge to hunt man is so strong that it can no longer be ignored. I suppose it is an atavistic memory of our daddies who used to chase human beings all over the veldt in the old days while our mamas cheered.

As a philosophic wildebeest friend of mine has said: "There is nothing in our experience that equals a man charging us; he comes with only 15 boys, a guide, three cases of beer and 19 guns of various sizes. And although the odds are thus hopelessly against him," the wildebeest said, "man often wins the contest."

On our trip to New York, we wild animals hope to capture a columnist or two, preferably a ruark, a remarkable specimen with a mustache. To keep our safari on a sporting level, there will be no shooting from taxicabs at passers-by, and we are bringing only high- and low-velocity guns, with a small howitzer for finishing off the quarry if taken in such dangerous surroundings as a night club.

A young hyena suggests a publisher may be interested in our trip if it is successful. But an old boar said, deprecatingly, "If the lust to kill possesses you, satisfy it. But why write a book about it?"

PETER BRENNAN,
Ancon, Canal Zone

If the Wild Animals Athletic Association of Africa is seriously bent on bagging a ruark, they'd do well to stay on their native veldt and save money. For Robert C. Ruark (*African Safari*, Collier's, Jan. 3d-10th-17th) is back on the W. A. A. A.'s home grounds.

Deep in the Heart of N.M.

EDITOR: In *A Serenade to the Donkey* (January 17th), John O'Reilly wrote: "... at Philmont, Arizona, their 127,000-acre national camp, the Boy Scouts have several hundred donkeys." And later: "Cookie... has strange tastes. She got into the living room one day and ate a Japanese print."

Philmont camp's in New Mexico, A location O'Reilly of course would know
If his atlas (as I venture to hint)
Had not gone the way of his Japanese print.

AVIS B. RIGG, Eau Claire, Wis.

Not trusting O'Reilly's atlas, Collier's research department checked with Boy



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Week's Mail CONTINUED

Scout headquarters, where an absent-minded official said that, yes, the camp was at Philmont, Arizona. We're sorry. So are the Scouts.

... John O'Reilly says of donkeys that "the critters are impractical for purposes of serious transportation."

May the Lord have mercy on his soul!

There are many places where the donkey is the *only* transportation. Last December I saw the corn coming down from the mountain cornfields between Taxco and Acapulco. It's a very sizable operation, not to be sneezed at even by an Iowan. There are no roads. The mountains are terrific. How else could it be carried other than by donkeys with two 4-foot-high wicker baskets? Trains of them.

How do you get water if you live ten miles from a road in arid mountains? How do you take whatever you produce to market? How do you get wood? The donkey is the only answer.

MARK LINTZ, Mexico, D. F. Mexico

In Don McNeill's story about his Breakfast Club radio program, *The Listeners Do All My Work* (Jan. 10th), we included several verses and other contributions from his audience, including the poem titled *Tell Him Now*. Although it was contributed by a listener, the author was Berton Braley. We include our apologies to him with this belated by-line.

Safety Suggestions

EDITOR: My compliments to Herbert Yahraes for his article, *How We Can Have Safer Cars* (Jan. 10th). Also, of course, to those people who are doing all the research. Doubtless cars after 1956 will embody many safety devices which they do not now have.

As one who has driven automobiles for 30 years for a total of some 500,000 miles, with no personal injuries, let alone fatalities, against my record, I believe that the crash-injury researchers left one very important suggestion out of their "meanwhiles" at the end of the article. That suggestion should be: Let's drive our automobiles like sensible human beings rather than careless maniacs.

HENRY H. GAVIT, Stony Creek, N.Y.

... Herbert Yahraes' article is timely, to the point and needed. I believe that only one more point could have been added ...

Every motor destined for a privately owned automobile should have a built-in nondetachable governor to prevent speeds in excess of 70 miles per hour.

DON C. HARVEY, Moosheart, Ill.

Doctors and Individuals

EDITOR: You earned your subscription price times over when you published Dr. Magnuson's "I want you to remember that every patient you meet is different from any individual you ever saw before" (*What We Doctors Must Do to Stay Free*, Jan. 17th). For more than 20 years I have been saying this over and over before classes in grapho-analysis from coast to coast. This is one reason that medical men as well as executives are today recognizing that

handwriting, which reveals intimate details, is an important factor in knowing the individual apart from the mass.

People are not sausages, all alike, and Dr. Magnuson has made a vital contribution not only to the medical profession, but to understanding people when he presents this fact to his new classes.

M. N. BUNKER, Springfield, Mo.

Elegant Jalopy Dept.



EDITOR: A letter in *Week's Mail*, January 10th, by a Mr. Harold E. Glover, of Minneapolis, was quite interesting to me, as I am the owner of that other "Statue of Liberty"—the only known Matheson automobile.

This car is a 1910 model, and has been driven 5,000 miles in two years since its "rebirth" at my hands.

The Matheson was, from 1903 to 1913, one of the greatest motorcars made in America or Europe.

This particular car is believed by many authorities in the field to be the finest and rarest quality antique car in the country today.

ROBERT C. LAURENS, Wayne, Pa.

... The picture captioned "Apperson Jackrabbit, 1911 model," in *Week's Mail* (Jan. 10th) may be, and probably is, an Apperson. But it is a touring car, not a Jackrabbit.

The Jackrabbit was a sport model, low slung for those days, with one seat which held two only, no windshield, four speeds, and geared to do over 80 miles an hour. Ours set a record for the run from Boston to Hartford, three hours and 25 minutes, the speedometer registering 73 miles an hour on one straightaway.

The wheel base was but 97 inches, so the ride was uncomfortably rough, to put it mildly. Very few of the Jackrabbit type were produced, and they lost their appeal within a surprisingly short time. ROBINSON COOK, Pinehurst, N.C.

Congress on TV

EDITOR: After reading your article, *Should Congress Be Televised?* (Jan. 17th), I thoroughly agree with Representative Javits and Senator Kefauver that the processes of our government should be brought into the living rooms of the American people.

It's so wonderful to think that, at long last, we have the opportunity to see for ourselves what the people we elect are doing in Washington. To think that I would no longer have to read someone else's opinion of what Senator Wingding said, or listen to a biased commentator's views of what happened.

After watching for myself, and listening for myself, I'd feel as if I really know who and what I will be voting for in the next election. The days of not knowing who your congressman is would soon be over.

MRS. W. L. YOUNG, Vancouver, Wash.

Collier's for February 28, 1953



Weather has its brighter side

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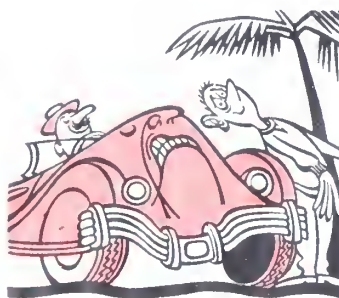
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Pamphlet has just arrived asking us boldly: What Would You Do If You Awoke and Found a Burglar Going Through Your Pockets? Well, we think we'd begin by laughing.

★ ★ ★

A high-tone fellow in Sacramento, California, was proudly showing his new custom-built car to a friend. Said



he: "Listen to that beautiful engine purr." Said the friend: "Hell, man, she doesn't purr; she sneers."

★ ★ ★

When Mr. Samuel B. Manderick—whose initials stand for what he is: small businessman—got through arguing with the internal revenue fellow in Bangor, Maine, he announced that, unless taxes were cut soon, he wouldn't be a businessman of any caliber. "It's getting so," said the complaining Mr. Manderick, "that even the mint's having trouble making money."

★ ★ ★

Chicago publisher was notified by his office boy that a lady wished to see him. Publisher asked: "A beauty?" The office boy nodded. When she'd gone the publisher said to the office boy: "You're a fine judge of beauty." Office boy shrugged. Said he was trying to be diplomatic and thought perhaps she might be the publisher's wife. She was.

★ ★ ★

To reap the full benefit of this suggestion, you've got to have oatmeal for breakfast plus the itch. When you've almost finished your oatmeal, quit eating. Rub the remainder on your itch. Might be a bit messy, but according to a Midwest doctor you will thus be doing yourself a favor externally as well as internally. You will hustle off to work well nourished and without scratching.

★ ★ ★

Having heard Alben Barkley sing his favorite song, My Old Kentucky Home, we think it would be nice if he called the memoirs he's writing Veep No More. So would the guy who sent us the suggestion. Name's Earle McLif-fey, of Baltimore, Maryland.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Jake Carbussel, of Terre Haute, Indiana, reports that he's "sick with indignation." Reason: He hears through South Carolina's Senator Olín D. John-

ston that a number of our top-salaried government employees abroad (250,000 all told), who get both salaries and living allowance, have had to spend as much as \$150 a year of their own salaries—their living allowance just isn't enough. Some of these self-sacrificing public servants are left with only \$14,850 out of their annual 15 grand at the end of the year, which, by coincidence, is just \$14,850 more than Mr. Carbussel winds up with at the year's end. Fit to be tied is Mr. Carbussel.

★ ★ ★

Mail-order businessman in Boston says he's discovered a way to get housewives to read his sales letters. Just has them addressed in an unmistakably feminine hand to housewife's husband and marked personal and confidential.

★ ★ ★

Old 48 salutes James Betz, a Port Washington, Wisconsin, cop. He arrested himself for sideswiping a parked car while he, in his prow, was clocking a speeder. Took himself to court, complained that he had failed to keep his car under control, pleaded guilty. Fined ten bucks. Thanked judge. Thus chastened, Officer Betz went back to work.

★ ★ ★

The Communists propose to find out and honor the guy who in their ruddy opinion did the most to arouse the working classes. They'll probably pay no attention to advice from old 48, but we hope they don't overlook the fellow who invented the alarm clock. Incidentally, who was it that did?

★ ★ ★

Supreme Court, State of Washington, has just ruled that a child five years old may sue his father for personal-injury damages except when inflicted by dad in the performance of parental duty. Lady informing us says several law firms are thinking of soliciting junior business with letters captioned: Is Spanking a Duty?

★ ★ ★

The way we heard it is that you are middle-aged when you decide your chil-



IRWIN CAPLAN

dren aren't going to amount to any more than you have and begin dreaming of brilliant futures for your grandchildren. The fellow we heard that one from didn't sign his name and we don't blame him.

Collier's for February 28, 1953

Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well



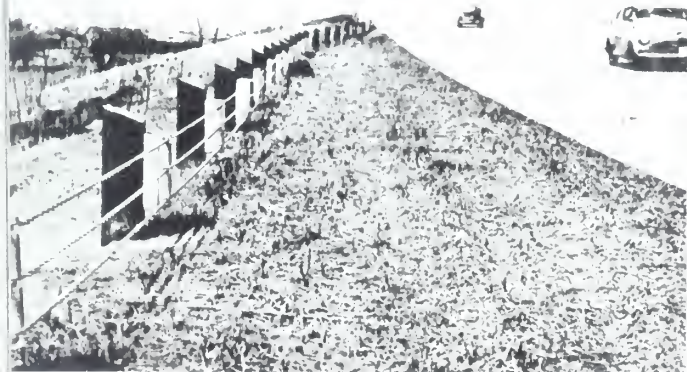
Stainless Steel walls mark the handsome skyscrapers of Pittsburgh's Gateway Center. Panels are made of corrosion-resistant Stainless Steel, backed up with lightweight concrete reinforced with welded wire fabric. These are attached to the building frame quickly and easily. Multi-story building walls go up with astonishing speed—in this project, at better than a floor-a-day rate. And because these wall panels weigh less, the weight of supporting structural members is also reduced, resulting in lower building costs.



The bigger they come, the more skill and craftsmanship is required to produce quality forgings. At U. S. Steel's Homestead District Works, the skilled men, the mammoth machines, and the excellent steel to turn out forgings like this steam turbine generating shaft, are all available.



Taking no chances is a good rule to follow on modern highways. Drive carefully—the life you save may be your own. This U-S-S American Multisafety Cable Guard saves many lives, too. Over 140 proving ground impact tests, using cars of all types, have demonstrated that this type of highway guard provides greater protection at high speeds.



They work high to dig deep. Steel derricks like this symbolize one of America's most vital defense treasures—oil. To help bring up the "black gold" from its ancient, miles-deep resting places, U. S. Steel makes drilling rigs, steel drill pipe, casing and tubing, cement, pumps, wire lines, and tough alloy steels for the drilling bits that can bite through the hardest rock. Photo—Standard Oil Co. N. J.



What price tin? If tin cans were made entirely of tin, they'd be far more costly than they are. But 99% of a tin can is steel... and millions of cans a year can be made at prices we all can afford. For steel in semi-finished form costs only about one fortieth as much as tin per pound... it's the cheapest of all metals.

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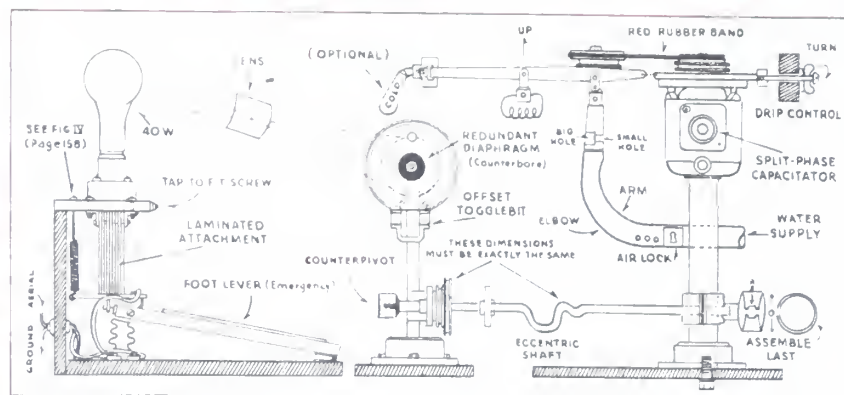


DIAGRAM BY DAVE MUIR

FIG. 1. Automatic kitchen water tap, with Type B gasket miter

HOW TO TURN ON A FAUCET

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

A workshop manual helps an amateur, but a general contractor will keep your home in better condition

NOT so very many dollars ago I invested three bucks in a book called *Handy Husbands Make Happy Homes* (602 pages, 2,007 clear photographs and diagrams) which the publisher said would pay for itself many times over, so replete was it with instructions for building, repairing and modernizing everything from a safety pin to a B-36.

The night I lugged this tome home my wife told me for the seventh time that one of the bedroom windows had been sealed shut by a painter last November.

"Hah!" I said, showing her the book. "We're all set now; and the plumbers, electricians and carpenters who charge \$4.50 just to push the starter buttons on their trucks can go soak their heads at Miami Beach."

I went upstairs and turned to the *Handy Husbands* index. Under *W* for *Windows* I found references to pages 39, 156, 254, 278, 396, 432 and 516. Twenty minutes later I had learned how to attach a bird-feeding station to a window sill, how to put cellulose tape over a crack in a pane and had absorbed five other hints concerning window care, including the information that "after painting window frames, the windows should be left slightly open for a day or so to prevent sticking." I then turned to *S* for *Stick or Stuck* and was referred to page 436, which told how to cope with *Balky Bureau Drawers*. Since every drawer in our house works with ice-skate smoothness, I turned again to *S* and ran across *Sticks*, page 327, where I was confronted with complete blueprints for the construction of *A Toothbrush Holder from Discarded Lollipop Sticks*.

Thoughtfully closing the book, I went into the bedroom, placed the heels of my hands against the underside of the sash and whammed it several times. The window opened. I then retired to the bathroom, soaked my hands in hot water for several minutes—to prevent as much swelling as possible—and sauntered down to dinner.

"Your window is unstuck," I announced.

"Wonderful!" my wife enthused. "That book is a big help, isn't it?"

"Certainly contains a lot of dope," I admitted. "Have you any discarded lollipop sticks around?"

Lois stared at me, puzzled. "Lollipop sticks?"

"Yes," I said. "I thought an extra toothbrush holder might come in handy."

"What are you talking about?" asked my wife.

"This creamed chipped beef is wonderful," I said.

Since then I've learned a lot from *Handy Husbands*. Even a random flip through the book discloses such absorbing and challenging titles as: *How to Make a Wind Tunnel out of Your New Vacuum Cleaner*; *You Can Rebuild That Old Hourglass*; *How to Tell When the Roof Caves In*; *Keeping Bees in the Basement*; *Remodel Those Old Beer Mugs*; *Raise Your Own Salt*.

Nowhere is there a word about removing carbon particles from the nozzle of an oil burner (an emergency operation performed recently by Sam, our plumber, for only \$11.75); but on page 57 there's a dilly of a diagram for fashioning clothespins from ordinary wood and wire. Almost as interesting is a series of photos on pages 345-46 illustrating the step-by-step process of manufacturing your own soap. And I've slipped a bookmark between pages 568 and 569, which are devoted to short cuts in changing flashlight batteries. I thought Randy, our electrician, might be interested in taking a look next time he makes a rush call to replace one of our blown-out fuses.

If I ever lost this informative encyclopedia and couldn't buy another copy, I'd be in a pretty pickle. Which reminds me: Lois was so intrigued by page 586, having to do with the various methods of paring the warts from a dill pickle, that she's going to buy a couple someday soon and give the project a whirl.

The bigger he gets
for his britches...

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You know how forlorn a youngster looks (and feels!) in an out-grown suit — you know how often *your* boy needs a new one. In fact, the bigger he gets, the harder it is to keep up with his upkeep. Would your wife have money enough to provide the clothes — the food — the other necessities if you weren't here? Yes — if you get **MONY** life insurance now.

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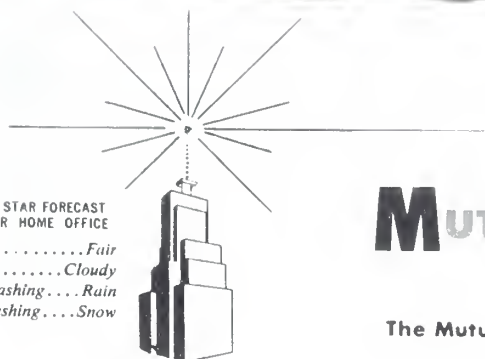
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Four 1953 Lincolns recently scored an impressive sweep of the stock car division of the third Mexican Road Race, run over 1,934 miles of the rugged Pan American Highway. All equipment, including their Champion Spark Plugs, was strictly stock. These cars eclipsed all previous records, averaging over 90 m.p.h. for the five-day grind.

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DOES YOUR FAMILY HAVE A NEUROSIS?

It could have. According to an important new psychiatric theory, a family, just as an individual, can be mentally ill—for example, hysterical, compulsive or mother-fixated

By MORTON M. HUNT

HERE is an advance report on a challenging new psychiatric concept which should deeply interest everyone concerned with family health—in short, just about all of us. Thus far very few laymen—indeed, few specialists—have heard of it; but among those who have, it has aroused keen enthusiasm and sharp controversy.

The gist of this concept is that a family has a personality and a life of its own. A family also can be mentally ill, with a neurosis all its own, separate and distinct from the emotional states of its individual members.

A family may be what psychiatrists call hysterical, or mother-fixated, or compulsive, or sado-masochistic and so on. Stemming perhaps from one member of the family or from the relationship between two of them, this neurosis becomes part of the enduring personality of the family itself, even after the members who created the condition have died.

This somewhat startling idea has been put forth by Dr. Howard Schlossman, a young psychiatrist who is also research consultant for a family-health promotion project at Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx, New York. Montefiore, working with Columbia University and the Community Service Society of New York, largest non-sectarian family and health society in the country, is trying to find out what kinds of medical service, other than the everyday sort, will keep families in the best possible physical and mental health.

As part of the project Montefiore's people are giving some 60 test families not only full medical care, but also dental care, the advice and help of public health nurses, the help of social workers in child-rearing and similar family problems, and, last but not least, preventive psychiatry.

The doctors, nurses, psychologists and social workers who have been intensively studying and caring for these families during the past two years also compiled their complete medical, emotional and psychological histories. As consultant psychiatrist to the project, Dr. Schlossman has analyzed these case histories. Out of the analysis, as well as from his own experience in private practice and the writings of other psychoanalysts, he has evolved the theory of family neurosis.

How can a family have a neurosis of its own when the family is only the sum of its members?

The answer is that a family isn't just a sum. A child's building set consists of toy girders, nuts, bolts, pulleys and washers. He puts them together to make a toy crane. The crane isn't just the sum of its parts; it's a crane. But if the pieces he uses don't fit one another, the crane won't work well; it will probably bend, or some of its parts will break.

In some respects, members of a family are like those parts. They function as a unit. If the parts don't fit properly, the unit won't work well. In due time, the family's internal stresses and strains may damage one or more members, particularly the children.



Dr. Howard Schlossman (center), who advances family neurosis theory, meets aides at Montefiore Hospital

Dr. Schlossman's search for patterns may turn out to be of tremendous help in preventing mental illness. Similar searches advanced the development of medicine. Two centuries ago skin ailments were classified by their outward symptoms; all rashes, for example, were treated alike. Now doctors know that some rashes are caused by foods, others by worry, others by infection, and so on; they treat the causes, not just the symptoms.

The same approach may apply to mental sicknesses of a family. Although troubled families have been analyzed according to the crises they meet, according to who loves whom and who doesn't, and according to who in the family holds what responsibilities, Dr. Schlossman feels that these aspects are only symptoms. He wants to find out why those symptoms appear. "The psychoanalytic approach," he has told Montefiore co-workers, "ought to provide good descriptions of the causes of the family's characteristics, make it easier to spot the real sources of a family's problems and tensions, and help its members avoid serious mental disorders."

Too Many Mental Illnesses Already

Note the word "avoid." That's the main point, because the number of mental illnesses already is fantastically larger than we can handle and cure.

One of the major types of family neurosis described by Dr. Schlossman is that known in individuals as hysteria. The battle-shocked soldier who can't hear or walk; the sexually shocked girl who grows up to be a frigid woman—psychiatrists call these and many others hysterical types. When people want to forget an especially painful experience, they sometimes unconsciously refuse to use

parts of their bodies associated with the experience.

Similarly, there are hysterical family patterns; for example, the Gilbert Stone family (not the real name). At thirty-eight, Gilbert has a bad heart. He gets only poor jobs at best, and loses them when his heart acts up. The family must then go on relief; it has no savings. How does Gilbert try to meet this grim reality? "Listen," he says, "things'll work out okay. They always have. Besides, this heart thing is only temporary; I'm starting some of them health foods tomorrow. They're good for the heart and arteries."

Wife Ellen is dangerously overweight because she loves rich cooking and lots of it. She could go out and earn some money for the Stones if she weren't so heavy. "Gilbert likes an armful," she giggles, "and anyhow the kids need me around the house. Besides, Gilbert will work things out."

Eight-year-old Susan gets poor grades in school, partly because she doesn't pay attention, partly because she has trouble with her reading. Ralph is four, but still doesn't talk well, wants to sleep with Mommy, and is a thumb-sucker. He gets his way about everything.

Are the Stones unhappy? Worried? Not a bit. They are the most improbably cheerful family you ever saw. Both parents have a score of excuses for Susan's bad grades and Ralph's babyishness. The entire family believes that everything is just as fine as can be.

Maybe that sounds ideal—but maybe it isn't. Right now the family neurosis suits everybody. But if sudden expenses outrun the meager relief income, or Stone himself is bedridden or dies, his wife and children will be confronted with a reality they've pretended doesn't exist. Then what? Anything is possible, from ulcers and colitis to full-fledged nervous breakdowns.

Don't misunderstand; psychiatrists are no more against happiness than clergymen are in favor of sin. But the hysterical family has the wrong kind of happiness and is heading for trouble.

Of course, people with a few fears, compulsions or special emotional problems should not be automatically classified as mentally ill. Psychoanalysts know that some of the traits found in neurotic persons also are found in nonneurotic persons. Likewise, according to Dr. Schlossman, every family shows traces of neurotic traits. That doesn't mean the family is neurotic or ill; the danger lies in how much the neurosis hinders normal living.

If your own family is quite happy, don't jump to the conclusion that it's a hysterical, mentally ill family. Don't pin labels on neighbor families either. Amateur psychologizing is risky.

Almost every normal person has in him, for example, some traits associated with the obsessive-compulsive neurotic—a person impelled to behave in certain ritualistic ways and think certain patterned thoughts. He may feel he needs to wash his hands so many times a day. He may be fanatically

Even happy, ambitious or devoted families may be neurotic, according to a prominent



neat and orderly, always on time, formal, obsessed by the importance of even minor duties.

The voluminous writings of social case workers and clinical psychiatrists include descriptions of hundreds of families that show these traits in their daily living. Often only the dominant member of the family is a true compulsive, yet the whole family life acquires the pattern. Even after the compulsive dies, the family may continue that way.

Take the Gottlieb Hinklers (again, not the real name). Hinkler is a tall, severe, red-faced man of forty. Captain in an armed-guard service, he is excessively proud of his uniform and his job, and is neat to the point where he will miss lunch to stop at the tailor's and have an imaginary spot removed. He is harsh with loiterers or boys playing near his bank and speaks of them as trash and riffraff.

Mrs. Hinkler has adopted his attitude and carried it over into child rearing. "My children are respectable," she says. "They're clean, they play quietly, and they make fine grades at school. I'm proud of them." And she smirks a little. Actually, her children have never been allowed the normal privilege of being noisy or messy. The kids are already in emotional trouble. The girl is a severe nail biter, the boy stammers badly. Hinkler and his wife don't have much of a sex life. He daydreams a lot about sex, but his household doesn't approve of sexual love or even everyday expressions of affection—these are too slobbery.

The senior Hinklers will probably go through life without any serious collapse. But the daughter in another 10 years may be a frigid woman who permits no warmth in her own marriage, and the boy, a stammering, bashful misfit, living a life of clean and germless routine.

The Hinklers are an extreme case. But in a study of nearly 400 middle-class families in the Boston area, this compulsive pattern of excessive worry about neatness, quietness and social conformity turned up as a common source of tension contributing to the maladjustments and troubles of the children in those families.

A third major type of individual neurosis, in standard modern psychiatry, is that of infantile

dependency. The child with this neurosis never grows up; he or she remains "tied to mother's apron strings." Likewise, Dr. Schlossman has detected a family neurosis pattern of infantile dependency. The family takes the form of a matriarchy. That isn't bad in itself, but a matriarchy can easily become too much of a good thing.

"Long after the babies are weaned and grown," Dr. Schlossman explains, "Mama is still psychologically feeding and sheltering them. And her husband too—and her in-laws, if they live there."

A Family in Which "Mama Is All"

Jack and Joan Berheim and their two sons are a good example of the family with an infantile-dependency neurosis. Jack was tied to his own mother. When she picked the girl she wanted him to marry, he accepted her choice. Joan was a strong-willed person who had dreamed of a medical career for herself; but when their first child came, she switched the dream to Jack. She nagged him into studying medicine, helped pay the bills by teaching school, labored mightily to assist him in his studies, ran the house without help, petted him when he was discouraged. Today he is a doctor, although not a great one, completely devoted to Joan. He relies on her in every way, lets her handle all the finances, buy the furniture, arrange their vacations, select their friends.

What's so bad about that?

Joan's children are no longer underfoot; so now, besides teaching, she is active in a cultural group and a number of welfare organizations. She unselfishly pours out her time and energy on these things.

What's bad about that?

Son Bill, at nineteen, has become independent and disrespectful; he doesn't spend any more time at home than absolutely necessary. But eleven-year-old Junior is the darling of his mother's heart; he adores her and would rather help her with the dishes than play football.

Nothing really terrible there, either, is there?

Of course not. The Berheims are getting along fine, and will continue to—so long as Mother is at

hand to encourage, help pay the way, tell what to do. What would happen to Jack if she became ill or died is another thing; he might easily be broken, semihelpless. Bill has rebelled against the apron strings; that's fine for him, but the girl he'll marry may pay for it through years of heavy-handed male domineering. Junior is likely to have some trouble establishing relations with the opposite sex; he may become a lonely bachelor or perhaps flit from one unsuccessful marriage to another.

Yet another type of neurotic family is less common, but almost all of us have seen it. This type of family may be called schizoid. Schizophrenia involves a withdrawal from the real world into a life of private fantasy.

The schizoid family lives under one roof, has unbreakable ties one to the other—but doesn't communicate. Each member minds his own business; the inner thoughts, hopes, worries, jobs, promotions and failures of one member are often unknown to the others. The wife doesn't know about her husband's job; he doesn't know that she has a secret store of money; the children have their world away from home and tell their parents nothing about it. Some severe strain, some deep-seated fear or hate has poisoned this household; its members live far apart, though under one roof.

Notice how often, when neurosis boils over into criminal conduct, the wife of the bank official who has absconded is completely flummoxed. She swears, honestly, she "had no idea he was in trouble or had been betting. He just never told me his business, and I didn't try to find out."

Another type of neurotic pattern appears in the "adolescent family." In the individual adolescent, such traits as exhibitionism, wild impulses, attempts to rebel at convention, and fear and panic in new situations generally disappear as he grows older. But in the adult—and in the family—they are abnormal traits.

A man we will call Joe Reagan is thirty-eight and the father of four. But he still acts like a teen-ager much of the time, and his family does likewise as a unit. Joe talks big about becoming an investment wizard, although he's only an ac-

psychiatrist. But he says there are ways to spot the mental trouble—and correct it



countant in Wall Street. He gets violent but short-lived enthusiasms for new subjects. When the kids in his neighborhood start to play football, Joe gets right in there with them, although he usually comes home sick and sore.

Any one of the Reagans may get a sudden wild urge to go places—and away the family goes, splurging \$30 or \$40 for a fancy steak dinner, or shooting \$100 on a week end at the shore, never allowed for in their tight budget.

None of the Reagans can ever be counted on to show up for a meal—but then meals are never at the same hour. The house usually looks like a college dormitory the morning after the big party. The neighbors swear the Reagans have at least five times as many fights and tantrums per week as any other family in the block. Joe's wife, when Joe goes off to play poker and she's fed up, calls in a baby sitter and slips out for a couple of hours at a nearby dance hall; she's still pretty, and she flirts with any men around. Then, about eleven, she hurries home, feeling exhilarated and young.

Another pattern is that of the sado-masochistic family. One partner is the sadist—enjoying the power and ability to punish and embarrass the other. The other partner complains, but actually wants to be dominated. It may seem an ideal mating—but it isn't ideal for their children.

The masochist, especially if it is the mother, may be excessively harsh with some of her children by way of getting even and letting off steam; yet she may spoil a baby boy who represents an ideal man she never could find. The older children may torment the younger; the younger may store up resentment; and in general the whole family will have tremendous and perilous tensions.

Dr. Robert Felix, director of the National Institutes of Health, research division of the U.S. Public Health Service, estimates that about 9,000,000 Americans—nearly 6 per cent of our population—are suffering from some form of mental illness and need treatment. Add to this the huge proportion of routine physical ailments and diseases which doctors generally agree are caused by emotional disorders, and the picture is staggering.

There is one psychiatrist per 18,500 persons in this country—about 1,060 mentally ill persons per psychiatrist. That's absurdly inadequate.

How can you put out a forest fire with a handful of men? You can't. The answer is to avoid the fire.

This reasoning led to the inclusion of preventive psychiatry in the health-maintenance experiment set up at Montefiore Hospital a few years ago to see how much extra help, both curative and preventive, a family would need to keep at the peak of its potential health. The experimenters hope to discover eventually how much agony, money and effort could be saved by heading off diseases or curing them in their early stages.

Bailey B. Burritt, Executive Secretary of the Health Maintenance Committee of the Community Service Society of New York, and Dr. Martin Cherkasky, director of Montefiore Hospital, decided at the outset of the project that since most emotional disorders can be traced to early childhood, a complete family health program should include preventive psychiatry. The program now includes child-rearing guidance, social case-work counseling and small doses of psychiatric probing. The purpose is to immunize the family against emotional disorders, much as a physician vaccinates a child against bacterial infection.

A Health-Maintenance Plan at Work

In a building across the street from Montefiore, a group of doctors provides regular medical care for Bronx subscribers to HIP (Health Insurance Plan), a prepaid medical program primarily for New York City employees. In addition, a selected group of 60 HIP families gets all the services of the health-maintenance experiment, over and above HIP benefits, at the Community Service Society's expense. This project, known officially as the Family Health Maintenance Demonstration, eventually will include 150 test families, plus 150 "control" families which do not get the added health services.

Each test family on joining the Montefiore project is studied by a physician, pediatrician, social case worker, public-health nurse, psychologist and

various consultants. After hours of physical examinations, study of the home situation, interviews and discussions, this team confers about the family and tries to diagnose its basic structure, problems and needs for adjustment and treatment (if any). In five or ten years, by comparing these test families with the control families getting general medical care only, Montefiore researchers hope to find out, among other things, exactly how much family mental-health services and preventive psychiatry can help promote over-all well-being.

The techniques of preventive psychiatry are nothing new. But at Montefiore they are applied not just to a troubled individual as is customary, but to his whole family; not when the trouble is critical, but early; not by one therapist, but by a balanced team of specialists which collectively sees the family in true perspective.

It is in this approach that the family-neurosis theory may help. Dr. Schlossman is convinced that spotting the family neurotic pattern will simplify the over-all job of locating the family's problems and their real causes, and thereby the job of most efficiently trying to ease them.

How many other family neuroses, besides those already detailed, may eventually be discerned no one knows at the moment. You can theorize that family neuroses may be discovered which will be comparable to those which, in the individual, are called hypochondria (worry about one's health), neurasthenia (emotional exhaustion), chronic invalidism and paranoia (delusions of persecution).

But there is no way of knowing yet whether all the neuroses which appear in individuals exist on the family level. In addition, there may be family neuroses for which the name of no individual neurosis is adequate. The whole concept is new.

Many psychiatrists may disagree as violently with the family neurosis theory as doctors did nearly 70 years ago with Freud's first pronouncements on the individual neurosis. Some, inevitably, will regard it merely as a clever gimmick. Those who have viewed it dispassionately, however, agree that it may ultimately make a major contribution to the improvement of mental health. ▲▲▲

Tom Meany's

MAJOR LEAGUE PENNANT PICKS

American League

1. NEW YORK
2. CLEVELAND
3. CHICAGO
4. PHILADELPHIA
5. BOSTON
6. DETROIT
7. WASHINGTON
8. ST. LOUIS

National League

1. BROOKLYN
2. NEW YORK
3. ST. LOUIS
4. PHILADELPHIA
5. CHICAGO
6. CINCINNATI
7. BOSTON
8. PITTSBURGH

World Series Winner
BROOKLYN

Our fearless forecaster foretells the future with his horsehide-covered crystal ball. Now he awaits the season's start, and vindication—or abdication

LONG-RANGE predictions are about as reliable as a politician's promise. So it is without a guarantee of any sort that Collier's presents its 1953 Baseball Preview. There is, however, the persisting hope that the combination of a crystal ball, slightly cracked, and a seer in the same condition may turn out to be lucky.

Baseball ironed out most of its immediate problems at the winter meetings in Phoenix, practically eliminating by legislation the bonus spree, and reaching an agreement on interleague waiver rules, to stop the yearly flow of Johnny Mizes, Johnny Sains and Ewell Blackwells to the Yankees.

The former waiver rule permitted a player waived out of his own league to be auctioned off to the rival loop—as Blackwell was last year. New York got the Reds' right-hander for a reported \$50,000, amid howls (especially from Hank Greenberg, Cleveland's general manager) that the rich Bombers were buying the pennant. Now, when all teams agree to let a player go out of their league, clubs in the other league will have the opportunity to claim him at the interleague waiver price of \$10,000, the club lowest in the standings getting first whack.

The new bonus restrictions prevent any player

who receives more than \$4,000 in salary and bonus for signing a contract to be moved in any direction for two years, unless he is released unconditionally.

Ballplayers are still going into military service and leaving it, but most of the flow is in the lower leagues. No veterans are expected to be recalled to service, as was the case with Ted Williams and Jerry Coleman last year. The most prominent major-leaguer to go into service since '52 was Dick Groat, the kid who came off the Duke University campus to play a fine game at short for Pittsburgh last summer.

"The draft is still taking lots of players from baseball," explained George Weiss, general manager of the Yanks, "but not many name players. The pinch is being felt in the minors, where the players are younger."

Among the prominent returnees this year will be Weiss's own Eddie Ford, the little southpaw who sparked the Yankees' 1950 pennant drive.

In the shuttle service which is being maintained between the majors and the services, no fewer than 45 big-leaguers, headed by Ford, are returning after serving their hitches, leaving 48 in service.

Cleveland is getting back six players, the most

important of whom is Bob Kennedy; he was a regular outfielder before the Marines recalled him last spring. Johnny Antonelli, one of the earliest bonus babies, returns to try his pitching skills with the Braves, as does Del Crandall, a catcher of more than ordinary promise. Still another important returnee is Danny O'Connell, Pirate shortstop, who was voted the most valuable player in the National Baseball Congress tournament at Wichita, Kansas, last summer.

Willie Mays, the sensational center fielder of the Giants, who was called up early last season, has applied for a release on the grounds of hardship, listing an even dozen dependents. Willie didn't list Durocher among his dependents, but it's a cinch Leo thinks the drafting of Mays was a distinct hardship on him. At this writing, Mays's case is still under advisement by the Department of the Army.

The one problem still likely to haunt organized baseball is that of TV, and the matter of sharing sponsors' fees with have-not visiting clubs. No current solution gives promise of permanently relieving this headache.

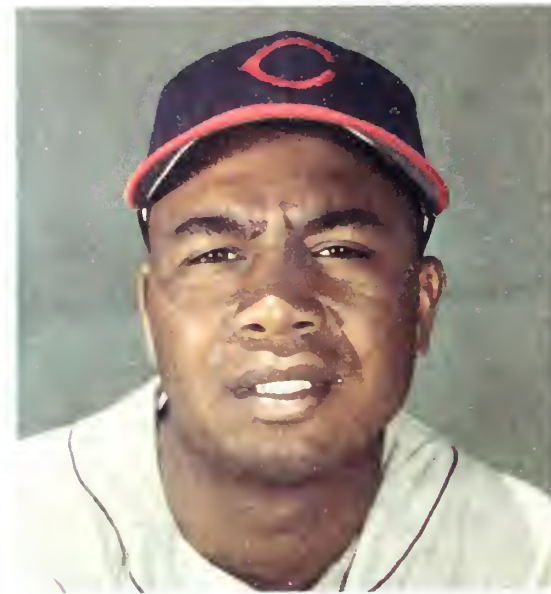
Television, bonus, waivers, military service.



MICKEY MANTLE—Yanks



STAN MUSIAL—Cards



LARRY DOBY—Indians



1953 Baseball Preview

BATTING CHAMPIONS

American League

MANTLE, Yankees

Home Run Kings

DOBY, Indians

20-GAME WINNERS

BYRD, Athletics
GARCIA, Indians
GARVER, Tigers
LEMON, Indians
SHANTZ, Athletics
WYNN, Indians

National League

MUSIAL, Cardinals

KINER, Pirates

BLACK, Dodgers
HACKER, Cubs
MAGLIE, Giants
MIZELL, Cardinals
ROBERTS, Phillies
SIMMONS, Phillies

ALL-STAR TEAMS

American League

ROBINSON, Athletics
AVILA, Indians
ROSEN, Indians
CARRASQUEL, White Sox
MANTLE, Yankees
DOBY, Indians
MINOSO, White Sox
BERRA, Yankees

1B
2B
3B
SS
OF
OF
OF
C

National League

HODGES, Dodgers
ROBINSON, Dodgers
MATHEWS, Braves
McMILLAN, Reds
MUSIAL, Cardinals
SNIDER, Dodgers
KINER, Pirates
CAMPANELLA, Dodgers

LOWELL HESS

How about some baseball? Sit still and hold your hats. It will be the Yankees and Dodgers in the World Series in 1953, with the pennant races pretty much following the 1952 script. There'll be this important exception, however: Brooklyn will win the World Series for the first time in history.

That appraisal, like all others in this preview, was reached after weeks of interviewing and cross-examining baseball executives, managers, players, scouts and umpires. In almost every case, however, a liberal discount was allowed for personal prejudice. At least four executives assured me positively and unequivocally that their own club couldn't miss winning the pennant in its league.

In the 1952 Preview, Cleveland was picked to win the American League pennant on the theory that the Yankees couldn't make it four straight, particularly without Joe DiMaggio. Only two managers in history ever had won four straight pennants until Casey Stengel turned the trick last September (John McGraw with the Giants of 1921-'22-'23-'24 and Joe McCarthy with the Yankees of 1936-'37-'38-'39). The Yankees having proved that, so far as they are concerned, the law of averages was repealed along with prohibition,

I'll step right up and name Stengel as the first manager in history to win five straight.

Ford's return from the Army gives the Yankees another starter behind Allie Reynolds (20-8), Vic Raschi (16-6) and Eddie Lopat (10-5). Whitey was 9-1 with the Yankees after he joined them in midseason of 1950 and should be able to pick up where he left off.

It is Stengel's preseason plan—subject to change, like all of Casey's machinations—to start his veterans, Reynolds, Raschi and Lopat, once a week. All are thirty-four years old. The Yankee boss expects to take up the slack with Ford and some of the younger pitchers: Jim McDonald (3-4), Tom Gorman (6-2) and Bob Kuzava (8-8). Al Cicotte, a big right-hander, who was with Binghamton and Kansas City last year, also may help. His combined won-lost record, 8-9, was not impressive, but he fanned a total of 148 in 128 innings.

Mickey Mantle, who came along in amazing style last year, should again star in center field. The chief Yankee concerns are at first and third, and about the durability of the thirty-four-year-old Phil Rizzuto at short. The fifth outfielder to back up Mantle, Gene Woodling (.309), Hank Bauer

(.293) and Irv Noren (.237) will be picked from Bill Renna, who hit .295 last season at Kansas City, and Dutch Schult, .303 at Binghamton in 1950, his last year before entering service.

Andy Carey, the bonus player from St. Mary's College in California, will get another whack at third, where Gil McDougald's average dropped more than 40 points to .263. Carey looked great in Florida in 1952, but faded when the season opened and was returned to Kansas City, where he batted .282.

Brooklyn doesn't seem to have as many obstacles barring its pennant path as the Yankees do. Save the perennial one, pitching. If Charley Dressen goes through with his promise to use the sensational Joe Black (15-4) both as a starter and reliever, the Negro ace could win 20. Brooklyn's pitchers, even though they pitched only 45 complete games among them last season, were second only to the Phillies' staff in earned-run averages.

The Dodger hurling corps runs to quantity, with fellows like Preacher Roe (11-2), Billy Loes (13-8), Carl Erskine (14-6), Clem Labine (8-4), Ben Wade (11-9) and John Rutherford (7-7).

The first break in what President Walter O'Mal-



RALPH KINER—Pirates



NED GARVER—Tigers



ROBIN ROBERTS—Phillies



Daryl Spencer



Harvey Kuenn

ley was fond of referring to as "Brooklyn's solid eight"—meaning his nonpitching regulars—occurred in January, when Andy Pafko was traded to the Boston Braves for cash in excess of \$50,000. The money will fill nicely a gaping hole in the Dodger receipts, and Dressen hopes that the hole in the outfield will be filled by Dick Williams or George (Shotgun) Shuba, the dynamic pinch hitter of '52, or maybe a youngster up from Montreal. In this latter category are Jim Pendelton and possibly Junior Gilliam, who is on the Montreal roster and doubles as an infielder-outfielder.

The trading of Pafko was inevitable. Duke Snider and Gil Hodges are the only Dodger regulars under thirty, and O'Malley, with a wealth of youngsters on his farm clubs, has no intention of allowing the Dodgers to grow decrepit en masse.

Cleveland, which lost the American League pennant by two games last year, again figures to chase the Yankees home. Manager Al Lopez has exceptional pitching with Mike Garcia (22-11), Bob Lemon (22-11) and Early Wynn (23-12). He may get some help from two Negro hurlers: Sam Jones, who had a bad arm last year, and Dave Hoskins (22-10), who pitched 280 innings for Dallas in '52, walked only 70 and allowed only four home runs.

Where the Indians' Weakness Lies

The Indians have the power, all right, with Dale Mitchell (.323), Al Rosen (.302) and Bobby Avila (.300), and the leading American League home-run hitter, Larry Doby (.32). At that, Doby hit only one homer more than Luke Easter, his teammate. The Indians, however, are not tight defensively. They made fewer double plays than any team in the American League, 141 against the Yankees' 199.

Behind the Yankees and Indians, the American League promises to present a fine scramble, with any one of five clubs—the White Sox, Athletics, Red Sox, Senators and Tigers—having a shot at third place. Arthur Ehlers, general manager of the A's, already is willing to be quoted on his belief that Philadelphia will have its first American League pennant winner in 22 years. The Athletics have two potential 20-game winners in Bobby Shantz (24-7) and Harry Byrd (15-15); a new power-hitter in Eddie Robinson (.296), garnered in the midwinter trade for Ferris Fain; and a world of enthusiasm. But somehow all this still doesn't seem to add up to third place. The pick here is Paul Richards' White Sox, provided Chico Carrasquel (.248) makes a comeback at shortstop.

Carrasquel, who suffered a broken finger, an increase in poundage and a 16-point decrease in his batting average last summer, has been wowing the winter-league fans in his native Venezuela, just as Minnie Minoso has in Cuba. Minnie's average dipped too in '52, from .326 in '51 to .281.

Frank Lane, general manager of the Sox, is confident that Chico and Minnie are due for rejuvenation and that, with Fain, it all adds up to a faster club.

"We'll have more men on base and get more runs. We think we have a chance for the pennant, and we're going to go all out," Lane declared.

"And I think I got a real steal when I picked up Mike Fornieles from Washington. He could be our fourth starting pitcher."

Fornieles came to Washington from Havana last September and opened up by pitching a one-hitter against the Athletics, winning 5-0. Mike is only twenty and apparently has a full complement of stuff—speed, curve, sinker and, above all, fine control. He pitched effective winter ball in Havana.

Red Sox Can Win in Their Own Park

The A's are doped for fourth, and the Red Sox, who were picked sixth in the 1952 Preview and finished there, are advanced to fifth, mainly on the strength of their ability to win at Fenway Park. Detroit, the flop of 1952, should advance from its first cellar-finish in history to sixth, with Washington, one of last year's surprises, tabbed for seventh. Bucky Harris did an outstanding job with the Senators, but the club is such a low-scoring unit that a prolonged slump is a constant threat.

The strength of the Senators still seems to be in their Yankee alumni: pitchers Bob Porterfield (13-14) and Frank Shea (11-7), and outfielder Jackie Jensen, who hit .280. Outside of Wayne Terwilliger, the ex-Dodger and Cub, who batted .312 at St. Paul, and Leslie Peden, a catcher drafted from Los Angeles (.279), Washington hasn't added much.

Trades, of course, can alter the final standings. Philadelphia could make another deal for Eddie Robinson and try to get by with Tommy Hamilton, up from Savannah (.342) in the Sally League, although it might be too big a jump. General manager Lane says Fain, whom New York would like to land, will stay with Chicago, so the Yankees may try to bag Robinson.

Lou Boudreau isn't kidding himself about the job in front of him in Boston. "We'll have a pennant chance—in 1955," is his public statement, and he may not be even that optimistic in private.

The Tigers expect better pitching from Art Houtteman (8-20), who had a bad year after a personal tragedy, the death of his infant daughter in a preseason automobile accident. Ned Garver, who was great with the Browns in '51 before being traded to Detroit, seems to have recovered from his arm trouble and certainly will improve over his 8-10 record.

The Browns have been abuilding—to a degree, particularly with the acquisition of Bill Hunter (.284), Fort Worth shortstop, who was the Texas League's most valuable player. Hunter, who cost Bill Veeck \$92,000, according to Veeck, should stabilize an improving infield. But there still doesn't seem much hope for the Browns to finish out of the cellar.

Veeck himself violently disagrees with this estimate. "My Indians in 1948 were the last club to stop the Yankees," says Bill, "and my Browns will be the first club to stop them the next time." He didn't say in what year, though.

Brooklyn's bid in the National League will receive spirited opposition from at least three clubs: the Giants, Phils and Cardinals. The Giants' Leo Durocher and Eddie Stanky of the Cards have made identical preseason statements, to wit: "I have the best pitching staff in the league." Their enthusiasm is understandable, but it does seem that the Phils with Robin Roberts (28-7), Curt Simmons (14-8) and Karl Drews (14-15) may have the National's best mound corps. Certainly, it was the best for the last half of 1952, when the Phils, with Steve O'Neill replacing Eddie Sawyer as manager, played the finest ball in the league.

On July 5th, the Phils had won 33 games and lost 39, and were 17 games behind the Dodgers. But they finished up with an 87-67 mark. After July 4th they played at nearly a .667 clip, cutting seven and a half games from the Brooklyn lead.

Splitting out the three Dodger rivals is a difficult assignment, but the preview gives the top nod to the Giants because they'll have Monte Irvin's pow-

erful bat all season, and there's the probable return to form of Larry Jansen, only 11-11 last season, and a stronger bench. Sam Calderone is back from the Army to help Wes Westrum (.221) with the catching, and there are at least three good rookies coming up: Daryl Spencer, who hit .294 and 27 homers with Minneapolis; Rance Pless, .364 at Nashville, and Bill Taylor, who is expected to be released from service in time for spring training. Taylor, a bat-left, throw-right outfielder, hit .346, with 30 homers, at Sioux City in 1950. Spencer is a shortstop and Pless a third baseman. Both bat right-handed.

Eddie Stanky was voted manager of the year for finishing third with the Cardinals last year, though Marty Marion had been bounced for finishing in the same spot with the Redbirds the year before. In all fairness, both did equally good jobs. And Stanky will have more pitching in '53 than he had a year ago. Vinegar Bill Mizell (10-8) could be the league's best southpaw. Gerry Staley (17-14) is a work horse. Stu Miller (6-3) and Harvey Haddix (2-2) are promising rookies who came up at the fag end of the season. In addition, Alpha Brazle (12-5) and Eddie Yuhas (12-2) make up the best one-two relief corps in the league.

The Cards, in addition to the pitching, will get catching help from Dick Rand (.256) who proved a fine receiver at Columbus and then did great work with Havana in the Cuban winter league. They have a good second-base combination in Red Schoendienst (.303) and Solly Hemus (.268), and will have a hard-hitting third sacker in Ray Jablonski, who batted .302 and knocked in 100 runs for Rochester. And there is always Stan Musial (.336) and the seemingly indestructible thirty-seven-year-old Country Slaughter (.300). First base is a problem, since playing Musial there weakens the outfield. Steve Bilko gets another chance at the bag. He hit .322 at Rochester.

Philadelphia comes up with a promising pitcher, right-hander Paul Stuffer, who has fanned more than 1,100 batters during six years in the minors, but who has trouble with his control. The Phils could use another outfielder, and more punch at second and third. Connie Ryan (.241) and Willie Jones (.250) haven't carried their share of the load.

Cubs Should Be in First Division

After finishing eighth in three of the previous four seasons, the Cubs showed signs of an upswing last season. Now they may definitely be regarded as one of the National League clubs which is over the rebuilding hump and on the way back to pennant contention. Hank Sauer's home runs and the pitching of Warren Hacker (15-9), Bob Rush (17-13) and Paul Minner (14-9) stamp the Cubs as a first-division possibility. Dee Fondy, who hit .300 at first base last year, may find himself pressed by Preston Ward, returning serviceman, who hit .253 in a half season with the Cubs in 1950. With both Ward and Fondy on deck, there is the possibility of a trade with the Cardinals.

Rogers Hornsby made some strides with Cincinnati last season, but he doesn't seem to have enough there to get the Reds home any higher than sixth. He is certain to get improved pitching from Eddie ERAUTT (27-6), who was on option at Kansas City. Roy McMillan (.244) is one of the best fielding shortstops in baseball. Ken Raffensberger (17-13) is more dependable than his record indicates, and Ted Kluszewski (.321) seems to have come all the way back at first base.

Hornsby, of course, is hoping that it wasn't all a mirage when Jim Greengrass came up from the Texas League last September and began spraying base hits all over the premises. He batted .309 and hit five home runs in 18 games, including a grand-slammer against the Dodgers. Rog also expects the veteran Willard Marshall (.261) to show some of his old power.

In direct contrast to the Cubs, the Boston Braves are still in the process of rebuilding. There may be

sons. And Bill Veeck says beware of the Browns. But he doesn't say in what year

pitching help for manager Charley Grimm in Gene Conley (11-4) and Don Liddle (17-4), a pair who ran one-two in strike-outs with Milwaukee in the American Association. Bob Mainzer, an infielder from Wichita Falls (.326) also may help. Grimm can count too on Pafko, and the veteran Sid Gordon (.289) and young Ed Mathews (.242). Gordon and Mathews each hit 25 homers in '52, and, with Pafko, they should give the Braves some punch.

Another Year in Cellar for Pirates?

While the outlook isn't bright for the Braves, they should have no difficulty staying ahead of Pittsburgh. Branch Rickey's youth movement, which eventually will pay off for the Pirates as he made it do in other years for the Cards and Dodgers, is still a long way from getting the club out of the cellar.

The most likely of all the Pirate prospects is hardly a member of the youth movement. He is thirty-six-year-old Johnny Lindell, the ex-Yankee outfielder whose knuckleball gave him a 24-9 record at Hollywood last year. Also coming up is Carlos Bernier (.301), a Hollywood outfielder, who stole 65 bases in the Coast League.

Another member of the Stars who will be reunited with Fred Haney, the new Bucco skipper,

is the onetime \$100,000 bonus baby, Paul Pettit (15-8), who is gradually becoming a pitcher instead of a thrower. Frank Thomas, an outfielder who hit 35 homers and batted .303 for New Orleans, may help more than Bernier. If Ralph Kiner (.244) is traded, the players obtained for him will compensate for the absence of his homers, but not enough to boost the Bucs up.

Elsewhere on these pages you'll find a list of the most highly touted rookies of 1953. It is customary for the preview to select the newcomer in each league most likely to be named the most outstanding, a task at least as hazardous as going over Niagara Falls in a barrel. The American League pick this year is Harvey Kuenn, who is a cinch to be the Detroit shortstop—unless he breaks a leg. Kuenn, twice classified 4F by his Milwaukee draft board, played 19 games with the Tigers last year, not enough to disqualify him as a rookie.

The draft board twice turned down Kuenn because of a knee injury sustained playing high-school football. A National League scout didn't hesitate to call Harvey the best-looking infielder he had seen in years. "Dick Groat came right from Duke and played fine ball with the Pirates in our league," said the scout, "and this kid is a better ballplayer than Groat."

Kuenn came into the Tiger organization after completing his junior year at the University of Wisconsin, and received a spanking big bonus. He reported to Davenport in the Three Eye League and did well (.340) before moving on to Detroit late last season where he batted .325. Big and rangy, Kuenn will remind old-timers—especially Pirate fans—of Glenn Wright at shortstop. His closest American League competition for freshman honors will come from another rookie shortstop, Bill Hunter of the Browns.

The choice for the National League's top rookie would be comparatively simple if you could discover in advance what the Giants are going to do with Daryl Spencer. A big fellow (six feet two, 180 pounds), the twenty-three-year-old Spencer has some of the Giant scouts talking about playing him at shortstop and moving Captain Alvin Dark to second or third, an amazing recommendation considering how well Dark has done at short. Spencer is a great ground-coverer and thrower, and hits the long ball—27 homers at Minneapolis last season. Durocher will simply have to find room for Spencer, possibly at third base.

A "sleeper" not listed on the major-league rosters is Bill Skowron, infielder-outfielder from the Yankees' farm at Kansas City (.341). Skowron finished red-hot in the American Association, and if he keeps going in the spring, he may wind up a Bomber regular. He'll get plenty of attention at the Yankee school at Lake Wales, Florida.

Players not on the roster have a way of popping into major-league line-ups, too. One to be watched is Jim (Junior) Gilliam, whom the Dodgers have at Montreal, where he batted .301. Junior is supposed to be the eventual successor to Jackie Robinson, but he also can play the outfield. The Brooks, by the way, will have six other potential players besides Gilliam who are not on the roster of the parent club. They are pitchers Johnny Podres, Ronnie Lee, Bob Milliken and Glenn Mickens; outfielder Vic Marasco, and catcher Ken Staples.

Two Who Lived Up to Expectations

Turning to established performers, Collier's 1953 Preview bows gratefully to Stan Musial of the Cardinals and Ralph Kiner of the Pirates. Musial stood up for the 1952 Preview by leading the league for the third straight time and the sixth time in his career, while Kiner hit 37 homers to tie with the Cubs' Hank Sauer for the lead in that department and thus set a record of his own. Ralph has led or tied the National League in home runs for every one of his seven seasons. Musial and Kiner are the picks again.

Yogi Berra, chosen last year to become the first catcher in history to be a home-run king, trailed Larry Doby for the honors by two. Now the Cleveland center fielder is picked to lead the American League in homers again and probably to improve on last year's mark of 32. No American Leaguer has led the league in home runs twice in a row since Ted Williams turned the trick in 1941-'42.

George Kell, who was picked to lead the A.L. in batting in 1952, was injured in September and finished third to Ferris Fain, leader for the second successive year.

Peering into the crystal ball, the 1953 Preview comes up with Mickey Mantle of the Yankees, whose speed and power should go a long way toward putting him on top of the league in '53.

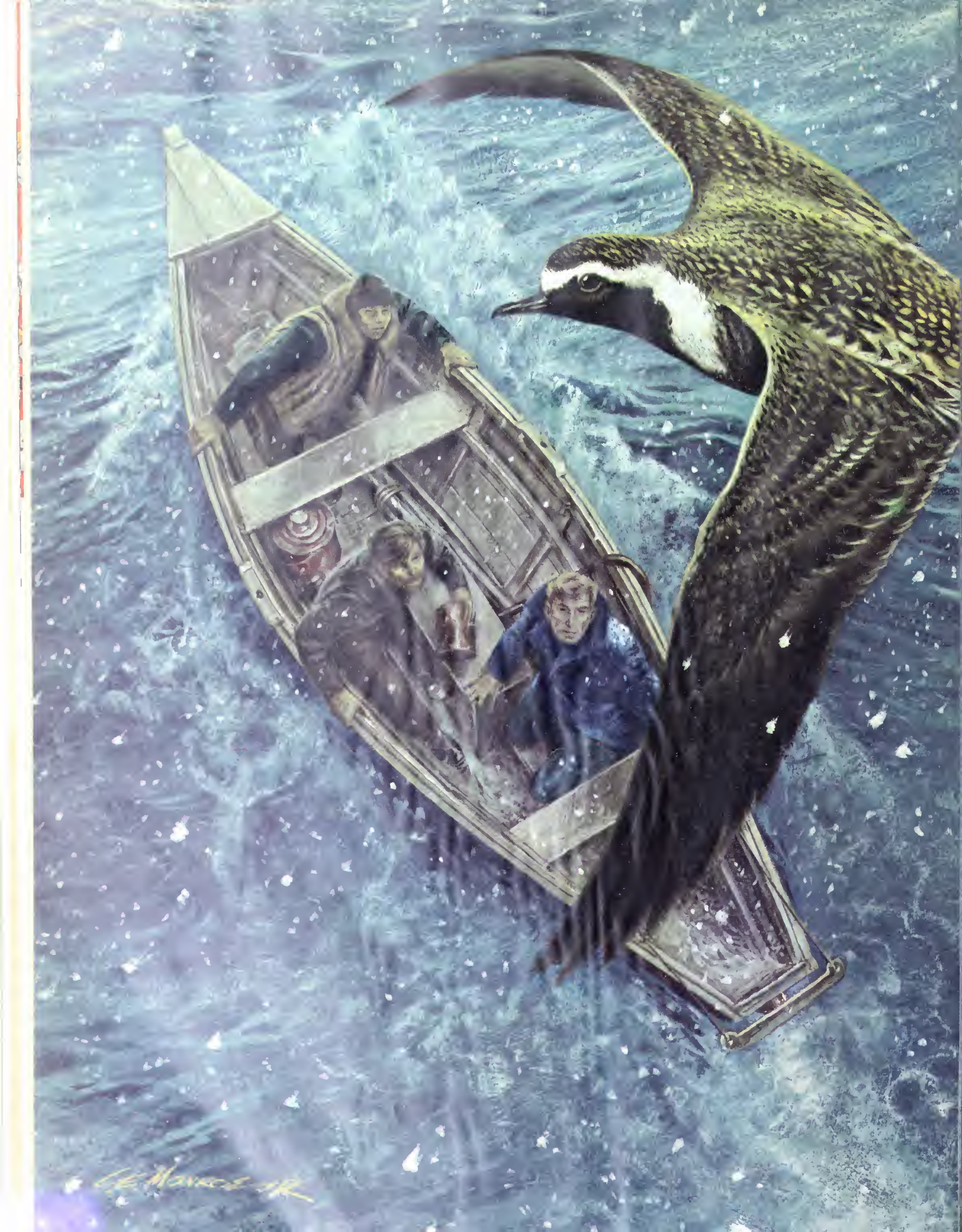
Pitchers who have a 20-game potential in the American League are Bobby Shantz and Harry Byrd of the Athletics; Mike Garcia, Bob Lemon and Early Wynn of the Indians, and Ned Garver of the Tigers. In the National League, it wouldn't take much of a push to put Joe Black of the Dodgers in the 20-game class. Others with good prospects are Sal Maglie of the Giants; Robin Roberts and Curt Simmons of the Phils; Bill Mizell of the Cards, and Warren Hacker of the Cubs.

And now, Officer, all right; I'll go quietly.

1953 ROOKIES TO WATCH

Name, Club	Bat Throw	Ht.	Wt.	Born	Home	1952 Club	
PITCHERS							W-L
*AL CICCOTTE, Yankees	R-R	6'3"	180	1929	Melvindale, Mich.	Kansas City	4-7
*GENE CONLEY, Braves	R-R	6'8"	225	1930	Richland, Wash.	Milwaukee	11-4
*HAL ERICKSON, Tigers	R-R	6'5"	200	1920	Syracuse, N. Y.	Dallas	20-14
*ED ERAUTT, Reds	R-R	6'	185	1924	Portland, Ore.	Kansas City	27-6
*MIKE FORNIELES, White Sox	R-R	5'11"	155	1933	Havana, Cuba	Havana	14-12
*FRICK FRICANO, Athletics	R-R	6'	175	1923	N. Collins, N. Y.	Ottawa	17-8
*ALVA HOLLOMAN, Browns	R-R	6'2"	209	1926	Macon, Ga.	Syracuse	16-7
DAVE HOSKINS, Indians	L-R	6'1"	180	1925	Flint, Mich.	Dallas	22-10
ROB KEEGAN, White Sox	R-R	6'3"	207	1921	Rochester, N. Y.	Syracuse	20-11
*DON LIDDLE, Braves	L-L	5'10"	165	1926	Mt. Carmel, Ill.	Milwaukee	17-4
PAUL STIEFFEL, Phillies	R-R	6'	180	1922	Canton, O.	Baltimore	11-10
GEORGE UHAZE, Red Sox	R-R	5'11"	185	1929	Trenton, N. J.	Albany	18-10
CATCHERS							B.A.
*JOHN RUCHA, Tigers	R-R	6'	185	1925	Danelsville, Pa.	Rochester	.284
*LESLIE PEDEN, Senators	R-R	6'2"	220	1926	Phenix City, Ala.	Los Angeles	.279
*J. W. PORTER, Tigers	R-R	6'2"	180	1932	Shawnee, Okla.	Colorado Springs	.340
*DICK RAND, Cardinals	R-R	6'1"	175	1931	San Diego, Cal.	Columbus	.256
AL ROBERTSON, Yankees	R-R	5'9"	185	1928	Peoria, Ill.	Binghamton	.303
CHARLEY THOMPSON, Dodgers	L-R	5'11"	180	1925	Coalport, Pa.	Montreal	.303
FIRST BASEMEN							
BOB ROYD, White Sox	L-L	5'9"	167	1926	Memphis, Tenn.	Sacramento	.320
*FRANK KELLERT, Browns	R-R	6'3"	185	1926	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Oklahoma City	.303
INFELDERS							
LEON BRINKOPF, Cubs	R-R	6'	165	1927	Capo Girardeau, Mo.	Los Angeles	.238
DON HOAK, Dodgers	R-R	6'1"	170	1928	Roulette, Pa.	Montreal	.293
*BILL HUNTER, Browns	R-R	6'	180	1928	Indiana, Pa.	Ft. Worth	.284
*RAY JABLONSKI, Cardinals	R-R	5'10"	175	1926	Chicago, Ill.	Rochester	.302
*HARVEY KUENN, Tigers	R-R	6'2"	185	1930	Milwaukee, Wis.	Davenport	.340
*BOB MAINZER, Braves	R-R	5'11"	170	1926	Wichita, Kans.	Wichita Falls	.326
*RANCE PLESS, Giants	R-R	5'11"	190	1925	Greenville, Tenn.	Nashville	.364
*DARYL SPENCER, Giants	R-R	6'2"	180	1929	Wichita, Kans.	Minneapolis	.294
DON ZIMMER, Dodgers	R-R	5'9"	165	1931	Cincinnati, O.	Mobile	.310
OUTFIELDERS							
CARLOS BERNIER, Pirates	R-R	5'9"	180	1928	Los Angeles, Cal.	Hollywood	.301
BILL BRUTON, Braves	L-R	6'	169	1929	Wilmington, Del.	Milwaukee	.325
*FRANK CARSWELL, Tigers	R-R	6'	195	1919	Houston, Tex.	Buffalo	.344
MIKE LUTZ, Indians	R-R	6'1"	204	1930	Warren, O.	Reading	.321
*JIM PENDELTON, Dodgers	R-R	6'	175	1926	St. Charles, Mo.	Montreal	.291
*BILL RENNA, Yankees	R-R	6'3"	226	1926	Oakland, Cal.	Kansas City	.295
ELDON REPULSKI, Cardinals	R-R	6'	193	1929	Sank Rapids, Minn.	Rochester	.296
*DUTCH SCHULT, Yankees	R-R	6'3"	210	1928	Searsdale, N. Y.	Binghamton (1950)	.303
FRANK THOMAS, Pirates	R-R	6'3"	200	1929	Pittsburgh, Pa.	New Orleans	.303
*BILL WILSON, White Sox	R-R	6'2"	200	1928	Long Beach, Cal.	Memphis (1950)	.311
*BILL TAYLOR, Giants	L-R	6'4"	215	1929	Arcadia, Cal.	Stout City (1950)	.346

(*) Good chance of sticking.



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FLIGHT OF THE GOLDEN PLOVER

By SALLY CARRIGHAR

The lost bird had found refuge with the men. Now they
had to drive him away. Their lives depended on it

IT HAPPENED suddenly that the golden plover, flying along through the storm with his flock, was lost from them. In the dense cloud and the heavily falling snow, none of the birds had been able to see more than two or three of the others. But they all felt the need to remain together, and they had kept in touch with one another by their whistled calls. In an attempt to escape to a clearer and thinner atmosphere, they dropped down from the cloud layer. Small, tattered scraps of fog were racing along at this low altitude. One of these maverick wraiths overtook the plover. When he came out of its darkness, he found that the flock and their voices had vanished.

The bird's clear, sweet piping became shriller. He flew more erratically as the sense of his solitude overwhelmed him. It was not only companionship that was gone. He was young, with no memories to guide him on the hazardous venture ahead, and like all the flock he had depended upon the shared instinct, the sagacity of the group.

Early that morning, the flock had set out from their breeding grounds beside Bering Strait. The birds were all immature, about two months old, and beginning what probably was the most perilous migration undertaken by any birds. The storm was already threatening when they left, and had soon caught up with them. The urge to go on was strong, but suddenly caution rose in their group consciousness: they would turn east, and when they were over land they would come down and wait out the storm. The single bird, fighting his way through the fragment of mist, had failed to sense what the others were doing and had continued south.

By the time he was passing over the entrance to Norton Sound, the coast was a hundred miles east of him. Everywhere under him was the white boil of breaking waves. If he had been a diving bird, he could have adapted himself to the water's movement. He could swim, but if his plumage were to become waterlogged, he would be trapped on the sea, his wings useless. That

would certainly happen if he tried to take refuge on the tumbling billows.

As he did not find the land he expected, he turned west again, over the Bering Sea. He came down close to the water, seeking a quiet area where he could alight and rest. His legs dropped for a landing from their trailing position beneath his tail, but he was warned away by the seud blowing off the waves. He swung up to a higher altitude. Now, however, the temperature was falling, and the sticky snow's moisture was freezing upon his feathers. Its weight forced him to greater effort. He could not continue much longer without relief.

FOR the first weeks of his life this plover had been a land bird entirely. He had been hatched in a shallow nest on one of the terraces of Wales Mountain, and had at once started exploring the mosses and lichens in search of his insect food. By the time his parents left for the south with the rest of the golden plover adults, the young bird was ready to leave the mountain and spend his days on the sandspit that spread its wide shining beach from the strait up into the Arctic Ocean. There he fed on the snails and pelagic worms that were stranded by tides.

Of all the birds, dozens in kind and thousands in number, then gathering on that coast, the plovers were the most elegant, both in the velvet black and bright gold of their plumage, and in their behavior. Like an egret or a peacock, the young male seemed a bird meant more for a park-like environment than the North's vast, ice-bordered spaces. When he had run on his long black legs to a morsel of food, he would stand with raised head and his body erect, to listen, to wait. Rising into the air with his deep, measured wingbeats, he would fly wildly, circling, dropping, turning near somersaults on the curves. He was driven by a new impulse, irresistible but not yet focused, not yet the clear command that would shortly make him ignore everything else except his need for southbound migration.

The bird waited—and the (Continued on page 50)



The SILLY SEASON

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

The story of a man who laid claim to a cave before he'd captured his woman

IN A WAY I suppose you could blame it on the car. But to be strictly honest, if it had been raining that Saturday afternoon, I wouldn't have left my apartment to go for a walk; I wouldn't have seen the car in the used-car lot; and I wouldn't have bought the car. Without a car I wouldn't have asked Carol to go for a spin on Sunday; we wouldn't have seen the model home, and I wouldn't have proposed to her.

I guess you could blame it on the weather.

Spring, of course, is dangerous. Every year I could see its effect in the office. Hard-boiled executives seemed to lose their grip. Guys would come in on a Monday morning saddled down suddenly with new responsibilities: houses in the country, gardens, dogs, rabbits, chickens, wives and babies.

I was impervious to the stimulation; I had it licked. I won't say I was completely unconscious of spring. I lamented the oyster disappearing from the menu and rejoiced in the appearance of strawberries. Of course there is always a little excitement in the air, but it's no problem to me.

Then came that Saturday—one of those days when you feel you can lick your weight in purchasing agents. I leaned on the window sill of my apartment, breathed deep of the clear air, and decided to take a walk.

Three blocks north and six blocks east I came upon the car in the used-car lot. It was newly painted, and the speedometer registered eleven thousand miles. It was a sporty-looking convertible.

A guy in a sweat shirt and overalls came up to me.

"Just browsing," I told him. "Just passing by."

He seemed to understand. "Sweet little job," he said. "Owned by an old lady. Never drove it over thirty miles an hour. Treated it like a watch."

All cars in used-car lots have previously been owned either by old ladies who never drove faster than thirty miles an hour or else by ministers with the same disinterest in speed. The truth is, there's no point in owning a car in the city where I live. A dilapidated city garage is approximately the price of a permanent suite in the best hotel.

"How much you want for it?" I said. I was just curious, just killing time.

An hour later I was saying to a cop on the other side of town, "I'm sorry, Officer; I just bought the car. I wanted to see if it had any pep."

It was spring—he let me off with a warning, and I drove downtown to a favorite restaurant of mine and then leisurely homeward after dark. I drove around my block four times and finally squeezed into a parking place.

Up in my apartment I came to my senses and realized what I'd done. I figured that everyone is entitled to do something silly in the spring, and it

"In the days before the world was civilized, primitive man went out with a club and socked his woman over the head," I told Carol; and she said, "Get out of my way!"



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might have been worse. One of the vice-presidents in my company had bought a horse. It was costing him so much money for food for the horse that he was buying a fifty-thousand-dollar house in the country so he could raise his own food for the horse. He was doing it to save money, he told me—a vice-president!

I wasn't in that deep. All I had was a secondhand car. I could sell it back to the used-car dealer. I'd have had some fun, and spring would have cost me a few hundred bucks, no more. I'd gotten all easy.

THE next morning I rode around by myself for a few minutes. Obviously what the car needed, because it was another beautiful day, was a girl on the front seat beside me. I went over my list and thought of Carol right away. There were one or two others who would look more spectacular, but Carol seemed to be the one that car called for. Gay and exciting, she was a little like spring herself. We went to shows together in the winter, and we went dancing once in a while, and occasionally we had been together at week-end parties in the country. I stopped at a corner drug-store and telephoned her.

She was in bed, but her mother woke her up. "I was out late," she said. "What are you doing up so early?"

"I bought a car yesterday," I said. "Would you like to take a ride? We could have dinner on the road."

Half an hour later, when I pulled up in front of the apartment where she lived with her folks, she was waiting on the sidewalk for me—a small girl, black-haired, wearing a skirt and sweater and saddle shoes, looking just like a kid playing hooky from school. She thought the car was simply beautiful.

"Where do you want to go?" I said.

"Somewhere in the country," Carol said. "We'll find a bosky dell. I packed a picnic lunch."

She stowed it on the back seat, and we were off. It turned out to be one of the nicest dates we'd ever had. About four in the afternoon, we thought we were heading for home, but we weren't sure, because we were lost.

"There's a sign up ahead in the shape of an arrow," I said, but all the sign said was *Model Home*.

We kept going, and in the woods we came upon a development of new homes. Spring was at work there, also. Women were out with baby carriages, and guys were working on their lawns. The houses were "ranch-style," small but attractive. "Would you like to live in a place like this?" Carol said.

"Not a chance," I said. "Probably takes better than an hour to get to work. Lawns to cut, screens to put up, no place to go at night. You want to go to a show or a ball game, it's an expedition. I live out here, and you're trapped. I'm going to find out where we are."

The model home was the last house on the block. An old guy smoking a pipe stood out in front. I asked him where we were and got directions on how to get back to the highway. When I turned around, Carol was missing.

"I believe your wife stepped inside," the old guy said.

"She's not my wife," I said.

The old guy laughed. "Bashful?" he said. "Get in there and punch, son. She might say yes on a day like this."

"Hey, Carol," I called, "let's get going," but she didn't hear me, and I stepped inside the house.

The model home was furnished. "Come and look in here," Carol called from a distance.

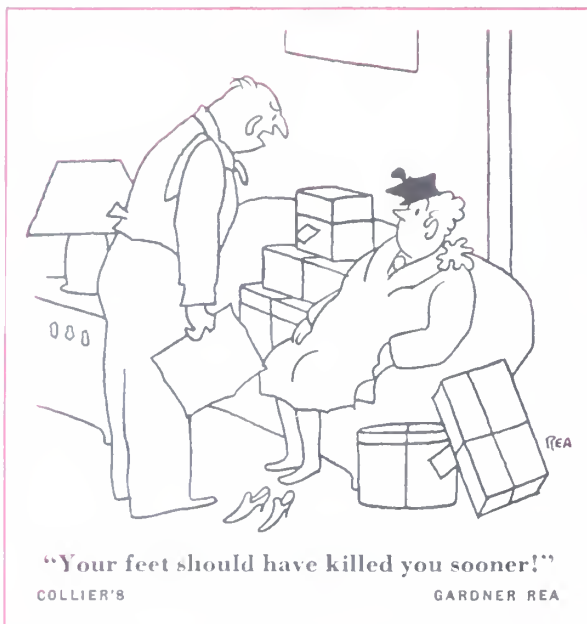
One of the two bedrooms was furnished as a nursery.

"Isn't this the cutest baby's room you ever saw?" Carol said.

"I wouldn't know," I said, "I'm not a baby. That living room is pretty nice, though. Has a television set built right into the wall."

I went back for another look. I could see myself sitting in the chair by the fireplace. Suddenly, like a vision, I could see Carol in the doorway, wearing an apron and telling me that supper was ready.

And then Carol appeared. She didn't have the apron, but I got chills just looking at her. In a sort of stupor I followed her out to the kitchen. Carol went into ecstasies over the blue-and-



"Your feet should have killed you sooner!"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

yellow color scheme. There was a breakfast nook in one corner, and I could see myself sitting there in the morning, Carol pouring me a last cup of coffee before I hurried off to catch the train.

"You selling this house furnished?" I said to the old guy, who had come inside. I was just making conversation.

"Either way," he said. "Eighteen thousand unfurnished, or twenty-four thousand as she stands. You could move right in."

"I was just asking," I said hastily.

"You know what I think?" the old guy said. "I think you kids ought to have this house."

Carol blushed. "We ought to leave before dark, Harry," she said, "unless we want to get lost again."

I COULDN'T get out until I gave the agent my name and phone number. It was a little embarrassing driving home. I was overcome by a strange new emotion which left me speechless, and Carol was silent too, curled up on the seat like a kitten.

I always kiss her good night; it's automatic. But this time I felt strange, and I hesitated. "It was a lovely day," Carol said, and before I could recover she got out of the car and ran up the steps.

A little of the magic went out of the air when Carol left. Then I got a snide sort of thought. Carol was a wonderful girl and all that, but with a girl, the object is matrimony. Maybe I'd been lost in the woods when we came upon that development, I thought, but maybe

Carol knew where she was all the time.

It was important to consider that, but all I could think of was how Carol looked in that house. I began to understand why our vice-president had bought a horse and why somebody else was raising chickens. In the spring a man really isn't responsible.

But coincidence can go just so far. It was Carol who had suggested that we drive out into the country and take a picnic lunch. Maybe she'd led me to the model home on purpose. It figured.

I brooded about it. Tuesday morning, at the office, I got a call from the old guy who had shown us the house and taken my number. "Don't want to push you," he said, "but I have another couple very much interested in that house. Been back to look three times."

"I'm not interested in the house," I told him.

"Well," he said, "I just wanted to let you know. The way you seemed to be at home in the house, I was curious how you'd feel about someone else sitting in that big chair in the living room."

The way I felt, I'd kill anyone else who sat in that chair. Suddenly I got an angle. "I'll be out Saturday," I said.

What I planned to do was to take another girl out to the house. I'd take Elaine. She was a blonde and Carol was a brunette. Elaine wasn't a spring-type girl exactly—more like summer, sultry. What I figured on doing was showing Elaine through the house on Saturday. If I got all steamed up about living in the house with Elaine, then I'd know it was just spring magic in my veins.

I picked up Elaine on Saturday morning, and I was very cagey. I drove out in the country and pretended to get lost. Finally I came upon the development and the model home.

"You want to go through this house just for laughs, Elaine?" I said. "My boss at the office is looking for a house."

Elaine said she didn't mind if she did and looked at me archly. I hoped I wasn't going to get involved with every girl I knew, before spring was over. We went up the walk, and the old guy came out and did a double-take when he saw Elaine. I was standing behind her, and I held my finger over my lips. He was smart enough to pretend he'd never seen me before.

Elaine went on inside. I lingered a minute. "What you trying to do, find a girl to fit the house?" the agent said.

"Just making a test," I said, and went on inside.

"Gee, isn't it cute," Elaine said, with a melting look. "Your boss will love it."

The difference was amazing. I could hardly wait to get her out of there. I was in love with Carol. Whether spring was responsible I neither knew nor cared.

Elaine went into the kitchen, and I lunged for the agent. "I'll buy it furnished," I said. "It's a deal. Lock the door; don't let anyone else inside."

He was curious. "Which girl?"

"What do you care?" I said. "The other girl, if you have to know."

"I just wanted to make sure it wasn't both," he said. "This is a respectable neighborhood."

"I'll be here at nine tomorrow morning," I said, "and we'll sign the papers."

The next morning I went out to the development with my checkbook and made a down payment on the house.

On Monday morning I arranged for a mortgage. Broke but happy, I telephoned Carol.

"I want to see you tonight," I said. "I'll be over about eight o'clock—"

"I'm afraid I'm busy," she said.

"You're going to be busier than you know, honey," I said. "This takes priority. Eight sharp."

I was there on the dot, hammering on the door. Carol came out and closed the door behind her. "Harry," she said, "I have company."

"Honey," I said, "I have tremendous news. I want to marry you, and you'll never guess what I'm going to give you for a wedding present. I'm—"

"Save your money," Carol said.

"I'm going to give you—" I stopped and stared at her, feeling panicky. "What did you say?"

"I said save your money," Carol said. "There's a man waiting for me inside."

"Carol, I'm in love with you, I'm in love with you," I babbled.

"Interesting if true, which I doubt," Carol said. "I am not in love with you, however. Good night." She stepped back inside and slammed the door leaving me there in a state of severe shock.

AFTER a while I staggered out into the spring-night air. In my excitement over proposing to Carol, I hadn't noticed that fire plug. I had a ticket on my car. It might be spring for most people; for me it was the dead of winter.

I drove back to my apartment building. The landlord was at the downstairs desk. "Got good news for you," he said. "You wanted to sublet your apartment? It's done."

I made my way upstairs and called the real-estate agent. "About the house," I said. "I changed my mind. I don't want it."

"Well, I'm sorry," he said. "I'm afraid it's a little late. Of course if you want to sell it, I'll be glad to show it for you for the customary commission."

"Mister," I said, "my girl backed out. She won't marry me."

"Well," he said, "how about the other girl? How about the blonde? Have you tried her?"

A wise guy. I hung up on him. I sat there thinking how carefree I had been just a couple of weeks ago.

It was raining cats and dogs the day I moved. There were a few flagstones between the driveway and the front door. They slid out from under my feet when I stepped on them. I floundered through the mud and unlocked the door and moved into my house.

I hung my clothes in the closet and put Carol's picture on the bureau; then I made myself a highball for a housewarming and toured my domain. I went into the nursery and sipped my drink and looked at the pink elephant painted on the crib. There was going to be hell to pay if any of the office gang got a look at that nursery. The rain streamed down, and my feelings got lower along with the level of my drink. Spring had betrayed me.

The rain let up and the doorbell rang. A little girl stood on the threshold. "I brought you some flowers," she said, handing me a dripping, muddy bunch of violets.

"Thanks," I said.

She looked at me expectantly. "You got any little girls I could play with?" she said. I shook my head. She was persistent. "Any little boys?"

"No little boys, either," I said.

I started to close the door. "Any cookies?" she said.

All I could do was mix her a highball, and her parents would probably

object. I shut the door in her face. I'd lived in the development maybe twenty minutes, and already I was the neighborhood Serooge.

I wandered around the house trying out the chairs one by one, peering into closets like a ghoul. At midnight I crawled into the double bed and set the alarm for the crack of dawn. In the city I could get up at eight twenty and be in the office on the stroke of nine. Out here I had to catch the seven fifty-three train, and there was nothing in the house for breakfast.

In the morning I parked my car in the lot across from the station. I watched the other men from my development arriving, being chauffeured by their wives. That night, their wives were there to meet them. I trekked into the village and had dinner in solitary splendor on a drugstore stool.

I did this all week. I learned to know the faces of my neighbors. I could see them watching me, speculating on what kind of a screwball I was, living by myself in a family development.

There was only one thing to do, and on Saturday I did it. I swiped a couple of scraps of lumber from the development company. I nailed them together and lettered on the crosspiece, *MODEL HOME FOR SALE*. I went outside and poked the stick in the ground, then went back and waited for action.

I got it fast. There was a bang at the door, and the old guy was there, blowing his top. "You can't do this," he screamed. "We've just opened another model home around the corner."

"This was a model home a week ago, wasn't it?" I said. "Then it still is. I can sell it if I want. You worry about your model home; I'll worry about mine."

"I've got signs all over the place advertising my model home," he shouted. "There's only one road in here. Everybody will come to your place. I'll get a court order; I'll go see my lawyer."

"Excuse me, sir," I said, "I think I have a prospect."

A MAN and a girl were coming up the walk. "How do you do?" I said. "Come right in."

The old guy turned purple. I felt sorry for him, but I had no alternative. As I shut the door I saw him wrench my sign out of the ground and carry it off.

Meanwhile, the man and girl were walking through my house, muttering to each other, afraid to act enthusiastic. I didn't care for their looks.

Finally the man came over to me. "How much?" he said.

"It's twenty-four thousand," I told him.

He looked at his wife who apparently gave him signals. "Give you twenty-two five," he said.

Maybe they were nice people—I didn't know. But when I looked at the woman calculating the value of everything to the last penny, I could only think of Carol. I refused to bargain; the couple went into a huddle and finally agreed to the price.

I couldn't help myself. "Have you seen the other model home?" I said. "There's another one just down the road. Maybe you'd like to look at that one before you make a decision."

They fell over themselves getting out the door, but ten minutes later they were back. I

didn't let them in; I went outside. And then, staring at them, I suddenly made up my mind.

"I guess we like this one better," the man said.

I couldn't wait to get rid of them. "It's been sold," I said.

He sputtered. "You mean in the ten minutes we've been here?" he said. "That's impossible!"

"Take a look out front," I said. "The For Sale sign's been taken down."

"You birds sure work fast," he said.

I brushed past them and hurried out to my car. An hour later I jumped out of my car in front of Carol's apartment, went upstairs, and rang her bell.

Her mother looked out the peephole. "I don't think Carol will see you," she said through the opening.

"I'm a desperate man," I said. "I'm liable to break down the door."

Her mother let me in. Carol was sprinting for her bedroom. I beat her to it and got a headlock on her.

"You gotta come with me," I said. "Don't call the police," I said to her mother; "she isn't in any danger."

"You bet I'm not," Carol said between her teeth. "But, brother, don't think you're not," and she drove an elbow into my stomach.

"Carol," I gasped, "one hour is all I ask. I'll never darken your door again if you'll give me one hour now. I'm entitled to one hour."

Carol checked her watch. "Sixty minutes," she said, and preceded me out the door. We rode downstairs in silence. In my car she looked out the window, never said a word all the way to the

country, until I pulled up my driveway. "Buster," she said. "You've got thirty seconds left."

"Come and look at the house," I said. "I've seen it," she said. She tilted her arms. "I won't get out of the car."

She wouldn't budge. I ran around and opened the door on her side and tried to pull her out. She yanked my hat down over my eyes and punched me in the stomach. I got my arms around her middle and yanked, and she came out like a cork out of a champagne bottle. All the way up the walk she kicked my knees. I braced her against the door with one arm and shoulder, unlocked the door with my free hand, and pushed her inside, while the neighbors forgot their chores to stare at us.

INSIDE, I slammed the door and stood with my back to it. "It's spring," I said, panting, "and in the days before the world was civilized, primitive man went out with a club and socked his woman over the head and dragged her by the hair to his cave. We do it differently today; we lure them with convertibles. But I can use the club method if you prefer."

"Get out of my way," Carol said.

"This is my cave," I shouted, "and you're my mate!"

I stood braced against the door, expecting her to make a break for freedom. Instead she took out her compact and went to work on her face. She looked at me intently. "Where's that baby-faced blonde?" she said suddenly.

She didn't sound like the sweet innocent Carol I'd always known. She had a predatory look. "Where is she?" she said. "I saw you bringing her in here."

"You saw her?" I said weakly. "She was just a girl I—"

"Don't lie to me," Carol said. "You and I had had a wonderful day, and it was just between the two of us, something we shared. I thought. The next Saturday I had my parents drive me out to see the house. We got here just in time to see you escorting that blonde inside. Now let me out of here."

I blocked the door and caught her by the shoulders. "It didn't mean a thing," I pleaded. "I just did it for purposes of comparison. I bought the house. I wanted to give it to you for a wedding present."

"Maybe you thought I'd make a better drudge," she said.

"I love you," I said, making a last attempt to keep her there. "We'll live in a hotel. I'll scrub the floors—Carol!"

Her arms were around my neck, and for just a moment I thought she was trying to strangle me. "Oh, Harry," she said, her lips against my ear, "I'm so happy I could cry."

I had just enough strength left to kiss her. "Come and see your picture on the bureau," I said, and just then the doorbell rang. I opened up, and the little girl was there with more violets.

"Thanks, little girl," I said feverishly. "Please go away now; we're busy."

"You don't have a little girl I can play with?" she said.

"No little girls," I said.

"Not even a baby?" she said forlornly.

I gave her a quarter. "Honey," I said, "come back next spring. You can be the sitter." ▲▲▲

Next Week



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Hiding faces from the wind-driven snow, mother and children of a Middle Park Valley family plod homeward after stocking up at nearby grocery



Stark forms of fences, animals and farm buildings are silhouetted against a pallid world, in which land and sky are almost indistinguishable

Collier's for February 28, 1953



A smashed plow lies in waist-deep snow after plunging off road and down a steep slope. Men worked for days to get it out with steel cables

SNOWBOUND

In Colorado's Middle Park Valley, snow is fury and air is like ice in the lungs. If you doubt it, ask the folks who live there

WINTER arrives early and lingers late in the rich Middle Park Valley of northern Colorado. The valley lies only 60 miles northwest of Denver, but when the snows come it is a faraway and lonely land. Dark, enormous mountains encircle it on all sides. The sun is half an hour old before it clears the mountains to the east, and it sets half an hour before its time, 30 miles west across the valley.

Weather is a tyrant for the people of this land. They live by its implacable code. They have seen snow fall in July and, in the iron-hard earth of November, they have often used dynamite to make a burial place for their dead. In winter months, the temperature sometimes drops to 40 or 50 below zero along the 70-mile length of Middle Park. Great storms sweep over the soaring peaks of the Rockies, spending their snow-filled fury at the eastern end of the valley. The snow lies heavy and deep upon the land nine months out of the year—"three ponies deep," the Indians used to say.

When there are blizzards, the ranches and small towns such as Granby, with its 600 population, hole up tight. Streets are almost deserted. People stay home for days at a time, looking out upon a white desolation which makes earth indistinguishable from sky. But there are always bits and snatches of activity: for certain tasks must be done, in a land where the outdoors is a way of life.

Railroad men work around the clock to keep the line open, bucking their heads against the vicious wind, and clearing switches which are covered again in minutes. Highway maintenance crews push laboriously through drifts taller than their huge snowplows. Sometimes they are overpowered, and other machines must come to haul them out by steel cable. Families bundle up and fight their way through the storm into town, to stock supplies against the possibility of being completely snowbound. The rancher uses pickaxes to chop his hay from the fast-frozen stacks. Then he hitches up his team to a steel-runnered sleigh



Rancher Bud Linke warms his face gingerly to prevent frostbite. If he tried rubbing it, frozen ice crystals would lacerate his skin



In storm season, horses with ice frozen to their hides drift down to lower pastures, seeking the summer grass which lies buried under snow



With roads blocked, lawyer-rancher John Barnard walks 3 miles into town on snowshoes



In an icy mist, men of the Rio Grande railroad work around the clock to keep switches clear

and starts a long trek across the valley to feed the stock. For him, the thin strands of barbed wire connecting each knotted fence post make a surer compass than a beacon or a street sign. They are among the few landmarks to show man his way when the snow lies on Middle Park Valley.

After the storm comes the thin air, so cold that white crystals grow from a horse's muzzle. Breathing through the mouth can cause frozen lungs, and when warm hands touch chilled steel the skin burns. In times of such cold, the ranchers gather around hot stoves in great, warm kitchens, listening to the wind and slapping their thighs and guffawing over the tall tales which are part of their heritage. "I stood my broom on the porch under the thermometer," one says, "and by morning the mercury was halfway down the handle." And another says: "Cold? It was that bad three snow men had to ask Ma permission to sit by the fire."

At last, there is the feeble candle of a sun rising over an alabaster land. Then, in a few hours, clothes begin to thaw on the lines; animals shake the chunks of ice from their hides; the children start rocketing on skis down the precipitous slopes they call little hills; and, by afternoon, a single jacket or sweater is enough under the sun.

"Feels like spring coming," a visitor says. The ranchers smile. They know their land, and the treachery of its seasons. They know how the thermometer, here, can behave like a crazy thing, swooping from the high eighties to the low twenties in a single day's time. "Well, maybe spring will get here," says one old-timer, "and maybe it won't. Me, I'll do like we always do in the valley—just wait and see."



Bud Linke and father try to free pitchfork frozen into stack before chopping away hay

Collier's for February 28, 1953

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ANDREW VIRGIL

We're taking care of everything at home, she read, and thought: They've gone away from me

The Whale in M-3

By ELOISE BARRANGON

MARINA opened her eyes and saw dawn-light again bordering the edge of the shade on the hospital window. She had slept, then, and somehow she had got through another night.

"The human species survives because it has such amazing powers of adjustment," she recited from a dimly remembered biology course. "Adjust, darn you," she said to herself. That was all very well, but nobody would tell her anything.

She reached out to the drawer of the night stand and took from its hiding place the snapshot of Budge. It was too dark to see it well, but Marina knew it by heart: Budge wearing a pinafore and riding a tricycle with her rebellious braids askew on her shoulders. Budge was grinning, and it showed where a tooth was gone, and her nose was wrinkled in a squint. Marina put the picture on the pillow beside her cheek.

"I'm sorry, Budge," she murmured. "I tried to get you the baby brother you wanted, but he couldn't quite make it." She shut her mind tight against memories of the night of hemorrhaging, of the hope that dwindled.

"Of course, you can have another baby," they told her. "Just get well now and build up your strength." But what could she believe? They were treating her like a cellophane angel. "Everything is lovely," they said. "Just rest comfortably, don't worry about a thing."

She heard the nurse coming with the thermometer and the breakfast tray, so she quickly put away the snapshot of Budge. A posed studio portrait would appeal to Miss Talbot, with her white-starch standards, but hardly this little, quickly caught likeness that was so dazzlingly alive.

Miss Talbot raised the shades and lowered the windows. "Good morning," she said, with warbling cheeriness. "And how are we?"

Marina submitted to the hocus-pocus of temperature- and pulse-taking. Her bed was cranked into an eating position, and she fussed with the food on her tray. She tried to take as long as she

could—anything to ward off the time when she would have finished with the morning routines and be left alone with her thoughts. Already she could feel the sense of futility and loss that came each day to waste her strength.

"And what would we like for lunch?" asked Miss Talbot, holding out the menu to be checked. "How about a nice lamb chop?"

"You mark it, Miss Talbot," said Marina. "Anything you think best."

"But, Mrs. Graham, we ought to make an effort. Doctor said if we felt up to it we could take a little walk. We've dangled, we've sat in a chair, and today we can take a walk."

"No, I don't think so," said Marina. "Not today. Maybe tomorrow." Miss Talbot took away the breakfast tray and helped Marina into a chair. Marina sagged, drained of energy, waiting for the pitiless black brooding to engulf her.

"Stop this," she told herself. "Where's your buoyance? Be forward-looking. Accentuate the positive." She had never been one to indulge in self-pity, and she had no name for the evil quagmire in which she floundered.

"Adjust, adjust, adjust, adjust," she chanted, to discipline her mind. She made a verse of it: "Adjust to the facts of things as they are; adjust to the earth and not to a star."

Miss Talbot came back with a gust of good humor. "Here's something we're going to like," she said, holding out a letter. "I'll just bet it's from that handsome husband of ours."

Marina took the stiff, fat envelope and turned it over. Not Jim's handwriting, of course. He came to the hospital every day; no need for him to write. No, this was Harriet Dean's writing, and that meant it was a letter from Budge. Jim had said Miss Dean seemed a reliable young woman, with good references and a pleasant but firm way with Budge. Marina held the letter for a moment unopened, like a wrapped-up present.

Strange, how little comfort it was to see Jim when he came to visit. Perhaps if he came alone

instead of with Enid . . . Of course, Enid was a close friend, and she had been wonderful about taking Jim under her wing. But Marina would have liked to be alone with Jim more often, to cry a little, perhaps, and hold his hand and just be quiet and close. It almost seemed as if Enid and Jim were in a club together—a club of people who were up and around—and Marina was not a member. And they kept telling her how fine everything was, perfectly lovely, don't worry about a thing.

SUPPOSING I asked right out loud, Marina thought. Supposing I said, "How much is a private room in this antiseptic chanel house costing us? Will we have to give up Budge's dancing class? Will we have to sell the car? Can we keep up the mortgage payments? I want to know now—not when I'm stronger." And supposing she looked Jim right in the eye and said, "Tell me the truth, no hedging. Can I really have another baby?" But, of course, they wouldn't tell her.

She pried open the envelope and drew out the letter from Budge.

Dear Mother, she read in Harriet Dean's precise handwriting. I am going to tell Deanie what to say, and she will write it for me because she can write faster than I can. I wish you could see how neat my hair looks when Deanie braids my pig-tails. It is very nice to go sledding now, and I have been twice. Aunt Enid comes nearly every day and brings me presents, and I stay up and have supper with Daddy. Please don't worry about anything at home, because we are taking care of everything. I am making a picture of a whale spouting, and I will put it in the envelope. Your loving daughter, Budge.

Marina let the letter slip from her fingers and shut her eyes, desolate. They've gone away from me already, she thought. They're closing the gap. She saw Budge at eighteen, introducing a fine young man to Enid. Later she would explain to him, "Enid's not really my mother. My own mother died years ago when I was little. I scarcely remember her." And Budge's face would be shadowed, but only for a moment.

Marina tried to summon back Budge as a little girl. The image grew hazy and eluded her.

Anyway, thought Marina, she made a whale for me. She began groping for it, a folded piece of drawing paper, bright with orange crayoning. She unfolded the stiff paper and yearned over the whale, a chubby leviathan with a purple eye and green spoutings. It seemed to have a name in one corner. *Se over*. Sea Rover, perhaps? Or—Marina turned the picture over, and there was a postscript to her letter.

This is a pak of lies, it said in Budge's labored printing. She doesnt no beans fixing my pigtals. She pulls. I cant have my baby bruther til nex year. Daddy is a Grumpy all the time. If you dont come home soon Im gong to run away and be where you are. With love from Budge.

Marina cuddled the note in her hand and ran her finger over the child's letter-forms as if testing some exquisite engraving. When she had savored each phrase, she pressed the call button. There was strength in her summons. The nurse appeared; Marina was sitting up very straight.

"Miss Talbot, what's my hemoglobin count?" she asked.

"Why, it's—it's about fifty-five, but I'm not supposed—"

"What should it be?"

"Eighty or over."

"Now, about lunch." She picked up a pencil.

"Yes, Mrs. Graham."

"I'll have vegetable soup, two lamb chops, a baked potato, squash, aspic salad, eggnog, ice cream and milk."

"Yes, Mrs. Graham."

"And before lunch, I'm going to take a walk. To the end of the corridor and back."

"Well, Mrs. Graham!" Miss Talbot exclaimed. "Has something stirred us up?"

"I've had good news from home," Marina said. "My little girl— By the way, did I ever show you her snapshot?"

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"I think God is a woman," said six-year-old Christine. "She is the mother of the world. She stays on top of the world. She is watching everybody, and She has a dog to keep Her company. Maybe God becomes a man when there is war. Then He is strong and He can help to win"

"God Is Between the

Sometimes a child's thoughts are too big for his vocabulary. But i



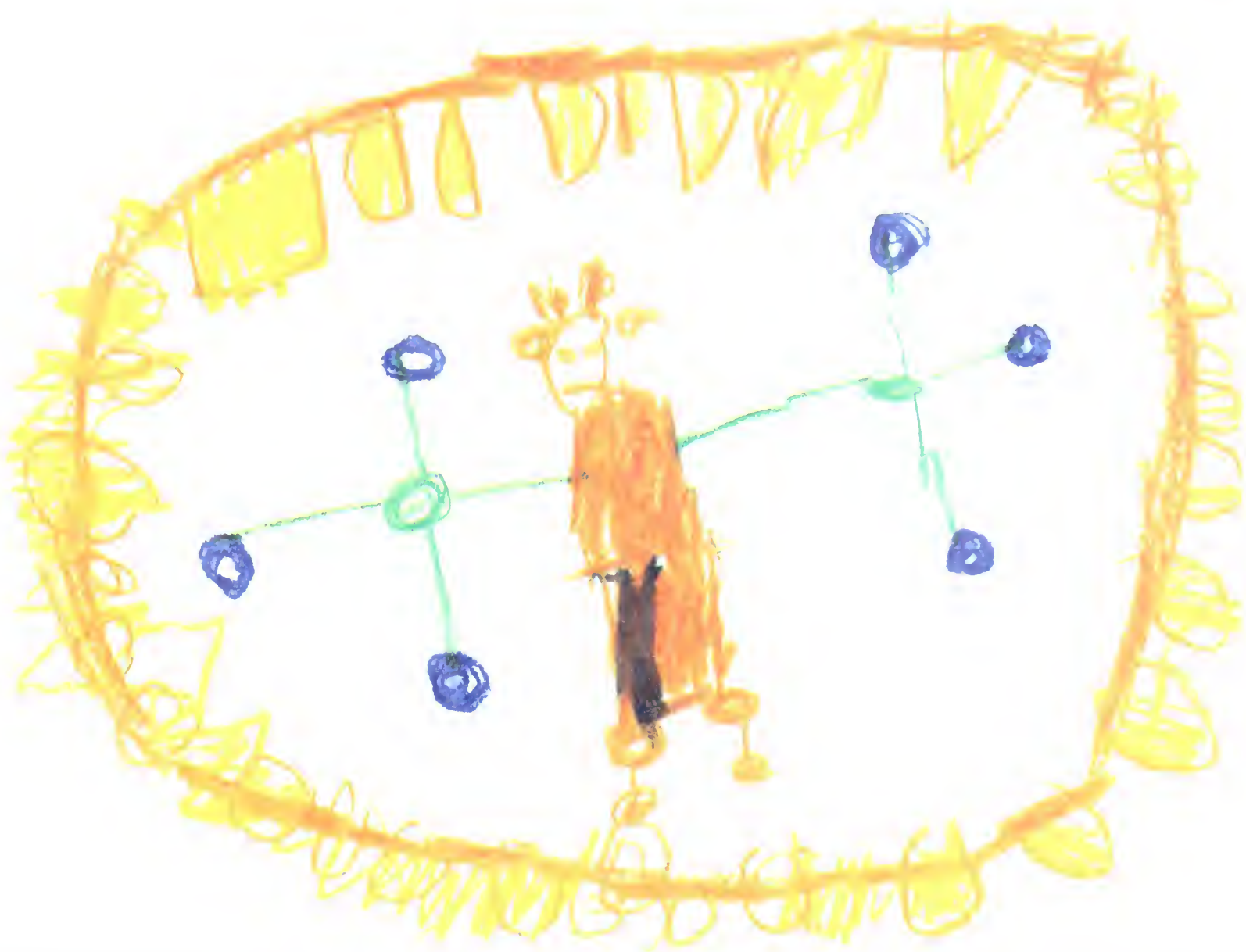
Of his picture recalling Greek mythology, Irving, aged seven years, said: "God is a King riding in a chariot in the sky. He makes the sun shine"



"God is between the earth and sky," said Cherry, six. "He is leader of the whole world"

THE young mind needs a picture to which it can anchor every thought. When a child asks, "What is God?" no adult can answer him adequately in words alone. The child must find for himself the profound meanings, the depths of faith and the sacred emotions involved in the simple word God. Like a primitive, he begins by creating an image, selecting from the whole of his experience whatever he needs to satisfy the thought he is trying to express. Slowly the image becomes less important and words begin to take its place. And finally the child finds the beginning of wisdom.

The drawings on these pages were made by the pupils of a typical Sunday-school class. They illustrate the tentative, groping process by which the very young reach the God of their fathers.



"God is a man with a lot of hands, so He can do everything," said Howard, seven years old. "He lives in the sun. I think. He looks at the people all day, and at night He comes down and looks in our windows and takes care of us while we are asleep. God is very kind"

Earth and the Sky"

ayon, he can grope for the answer to a question too complex for words



Rose, five, explained: "God has wings to go all over. The green is trees and yellow is sun. The round things are clouds and sheep"

Collier's for February 28, 1953



"God lives up in the sky," said five-year-old John. "He sees everything we do. He is good but He will punish us when we do bad things"



Drawing God in man's image, Seymour, aged seven, thought: "God is a good, nice man who makes children. He loves us all. He hates war"

LESS THAN A MAN

By J. M. BARAK

My friend Jack stayed in that town. And to him, I was just running away, not facing up to a bad trouble. How could I tell him nothing ever really changes—especially hate

I WAS tired, and I wanted to go home. I remembered the way it used to be there in the morning and how I'd walk out to the lake early and go fishing. In those days I didn't need much, and I sure didn't have much—yet now I thought of that time without bitterness. I'd been living out of a suitcase now for months.

This feeling first came over me after the last game. There had been a play-off before the Series, and the Series had gone to seven games, but I would have a winner's share, and as I came across the playing field—stepping on third the way I always did—the feeling struck me, and hard. I want to go back there, I thought, and it was then that I made up my mind.

That same night, I wrote this Jack I used to be buddies with. I told him to expect me in a few weeks. I hadn't seen Jack since I left there. He wrote me after I got up into the majors, but though I meant to answer him, I never did. I never was much of a hand with a pen. But I wrote now, and the next day I went out and bought me some fishing tackle, the best I could find. Then I made a plane reservation for Citrus City, Florida.

Jack was waiting at the airport when I got off the plane. It had been snowing that afternoon when I got aboard in New York, but I got off in as warm and peaceful a night as ever I hope to see. Jack hadn't changed much, he looked good, and he must have been doing good too, from the looks of him and the car he was driving. On the way over to his place, he told me about his wife, whom I had never met, and his boy Bubber, who was off in the Army.

By the time I'd seen his place and met Mabel and had a snack to eat, it was too late to go anywhere. So Jack and me sat up half of the night trying to get caught up with each other.

I had figured going fishing that next morning, but I slept until nearabout noon. But that afternoon I went over to Citrus City and bought me

a boat and a kicker. It was one of them light aluminum boats. The store wouldn't deliver it, but once I'd bought a carrying rack for the top of the car that Jack had loaned me, they at least helped me heft the boat up onto it.

Jack was standing out in front when I drove up. He looked over what I had bought pretty carefully. I didn't tell him that I intended leaving the boat and the motor to Bubber when I left, as a sort of payment for the use of the car.

"That's a nice rig," Jack said. "Where you figuring on putting it in?"

"Out on Tangerine Lake," I said. "We used to do all right from shore out there, and I figure with a boat I ought to do even better. It's been a long time, but I think I can still smell out a speckled-perch bed. That way, if the bass ain't hitting, I can at least pick me up a mess of specks."

"I reckon you could," Jack said slowly, "but they ain't going to like you fishing there."

"They don't own the lake," I said.

"No," Jack answered, "they sure don't own the lake. But they think they do, and they ain't going to like it."

"Nuts. I got me a good long chain and a heavy padlock. I'll just chain her to a tree out there. They won't bother me none."

Jack shrugged. He started to say something, but just then Mabel called us in to supper.

THE next morning I was up before anyone else. I got out to the lake early, and I, just like I'd figured, I was able to ease the boat down off the back of the car without a bit of trouble, and snake it through the scrub to the water.

I wouldn't say it was the best day's fishing I ever had, but I did all right. Not enough to get fat on, but I caught a couple of nice bass, and after they quit biting I got into the specks by trolling slow and deep with a worm behind twin spinners. Anyway, I had a good day's fun, and that hot sun sure felt good on me. When I quit I chained the boat to a big old water oak

and took the kicker back to the car with me.

At supper Jack asked me how it went. I told him pretty good. "They didn't say anything?" he asked.

"I didn't even see them," I said, laughing. "You ain't changed a bit, Jack. You always was a worrier—long as I knowed you. That's a big lake, Jack, and they got better things to do than looking to see was I on it. That lake's plenty big enough for me and them both."

Jack shook his head, but he didn't say anything more.

AFTER supper me and Jack sat on the stoop a spell. Mabel had turned down my offer to help with the dishes. It was a warm night—not hot like it gets down there sometimes, but just right. I had almost forgotten how the nights were. Then after a while Jack suggested we take a turn down through the square.

It wasn't but a few blocks, so we didn't fuss with taking the car, and as we walked along I got a sudden funny feeling that I had never been away from there. Down the street in the corner juke, I could hear the honky-tonk playing as we came by. It was grinding out an old song. I thought of my mama and my daddy, and how they had died before anything good happened to me; I thought of how maybe I hadn't done right by them, and now, when I could have, it was too late.

"Jack," I said suddenly, "it's good to be back."

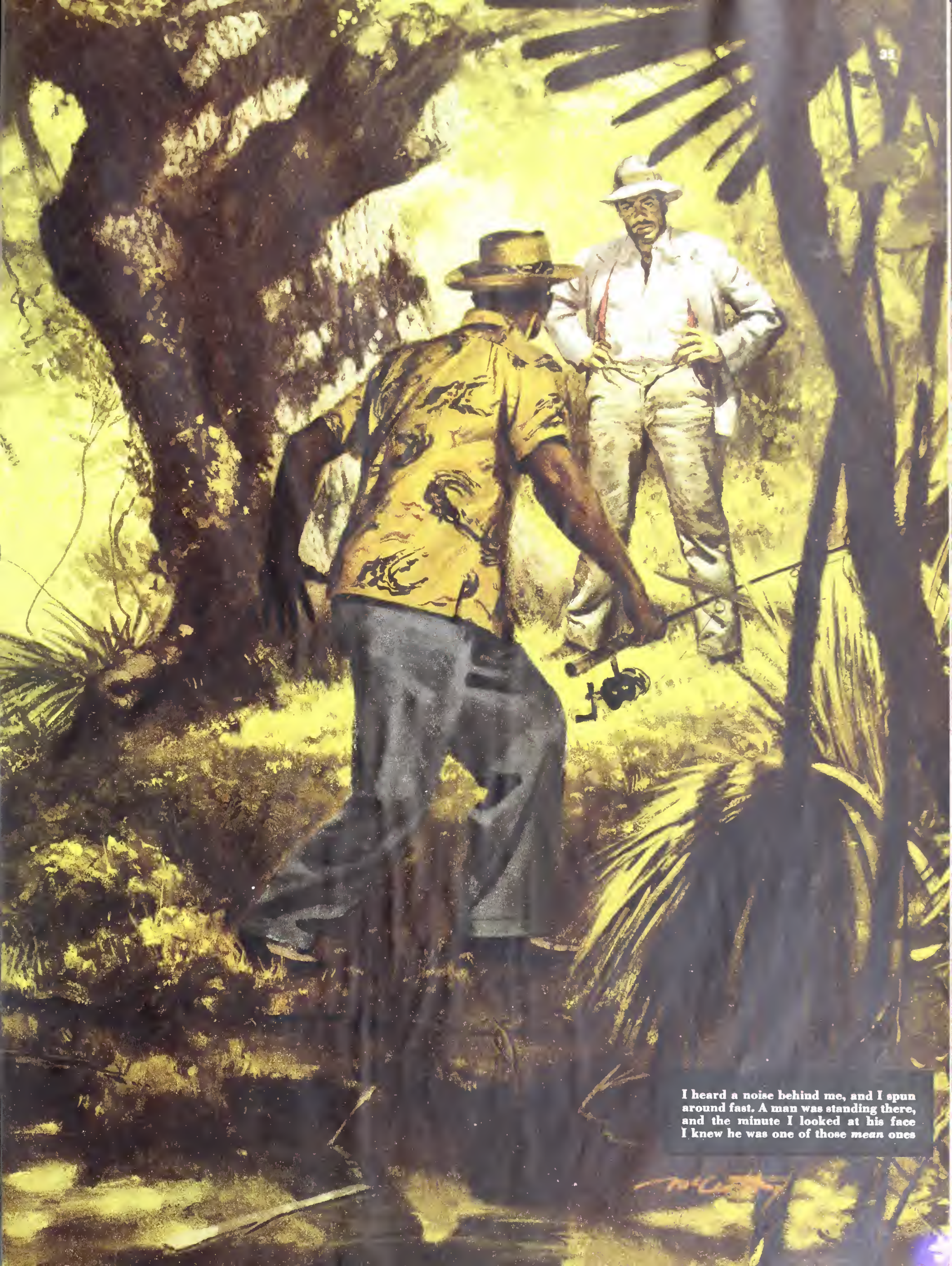
"Why didn't you come back sooner then?" he asked. "What took you so long?"

I sighed. "I swore I never would come back," I said.

"You know, you could have been wrong," he said, with a laugh.

"It's not so much whether or not I was wrong," I said, "as it was the way they acted."

Down the street toward the square, the lights seemed brighter than I remembered, and everything looked bigger to me. But I could smell



I heard a noise behind me, and I spun around fast. A man was standing there, and the minute I looked at his face I knew he was one of those *mean* ones



This is the 1953 Chevrolet . . . and these are some of the wonderful new things it brings you . . .

Give thought, for a moment, to all the things you want in your next motor car.

You'll find they're yours in the thrillingly new 1953 Chevrolets—the "One-Fifty," "Two-Ten" and Bel Air Series—and at savings that only the world's largest producer of motor cars could possibly offer you.

These '53 models are *entirely new*, through and through. They're *thrifter*, too. And they bring you more advanced features than any other Chevrolet in history.

For example, if it's *beauty* you want . . .

Take a look at the long, low, smoothly

rounded lines of this car . . . the superbly styled exterior and interior of its new Fashion-First Body by Fisher . . . and you'll *know* that here is beauty hitherto found only in custom-built creations.

If it's *performance* you want . . .

Take the wheel and experience the sensational new power, acceleration and passing ability of Chevrolet's 115-h.p. "Blue-Flame" Valve-in-Head engine or the highly improved 108-h.p. "Thrift-King" engine.

If it's *comfort* and *safety* you want . . .

You'll revel in the roominess of Chevrolet

interiors . . . the convenience of Master-Key Control with combination starting and ignition key switch . . . the ease of Velvet-Pressure Jumbo-Drum Brakes . . . and the luxury of the smoother Knee-Action Ride.

And if it's *economy* you want—you'll be delighted to know that the new Chevrolets bring you *even greater economy* than the thrifty Chevrolets of the past . . . and that they're the *lowest-priced* line in their field.

See and drive the new Chevrolets *real soon*. Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.





THE THRILLING NEW BEL AIR 4-DOOR SEDAN
(Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material)



The new interiors are richer and roomier. They're large, spacious, luxuriously comfortable. Two-tone upholstery and appointments in "Two-Ten" and Bel Air Models harmonize with exterior body colors. And a new one-piece, curved windshield (plus wrap-around rear windows in many models) provides much greater visibility.

You'll enjoy finer performance and economy. Choose the brand-new 115-h.p. high-compression "Blue-Flame" Valve-in-Head engine, aluminum pistons and full pressure feed lubrication in Powerglide* models. Or the greatly improved 108-h.p. high-compression "Thrift-King" Valve-in-Head engine in gearshift models. Both give thrilling new power and acceleration—together with *even greater economy* than the thrifty Chevrolets of the past.

New Powerglide gives faster getaway and greater passing ability. Chevrolet's famed Powerglide Automatic Transmission,* coupled with the entirely new "Blue-Flame" engine, now provides *automatic* getaway in "drive" and *automatic pick-up* for passing in traffic. Results: Much fleetier performance, greater economy, and finest no-shift driving in Chevrolet's field.

New Power Steering lets you turn the wheel with your finger tips. Greatest advance since automatic driving! New, Extra-Easy Power Steering, with a hydraulic booster doing the work, helps you park and steer with finger-tip ease. Another wonderful feature exclusive to Chevrolet in its field. (Available on all models at extra cost.)

The body is much stronger—the whole car more durable. Larger cross section body sills, heavier center pillar construction, larger cross section roof rails, make the new Body by Fisher even stronger and safer. Moreover, sturdier, more rigid construction in part after part gives even greater durability and dependability to a motor car long famous for these qualities.

Item after item for your comfort and safety. New Center-Fold Front Seat Backs, in 2-Door models, allow easier entrance and exit from rear

seats. New Finger-Fit Steering Wheel gives a firmer grip and greater driver comfort. F-Z-Eye Plate Glass cuts down glare and heat (optional at extra cost). And Safety Plate Glass is used in windshield and *all* windows of sedans and coupes.

The brakes are big — sure-acting — efficient. They're the *largest* brakes in Chevrolet's field . . . operate smoothly and positively with velvet ease . . . and are safeguarded against rain and snow for top all-weather efficiency.

No lifting bags over a high ledge. New, larger rear deck opening—almost flush with compartment floor—permits easier loading and unloading.

Combination of Powerglide automatic transmission and 115-h.p. engine optional on "Two-Ten" and Bel Air models at extra cost.



MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

the same familiar odors of things cooking, and I could hear the sound of remembered voices around me.

"It looks different, Jack," I said; "it looks good. I reckon I'd forgotten how good."

"It's changed, boy. We come a long way," Jack said, and there was pride in his voice. "Look up yonder—the theater there on the corner. We don't have to go clean over to Church Street in Citrus City now; we got our own theater here in the square. We got a decent school too, and even a nursery where mothers who work can leave their young'uns and know they're safe. We got a good doctor and better store. We vote now and our vote counts. They know it counts too."

I didn't say anything for a minute because I remembered the way it used to be, and that was still with me like an unpleasant taste in my mouth.

"Things aren't perfect up there, are they?" Jack asked.

"No," I said slowly. "I don't reckon they are. But they are a lot better than they used to be."

"Same as here," Jack said triumphantly.

I wasn't so sure. When you come back to a place you had never figured on coming back to, the way I had, you can't never be sure, but I got to admit it seemed good to be back.

BEFORE long we were right in the middle of the square, and then suddenly somebody recognized me. "Jug," a voice called, and the first thing I knew, I was surrounded.

A lot of them I remembered, and some I didn't, but I knew better than to let on I didn't know everybody. That was one thing I learned early: that when you're in baseball, like I am, you don't belong to yourself, you belong to the crowd.

"Lemme buy you a drink, Jug," somebody called, but I just grinned.

"Any drinking going to be done, I'm paying for it," I said. "Only I ain't drinking tonight."

"Why not?" the same voice called back. "You old enough, ain't you?"

"Sure," I said, "old enough to be your daddy. But tonight I'm planning on getting my night's rest. I'm going fishing in the morning."

They laughed, and another one called. "I know you to drink all night and go right out the next morning and fish all that day, and then come back and frolic all that night and the next morning go and pick fruit until the man couldn't see you, it was so dark."

They got a kick out of that, and I did too, but I meant what I said. "Saturday night," I told them, "I'll be back Saturday night when I can sleep late on Sunday."

"Jug," a kid called from back in the crowd, "you sign my baseball Saturday night?"

"I'll do better than that," I said. "What's your name, boy?"

"John Lemon Davis, Jug."

"You Ed Davis' young'un?"

"I is that."

"I got a ball for you," I told him. "I'm coming round to see your daddy soon as I get caught up on my fishing, and I'll leave it with him, you ain't there. It's signed by all the players on both teams."

"You got that ball you won the big game with, Jug?" someone else called.

"I sure have, but you ain't gonna get that one."

The crowd started to laugh, and suddenly I realized that I didn't have anyone to give that ball to: no wife, no

kids, no folks, nobody who meant more to me than some gal saying: "Jug, buy baby a drink." Those people standing there were really all the folks I had. All at once I like to start crying. "Come on, Jack," I said. "I better get on back and get some sleep."

We turned, but I stopped after a few steps. "See you all Saturday night," I called back to them.

I WAS out at the lake again early the next morning. It had rained hard in the night, and when I got to where I had chained the boat, it was gone. I knew I had the right tree, all right, but it just wasn't there. Could I have for-

said, and then I named him my name.

He whistled. "Well, now," he said, and he laughed; no wonder I didn't place you right off. Been a long time, ain't it? I seen that first game on television, and I heard about the others. Well, now, and to think, in a manner of speaking, I made all that possible."

At first I didn't get it. I just stood there looking at him. Then he went on: "What I mean is, hadn't some of us talked to you that time, you might still be here. You might still be here living off us the way the rest of you do. Those of you who can, get on relief, but we made that a lot harder since you left. So you work—only you don't work,

I threw my clothes into a bag, which didn't take me long because I travel light, and at the last minute I decided to leave all that good fishing tackle for Jack's boy, too. I was planning on catching the bus to the airport and grabbing the first plane heading South. Last year I had vowed I never was going to pitch another season of winter ball, but I liked it in Havana, and I didn't want to just sit around on my tail.

Once I get a plane where none of them can tell me where to sit, I thought, I'll feel a lot better. It had been a mistake, the whole thing, and I should have known better than to come.

Just as I started out the front door, Jack pulled up into the driveway. I told him about what had happened, and he listened without interrupting, until I was through. Then he said, "What good will running away do, Jug?"

I shrugged. "It ain't like I was running away, Jack. I never should have come. That's the whole thing."

"But you did come, and now this has happened, all you can think of is running away."

"I never should have come," I said. "I should have known better." I kicked at the sandy road angrily. "They run me out a long time ago. Nothing has really changed. It's just the way it always was."

"You think it is," Jack said. "You think so, but you won't even try to find out. All you want to do is run off. You're hurt, and all you can think about is to run and hide."

WHAT Jack was saying made sense to me, and still I didn't want to believe him. "Well, what can I do?" I said, shrugging.

"Let's go see," Jack said, motioning toward the car.

I got into the front seat beside him, and he started the motor and drove off toward town.

"Where we going?" I asked.

"To see a man I know," Jack said.

I couldn't get out of my mind the look that had been on Jess Warren's face out there at the lake. As we rode along, I wondered again how they had ever managed to sink that boat. One of them must have sat on one gunnel until she shipped enough water to partially sink; then they must have thrown in bags of cement. I couldn't figure it no other way.

We had come through the main part of town and were headed toward the big houses out near the golf course.

"He still might be in his office," Jack said, "but the chances are he's home by now. It's better to see him out here."

"See who? You acting mighty suspicious, Jack."

"No, I'm not. I'm talking about the mayor."

That one made me like to bust a gut laughing. "What's he going to do?" I asked.

"Do what's right, of course," Jack said. "What else?"

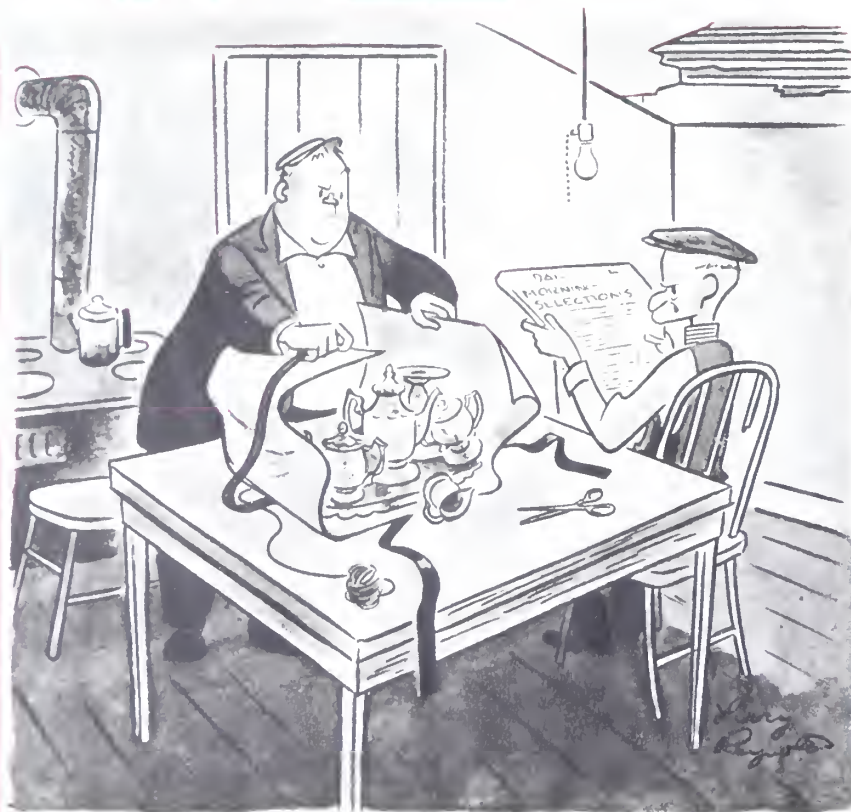
I thought about the way it used to be. How maybe something happened, and one of them came in a police car, and unless you got out of there fast, you were going to get caught up in the trouble. It was only your word against theirs. Or say it came to law. Unless you had one of them for a lawyer, they would likely as not bury you right under the jail.

"Who's the mayor?" I asked. Not that it mattered much, but I wondered idly if it was somebody I'd known.

"T. K. Bagby. You remember him, don't you?"

"Yeah, I remember him all right."

BUTCH



"If it was my cousin gettin' married,
I'd just swipe a car for them an'
th' heck wit' fancy gift wrappin'."

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

gotten to snap the lock, I wondered. But when I looked down I seen that the chain was still there, only it was under water. For a moment I couldn't figure it. With all that rain an old wooden boat might have filled up and sunk, but not a brand-new metal one.

Then I heard a noise behind me, and I spun around fast. A man was standing there, and the minute I seen his face I knew he was one of those mean ones. I looked again, and then I recognized him; he was one of them who had nearabout run me out of town a long time ago.

"You know better than to bring a boat in here," he said. "We don't mind you coming out to the lake and fishing from shore. Trouble is, we give you people an inch and you take a mile."

I knew then what had happened to my boat, but I still couldn't figure out how they had sunk it. There weren't enough rocks in the whole of Citrus County to sink a washtub, and I didn't see how they could have punched holes through metal.

"Say," the man said suddenly, "didn't you used to work out in that grove I had on Lake Sal? The thing is, I ain't seen you in a long time."

"No, Mister Warren, you ain't," I

really; you never earn what we pay you. Well, by golliess, you owe me a little something, Jug, you surely do."

The rage filled up inside me the way they fill up those balloons they sell at carnivals. But I didn't let it burst. I held it there inside me. I didn't want to; I wanted to hit him, but I didn't.

"Well," he said, spurring a jet of tobacco juice through his teeth, "that's neither here nor there. You being who you are now don't change nothing; you know that, don't you?"

What was there to say? I bent down, picked up the kicker, and started back toward the car. Never once did I look back, though I knew he would be watching me. I couldn't because I felt less than a man, a thing I hadn't felt in a long time.

JACK wasn't there when I got back to the house. Neither was Mabel. That was good; going would be easier that way. I could just leave a note for Jack explaining about what had happened and saying I'd left the kicker for his boy. Bubber could have the boat too, if they could get it up off the bottom of the lake. I'd leave the autographed balls I had brought down, too, with a list of the people they were to go to.

I did too, but then everybody knew T. K. Bagby. His old man owned fruit groves all over the state, but he had been pure hell to work for. T. K. was younger than me, and if he was anything like his old man used to be, I didn't want any part of him and said so. "There you go again," Jack said. "You go off half-cocked more often than you ever did. You never think anything through. T. K. Bagby's not like his old man. He'll play ball with us. He's one of the best friends we got around here."

BEFORE long we came around a little lake and turned up a long drive. There was a big, white house with high columns, at the end of the drive. We parked out by the garage. "Come on," Jack said.

I wondered whether we were going to have to go to the back door, but I never did find out, for just then T. K. came out of the house.

"Hey, there, Jack," he called out. "You never will leave me alone. What's wrong now?"

"Well, we do have a little something at that, Mister Mayor," Jack said. "You remember Jug here? If you don't, I reckon you must have read about him in the papers."

"I can answer yes on both counts," the mayor said. "Good to have you back with us."

I nodded, but I didn't say anything. The mayor led us out under the orange trees, where there was a table and chairs. "All right," he said after we sat down, "shoot."

"I guess Jug here can tell you better than I can," Jack said. "Go ahead, Jug."

There wasn't much to tell, but I told him everything that had happened. I didn't make it any better than it had been, and I tried not to make it any worse.

"It doesn't make you feel very good, does it?" he asked when I got done.

"No, sir," I said, "I don't reckon it does."

"Still and all," he said, "it isn't as though it was the end of the world. The first thing to do is to salvage your boat. I'll tend to that, and if there's any damage I'll tend to that too. Then I'll see that some kind of an apology gets in the paper, so everyone can see it. An official apology."

"But I want to do something more

than that, Jug. You're a local boy, just as much a local boy as I am. Only, after the Series, you're a lot better known." He turned to Jack. "You know that colored playground you been hitting me for—down in the square, Jack? Well, when we start to thinking about what to call it, what would you think if we named it after Jug? When we dedicate it we could have him there, and we might get some publicity in the papers. What do you think?"

Jack nodded. "I think that would be right nice, Mister Mayor," he said.

The mayor turned to me, and suddenly I didn't know what to do. Everything he said was nice, and I appreciated it. It would mean a lot to me. But I knew it wasn't enough, and I realized that if he asked me I would have to tell him it wasn't. I didn't want to, because I could see that T. K. Bagby wasn't a bit like his old man had been. But it wasn't enough.

"Well," the mayor said, "I guess that about takes care of it."

He was talking to me and looking at me, and I saw that I would have to make the answer I hated to make. "There's one thing more," I said softly.

"Yes?" They were both looking at me.

It was hard to say what I had to say without T. K. Bagby thinking I just wanted to bollix up the whole deal. "I want Jess Warren to apologize," I said. "It's a little enough thing to ask. He don't have to do it in front of nobody. All I ask is that after what he done, he just meet me face to face and apologize."

There was that moment of silence that is so quiet that you think you can hear it. "I can't do that, Jug," the mayor said. "You know better than that."

I got to my feet. I could see the whole business falling apart, but I didn't care. I thought of Havana, and how it was there, how the people were. I knew that though I didn't want to play ball that winter, I was going to, but it was going to be all right. The point was I would feel like a man. "It's a little thing," I said, "but it would mean a lot to me."

"Why?" Jack asked suddenly. And I knew that T. K. Bagby had wanted to ask that and that Jack had taken him off the hook. But even that didn't make me mad—not at Jack nor at T. K. Bagby either. I'll just catch the night

plane, I thought, and never come back again.

"Jack asked you a question, Jug," T. K. Bagby said.

I wanted to ask "Why don't you ask your own questions?" But I didn't. "Sure," I said, "he asked me a question. Now can I ask him one?" I looked at Jack. "Why not?" I asked.

Jack started to answer, but the mayor interrupted. "It isn't hard to answer that one," he said. "This is the South, Jug—and you can't change it overnight."

"I didn't come back here to change it," I said. "I appreciate what you offered to do. It would mean a lot to me. But Jess Warren made me feel less than a man. I got to feel like a man again."

"There's more than one way of feeling like a man," Jack said slowly.

"You keep out of this, Jack," I said, starting to feel a little burned off.

"Jack's right, Jug," the mayor said. "What if I did like you said? If I did I wouldn't get elected the next time I run. What would that prove? I've got to go along as best I can. It's people like Jess Warren who help elect me. There are more Jess Warrens than there are decent people. But there aren't as many as there used to be."

I looked at T. K. Bagby. I realized that I didn't know for sure just what I did think. This was my home; my roots were here; the people who lived around the square were my people; what I would always be. I had maybe another five years in baseball—more if I was lucky, but the chances of that weren't so good. It had taken me too long to get where I was. Then I looked at Jack, and I knew that I would miss seeing him, that he was a real friend. What would I do when I was through with ball? If I did what I had been doing—just drifting along rootless and not really belonging—what kind of a life was that?

IDIDN'T have to go to Havana; I didn't need the money. When I signed my next contract, I ought to be pretty well fixed, well enough so that I could build me a little place of my own near Jack. Maybe I could even start a little business there in the square later, when my playing days were over. I could fish a little, hunt a little. If I left them alone, they would leave me alone; and when I tried to feel bitter about that, I found I was only confused. Maybe Jack was right, maybe there were other ways of feeling like a man. I didn't know. I turned slowly away. "Come on, Jack," I said.

The mayor said my name, and I turned around. As I looked at him I suddenly realized: He wants to do right, but he's just as much a prisoner of the Jess Warrens, in a manner of speaking, as I am.

"You're going then Jug?" T. K. Bagby asked.

I shook my head. "I don't know, Mr. Bagby," I said slowly. "I just don't know. I got to study on it."

I followed Jack back to the car, and all the way to the square I thought a lot about what had happened. I knew that Jack wanted to ask me what I was going to do, but he didn't say a word. That night I went to bed early, and I slept the next morning until late. When I got up I felt good; I knew that my mind was made up. I was going to stay—not just until I cut out for spring training, but for a good long time. It wasn't going to be easy. It wasn't going to be just the way I wanted it, maybe, but it was the way it had to be.



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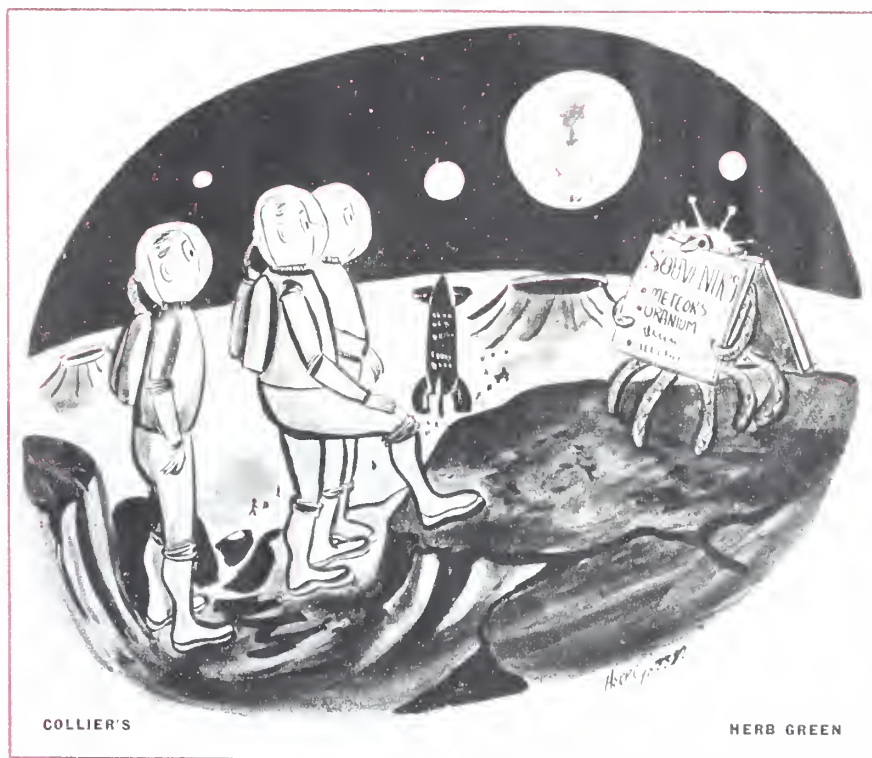
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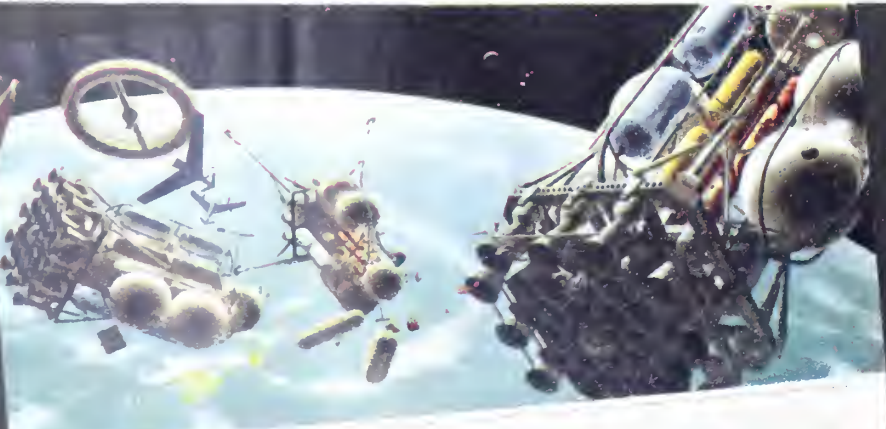
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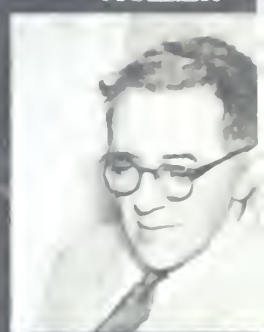
National Psychiatric Consultant to the U.S. Air Force; Head, Department
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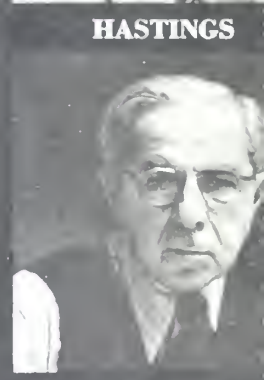
HENRY



F. HABER



HASTINGS



BONESTELL



Edited by
CORNELIUS RYAN

WHO will fly tomorrow's rocket ships? Must the crews be limited to expert mathematicians, astronomers and physicists or can we use the caliber of men who fly today's jet planes? Will space travelers be tall, short, fat or thin?

We have the answers to these questions. Scientists, physicists and aero-medical doctors can specify the type of person suited for the job of conquering space and how the crews will be selected and trained. There's a good reason why our scientists can confidently make these estimates: they are hard at work at this moment to put man into space. So are certain branches of the Navy and Air Force.

While the government has not officially announced a space program, a score of the nation's colleges have quietly received U.S. contracts to investigate specific space flight problems. Some aircraft manufacturers are busily engaged in top-secret space research. One has the prototype of a space station on its drawing boards.

The Air Force and Navy are also vitally concerned with what kind of man we'll need for space flight. Today's jet fighters, bombers and experimental rocket-powered craft are flying faster and higher than ever before. They are speeding along the very borders of the upper atmosphere and, at these great altitudes and high speeds, crews are meeting virtually the same environmental hazards which exist in the void of space. In short, modern aviation is rapidly growing into space flight. We have been preparing for the inevitable.

Just as we protect man in atmospheric flight, so will we safeguard man in space. In the last few years, Air Force and Navy scientists and doctors, working together, have developed pressure suits which can be used in upper-altitude flight. We can

use the Navy's version in space. The time has come to start thinking how we want the rocket ships built.

In the prejet age, airplanes were built with only performance in mind. Little thought was given to the men who had to fly them. Pilots and crews were expected to adjust automatically to the finished machines. Modern aviation medicine, as it becomes space medicine, has one rule of thumb concerning upper-altitude or space flight: man—human needs—must be considered before a single blueprint for an aircraft or rocket ship leaves the drawing board. Says Major General H. G. Armstrong, Air Force Surgeon General: "Physics and its allied sciences identify the specific physical hazards . . . Medicine determines the human reactions to these hazards . . . Engineering and its allied sciences design and develop the necessary protective equipment."

We must construct our rocket ships around the men who must fly them.

But who are they?

The story of the selection and training of the crews who will operate tomorrow's rocket ships begins on the following pages, as the first of a three-part series. So many branches of science are involved in discussing the human factor of space flight that Collier's asked a distinguished panel of aero-medical scientists, physicists, radiologists and engineers to contribute to the series. Because their fields of study interlock and overlap, their papers have been combined into one continuous narrative.

It is an important narrative. The success of any program to reach space depends on the machines, it is true. But even more largely it depends on the most delicate, most indispensable of all instruments—man himself. ▲▲▲



Man's Survival in Space

Picking the Men

Can ordinary, healthy people visit space? They can—the Navy's new space suit points the way—but we'll look for special qualities in the pioneers. The physical and psychiatric examinations will be so tough that of every 1,000 trainees who can meet the strict entrance requirements only five will make the grade. Here's how we'll choose

W E COULD send man into space right now, this year. And he *would* survive. Without any particular discomfort, either. He'd face hazards—from blood-draining acceleration to blood-boiling low pressure, from cosmic rays to extreme temperatures—but these are hazards we know we can beat.

Most, in fact, have been overcome by a single development, never before publicly disclosed: the completion of the Navy's new pressure suit, tailored for space travel. The Navy space suit, pictured on this week's cover and on the opposite page, carries its own atmosphere—oxygen, pressure, air conditioning. It can be worn for long periods, and permits complete freedom of movement. It was developed with space problems in mind.

You could wear it to the moon tomorrow.

We know that we can build the rocket ships to take us into space (Collier's, March 22, October 18 and 25, 1952), and we know we can protect their crews. All we have to do is find the right men—and women—to make the trip.

It would be foolish to solve all the mechanical problems and then run a risk of human error. So we must choose space crew members carefully—so carefully that Colonel Don Flickinger, the doctor who is one of the top Air Force experts on what the body must endure in flight, makes this rough estimate:

Of every 1,000 persons who can meet the initial racial, educational, physical and age requirements for space training, only five will ever enter space—just enough for one rocket-ship crew.

What are the standards? Those 1,000 must measure up to them. And what are the problems that will wash out 995 of them?

An applicant for space training must be old enough to have mature judgment, whizzing through the blackness of space at speeds up to 18,000 miles an hour, facing situations men have never known before, he must make decisions fast—and right. But he must not be so old that he can't stand the rigors of space travel, catapultlike acceleration which may increase his weight tenfold, followed within minutes by complete weightlessness; tremendous demands on his endurance, the need for near-perfect reflexes and co-ordination.

Of the 11 scientists taking part in Collier's three-installment symposium, six contributed to the article *Picking the Men*: Drs. Heinz Haber, Donald W. Hastings, Hermann Muller and James A. Van Allen; Air Force Col. Don Flickinger and Navy Capt. James E. Sullivan.

He must be well-educated, so he can absorb the fairly advanced scientific instruction that will equip him for rocket travel and life in space. As part of his training, he will receive a thorough grounding in both practical and theoretical engineering, medicine, astronomy and navigation.

He can't be too tall or too short and stout. Such people often have poor control of their blood circulation, which makes them more subject to fainting, and more susceptible to variations in temperature and other hazards of space.

The best prospective crew members will be between twenty-eight and thirty-five years old, and of medium build: five feet five to five feet eleven inches tall, and weighing perhaps 10 per cent less than the average for their height. And they will have college degrees, or the equivalent as measured by examination.

How about women? Chances are, they'll be sought after for some space crew jobs. Not as pilots, perhaps, but as radio and radar operators—jobs requiring a high degree of concentration under difficult circumstances. In industry, women have indicated that they can perform monotonous and tedious tasks hour after hour without undue loss of efficiency. We need people like that in space travel. The physical and educational qualifications will be about the same for women as for men, except that the women may be shorter and lighter.

Those are the applicants. Now they must be culled, the unfit must be ruthlessly eliminated to minimize the risk of personnel failure.

The first and most severe test will be a medical-psychiatric examination which will cut the original 1,000 down drastically. The physical exams, which will be in two parts, are expected to weed out no less than 880 of the starters, and the psychiatric test 60 more.

Why so tough? Because even minor organic or emotional defects will be tremendous handicaps; what we're looking for are people with specific physical attributes and unusually stable personalities.

The space crew members will not be supermen. But they will be well-adjusted individuals in excellent health, with a few special aptitudes to equip them for the special problems of space. Those special aptitudes are important; they explain why even men as carefully picked and well-trained as jet pilots probably wouldn't all make the grade as space pilots.

At altitudes above four miles, there's virtually no air; an unprotected man would swiftly suffocate. From eight to 12 miles up, the region of extreme low pressure starts; from that level on into infinity, the body fluids would boil if not protected (first the saliva bubbles, then the skin balloons in places, under the pressure of water vapor rising beneath it, and finally the blood starts to churn).

Then there's the temperature problem. A man speeding spaceward passes within moments through wild temperature variations—from moderate temperatures on the ground to 67 degrees below zero F. at an altitude of eight miles and then into a region where temperature as we know it no longer exists: a man exposed to the full blast of the sun's ultraviolet rays would roast in an instant, while objects hidden from the sun would lose heat until—if in the shadow long enough—their temperature would drop close to absolute zero.

In a region so unlike the environment we've always known, there's only one way to protect life: bring our environment with us. From the moment he enters space until the time he leaves it, man will

Like Navy, the Air Force has been thinking of space problems. This is Air Force emergency pressure suit, developed by Dr. James Henry, shown undergoing pressure-chamber test. Suit inflates automatically as cabin pressure drops, does not protect hands or feet. Main contractors were David Clark Co., Bendix Aviation Corp., and International Latex Corp.



New Navy space suit is a one-piece affair, with helmet hinged to the shoulders. It has been tested to altitudes of 63,000 feet and still higher tests are under way. Many details of the suit are top secret



Suit permits great freedom of movement. It was designed by Carroll P. Krupp, of Findlay, O., 35-year-old self-taught Goodrich engineer, under the direction of U.S. Navy's technicians. It would work on the moon



A typical space crewman: not too tall, short or stout—and emotionally stable. For some

live inside a protective envelope of his own making, a high-pressure chamber, either within the sealed cabin of his rocket ship or living quarters, or within the sealed casing of his space suit. The new Navy suit—developed under the direction of Captain James Sullivan of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics—will do the trick.

The Navy space uniform, which is being used experimentally under heavy guard at the National Air Materiel Center, Philadelphia, actually does more than solve the major problems which occur at extreme low pressure. It solves many of the bothersome minor problems, too.

How does a man move around when he's encased in a high-pressure balloon (which is what a space suit is)?

The natural tendency of a pressure-filled suit is to become rigid and unyielding; how can the wearer bend his arms and legs? How can he use his fingers? Turn his head?

The rubber Navy suit permits almost complete mobility by means of a variety of devices, most of

them still top secret. Semirigid accordion pleats allow movement of the important body joints: shoulders, elbows, knees. Ingenious wrist joints permit rotation of the hands. Man in space will find that his fingers wriggle almost as freely as they might in a conventional thick glove—and with a sensitivity of touch that's almost completely lacking in normally gloved hands. The helmet is attached at the shoulders, and is so built that a man's head can move comfortably within it. The suit has special slide fasteners which seal the suit as they close.

Refinements such as these explain, in part, why the suit cost about \$225,000 to develop. (It was made by the B. F. Goodrich Company, using fabricating techniques developed by the David Clark Company and hardware by the Firewel Company and Bendix Aviation Corporation. In production—it will be made in three sizes—its price will drop to about \$2,000 per suit.) But the real significance of the uniform is the near-perfect protection that it gives against the big hazards: lack of

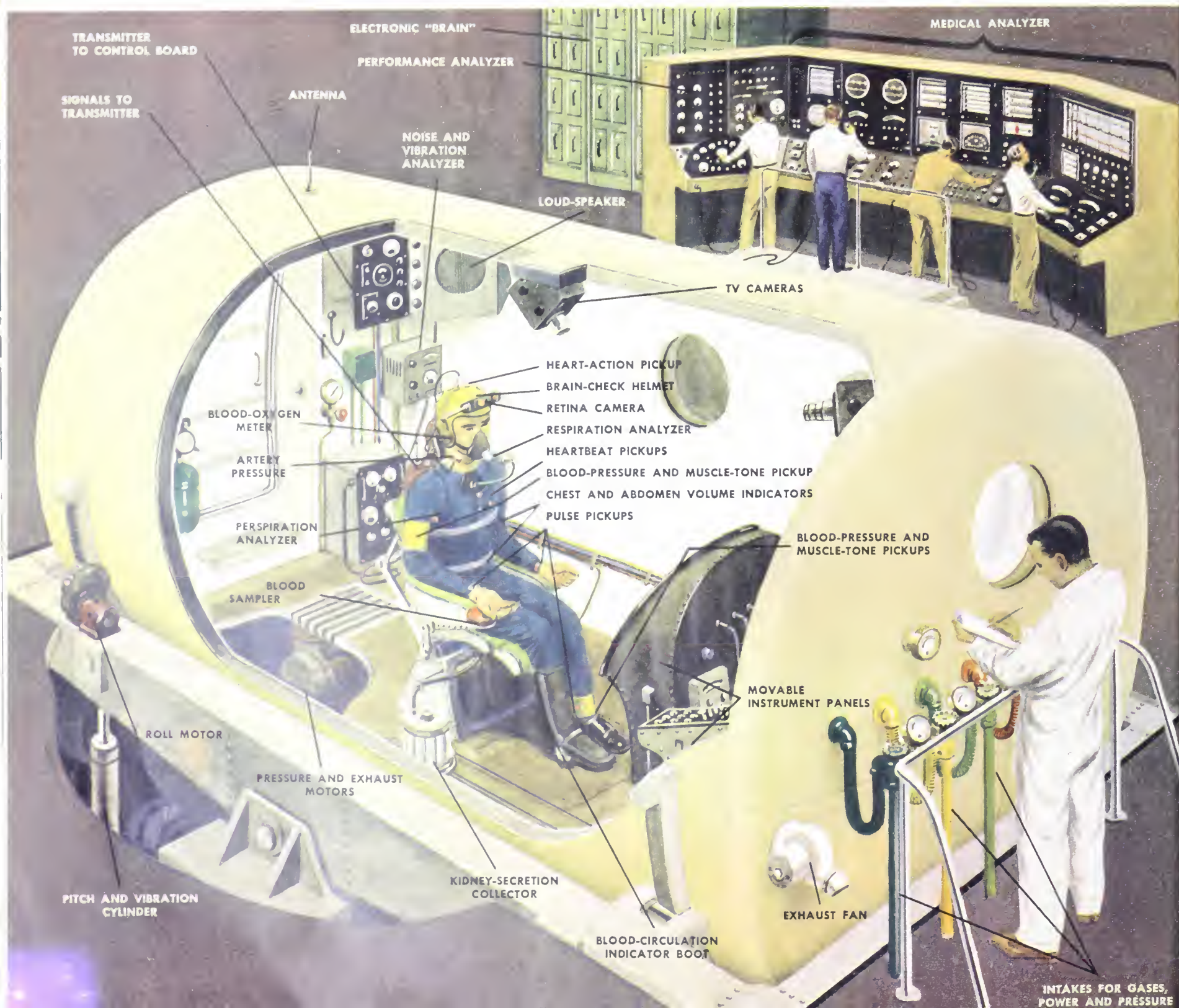
oxygen, blood-boiling low pressure and temperature variation.

If the crew member gets all that protection, why worry about special aptitudes? Couldn't any individual live comfortably in an artificial atmosphere almost identical to the earth's?

The answer is no. Some people simply can't endure man-made atmosphere. Scientists aren't sure why, although it seems certain that the reasons are largely psychological. Pressure-chamber and pressure-suit tests show that a certain percentage of any group will fold up under conditions which other people don't mind at all. And a few can take low pressures that would knock out almost anyone else.

Those are the few we want.

Suppose a rocket-ship cabin develops a leak. It's possible; no equipment is perfect. The crew members will be so well-versed in emergency procedures that the leak probably will be plugged in a few moments—but for those few moments all personnel aboard the ship will have to cope with an environ-



ment far different from the earth's. It's then that our extreme care in the selection of crew members will pay off.

Obviously, we'll want to test all applicants in pressure chambers. We've been doing that for years with aircraft crews and trainees. But more than that, we'll check our 1,000 for certain physical properties. A person whose circulatory system is under excellent control will be far better equipped to exist for long periods on relatively little oxygen, and in the cramped quarters of a rocket ship, than one with unpredictable variations in blood pressure.

A crew member whose nervous and circulatory systems react swiftly and efficiently to outside temperature changes will be affected only slightly by variations which might incapacitate someone else.

Problems of a Space Vehicle's Crew

Before a space vehicle even leaves the 120-mile-high atmosphere which surrounds the earth, its crew members will have confronted all the problems of low pressure, plus a couple of others: cosmic radiation and ultraviolet radiation.

Ultraviolet radiation doesn't trouble us; it could be dangerous to an unprotected man, but our crew member will never lack the protection of cabin walls, space suit fabric and tinted glass.

Cosmic rays, the minute, ultrahigh-speed, radioactive particles which whiz constantly through the upper atmosphere and space, have been an object of dread for many years—principally because most people know so little about them.

Scientists know enough, however, to be pretty certain of two facts:

First, they aren't as bad as they've been described, not bad enough to constitute a real danger.

Second, their relative harmlessness is a source of vast satisfaction to space scientists, because there's no practical way of protecting space travelers from them. The reasons will be discussed later in this article.

Above the atmosphere, only one more physical hazard confronts the space traveler: meteorites. There again, there is no built-in safeguard in the human body. Medical men are counting on the engineers to provide sufficient protection. But there are other problems we must meet.

In aviation training, the greatest number of men are eliminated because of faulty reactions or poor judgment under actual flight conditions. It isn't easy to provide flight conditions in rocket-ship training; obviously, we can't send potential crew members into space in a multimillion-dollar space vehicle as part of our selection process. Yet it's much more important to weed out the unfit in a

This device will test candidate's ability to take stresses of space. Roll motor and pitch cylinder will rock and shake chamber; noise will be piped in; pressure and composition of atmosphere will be varied. Prospective crew member will be required to solve problems set into instrument panels by remote control. As he works, electrodes, cardiographs and other instruments attached to his body will record how various organs function under the strain. The heart, brain, eyes, perspiration, blood, muscles all will be checked separately, and technicians and surgeons will see results on analyzer panels. One TV camera will be fixed on candidate, other on the instrument boards

In lower atmosphere, the hazards at left menace unprotected man. Even crewman in space wearing pressure suit will be subject to dangers noted on right. But none is a serious obstacle to an assault on space today

HAZARDS IN LOWER ATMOSPHERE

MILES ABOVE SEA LEVEL

—28 ULTRAVIOLET RAYS

—25 FULL OVER-ALL INTENSITY OF COSMIC RAYS

—14 MAXIMUM INTENSITY OF COSMIC RAYS OVER MAGNETIC POLES

—12 LOW PRESSURE CAUSES BODY FLUIDS TO BOIL: PRESSURIZED CABIN OR SUIT REQUIRED

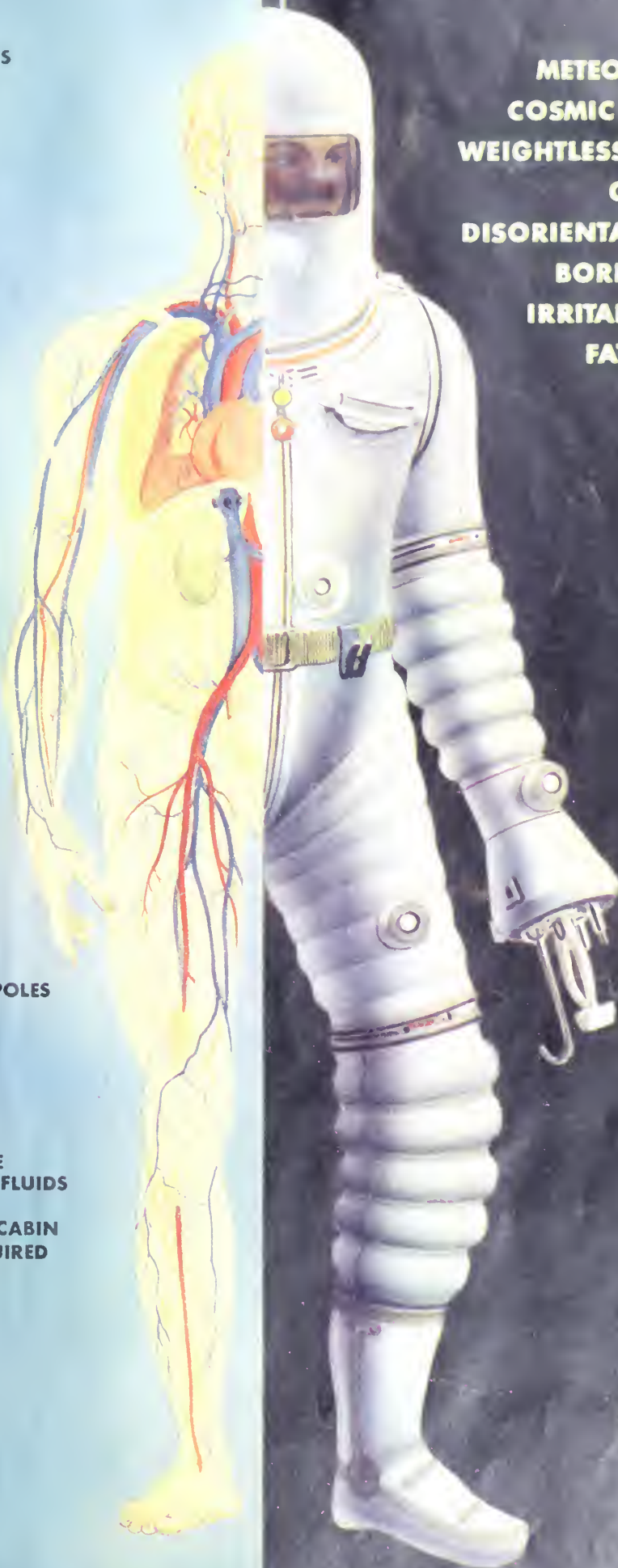
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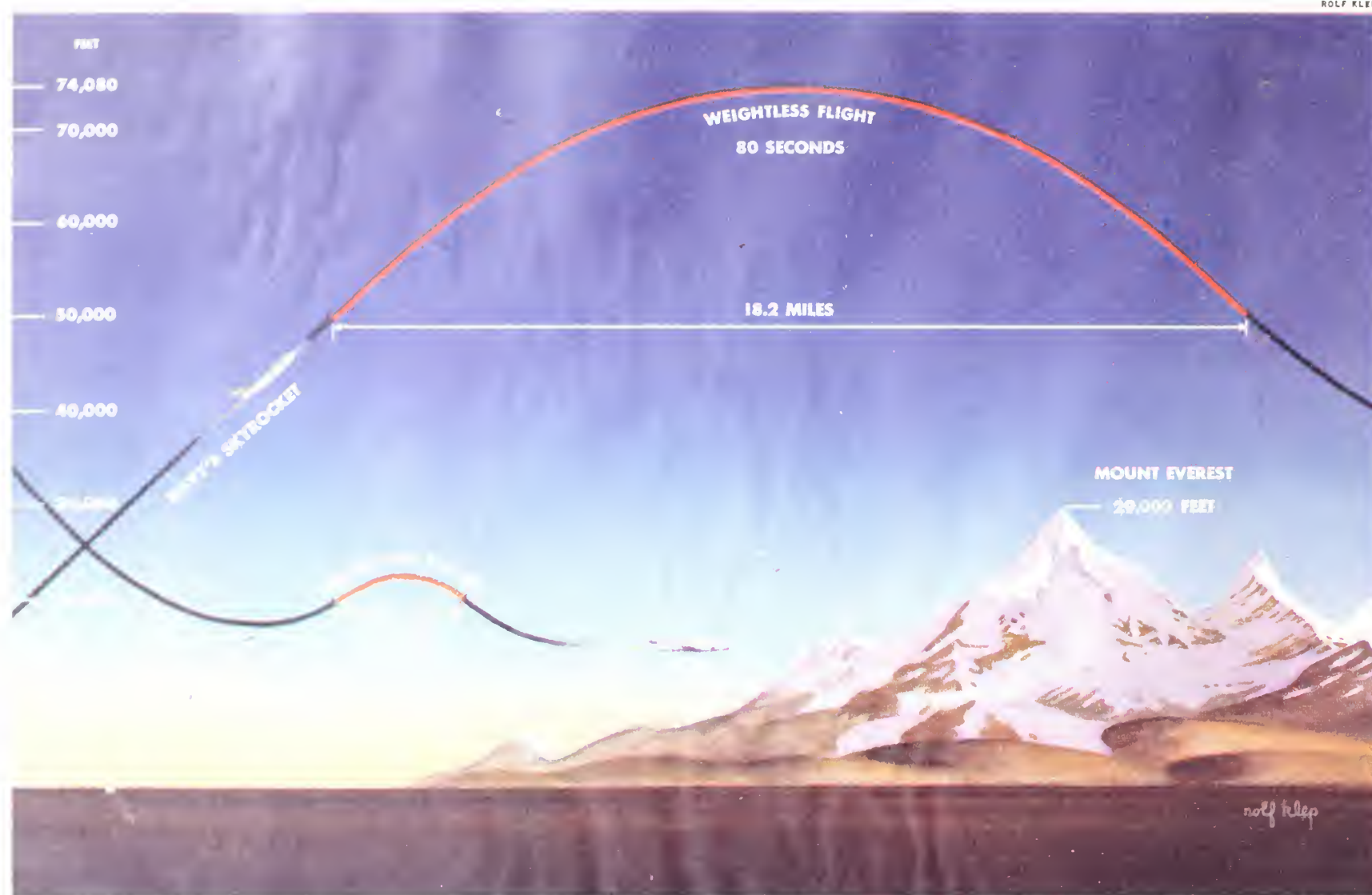
—4 OXYGEN REQUIRED

—3 BREATHING DIFFICULTIES BEGIN

HAZARDS IN SPACE

METEORITES
COSMIC RAYS
WEIGHTLESSNESS
GLARE
DISORIENTATION
BOREDOM
IRRITABILITY
FATIGUE





This shows the method devised by Dr. Heinz Haber for achieving weightless flight in a modern high-velocity airplane. Plane dives to pick up speed, then pulls up and flies in hump-like arc. Pilot is weightless while in arc. Bottom diagram shows flight path of T-33 jet

trainer which made the first such flight, with crack Air Force test pilot Maj. Charles Yeager at the controls. Upper line indicates how our fastest rocket plane, the Douglas Skyrocket, flying above 10-mile altitude, can lengthen arc, almost triple period of weightlessness

space program than in aviation training. What can we do?

We can copy the stresses of rocket flight on the ground. In fact, we can do better: right now we can make the tests far more concrete than those used in aviation, which depend largely on personal observation and opinion.

The trainee will be seated within a small, elaborately instrumented, boilerlike chamber. The inside pressure can be lowered; the chemical composition of the atmosphere varied; the temperature adjusted. The testing flight surgeon can vibrate the whole contraption violently, pipe noises into it—or conduct any of the tests in combination.

Candidate Given Electronic Checkup

The candidate will, in effect, be wired for sound and radar. His suit will be the center of a network of wires. Television and X-ray cameras will hover over him. Electrodes, cardiographs and other electronic devices will check his pulse, blood pressure, breathing rate, skin temperature, internal temperature, perspiration and the oxygen content of his blood. Every section of his heart and brain will send out its own signals to a control board outside the chamber—so the surgeons will be able to check not only for malfunctioning of specific organs, but for the co-ordination of the physical machinery as a whole.

The air intake of the candidate's lungs and the chemical composition of the exhaled air will be

analyzed to see how efficiently his lungs work at various pressures. The movement of blood through his body will be followed as a check on the contraction and relaxation of his blood vessels.

Outside the chamber, the watching doctors will see a picture story of the candidate's life processes in action. They will be able to evaluate the reports transmitted from the chamber, to see if some organs are working too hard, to see if integration between the brain, heart, lungs and circulation is all it should be.

By the time he steps out of the chamber, the candidate won't have a physical secret left; of the original 1,000 only 120 men and women will remain. And the chamber tests may disclose a few psychological secrets, too.

Psychology is an extremely important consideration in weighing a candidate's ability to cope with life in space. An individual living in the confinement of a rocket ship or space station experiences many emotional strains: the confusing absence of familiar guideposts, like the horizon, to show him what position he's in (there's no vertical or horizontal in space); the tremendous monotony of empty scenery and cramped quarters; the irritating presence of the same few people over long periods; mental fatigue caused by the need for constant, unrelenting alertness to the problems of a completely new environment.

Can harassed modern man endure the additional mental stresses of space life?

He can, according to Dr. Donald W. Hastings,



Maj. "Chuck" Yeager, first man to be weightless, found experience confusing
Collier's for February 28, 1953

new method lets us experience weightlessness. Cosmic radiation? Nothing to fear

the top Air Force consultant on psychiatric problems. Some men will do better than others, though, and we'll want the best of the lot. We'll get them by putting each candidate through an exhaustive psychiatric check, probing into his subconscious (possibly with the aid of harmless drugs and hypnosis), and testing him for such characteristics as ingenuity, intelligence, judgment and courage.

When our psychiatrists and psychologists finish with the candidates, the 120 survivors of the physical tests will have been whittled down to 60.

Even so, no test psychologists can devise will measure adequately an individual's ability to adjust to the one remaining problem of space: weightlessness.

A space vehicle or space platform traveling around the earth at a certain distance and speed (1,075 miles and 15,840 miles an hour, for example) will exactly counterbalance the effect of the earth's gravity. Occupants of such craft will float in space. It's likely to be a disturbing experience; until crew members get used to it, they may suffer from dizziness and nausea.

Some people might never get used to it. How can we comb them out? We certainly can't simulate weightlessness on earth, can we?

No, but we can simulate at least one effect of weightlessness, and, using jet planes, at certain

speeds we can achieve brief periods of weightlessness in the air.

Zoologists know that when small iron filings replace the sand grains which are normally in the inner ear, or balancing organ, of a crayfish, and a magnet is held above the filings, the crayfish shows about the same kind of confusion humans can expect from weightlessness. His organ of equilibrium responds to the impulse of the magnetized filings with a wrong guess: up becomes down, and the crayfish flips onto its back. A similar experiment, both harmless and painless, might be tried on larger animals. We might learn a lot about weightlessness in humans from such research.

An Experiment in Defying Gravity

But obviously, the most effective way to judge the effect of weightlessness is to watch someone who's experiencing weightlessness. We're now able to do that, using a method devised by Dr. Heinz Haber, astronomer and physicist, who was formerly with the Air Force Department of Space Medicine. A number of men have already tried Haber's method, and have defied gravity for periods of up to 30 seconds. Here's how it's done:

A cannon shell is weightless from the moment it leaves the muzzle until the instant it strikes the target. Haber proposed imitating the arc of a shell with an airplane.

Air Force Major Charles Yeager tried it. Yeager, the first man to fly faster than sound, went up in a jet trainer and put it into a long dive, to pick up speed. Then he pulled up and pushed over into a roller-coaster arc, to simulate a shell's flight. From the moment he started the arcing trajectory, he was weightless. A pencil lying on the jet's instrument panel rose majestically into the air and hovered there, providing Yeager with a course indicator. (When the freely floating pencil rose too high, Yeager adjusted his flight to keep the pencil stationary; in that way, he was able to stay within the weightless arc.)

How did it feel?

Strange, Yeager reported. First there was a falling sensation, but that didn't bother him much, since he was securely fastened to his seat. But then his head began to "grow thick," and he had trouble orienting himself. A few seconds later, he had the

impression that he was spinning around slowly. he couldn't say in what direction. It was, he said, like sitting on a big ball which was slowly rotating in all directions at once. After 15 seconds, thoroughly confused, he pulled out of the arc.

Several other men have tried the Haber method since Yeager's attempt. Some have been weightless for half a minute—and none have reported the effects that disturbed Yeager. Their solution: by staring at a fixed point on the plane's instrument panel, they keep a sense of balance and perspective. Additional flights, under controlled conditions, should supply more answers to the problem of weightlessness—especially if they're made in one of the latest experimental rocket models. If the Navy's rocket-propelled Douglas Skyrocket, our fastest plane, were used for such an experiment, weightlessness could be achieved for almost a minute and a half.

There's just one more possible psychological hazard to space travel: an unreasoning fear of cosmic radiation. The simplest answer is to give our space candidates a complete course in cosmic rays, to prove that they need not be afraid.

Theoretically, cosmic rays are capable of doing the same kind of delayed damage to humans as that done by X rays or radium or atomic-bomb rays: a person who absorbed too great a dosage might produce strange physical changes—or mutations—in his descendants.

But the damage is insignificant unless we absorb an overdose. About 25 years ago, massive doses of X rays were administered to a species of fruit fly which breeds so rapidly an entire generation can be produced in a few weeks. Within a short time, weird freaks turned up among certain of the descendants—some without eyes, others with strangely shaped wings and legs, or with legs where their feelers should be, or with unusual coloration. These mutations were passed on to later generations, proving that the damage had been permanent.

The fruit-fly tests were dramatic and, to many people, fearsome. They should not have been. It wasn't easy to produce the freakish insects. Of hundreds of flies subjected to massive X-ray doses, only a relative few passed on marked changes to their offspring, and it sometimes took generations of breeding to turn out a real monster. Even



Cosmic rays, X rays act alike. Normal flies like one above, heavily X-rayed, had freakish descendants below: tiny-eyed, yellow, short-winged, wingless, mottle-eyed or dark-bodied. But men won't find such heavy dosage in space



One expert checked cosmic-ray intensity 53 miles up

genes which sustain a near-killing dose of radiation seldom produce outlandish abnormalities. Changes, yes; freaks, rarely. Dr. Hermann J. Muller, one of the world's outstanding authorities on the subject, puts it this way: If a human were exposed to all the radiation his system could stand, enormous numbers of his descendants would have to be closely examined before a single really abnormal person turned up.

How much cosmic radiation would a man absorb in space?

The Air Force is conducting experiments to help answer that question, sending fruit flies aloft in balloons to altitudes between 50,000 and 100,000 feet. But even now we know the answer in general terms. Last year, Dr. James A. Van Allen led an expedition to the waters off Greenland for the Office of Naval Research to measure the intensity of cosmic radiation over the polar area, where the earth's magnetism attracts an especially high concentration of the electrically charged particles. Small plastic balloons were sent aloft from the Coast Guard cutter Eastwind with slender rockets suspended beneath them. After 55 minutes, timing devices launched the rockets, and Geiger counters on each rocket measured cosmic intensity all the way up to 53 miles.

The greatest concentration—about 170 particles per second striking an area the size of a man's hand—was found at altitudes between 14 and 25 miles. There are sure to be more particles than that at a great distance from the earth, because the earth itself shielded Van Allen's Geiger counter from particles which might otherwise have struck from below. Van Allen estimates, on the basis of his findings, that a three-inch square 1,000 miles above the earth might be struck by about 700 cosmic particles a second.

Is that a dangerous intensity? Far from it. A man could absorb such a concentration for as long as six years in a row without appreciable harm. The X-ray doses used on the fruit flies were equivalent to millions of particles, administered all at once.

So, the 60 candidates now left of the original 1,000, armed with the facts on cosmic radiation, will know they have little to fear on that score.

But some tests lie ahead. The 60 are ready for training now—training in methods of withstanding acceleration shocks, training in group procedures within a sealed cabin, in navigation, and in personal locomotion in space. By the time the candidates have finished that instruction, there will be only five left. ▲▲▲



U. S. NAVY PHOTO

Left: high-altitude cosmic-ray tests were carried on from Coast Guard cutter Eastwind by launching balloons which set off rockets aloft. Above: preparing rocket-firing mechanism

Next Week In a big hangar, a cage whirls around like a bucket on the end of a string; inside sits a man, his face sagging, his body under heavy pressure—but his mind working swiftly. In the next room, a space-suited figure is seated atop a slender pole with a gunlike instrument in his hand; as he pulls the trigger, he cartwheels, spins, gyrates crazily. What are they doing? They're training for the toughest assignments of their lives: the harsh, complicated, exacting duties of rocket crewmen preparing to conquer space.



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The secret of this record performance is exclusive "step-down" design, which gives Hudson the lowest center of gravity among American cars, and gears it to the road.

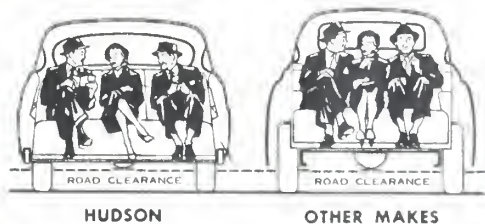
That's why only Hudson can handle such tremendous power so safely—why, in the Hudson Hornet and in its lower-priced running mate, the spectacular Hudson Wasp, you get the safest, most comfortable and thrilling ride you have ever had.

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because no other car has
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tremendous power
so safely!

1953 HUDSON HORNET

NATIONAL STOCK-CAR CHAMPION

WASP

LOWER-PRICED RUNNING MATE TO THE HORNET

Flight of the Golden Plover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

earth waited—for the mantle of ice and snow that before long would spread over the polar sea and the land. On the earth, too, the impending event was felt. On the mountain the blue crowberries and ruby cranberries were staining the slopes with a white color picked up by the low lying clouds, down on the tundra behind the shore the cotton grass was tinged with gold, vivid around blue ponds that each morning were edged with ice.

When he flew out above the ocean, the plover could see in its depths the shadowy bulk of the whales beginning their autumn journey. Over the shore, cormorants, gulls, murrelets, old squaws, scoters, geese, curlews, jaegers, terns, longspurs and snow buntings, sandpipers, auklets and phalaropes, and the young golden plovers wheeled and streamed through the air, exercising their wings. Every day a few strands of them would untangle themselves and draw away southward, but multitudes still remained. Most of them were sorting themselves into flocks. The plover joined one group and then another, trying each company till he had found the one that was most congenial.

This homeland of his was out on the continent's farthest tip, where the dark height of Wales Mountain overlooks Bering Strait. Fifty-three miles away was Siberia. Most birds, having traveled thousands of miles to this arctic breeding ground, stopped at the strait. Siberia's bird population migrated south for the winter, into Japan and China, to Java, New Guinea, Australia. The birds that had reared their young in Alaska turned southeast, bound for California or inland through Canada, some to stop in the States, others to fly on to South America.

While all of the other migrants chose land routes, the Pacific golden plovers would journey down over the Bering Sea, past the Aleutian Islands, and then on above the broad rolling wastes of the Pacific Ocean. Their goal was the Hawaiian Islands, those pinpoints upon the vast waters, which they would reach after a flight of three thousand miles.

In preparation the plover and the flock he had lately joined had begun to swing out from their beach in flights of wider and wider circles. Wales Mountain had seemed an immense world, exciting and strange, when the plover was small. By now it was only one of numerous peaks on the continent's shoulder. The plovers had many times swung past the summits, but that was only a morning's flight by now, and the next widening of their course took them on a wide, circular trip across the strait.

This extended trip had been in various ways a test flight. Certain of their direction, although they were surrounded by a dense white mist, the plover flock had flown west, and the birds had climbed steadily to the great altitudes at which they would fly on their migration, due to begin any day. The blur that enclosed them grew brighter. Suddenly they were above it, over a surface of fluffy down, stretching away on all sides to a level horizon.

Over the stratus sheet, in some places resting upon it, were alto-cumulus puffs, pure white, billowing chimneys, spaced out in the intense blue of the sky.

These puffs were drawn closer together ahead, and beyond that, they merged. Finally, the birds could find no clear sky. Acting as one, with an im-

pulse that was generated from within the group as a whole, they tilted their wings and relaxed their drive. Now they were down in the stratus layer again and still descending; below, the atmosphere seemed merely steamy, with the shadowed earth taking shape below. No sunlight penetrated the clouds, which were once again above the birds.

The plovers had flown over the strait and past Siberia's East Cape; under them was a marsh with mountains beyond with treeless slopes, like the ones they knew on the Alaskan side. A river wound down through a valley, willow brush edging its banks. The flock

pulse, the plovers had simply flown up from the shore and, ascending rapidly, turned southward over the Bering Sea. In a few hours, a blizzard had overtaken the young, inexperienced birds.

It was this blizzard that had forced the flock to retreat to land. The single male bird which had become separated from the flock continued to fly on above the water alone.

BY NIGHTFALL, the golden plover could go no farther. Under him the great waves had increased in height. The breakers were flinging their crests into the sky and spreading behind them

with a blow that racked its timbers. The face that looked out from the other side of the glass was tense.

Just before dark, a door at the side of the pilothouse opened and another man, one of the Eskimo sailors, came out. With one hand he held his pea jacket closed; with the other he reached for the bird. Instinctive fright seized the plover. He attempted to raise his wings—he would have flown off the boat if they had not been rigid—but the man's hand closed around his body and lifted him off the rail.

Now they were in the pilothouse. The captain glanced at the sailor and smiled faintly, but did not speak. The sailor went on down a narrow corridor of the pitching ship to the galley. Two men, the engineer and another sailor, were there, bracing themselves on benches between the cabin walls and a table, and balancing coffee cups in their hands. "Look what Dummy's got. We'll have chicken for dinner," one said.

The plover's captor, a deaf-mute, caught the meaning. He grinned, but shook his head. Sliding onto a bench, he held the bird on the table before him, enclosing its frozen plumage in both hands. The pressure of the man's fingers was like a trap; yet their warmth was welcome, and the bird's heart, which had been pounding until it seemed that it would explode in his breast, subsided. He sensed that this man was his friend.

SOON the ice in his feathers had melted; now he was only wet. When the man shifted his hold, the bird raised a wing. The sailor set the bird's feet on the rim of the table and lowered his hands to the surface, but he kept his arms spread around the bird to warn off the other men. The plover stood quietly, and the deaf-mute began to stroke him. At the first touch, on his back, the bird took alarm. His wings fluttered, and the man understood. After that he stroked on the plover's breast. That was not a covering motion, and therefore the bird did not fear it.

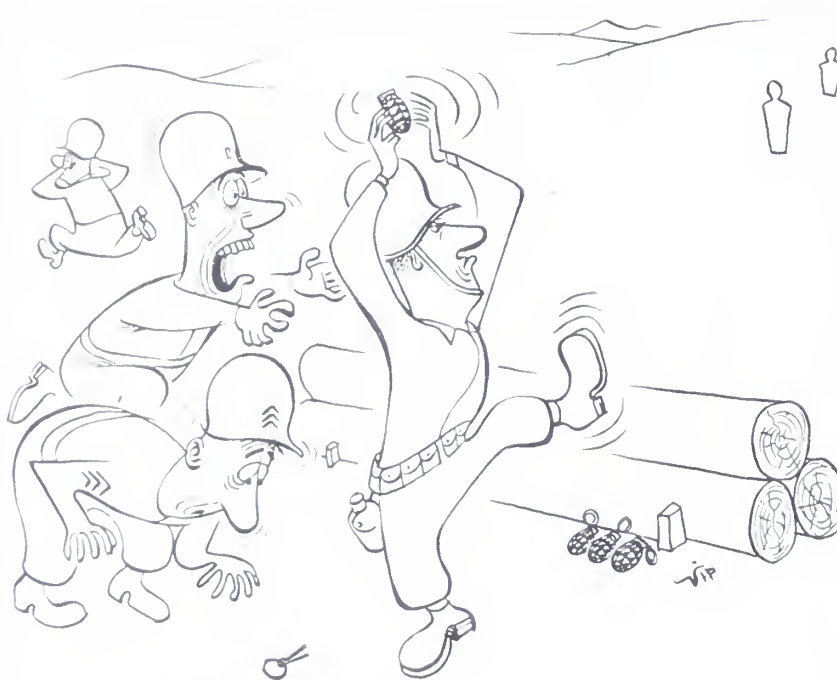
The sailor across the table spoke again: "When the captain sees this he'll put the bird in the pot."

As if to test the prediction, the engineer disappeared into the passageway. In a moment the captain, a Norwegian, came in. He was a mariner with intent blue eyes; he looked at the bird in a preoccupied way, as if he did not see him. The mute sailor gathered the plover into his hands and slipped him into the front of his jacket. Then he left the cabin and went down a ladder.

Down in the engine room he took out the bird again and set him up on a warm overhead pipe. The bird fluttered off. He struck the dark sloping walls, but at last found a perch for himself on one of the rungs of the ladder. Two more sailors were there, but they were busy and paid no attention to him.

The ship's violent plunging was more disturbing than any wind. When he was tossed by a gust, the plover could counter the motion by his wing action, but here, though he clutched the rung, he was nearly thrown off by the shock of the hull crashing into the trough of the waves. And the air in the hold was foul with oil and bilge. The bird was dizzied, and his head dropped down on his breast. The mute sailor had started to help the other crew members, but, noticing the bird's distress, he buttoned

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S

"We can skip the long wind-up, Filstrup!"

VIRGIL PARTCH

started to circle back. Soon they were over a Siberian Eskimo village, and bullets were stinging the air. Two of the birds were hit. They fell to the earth as though diving; one struck and bounced off an igloo roof of tight walrus skin. The flock speeded their wingbeats. They were beyond the settlement; now they were crossing the shore toward the Bering Sea. Their eastward course was straight and direct until the York Mountains rose ahead of them.

THE young male was exhilarated by the expanded trial flight. When he alighted upon the familiar beach, he ran about in the shallow waves, foam singing about his feet. The great expedition was taking shape now in his mind; his tension was due to break soon, in his short life's most challenging venture.

It was the imminent snowstorm that tripped the flock's impulse to start, at last, on the actual migration. Cirrus clouds had condensed into a fibrous veil hiding the sun, and meanwhile a change in the atmosphere's pressure warned of a climax in weather. All the birds were aware of it. The air was scintillating with nervous wings, though the plover flock was not yet flying. The birds were perched at the head of the beach, poised to begin their migration.

Their actual departure was uneventful. That morning, with a common im-

pulse, the plovers had simply flown up from the shore and, ascending rapidly, turned southward over the Bering Sea. In a few hours, a blizzard had overtaken the young, inexperienced birds.

It was this blizzard that had forced the flock to retreat to land. The single male bird which had become separated from the flock continued to fly on above the water alone.

BY NIGHTFALL, the golden plover could go no farther. Under him the great waves had increased in height. The breakers were flinging their crests into the sky and spreading behind them

with a blow that racked its timbers. The face that looked out from the other side of the glass was tense.

him into his jacket again and took him out on the deck. He put the bird down on a coil of rope. The plover was free, but now he made no attempt to fly.

Lashed to the deck was a dory, a snowplow and a small pile of lumber, all of which shifted and strained each time the ship lurched. The snowplow lifted six inches or more, to bang down again on the deck. The captain and one of the other men started to brace it with additional tackle. The mute sailor joined them. They were all working hastily. In the darkness the swirling snow was lighted by the beam from the galley door. After a while the men went back into the pilothouse and closed the door, leaving the plover outside.

TORRENTS of spray slashed across the deck; from time to time one of the breakers poured over it. The plover had little urge to take wing, for the ship, as it pitched about, seemed less to be feared than the snow in the screaming wind. He crouched in the coil of rope.

He was still huddled there when the black night gave way to a glowering, heavy dawn. The water could now be seen clearly, as far as the snow allowed. Its movement had changed. The storm had become a revolving gale, as it often did on the Bering Sea, with the wind veering so rapidly that it blew from every point of the compass in the space of five minutes. The waves were wild and chaotic; the slopes of great liquid summits swept skyward and sank.

The boat had been built originally for fishermen to use off a coast where the weather was milder; and it had neither the strength of hull nor the motive power to stand such a buffeting long. All the men's faces were apprehensive. They came often to tighten the gear that was holding the snowplow; the captain stood by it constantly. The bird and the men were sharing this danger. None of them could survive for very long if the timbers in the boat should give way.

Noon approached under a sky uniformly dark. The wind and the waves were useless as guides; only the compass, screwed to its standard up in the pilothouse, gave any clue to the ship's heading. Having no southerly swells to contend with now, the captain had set the ship's course straight for the east, toward the coast, for the boat could not hold together for many more hours.

The crisis came suddenly, at mid-afternoon. While the men, all but the engineer at the wheel and one sailor down in the engine room, were on deck, the snowplow broke loose. It slid along the steep, slippery deck and crashed to a stop against the rail. Its weight listed the ship over so that the rail was submerged. If that barrier had given way, the plow, plunging off into the water, would have let the ship right itself. But the heavy rail held.

As the ship lurched sideward, all the men lost their footing. Two would have been washed overboard, but they succeeded in getting a grip on the plow. The mute sailor had fallen against the winch, where he clung.

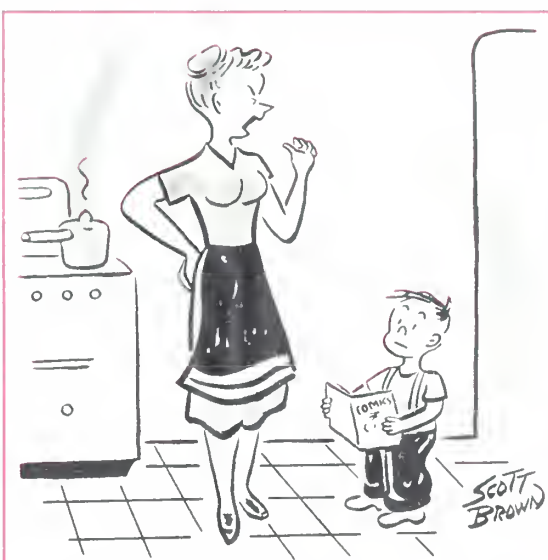
"Loose the dory!" the captain roared. He scrambled across the lumber and reached the boat hooks. The engineer, on his hands and knees, appeared in the cabin door. His face was oyster-gray with fear. Then, with a sickening roll, the deck rose until it was vertical, swung

on over, and threw all five of the men into the monstrous sea. . . .

The bird flew into the wind and the snow, but stayed close. The ship's rusty keel hung in the water for a moment or two but soon slid out of sight, the water boiling and sucking about it. The dory was riding the waves. Three of the men had gone down, among them the engineer, but the others could swim. The captain reached the dory first and tossed a life jacket out to the deaf-mute; another man stayed afloat by grasping a piece of the drifting lumber.

These three saved themselves; the captain got himself into the lifeboat and rescued the other two. They started the engine, and though the boat reeled about on the peaks and in the pits of the waves, the captain attempted to steer in a circular course, hoping to find the other men in the wreckage that drifted upon the surface. For more than an hour they continued their search without success.

The captain scanned the sky. How,



"What's this I hear about you going over to Mrs. Smith's and offering to trade three of my cookies for one of hers?"

COLLIER'S

SCOTT BROWN

lacking a compass now, could he determine which way was east? He kept the engine running, but at low speed, lest he move away from the coast.

The bird hovered closer and closer above the boat, for the winds and the snow were still as hazardous for him as the turbulent waters were for the dory, and soon he was tired again. He alighted upon the boat. Both sailors were bailing and paid slight attention to their small companion. Once, however, so thick a shower of spray struck the bird that he was knocked from his perch and had to flutter off into the air. When he came down on the rail again, the deaf-mute lifted him off and put him inside the shelter of the prow.

The captain had long sailed these deserted seas, where no lighthouses or beacons were maintained to assist a ship, and he had been accustomed to watching the birds. Their actions warned him of changes in weather, and in fog their cries told of the presence of rocks and cliffs. Now a thought struck him. He said: "If that plover would leave us, he'd probably set out for land and give us our course."

He gestured to show his meaning, and the mute sailor nodded. Again he took up the plover, this time to try to persuade him to leave. He tossed him out into the air, but the bird returned to the boat. The sailor continued to wave him

off, but the bird sensed that the greater danger lay out in the blowing snow. He would fly for a little, allowing himself to be hurled about in the blizzard until he was tired, and then return.

"Our gas may not last until morning," the captain said. Then all the men took turns waving the bird away, and finally he stayed aloft.

Night was beginning to darken the white falling snow. Or was the snow thinning? The wind was certainly subsiding, and the flakes, coming down gently now, were no longer as blinding as before. The men in the boat watched the plover anxiously, their pale faces upturned to him. He sensed their interest, though he did not, of course, comprehend their actions, which were not hostile and yet not friendly.

The bird was immensely hungry, having been without food for all of the two harrowing days. If he could reach the coast, he could rest there and feed, and regain his strength. After a little while aloft he began to discover that his flight in the sky was becoming less perilous.

There was little light over the sea now, and no land was in sight; yet the plover was not confused. He knew instinctively where the shore should be. On a sudden, decisive urge he straightened his course toward the east, away from the boat, which, as he sped over the sea, swung round to follow him.

CAPE ROMANZOF, a steep promontory, became visible where, intuitively, the bird had expected to find it. Most of the slopes were white, but because the gale had drifted the snow, some of the terraces were scantily covered. The clouds were blowing in tatters and were being swept out of the sky. The moon shone fitfully and its light revealed to the plover a patch of crowberries. He flew down and ate hungrily of the fruit before he fluffed out his feathers and closed his eyes for a long, welcome sleep.

Winter had come to the North, but it was still a season of only moderate cold, and the sun, although sinking lower, rose every day. Its warmth melted the snow off more of the berries. The bird feasted and slept until he was ready to continue his migration. He would make it alone, and he would not lose his way. On the third morning, when he set out again, a brilliantly colored sunrise was putting a wash of mauve and gold over the vast, white land. At first he stayed near the coast, and before he had traveled far, his keen eyes discovered a camp on the beach—the well-known dory drawn up on the sand, and, stretched out around the fire, the three human companions with whom he had shared his ordeal.

The sea had quieted. It was a surface where he could rest, should he need to stop, but the drive in his wings was a force that could carry him, so he felt, far from the Arctic. He turned over the water, south toward another coast, one bordered with swaying trees and great vivid flowers, a shore very different from this—one that he had never seen. There he would spend the winter. But late in the spring, when the ice and snow were due to be gone from Alaska, he would make the long flight again. He would return to this wide, unobstructed country, to skies always buoyant with ice-cooled winds, and to unending light. He would return, for the North was his homeland.



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Eat a Bigger Breakfast— And Be Thin

By FREDRICK J. STARE, M.D.
And JULIA A. SHEA, M.S.

You can lose weight if you start off your day with a hearty meal. Researchers at Harvard say it will prevent those morning hunger pangs and keep you from overeating later



Dr. Fredrick Stare, coauthor of this article, has been head of the Department of Nutrition at Harvard School of Public Health since 1942. Julia Shea, who collaborated with him, is doing geriatric nutrition research in the department

YOU and your family are at breakfast. Late for school, the children grab a roll or some fruit and run out the door. Recalling that extra slice of pie you tucked away last night before bedtime, you only eat a couple of doughnuts and drink two cups of coffee. Your wife, still more conscious of her figure, takes only coffee.

To those of us professionally concerned with nutrition, this picture is too familiar to be amusing. We have, in fact, good reason to suppose that such short-cut breakfasts may be one cause of our high late-morning industrial accident rate and the shocking number of overweight adults in this country—a total set by U.S. public health authorities at some 15,000,000 persons.

We have known for some time that a substantial, high-protein breakfast is important for good health. But only recently—thanks in part to experiments here in the Department of Nutrition at the Harvard School of Public Health—have we discovered why. And as is so often the case in scientific research, once the why of the matter was found, new questions and answers swiftly followed.

Our researchers already have turned up two fascinating facts that should cheer up all who are overweight and help bring better health and

longer life to everyone else who acts upon them. These findings are:

- ¶ If you eat a bigger and better breakfast, you are likely to eat less during the day as a whole.
- ¶ Judicious nibbling between meals can help you lose weight once you make up your mind to do so.

The key to these seeming paradoxes lies in the discovery of what we believe to be a trigger that controls our appetite. Knowing at last why and how we become hungry, we can recommend menus and diets that will tend to keep this mechanism in the off, or not-hungry, position longer. Thus, with no loss of strength or energy, we can eat fewer calories each day and lose weight safely while rarely feeling hungry.

Breakfast is the most important meal—whether you wish to reduce or simply maintain your present weight. We have found that a breakfast of fruit juice, hot or cold cereal with milk, an egg and bacon, toast and coffee will add fewer pounds in the long run than a breakfast of only coffee with doughnuts or sweet rolls. While the larger breakfast contains roughly 200 more calories than the other, it will carry you over with no midmorning slump and less desire to tackle too big a lunch or dinner. The protein content of each breakfast is the answer: 17 grams of protein in the larger meal, and only four grams in the other. And it is the proteins, the work horses of our diet, which seem to control the trigger mechanism of our appetite.

At some time in the future, people may eat dinner at breakfasttime and breakfast at dinner-time. But until such time, we urge everyone to



Try fruit juice, two fried eggs, toast, butter, milk and coffee for breakfast if you want

eat a *quarter or more* of the day's total of calories and proteins at the morning meal. Whether you, like many white-collar workers, average 2,500 calories and 70 grams of protein a day, or are on a 1,600-calorie reducing diet, you should observe this rule—and feel better for it.

If you think you can't face a sizable breakfast, a limited amount of exercise before the meal might help. Many parents have noticed that, on mornings when there is no school, their children go out in the yard, play for a half hour or so, and then come in demanding their breakfast. By the same token, farmers and harvest hands who work a couple of hours before breakfast like a big, old-fashioned meal, including even pork chops and fried potatoes.

How was our appetite control mechanism discovered? How does it operate?

Nutrition Experts Evolve a Theory

The Glucostatic Theory of Food Intake Regulation, as the theory is technically known, was evolved by Dr. Jean Mayer and his associates in the Department of Nutrition at Harvard's School of Public Health as part of a continuing study of obesity.

Dr. Mayer, a thirty-two-year-old Frenchman and veteran of his country's World War II underground movement, studied at Yale and served as a scientific consultant with the United Nations before coming to Harvard in 1950. Here at Harvard, he set about to find the answer to why some people are hungry most of the time and others only three times a day.

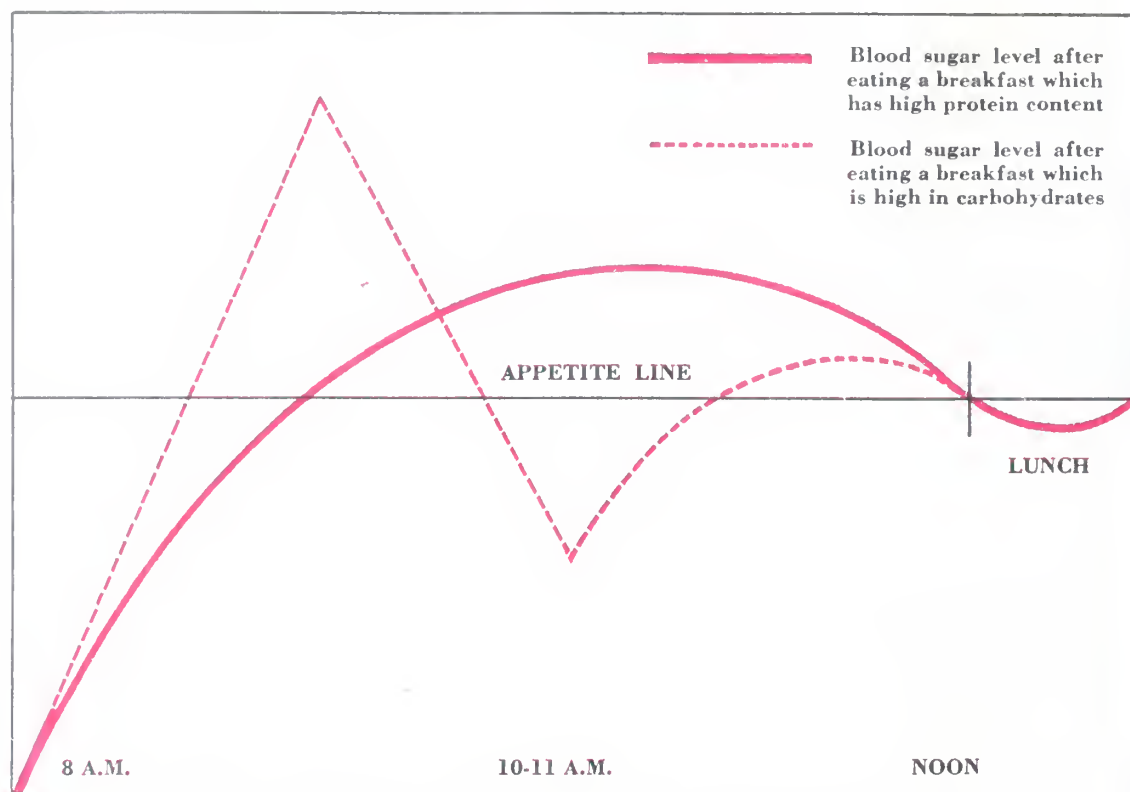
At one time, it was believed that hunger was caused by an increase in stomach contractions; when the stomach was full, contractions slowed down and hunger disappeared. Followers of this theory advocated reducing diets high in bulk but low or negligible in food value, such as special cellulose products. The scheme was to keep something, anything, in the stomach so long as it was low in calories. But this theory was exploded when it was found that animals and, later, surgical patients continued to complain of hunger even after their stomachs had been removed.

It was known that appetite centers exist in the lower part of the brain, called the hypothalamus. So Mayer reasoned that changes in the make-up of the blood passing through these centers might be the trigger mechanism that set them off. He thought it unlikely that protein or fat in the blood activated the appetite centers since they cause only a minute change over the course of a few hours. However, earlier investigators had found that amounts of sugar in the blood stream fluctuate markedly and abruptly after eating.

Working on the theory that the sugar level of the blood controlled the appetite centers, Mayer began a series of experiments to try to prove it. He found he was right: the amount of sugar in our blood, like heat acting on a thermostat, controls our appetite.

Mayer and his associates discovered that the process works like this: we feel hungry, we eat, and part of our food turns to sugar in our blood. When our sugar level rises to a certain point, click! the control in our brain shuts off and we no longer feel hungry. (This control has been nicknamed the *appetstat* by Dr. Norman Jolliffe of the New York City Health Department.) As we expend energy, the sugar level begins to drop, our appetite control mechanism snaps on and we are hungry again.

The implications of this discovery were recognized at once by all of us. If sugar levels in the blood could be maintained for longer periods above the appetite line with fewer calories, we could all reduce our waistline by apparently eating more while in reality we would be eating less. Overweight people could diet safely and successfully, free from the worst if not all pangs of hunger.



This chart shows the advantages of eating a hearty—or high-protein—breakfast. It keeps your blood sugar above level where you feel hungry until it's time for your midday meal

In the course of his study, Mayer injected a daily equivalent of three calories of glucose, a sugar, into each of a number of rats and noted each animal's daily food consumption. A calorie, as most of us know, is a unit expressing the energy-producing value of food. Mayer found that each of the glucose-injected rats ate eight calories less than other comparable rats injected only with water. Thus with an injection of 4 per cent of a rat's daily calories, the animal's total daily consumption dropped 10 per cent.

This study was repeated with a number of foods and drugs. It was found that any procedure which increased blood sugar levels caused decreases in food intake and vice versa.

In addition to vitamins and minerals, the food we eat consists mainly of carbohydrates, proteins and fats. Coffee with cream and sugar, doughnuts and rolls, for example, are mainly carbohydrate foods. Cereals with milk, as well as eggs and meat, are good sources of protein. Some years ago, Dr. George Thorn, professor of medicine at Harvard Medical School and physician in chief at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, found that a breakfast of high carbohydrate content left a man weak and hungry by midmorning, but a high protein meal would keep him going until lunchtime. Later studies, notably those at Iowa, Michigan State and the University of Nebraska, corroborated and extended Dr. Thorn's findings. Now Mayer's theory has provided the "why" of this earlier research into what constitutes the best breakfast. It also has emphasized that protein is an important key to safe and simple weight reduction.

Because carbohydrates raise the blood sugar level abruptly, they have been called quick energy foods. But this energy doesn't last long. After we eat these foods, our sugar level shoots up and our appetstat shuts off. But, just as quickly, the sugar is used up and the hunger signal flashes on again. Proteins also raise the sugar level, but they hold it above the hunger mark far longer. The chart on this page compares the staying power of a high carbohydrate breakfast with a high protein breakfast. Since fats have been found to slow down the rate at which both carbohydrates and proteins

are digested, they also help maintain a more constant blood sugar level.

Clearly then, the man who starts off his workday with only coffee and a couple of doughnuts or sweet rolls is going to feel hungry by midmorning and, if he can, will slip out of the office for more "doughnuts and coffee" to tide him over until lunch. Hungry again, he will eat a larger lunch than if he had breakfasted on fruit juice, cereal, bacon and egg, toast and coffee. The result: by the end of the day, he will have consumed far more calories than if he had eaten the heartier breakfast.

The Woman Who Eats Between Meals

Similarly the housewife who skips breakfast with the laudable desire to keep her figure will, nine times out of ten, more than make up for her morning caloric loss by treating herself to large snacks throughout the day and by overeating at lunch and dinner.

We can assure you that nutrition experts have not exaggerated the woeful breakfast habits of a large number of Americans. Schoolteachers complain of irritability in children who have skimmed at breakfast, and most employees can tell when the boss has skipped his. Midmorning snacks may restore your amiability, but if, as often, they are high in calories and low in nutrients, they also may help add on extra pounds.

To stay at your desirable weight once you have reached it, you must use up in energy calories equal to the number you have eaten. Of course, if you're reducing, you must eat fewer calories than you expend. But a big breakfast high in protein will help you eat more lightly the rest of the day, diet or no.

No one can say how much an average person—if one exists—should eat during the day, but let's say 2,500 calories is about right for you if you get normal exercise and don't have a serious reducing problem. You could eat quite a large breakfast—fruit juice, cereal and milk, poached egg on toast, toast and butter, milk and coffee—and still have no trouble eating regular, moderate amounts at the next two meals.

reduce. Just doughnuts and coffee aren't enough. And in the end, they may add pounds

If you are on an 1,800-calorie-a-day diet, which is not a severe one, here's a sample breakfast that would simplify your daily dieting problem and keep that appetat from working too often: tomato juice, two fried eggs, toast, butter, milk and coffee.

Applying the quarter-or-more rule to a diet of 1,200-1,400 calories a day would allow you to have this 400-calorie breakfast: unsweetened fruit juice, cereal, whole-wheat toast, butter, soft-boiled egg, glass of milk or coffee.

These are just examples. The chart on this page shows you the protein content and calorie count of most breakfast foods. You can put together your own morning meal, with as much protein and as few calories as you want or need. While most experiments with food are better left to nutrition experts, you may want to try—within reason—some tricks on your own appetat, particularly if you are on a diet that has been giving you trouble.

Now as to nibbling between meals, which many consider the royal road to added pounds: mothers long have been saying to their children, "Don't eat that or it will spoil your supper!" And usually mother is right. Most nibbling shoots up the child's blood sugar level, and his appetite is momentarily spoiled, but by the time his supper has grown cold, he's hungry again.

Now obviously if you're on a 1,600-calorie daily

diet and you sneak half a box of chocolates during the day, you're not sticking to the diet, and you're not going to get thin. But it would be well worth your while to experiment with scientific nibbling—enough nibbling shortly before mealtime to keep the appetat off, but not enough to add too many calories. Your weight is your best clue to whether you're eating too many calories. It probably makes little difference what foods you nibble—candy, fruit juice, cookies, crackers, cheese. Try them all and see what helps you most. But keep an honest record of your calories.

The kinds of protein food in a reducing diet can be left pretty much to the individual's taste. Unusual or exotic foods that are high in protein—such as yogurt or wheat germ—are all right, but, so far as we know, serve no purpose other than to give you variety. Every food has its specific caloric content and the number of calories we eat and expend each day normally determines whether we gain or lose weight, or even stay within our own desirable range.

Breakfast is still the most neglected and misunderstood meal of all. But for all of us, overweight or normal, it should be as important and carefully planned a meal as any other. And millions of American families are setting breakfast habits that almost certainly will lower their children's morn-

ing efficiency and may make them overweight in their adult years.

We here at the Department of Nutrition at Harvard believe the school is the best point to attack the problem of proper eating practices. They can and should be learned during the school years if we are to have a healthy adult population. Good nutrition can be taught—not as a special course but as a part of the regular school curriculum. Some progress has been made. Copies of our slide film, Let's Teach Better Nutrition, explaining our public-school studies, are already booked up well in advance by parent-teacher associations and other interested groups.

Public and private awareness of the importance of nutrition is of fairly recent origin, however. Researches that make possible advances in all fields of medicine and health cost money and, as taxpayers through our Public Health Service and as contributors to voluntary health organizations, we support many of them. Some food industries, through direct gifts to institutions such as our own, and indirectly through the Nutrition Foundation, Inc., in New York, also have done and are doing a good job. In time, when all American families automatically sit down to a substantial, leisurely, high-protein breakfast our money will appear to have been well spent. ▲▲▲

Choose Your Own High-Protein Breakfast from This Chart

If you have trouble sticking to your present diet or are bothered by hunger pangs at midmorning, make up a new breakfast menu from this table showing calorie and protein count of most breakfast foods. Try to consume at least a quarter of your total daily calories and proteins at this meal. Food values are from U.S. Agriculture Department

FOOD	MEASURE	WEIGHT (grams)	CALORIES	PROTEIN (grams)
orange juice	1/2 cup	123	54	1
grape juice	1/2 cup	127	85	1
tomato juice	1/2 cup	121	25	1
stewed fruit (apricots)	5 halves	57	48	1
grapefruit	1/2 medium	285	75	1
corn flakes	1 cup	25	96	2
oatmeal	2/3 cup, cooked	157	99	4
bacon	1 slice	8	49	2
ham	1 slice	29	113	7
sausage	3 links 3" long 1/2" diameter	60	282	11
egg	1 medium	54	77	6
waffle	1 waffle 4 1/2" by 5 3/8" by 1/2"	75	216	7
toast	white, enriched, 1 slice, 1/2" thick	23	63	2
pancake	1 cake 4" diameter	27	59	2
roll	1 roll (16 per pound)	28	86	3
doughnut	1 (cake type)	32	136	2
butter	1 pat	7	50	—
sirup	1 tablespoon	20	57	—
jam	1 tablespoon	20	55	—
cocoa (made with milk)	1 cup	250	236	10
milk	1 cup, fresh whole	244	166	9
cream	1 tablespoon (light)	15	30	—
sugar	1 teaspoon	4	16	—

tea and coffee—no calorie or protein value unless taken with cream, milk or sugar

GUIN JOB

The new marshal was spineless. Jeff Anderson had to

HE WAS married in June, and he gave up his job as town marshal the following September, giving himself time to get settled on his little ranch before the snows set in.

Now, with summer still in the air, he walked down the main street of the town and thought of his own problems—a fine feeling after fifteen years of thinking of the problems of others. He wasn't Marshal Jeff Anderson any more. He was Jeff Anderson, private citizen.

He was a tall, well-built man who was nearing forty and beginning to think about it. Every building and every alley of this town held a memory for him. It had a Sunday-morning peacefulness now, a peacefulness Jeff Anderson had worked for. It hadn't always been this way. He inhaled deeply, a contented man, and headed for the marshal's office, where the door was closed, the shade drawn.

This was his Sunday-morning pleasure, this tour of the town. It was the same tour he had made every Sunday morning for fifteen years, but now he

By THOMAS THOMPSON

could enjoy the luxury of knowing he was making it because he wanted to, not because it was his job. He was like a man who had built a bridge or a building; he could sit back and look at his finished work, remembering the fun and the heartache that had gone into it.

In front of the marshal's office, Jeff Anderson paused, then turned and pushed open the door, the familiarity of the action strong on him. He grinned at the new marshal and said, "Caught any criminals lately?"

The man behind the desk glanced up, his eyes worried. He tried to joke. "How could I?" he said. "You ain't been in town since last Sunday." He kicked a straight chair toward Jeff. "How's the cow business?"

"Good," Jeff said. "Mighty good." He sat down and stretched his long legs, pushed his battered

felt hat back, and made himself a cigarette. A feeling of well-being filled him. The marshal's job was another man's responsibility now, not Jeff Anderson's. "How's it with you, Billy?" he asked.

The answer came too quickly. "You ought to know, Jeff. The mayor and the council came to see you, didn't they?"

That was true, and Jeff Anderson hadn't liked the idea. He felt the city fathers had gone behind the new marshal's back. If they didn't like the job Billy was doing, they should have gone to Billy, not to Jeff. They seemed to think that because Jeff had recommended Billy, the job was still Jeff's responsibility. "They made the trip for nothing, Billy," Jeff said. "If you're worried about me wanting your job, you can forget it. I told them that plain."

"They'll keep asking you, Jeff."

Billy Lang stared at the drawn shade of the front window, the thumb of his left hand toying nervously with the badge on his calfskin vest. He was a small man with eternally pink cheeks and

The cattleman cursed and twisted in the saddle. "You forgetting you ain't a law man any more?" he said. "You decide, Hank," Jeff said



free his own law and order—even if it cost him his life

pale blue eyes. He was married and had five children, and most of his life he had clerked in a store. Billy had taken the job because it paid more, and because the town was quiet. But now there was trouble, and Billy was sorry. He said, "You can't blame them, Jeff. You did a good job."

There was no false modesty in Jeff Anderson. He had done a good job here, and he knew it. He grinned. "Regardless of what a man does, there's some who won't like it."

"Like Hank Fetterman?"

Jeff shrugged. This Hank Fetterman was a cattleman. Hank wanted to take the town over and run it, the way he had before Jeff had become marshal.

"He's in town," Billy Lang said.

Jeff felt a familiar tightening of his stomach muscles, the signal of trouble ahead. He inhaled deeply, let the smoke trickle from his nostrils, and the feeling went away. Hank Fetterman was Jeff Anderson's neighbor now, and Jeff was a rancher, not a marshal. "I'm in town too," he said. "So are fifty other people. There's no law against it."

"You know what I mean, Jeff," Billy Lang said. "You talked to Rudy Svita's boy."

Billy Lang was accusing him of meddling, and Jeff didn't like it. Jeff had not had anything to do with the marshal's job since his retirement. But when a twelve-year-old kid who thought you were something special asked you a straight question, you gave him a straight answer. It had nothing to do with the fact that you had once been a marshal.

"Sure, Billy," Jeff said. "I talked to Rudy's boy. I told him to have his dad see you, Billy."

BILLY LANG turned over a paper. "He took your advice three days ago. Rudy Svita came in and swore out a warrant against Hank Fetterman for trespassing." Billy paused, and then he said, "He told me his boy said it was the thing to do."

Jeff had a feeling that he was suddenly two people. One was Jeff Anderson, ex-marshal, and the other was Jeff Anderson, private citizen, a man with a small ranch, and a fine wife, and a right to live his own life.

Jeff Anderson, the rancher, grinned. "Hank pawin' and bellerin' about it, is he?"

"I don't know, Jeff," Billy Lang said. "I haven't talked to Hank about it. I'm not sure I'm going to."

Jeff only half believed what he had heard. Surely Billy knew that if you gave Hank Fetterman an inch he would take a mile.

He caught himself quickly, realizing suddenly that it was none of his business how Billy Lang thought. There were plenty of businessmen in town who had argued that Jeff Anderson's methods of law enforcement had been bad for their cash registers. They had liked the old days, the days when Hank Fetterman was running things, and the town was wide open. Maybe they wanted it that way again.

Jeff stood up and put his hand affectionately on Billy Lang's shoulder. "That's up to you, Billy," he said. "It's

sure none of my affair." His grin widened. "Come on, and I'll buy you a drink."

Billy Lang stared at the drawn shade and thought of Hank Fetterman, a man who was big in this country, waiting over at the saloon. Hank Fetterman knew there was a warrant out for his arrest; the whole town knew it by now. And before long people would know who the law was in this town, Hank Fetterman or Billy Lang. There was perspiration on Billy's forehead. "You go ahead and have your drink, Jeff," he said. "I've got some paper work to do." He didn't look up as Jeff went out.

JEFF went outside. The gathering heat of the day struck the west side of the street and brought a resinous smell from the old boards of the false-fronted buildings. He glanced at the little church, seeing Rudy Svita's spring wagon there, remembering that the church hadn't always been here, and then he crossed over toward the saloon, the first business building this town had erected. He went in. Two of Hank Fetterman's riders were standing at the piano, leaning on it, and one of them was fumbling out a one-finger tune, cursing when he missed a note. Hank Fetterman was at the far end of the bar, and Jeff went and joined him. A little cow talk was good of a Sunday morning, and Hank Fetterman knew cows. The two men at the piano started to sing.

The bartender was nervous. He wiped his cloth across the dry bar, and it made a squeaking sound. "Tell your boys to quiet down, Hank," the bartender said. "I've been getting a lot of complaints about staying open Sundays."

"They've been working hard," Hank said to the bartender. "They've got to let off steam." His smile was brief. "How are you, Jeff?"

"Good enough," Jeff said. "Buy you a drink?"

"You twisted my arm," Hank Fetterman said.

Hank Fetterman was a well-built man with a weathered face. His brows were heavy, and they came together over his nose. His voice was quiet, his manner calm. Jeff thought of the times he had crossed this man—enforcing the no-gun ordinance, keeping Hank's riders in jail overnight to cool them off. He saw that Hank was wearing a gun again. That was like Hank. Tell him he couldn't do something, and that was exactly what he wanted to do.

"Didn't figure on seeing you in town," Jeff said. "Thought you and the boys were on roundup."

"I had a little personal business come up," Hank Fetterman said. "You hear about it?"

Jeff shrugged.

The smile left Hank Fetterman's lips. "Rudy Svita is telling it I ran a bunch of my cows through his corn. Claims I'm trying to run him out of the country."

"You're used to that kind of talk, Hank."

"You pretty friendly with the Svitas, Jeff?" Hank asked. He was standing with his back to the bar, his



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THIS CRIMINAL

IS BACK IN BUSINESS!

*Excessive liquor taxes have made bootlegging
a hugely profitable "big city" racket*

This man is a bootlegger. There are thousands of him around these days, and there'll be thousands more unless the Federal Excise Tax on distilled spirits is reduced, because of two hard, simple facts:

The first fact is that his kind of crime *does* pay, and the penalty upon conviction isn't stiff enough. Bootlegging pays such tremendous profits that big-city criminals, backed by gangster bankrolls that can finance huge stills, warehouses, trucks and salesmen have moved in. It can't *help* but pay... with a "tax advantage" of \$28.49 a case*. That's over half the average retail price of a case of legally distilled whiskey!

* 20% of \$142.45 = \$28.49

The second fact is that this highly profitable crime breeds other crimes. Prohibition proved that graft, corruption, bribery, gang wars, disregard for law and order, all inevitably follow in bootlegging's wake.

No sensible American wants to return to the tragic farce of 1920-1933. No sensible American wants to pay a tax rate so high it keeps crooks prosperous.

The legal distilling industry advocates bigger penalties, more law enforcement agents, and a fair and realistic tax rate of \$6.00 a gallon as the most effective means of making bootlegging less attractive to

the criminals engaged in it.

The present \$10.50 per gallon Federal Excise Tax on distilled spirits, the seventh increase since Repeal became effective November 1, 1951. For what happened during its first full year, read the "Tax Arithmetic" column at the right.

Then ask yourself—"Who *really* won?"

You're looking at his picture, up above.





TAX ARITHMETIC

When you pay around \$4.27* for a "fifth" of your favorite whiskey, you actually pay about \$1.89 for the whiskey itself, about \$2.38 more in Federal, State and local taxes.

That's like paying a "sales tax" of 125% on the merchandise! *Taxes take over half of your liquor dollar!*

Today, after a full year of this highest of all U. S. tax burdens, here's the record . . .

You paid \$237 million more in liquor taxes when the Federal rate was increased from \$9.00 to \$10.50 a gallon.

Your Federal Government did not gain the \$188 million that advisors to Congress predicted, because consumption of legal liquor went way down. It gained only \$30 million in liquor excise revenue . . . an increase of less than 2%.

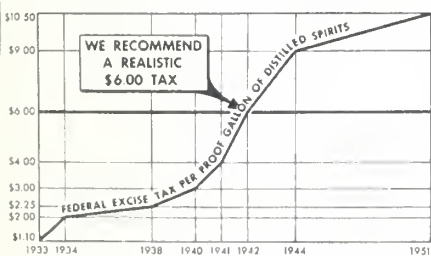
Your Federal Government lost about \$40 million in corporate income taxes as profits declined with drastically falling liquor sales.

Your Federal Government lost additional millions in personal income taxes as distillers, wholesalers, retailers and suppliers cut their payrolls and dividends.

Your State Governments lost approximately \$35 million in liquor tax revenue . . . money badly needed for welfare and other vital state programs.

Bootleggers had additional reason to flout the law. In 1951 alone, authorities with lamentably inadequate staffs were able to seize 20,402 illegal stills. No one knows how many thousands more escaped seizure.

A Tax Increase of 854% Since Repeal!



The \$10.50 Federal tax, effective November 1, 1951, plus an average of \$2.80 a gallon more in other taxes, makes whiskey the *highest-taxed of all merchandise*.

Distilled Spirits vs. All Other Excise-Taxed Products—1939-1951

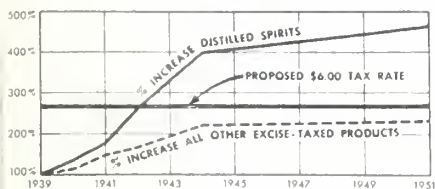


Chart above shows what's happened to distilled spirits vs. all other excise-taxed products and services since 1939. The \$6.00 rate proposed by the distilling industry is still *higher* than the average increase imposed on other excise-taxed products.

*The average national retail price

LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC.

Collier's for February 28, 1953

elbows supporting him. His position made the holstered gun he wore obvious.

"They're hard to know. But I think a lot of their boy. He's a nice kid."

Slowly the smile came back into Hank Fetterman's eyes. He turned around and took the bottle, and poured a drink for himself and one for Jeff. "That forty acres of bottom land you were asking me about for a call pasture," he said. "I've been thinking about it. I guess I could lease it to you."

"That's fine, Hank," Jeff Anderson said and lifted his drink. It didn't taste right, but he downed it anyway. The two cowboys started to scuffle, and one of them collided with a table. It overturned with a crash.

"Please, Hank," the bartender said. "They're gonna get me in trouble . . ." His voice trailed off and his eyes widened. A man had come through the door. He stood there, blinking from the bright sun outside. "Morning, Mr. Svitač," the bartender mumbled.

Rudy Svitač was a thick, dull man with black hair and brows, and a forehead that sloped. Jeff saw the rusty suit the man wore on Sundays, the suit that had faint dirt stains on the knees, because this man could not leave the soil alone, even on Sundays. He had to kneel down and feel the soil with his fingers, feeling the warmth and the life of it, for the soil was his book and his life, and it was the only thing he understood completely, and perhaps the only thing that understood him. He looked at Jeff, not at Hank Fetterman. "Is no good," Rudy Svitač said. "My son says I must talk to Billy Lang. I talk to Billy Lang, but he does nothing. Is no good."

THERE was silence in the room, and the two cowboys who had been scuffling stood looking at the farmer. Hank Fetterman said, "Say what's on your mind, Svitač?"

"You broke my fence," Rudy Svitač said. "You drive your cows in my corn and spoil my crop."

"Maybe you're mistaken, Svitač," Hank Fetterman said.

"My boy says is for judge to decide," Rudy Svitač said. "My boy tell me to go to Billy Lang, and Billy Lang will make a paper and judge will decide. My boy says is fair. Is America." Rudy Svitač stared unblinkingly. "You broke my fence."

"You're a liar, Svitač," Hank Fetterman walked forward and gripped Rudy Svitač by the shirt front. Then, pulling him close, he shoved, and Rudy Svitač stumbled backward, out through the door, and his heel caught on a loose board in the sidewalk. He fell hard, and for a long time he lay there, his dull, steady eyes staring at Jeff Anderson. Then he got up and stood looking at the dust on his old suit.

Jeff Anderson saw the blind on the window of the marshal's office across the street move and then drop back into place. Immediately the door opened, and Billy Lang came hurrying across the street. He came directly to Rudy Svitač. "What's going on here?" Billy Lang asked.

"Svitač was looking for trouble," Hank Fetterman said. "I threw him out." Hank was standing in the doorway, directly alongside Jeff. For a brief moment Fetterman's eyes met Jeff's, and Jeff saw the challenge. If you don't like it, do something about it, Hank Fetterman was saying.

There was a dryness in Jeff Anderson's mouth. He had backed Hank Fetterman down before; he could do it

again. But there came a time when a man had to live his own life.

He looked up toward the church, and the doors were just opening and people were coming out to stand on the porch, a small block of humanity suddenly aware of trouble. Jeff saw his wife Elaine, and he knew her hand was at her throat, twisting the fabric of her dress. He thought of the little ranch and of the things he and Elaine had planned for the future, and then he looked at Billy Lang, and he knew Billy wasn't going to back Hank Fetterman. So Jeff could make a stand, and it would be his own stand, and he would be right back into it again, just the way he had been for fifteen years. There were heavy beads of perspiration on Jeff's upper lip. "That's the way it was, Billy," Jeff said at last.

He saw the quick smile cross Fetterman's face, the relief in Billy Lang's eyes. "Get out of town, Svitač," Billy Lang said. "If Hank's cows got in your corn it was an accident."

"Is no accident," Rudy Svitač said. "Is for judge to decide. My son says—"

"It was an accident," Billy Lang said. "Make your fences stronger." He didn't look at Jeff. He glanced at Hank Fetterman and said, "Sorry it happened, Hank."

Rudy Svitač stared at the star on Billy's vest, remembering that this star somehow had a connection with the stars in the flag. His son Anton had explained it, saying that Jeff Anderson said it was so, and that meant it must be so. But it wasn't so. Hank Fetterman wasn't in jail. They weren't going to do anything about the ruined corn. He could not understand. For thirteen years he had lived in America, but still he could not understand. He turned and walked slowly up the street toward his spring wagon.

His wife, Mary, was there, a thick, tired woman who never smiled and never complained. Watching them, Jeff

saw Anton, their son, the boy of twelve who had always believed every word Jeff Anderson said. Anton had always listened to him, and then he ran away into Bohemia for his parents, what Jeff had said, telling them this was so, because Jeff Anderson said it was so. He was a bright boy with an unshakable belief in the future, in a household where there was no future.

Jeff saw Rudy reach into the bed of the wagon. Mary protested, and then the boy grabbed his father's arm, and there was a brief struggle. The boy lost in the scuffle, and Rudy had a rifle, and he was coming back down the middle of the street, walking slowly.

BILLY LANG moved. He met Rudy and held out his hand. Jeff saw Rudy hesitate and then take two more steps. Now Billy was saying something and Rudy lowered his head and let his chin lie on his chest. As the boy came running up, Billy took the rifle out of Rudy's hand. Jeff felt the triumph come into Hank Fetterman. He didn't need to look at the man.

There was a slow, wicked anger inside Hank Fetterman, goaded by his ambition and his sense of power, and there was a catlike eagerness in his eyes.

"No bohunk tells lies about me and gets away with it," Fetterman was saying. "No bohunk comes after me with a gun and gets a second chance." His hand dropped and rested on the butt of his holstered six-shooter, and then the thumb of his left hand touched Jeff Anderson's arm. "Have a drink with me, Jeff?"

Jeff saw Elaine standing in front of the church, and he could feel her anxiety reaching through the hot, troubled air. And he saw the boy there in the street, the gun in his hand, his eyes, bewildered, searching Jeff Anderson's face. "I reckon I won't have time, Hank," Jeff said. He walked up the street, and now a feeling of being two



"And there's Asia. Do you suppose they'll ever reach the top of Mount Everest?"

people was strong in him, and there was a responsibility to Billy Lang that he couldn't deny. He had talked Billy into taking this job. It was a lonely job, and there was never a lonelier time than when a man was by himself in the middle of the street. He came close to Billy and said, "Look, Billy, if you can take a gun away from one man, you can take a gun away from another—Hank Fetterman."

Billy's hands were shaking. "A two-year old kid could have taken that gun away from Rudy," he said. He reached up swiftly and unpinned the badge from his vest. "You want it?"

Jeff looked at that familiar piece of metal, and he could feel the boy's eyes on him, and then he looked up and he saw Elaine on the church porch, and he thought of their dreams and plans.

"No, Billy," he said. "I don't want it."

"Then let it lay there," Billy Lang said. He dropped the badge into the dust of the street and hurried off, a man who had met defeat and accepted it, a man who could now go back to selling shirts and suits and overalls, because that was the job he could do best. He had taken a role that he wasn't equipped to handle, and he was admitting it.

The boy said, "Mr. Jeff, what's wrong? You told me once—"

"We'll talk about it later, Anton."

Jeff said, "Tell your dad to go home." He walked swiftly toward Elaine.

ABOUT out of town, when Jeff stopped in the shade of a sycamore to put up the buggy top, Hank Fetterman and his two riders passed on their way back to their ranch. Jeff got back into the buggy and unwrapped the lines from the whipstock, and Elaine said, "If there's anything you want to say, Jeff—"

What could he say? He was not thinking of Hank Fetterman or of Rudy Svetic, but of a colored lithograph, a promotion poster issued by the railroad. It showed wide tree-lined streets, a handsome town hall with a flag half as large as the building flying from a mast, and three sleek trains chugging impatiently at the station. The railroad had put on an active promotion campaign when the tracks were first laid through the town, and had handed out by the hundred these lithos of the proposed community. Then the dream had burst, and New Canaan settled back to what it was before—a place called Alkali at the edge of open cattle range. And when young Anton Svetic had come to see Marshal Jeff Anderson for the first time, he had come about that picture.

He had come to Jeff Anderson because Jeff Anderson was authority. "My father and mother do not understand," he said. "They do not speak English very much. He unrolled the lithograph and indicated the town of Alkali. "Is not the same," he said. "Is not so."

There were dreams in the boy's eyes that were about to be shuffled out. "Sure it's so, Anton," Jeff heard himself saying. "It's not what it is today, it's what's going to be tomorrow. It's like America, see? Some of the things aren't right where you can touch them. Maybe some of the things you see are ugly. But the picture is there to look at, and you keep thinking about the picture, and you keep working and making things better all the time. You never stop working and say, 'Now the job is done,' because it never is. Yet understand that, Anton."

The boy rolled the lithograph carefully. "I see. Is good. I will tell my father. We will keep the picture."



"I want you to find out if Abe Lincoln ever knew any dame that might have remotely resembled Marilyn Monroe . . ."

COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE

Those were Jeff Anderson's thoughts, but how could he tell them, even to Elaine, for they had so little to do with the matter at hand, and yet they had everything to do with it.

"Maybe the Sveticas would be better off someplace else," Elaine said. "They never have made their place pay."

It was an argument he could have used on himself, but now, hearing it put into words, he didn't like the sound of it. His voice was rough. "I reckon they look on it as home," he said. "The boy was born there. I reckon it sort of ties you to a place if your first one is born there."

She closed her eyes tight and then opened them. "I suppose we'll feel that way too, Jeff," she said. "It will always be our town after our baby is born there. I talked to the doctor yesterday."

He felt a coldness run up his spine, and it was surprise, and fear, and a great pride. There was a hard lump in his throat. He turned to Elaine. "You feel all right, honey?" he asked. "Anything I can do?"

She didn't laugh at him any more than Anton had laughed at him that day in the office. She reached over and put her hand on his hand, and she smiled. As they drove down the lane, the great pride made him feel he could not sit still any longer. He lifted her out of the buggy and helped her up the front steps.

Jeff came into the house later, into the cool living room, and sat down in his big chair, and pulled off his boots and stretched his legs. "Good to be home," he said. "Good to have nothing to do." He raised his eyes to meet hers,

and they both knew he was lying. There was always something to do.

The moment he was sure she knew, it was easier for him, but he still had to be positive that she understood. Once he made this move there would be no turning back. She had to see that. An hour ago the town had been just another town, nothing more, and Jeff Anderson hadn't needed it. It was a place to shop, nothing more, and a man could shop as well with Hank Fetterman running things as he could with Jeff Anderson running them. But now, suddenly, that had changed, and there was tomorrow to think about, and it was exactly as he had explained it to Anton. One day soon, Jeff Anderson might be explaining the same things to his own son, and a man had to show his son that he believed what he said, for if he didn't there was nothing left. "I was wrong about Billy Lang," Jeff Anderson said. "He's not going to stand up to Hank Fetterman."

Elaine looked into his eyes, and then she said, "I have some curtains I promised Mary Svetic. Will you take them to her when you go?"

When Jeff went, she didn't give him her usual lingering embrace; she pretended to be busy. She turned her head so that his lips just brushed her temple, and it was as casual as if he were only going to his regular day's work. "And thank her for the pickles, Jeff," she said.

He stalked out of the house as if he didn't like having his Sunday disturbed by such feminine nonsense, but when he was halfway to the barn, his stride lengthened. He stiffened his back and set his shoulders; he knew that she was sitting in the house, crying.

ANTON, the boy, was pouring sour milk into a trough for the pigs when Jeff rode into the Svetic yard. The world could collapse but pigs had to be fed. The door of the little house, which was half soddy, half dugout, opened, and Mary Svetic called something in Bohemian. The boy looked up at Jeff then and Jeff smiled. "Will you ride my horse over and tie him in the shade, Anton?"

Jeff dismounted quickly and took the bundle of curtains from behind the saddle. He handed the reins to the boy, and then walked on to where Mary Svetic stood.

He handed her the curtains. "Those pickles you gave us were fine, Mrs. Svetic. Elaine wanted me to bring these curtains over."

Mary Svetic let her rough fingers caress the curtain material. "I will give you all the pickles," she said. "We don't need the curtains. We don't stay here no more."

In the dark interior of the sod house, Jeff could see Rudy sitting in a chair, a man dulled with hard work and disappointment.

Rudy looked up. "We don't stay," he said.

"Can I come in for a minute, Mrs. Svetic?" Jeff asked.

"I make coffee," she said.

He stooped to pass through the low door, and he took off his hat and sat down. Now that his eyes were accustomed to the darkness of the room, he saw the big lithograph on the wall, the only decoration. Rudy Svetic stared unblinkingly at the floor, and, unashamed, he let a tear run down the side of his nose. "We don't stay," he said again.

"Sure, Rudy," Jeff Anderson said. "You stay."

Mary Svetic started to cry. There

Collier's for February 28, 1953



"Hah! Get this character —
'Bang, bang, you're dead!'"

COLLIER'S

STAN FINE

were no tears, for the land had taken even those away from her. There were just sobs—dry, choking sounds as she made the coffee—but they were woman sounds, made for her man. "They will fight us," she said. "They put cows in my Rudolph's corn. Soon they come to break my house. Is too much. Rudolph does not fight. Rudolph is for plant the ground and play violin."

"You stay, Rudy," Jeff Anderson said. "The law will take care of you. I promise you that."

Rudy Svitaac shook his head. "Law is for Hank Fetterman," he said. "Is not for me."

"It's not so, Rudy," Jeff said. "You ask Anton. He knows."

"I ask Anton," Rudy Svitaac said. "He says I am right. Law is for Hank Fetterman."

THE boy came to the door, his face white and drawn with worry, but hope was in his eyes, and a confidence was there too. He didn't say anything. He didn't need to. Jeff could hear the sound of approaching horses. Jeff stood up, and the feeling that was in him was an old and familiar feeling, a tightening of all his muscles. He went to the corner of the room, and took Rudy Svitaac's rifle from its place and levered in a shell. Then he stepped through the door. "You explain again to your father about the law," he said to the boy. "You know, Anton, like we talked before. Always, no matter what happens."

"I know," Anton Svitaac said. "Yes."

Jeff saw Hank Fetterman and the same two riders who had been with him at the saloon coming toward the soddy. Only Hank was armed. That way, if

Hank should have to talk to the judge later on, he could say, "If we had expected trouble, all three of us would have been armed, Judge." They rode stiffly, holding their horses in. Jeff Anderson stood the cocked rifle by the fence post, placing it carefully. He pushed his hat back on his head and felt the sun on his back as he leaned, with one foot on a fence rail, watching the pigs eat.

He knew when the riders were directly beside him, and then he turned, his elbows resting on the top rail of the fence behind him. His face was shadowed, for he had moved so that his back was toward the sun.

Hank Fetterman said, "We're seeing a lot of each other, neighbor."

"Looks that way," Jeff said.

Hank Fetterman's eyes never left Jeff Anderson's face. "I asked you once today if you was a friend of the bohunk's," he said. "Maybe I better ask it again."

"Maybe it depends on what you've got on your mind, Hank," Jeff Anderson suggested.

"The bohunk's been eating my beef," Fetterman said. "I'm sick of it."

"You sure that's it, Hank?" Jeff asked.

There were small, white patches on either side of Hank Fetterman's mouth. "I said the bohunk was eating my beef," Hank Fetterman said. "You doubting my word?"

"No, Hank," Jeff said. "I'm calling you a liar."

He saw the smoldering anger in Hank Fetterman—the sore, whisky-nursed anger. The cattleman cursed and half twisted in the saddle, blinking

directly into the sun. "You forgetting you ain't a law man any more?"

"You decide, Hank," Jeff said.

They looked at each other, two men who had killed before. They said nothing, but they understood each other. Jeff's expression said, "I'm telling you to back down, Fetterman," and the other man's look said, "You'll have to be big enough to make me." No words had been exchanged, and yet they understood, and now they faced each other and appeared at ease. Jeff Anderson had dealt himself into the game, and he had checked the bet.

Hank Fetterman saw the rifle by the post. He knew it was cocked and loaded. But he had to make his move, because if he backed down now, all was over for him.

He jerked his horse around, trying to avoid the direct glare of the sun, and his hand went for his gun.

Jeff had plenty of time. He had placed the rifle carefully, and now he held it, hip high, gripping it with one hand, tilting it up and pulling the trigger all at the same time. He didn't hear the sound of the rifle's explosion. You never did, he remembered, but he saw the thin film of gun smoke, and he saw Hank Fetterman's mouth drop open, saw the man clawing at his chest. Jeff didn't feel the sickness, not yet.

Time passed as if through a haze, and nothing was real. Then the two riders were gone, and a canvas was stretched over the still form of Hank Fetterman, and Rudy Svitaac was whipping his team toward town to get the coroner. Only then did the sickness come to Jeff Anderson. He stood by the barn, trembling, and he heard the boy come up behind him. The boy said, "This was in the street in town, Mr. Anderson." The boy held out the tin star. "I told my father how the law was for everybody in America. Now he knows."

Jeff took the star and dropped it into his pocket.

ELAINE saw him through the front window. She had been watching a long time, and she had been praying, silently, and now she said, "Thank God," and went and sat down. That was the way he found her when he came into the room. She wanted to ask him what had happened, but her throat was tight, and then he was kneeling there, his head in her lap, and he was crying deep inside himself, not making a sound. "It's all right, Jeff," she said. "It's all right."

That was what he had to know—that it was all right with her. He had to know that she loved him for the man he was, and not for the man he thought he had wanted to become. He couldn't change any more than Billy Lang could change. She had never told him to take off his gun—not in words—but she had wanted him to, and he had understood, and he had tried. No woman could ask for a greater love than to see her man try to change himself. And no woman need be afraid when she had such love.

Later, when she picked up Jeff's coat and laid it across her arm, the tin star fell to the floor. For a long time she looked at it; then she bent down and picked it up and put it back into the coat pocket. She went into the bedroom then and hung the coat up carefully. From the bureau drawer she took a clean, white, pleated-front shirt and laid it out where he could see it. Marshal Jeff Anderson had worn a clean, white, pleated-front shirt to the office on Monday mornings for as long back as Elaine could remember, and she didn't expect him to change his habits now.

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... on a yacht, or a penthouse,
or a country estate. I don't care!"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM
VON RIEGEN

To illustrate the basic patterns of night-club chorus routines the dancers on comic Jackie Gleason's CBS-TV show execute the straight line (right) and the circle (below)



Collier's COLOR CAMERA

How to Watch A Chorus Girl

The dance of the chorus girl isn't as simple as you may think. It even has some geometry in it

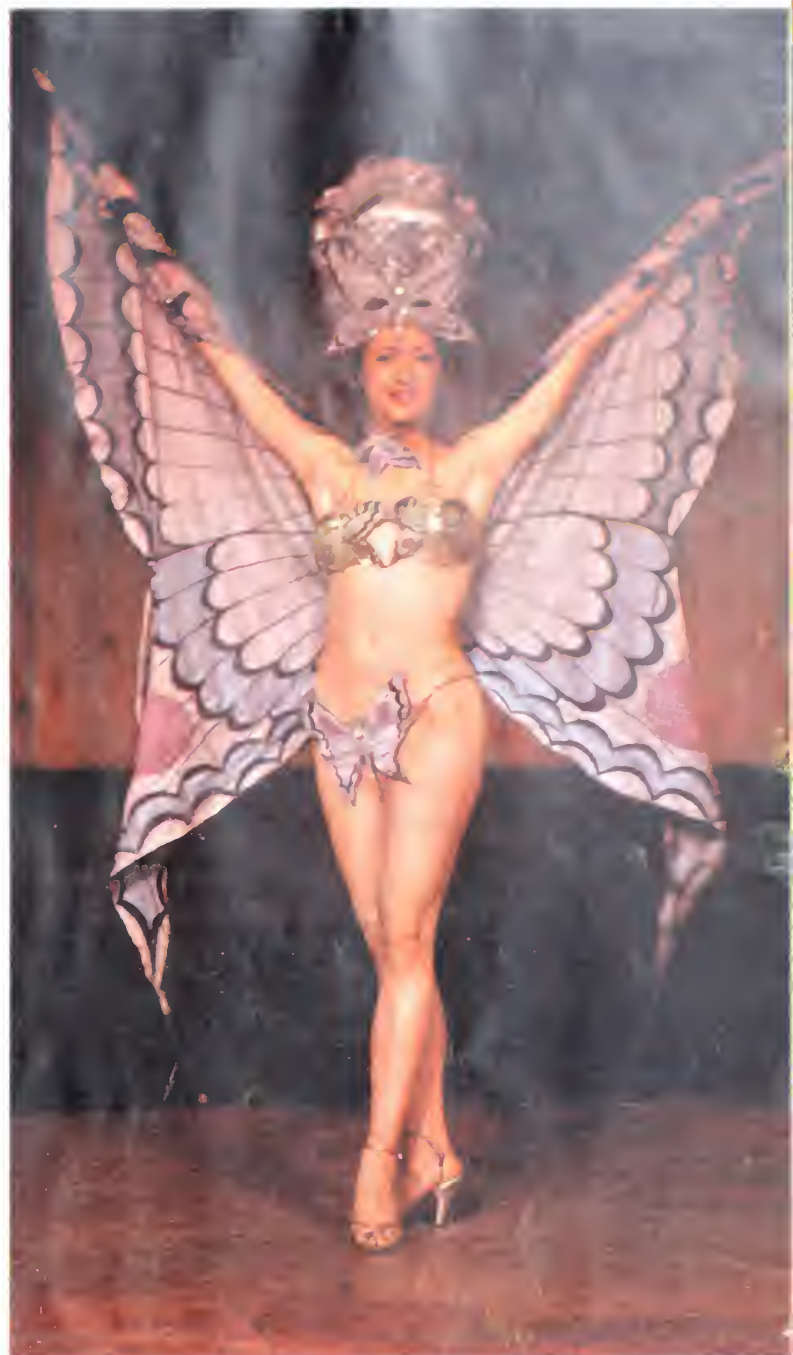


Triangle (above) is enhanced by having girls change sides several times

The rectangle is usually formed last so girls can fall into line easily for their exit



During one full performance girls wear three kinds of costumes: short (at left), "dressy" (above) and fantastic (at right)



Fantastic costume is often the most daring, weirdly lighted

CHORUS girls are not always the main attraction in the nation's 3,200 night clubs. Though you can always see them, they don't always get top billing. For long spells, club advertisements will feature everything from talking dogs to crooners; then, overnight, the star position goes to "Girls! Girls! Girls!" No one knows why. It just happens—like the migration of salmon. Early indications are that 1953 will be a year of the chorus girl.

If it is, don't be fooled. The novice chorus-watcher assumes that he ought to watch the girls. That, say the experts, with perfectly straight faces, is wrong; you should watch the dance, one of the best examples of standardization on the American scene. The connoisseurs' analysis may help you appreciate this apparently curious point of view.

Basically, the chorus dance is built around four simple, geometric patterns—the straight line, the circle, the triangle and the rectangle.

In most clubs it is performed by eight to ten girls. They start by coming together in a straight line. Then they swing into the three remaining patterns. The sequence of the triangles, circles and rectangles is not fixed, and any order is permissible. But imaginative directors can mix the patterns so elaborately that audiences see little but curves all evening. Most directors, though, keep their routines simple enough for a careful observer to spot the basic figures. Easiest to follow, of course, is the lighthearted final movement—a straight line in which the girls shuffle or trot off into the wings, leaving the last dancer to blow a kiss to the audience.

A complete show requires the chorus to execute the sequence of patterns at least three times: to open the show, to separate two specialty acts and for the finale.

With the above information you can now be an expert chorus-watcher. All you need in addition is a steady eye. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BRADLEY SMITH

Night-club chorus line is typified by dancers from New York's French Casino. Though four here have on toe slippers, high-heel shoes are standard



VIP'S

A V.I.P.

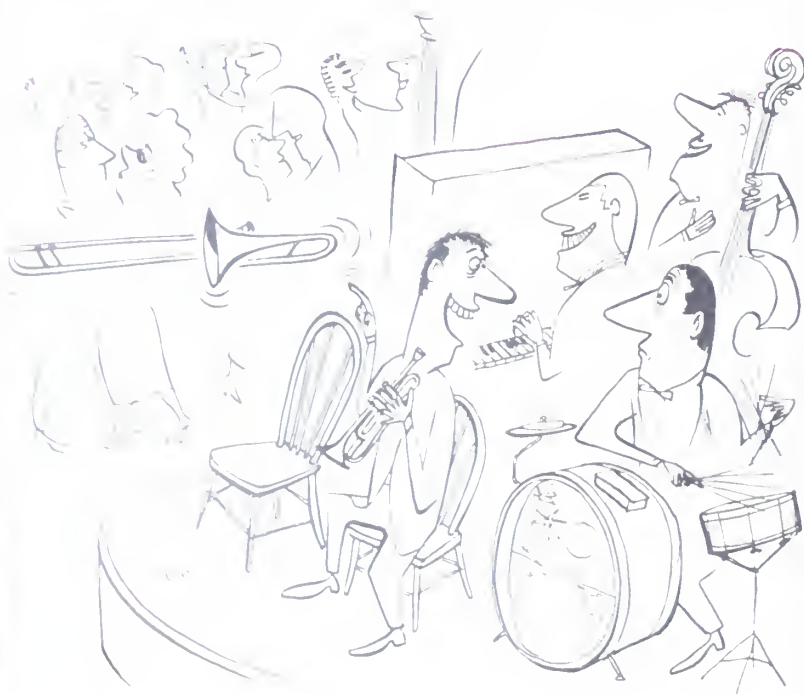
In ten short years, Virgil Partch has become
a Very Important Person in the cartoon field



A little more than a decade ago, today's top exponent of inspired pen-and-ink lunacy was an assistant animator in the Walt Disney studio. In 1941, when Vip (or Vipper, or just Partch) went on strike with his fellow workers, most were fired. Shortly thereafter, Vip shyly offered Collier's his first batch of magazine cartoons, which were enthusiastically purchased. His initial appearance in this magazine (at left, February 14, 1942) made



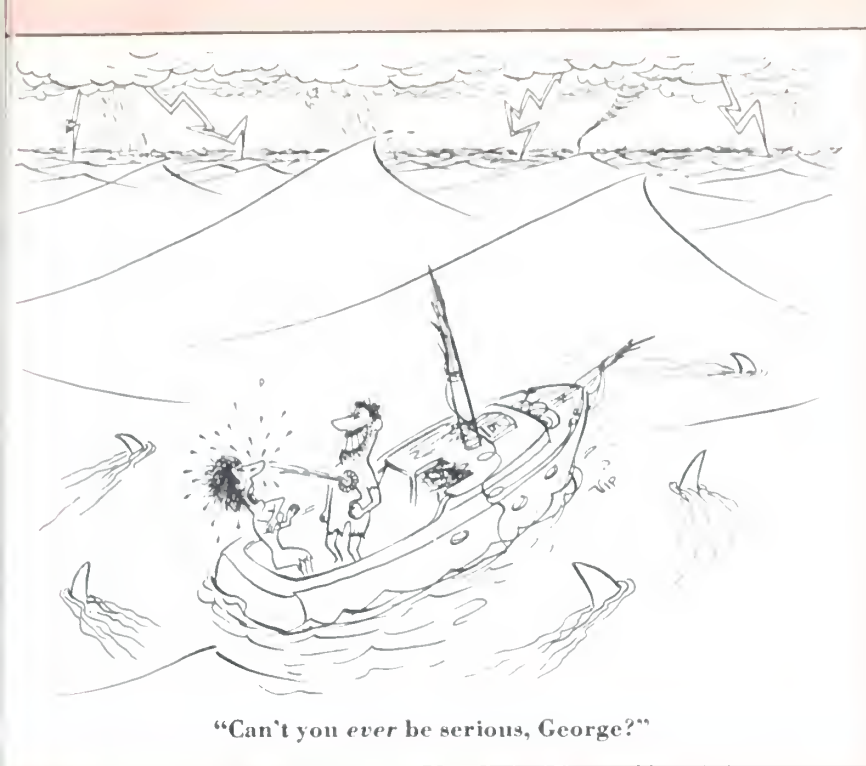
no great ripple in our sea of readers; but succeeding drawings, as Partch stretched his muscles and roamed into the grotesque, brought outraged howls from many customers. Through the ensuing years, however, this comic craftsman settled upon a technique that has made him unique in the ranks of more than 200 periodical professionals, and he has become famous for his delineation of the catch phrase and the literal expression (upper and lower left, opposite page). Compare the style of his first Collier's drawing with that of his latest output, here presented as a small bonus to the host of Vip devotees who long ago learned that Partch can break all the laws of art, nature and society and still make a lot of sense. Seven volumes of the best of his cartoons have been assembled by editors and by Partch himself, and his experience as a corporal in the infantry during World War II has served him well in the creation of his Collier's feature, Vip's War (see page 50). Our subject toils without fanfare in southern California, seemingly unimpressed by his eminence; and although his prodigious production for publication would tax the talents of any cartoonist, 75 per cent of his drawings are made purely to amuse friends and utter strangers. ▲▲▲



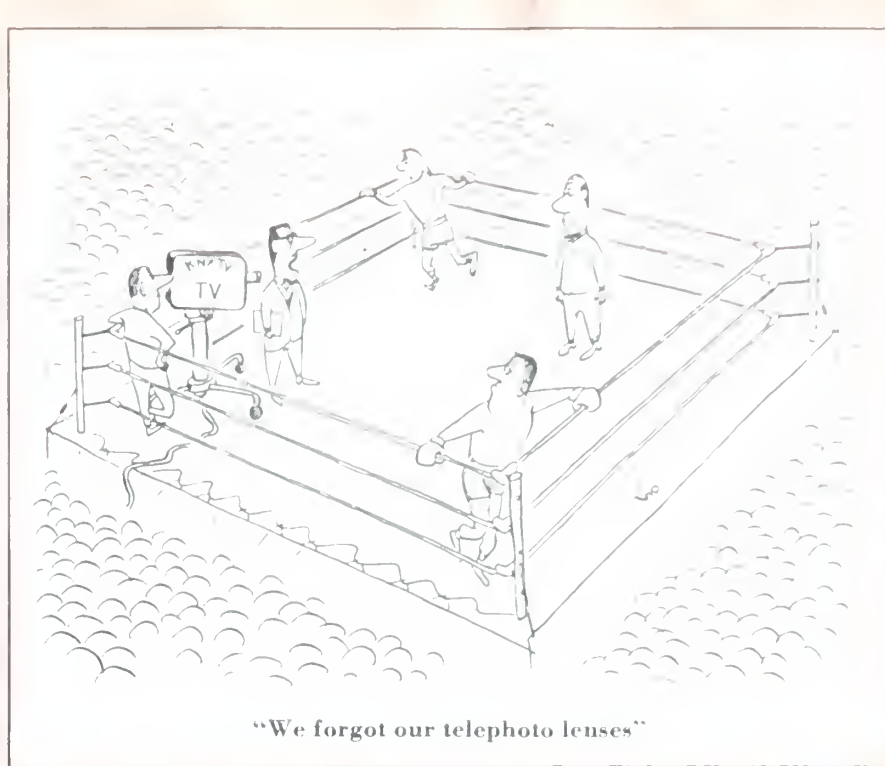
"Jackson's really gone"



"Oh, it's a stuffed moose.
There's a bar next door"



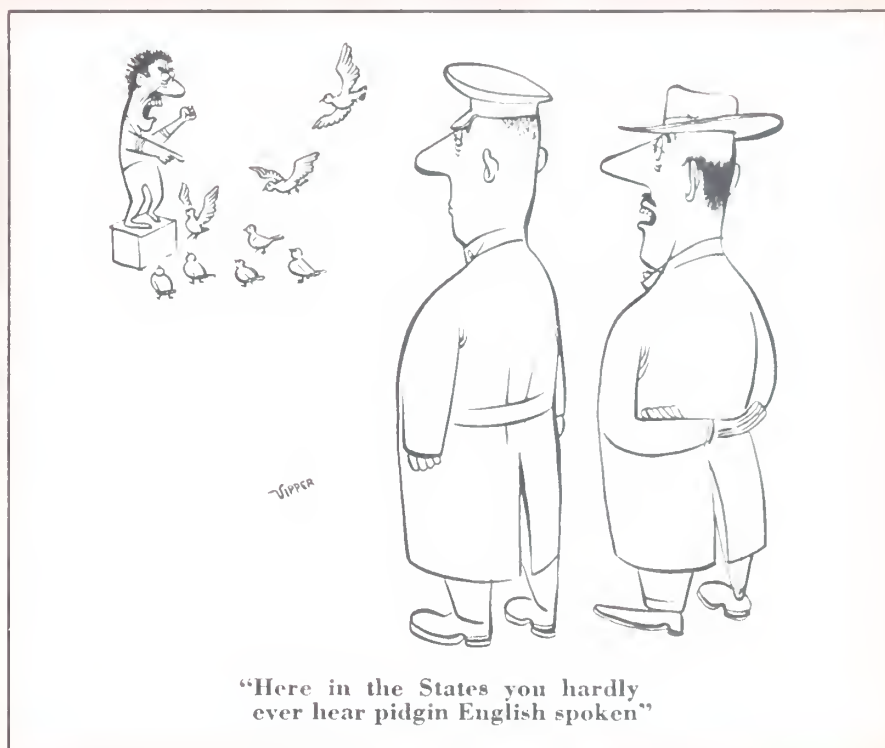
"Can't you *ever* be serious, George?"



"We forgot our telephoto lenses"



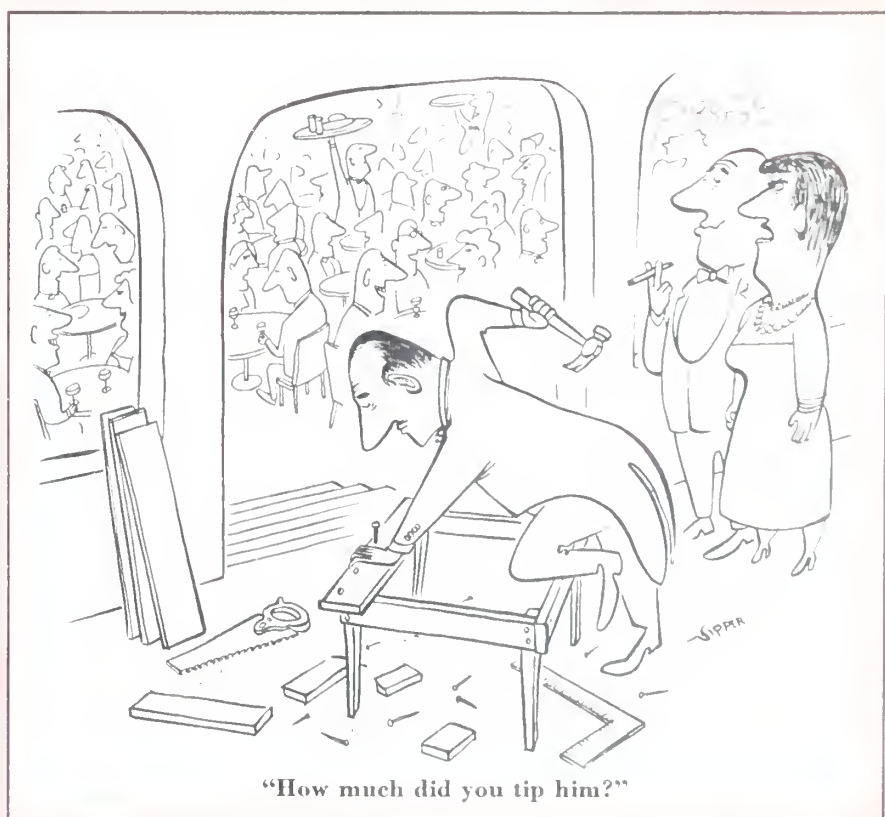
"I'm very sorry, sir, but I can't admit you without a necktie"



"Here in the States you hardly ever hear pidgin English spoken"



"Goodness, Pamela, he's grown a foot since I saw him last!"



"How much did you tip him?"

LOBB'S OF LONDON— *Where the Shoes Choose*



Charlie Moore, with Lobb's 56 years, cuts leather for pair of uppers. During regular morning break, he uses same knife to cut his sandwich



Like many of firm's 50 bootmakers, 65-year-old John Willis works at home. Called a closer, his job is to mold roughly cut uppers to last



Arthur Sanders, 69, briefs apprentices on care of shoes. Five-year apprenticeship is required by Lobb's for most of the bootmaker jobs



Veteran receptionist William Moore, nephew of artisan Charlie, shows customer Ernest Sandford a varied selection of shop's boots from past

You

By NOEL BARBER

In an age when people can buy a pair of shoes in a minute, delivery from Lobb's usually takes a year

London

ONE day in 1892 a sturdy nineteen-year-old named Billy Bower, whose father had told him he could make shoes better than any man alive, walked into Lobb's of 51, James's Street, London, bootmakers for some of the world's most famous people, and asked for a job.

He got it, and has worked for Lobb's ever since. But the curious part of his story is not his length of service. It is the fact that not since that day over 60 years ago has Bower ever been to the shop, a mere five-minute ride from where he lives. He produces shoes only in the downstairs room of the dingy \$9-a-week house he rents on Albany Street, near Regent's Park.

Billy Bower—now a cocky seventy-nine, a short, talkative man with a waxed mustache and an ever-present smell of leather about him, his fingers hard and corrugated from using the awl—is typical of Lobb's 50 bootmakers. Almost to a man they have stood fast against the machine age, adamant against the daily chore of going to and from a factory.

Instead, their lives are spent in home workshops, where they are surrounded by the morning papers, the radio and hourly cups of tea while they turn out internationally celebrated shoes for kings, commoners, and now more than ever for men in the U.S.A. with a taste for footwear ranging from velvet slippers at \$30 a pair to crocodile brogues for \$100.

By American standards, the wages of Lobb's craftsmen are not high. The last-maker earns \$28 a week; a closer—who makes the uppers of the shoe—can, if he works hard, earn \$45, which in England is a lot of money. Most of Lobb's staff have achieved financial independence. At least one owns his own home, a television set, two radios (one in his workshop), a refrigerator, a little garden and a car—all common enough in the U.S. but miles out of reach of the ordinary British workingman.

To a man, Lobb's craftsmen generate the impression of having got what they've wanted out of life, and no one begrudges them such foibles as insisting on working at home—least of all Eric Lobb, the firm's general manager and grandson of the man who founded it almost a century ago.

"Why change?" he asks. "Private bootmakers have worked this way for hundreds of years in England. The proof is that the shoes wear well and that people come back for more."

Not only British customers come back, but also a vast number of U.S. faithful—like the Bostonian who hasn't set foot in Lobb's for 34 years, but orders three pairs of shoes a year to be made from a last reposing in the shop's cellars.

Not all clients are that regular, for a pair of Lobb's shoes, repaired occasionally, can serve its wearer for a decade or more, with an all-time record claimed for one pair which has lasted for 30 years.

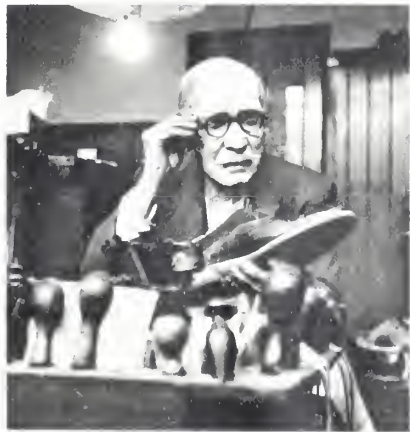
In an age where a press can slice a hundred toecaps in a second and machines stitch soles to uppers by the hundreds while a factory hand twiddles a lever, Lobb's produces shoes with the use of knives, a sewing machine for the uppers, big bristle for stitching, an awl, waxed thread and bristle for soles. When shoes made by men like Billy Bower are finished and collected (Bower refuses to deliver his work as a matter of principle), likely as not they will stay in the shop for a year, being polished twice a week, before the customer gets them.

A New "Servicing" Offer

Lobb's clients are in no rush, and neither is Lobb's, which takes life easily, relying for its continued success on pride of craftsmanship and attention to detail—the sort of detail exemplified in a recent new offer of "a service to preserve the appearance of shoes" at a fee of \$17 per half year. The service includes "the cleaning of shoelaces."

Lobb's craftsmen—almost all sons and grandsons of men who worked with father and grandfather Lobb—are hale, hearty, elderly men who have nicknamed one colleague Boy Johnson because the lad is a mere fifty years old. They are held to Lobb's by tradition and friendship. Nobody can give them an order; they can only be asked to do work. They know, from the shape of the shoes or the last, every one of Lobb's 15,000 customers in every quarter of the globe, including one skillful gentleman who, by a strictly secret route, has his shoes sent regularly behind the Iron Curtain.

Each Lobb's bootmaker has a spe-



Billy Bower hasn't been in Lobb's since he got his job there in 1892

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At a morgue to identify a patron he'd never met, a Lobb's man studies

cific job, and does it by hand. Not all are as crotchety as Billy Bower. Most swallow their pride, collect their work at the shop, and bring it back. But some of Lobb's finest work is done by Alf Mason whom nobody in the shop—but nobody—has ever seen.

Mason, who likes the country, lives quietly in a Devonshire village, 200 miles from London. Lobb's heard about him, gave him a trial, and now mails lasts and materials to him, paying Alf's postage when he sends back the finished product.

A Small, Old-Fashioned Shop

A first sight of Lobb's gives no clue to the kind of place it is. A small mahogany-fronted shop at No. 26, St. James's Street, in the heart of old London, it contains neither chrome fittings nor a single cardboard shoe box, nor smooth-selling attendants in striped trousers. Old-fashioned globe lamps light up the leather armchairs, the show-cases, the grandfather's clock in the corner, gold medals, half-made shoes in canvas bags, bundles of leather, the picture of King Edward VII and the royal warrant of George V.

Lobb's gives off the aura of a professional waiting room, and that is about what it is: the outer sanctum of a surgeon who knows how to cut—in this case leather—or a dentist who knows how to drill—in this case holes for brogues. Wealth or aristocracy thumbs through magazines while each patiently waits his turn, and the magazines are just about as old as those at the doctor's or the dentist's.

If you walk casually into Lobb's and try to order shoes, you will be received by the front man, William Moore, 32 years with the firm, or by his uncle, Charlie Moore, who has been there 56 years. If you are not recognized—by your shoes—the first question will be:

"Good morning, sir. And may I ask who introduced you?"

Introductions are strictly necessary—though Lobb's might waive the point if the customer looked solid. It can always draw on the precedent of the three American brothers, now legendary in Lobb's archives.

This trio (no names of living Lobbists are ever divulged) were aboard a transatlantic liner when one spotted an English lord whose shoes were polished like glass. You could see yourself in the long narrow toe that was then the hallmark of a Lobb shoe. One of the Americans put the direct, blunt question:

"Pardon me, sir, where do you get your shoes?"

"Well, er, actually, old boy—well, Lobb's, you know."

A wireless went off to Lobb's—it is still in the files—announcing the imminent American invasion. Charlie Moore was out front the morning the three brothers walked in and ordered ten pairs each.

Charlie made no point about the customary requirement of an introduction, but he did take umbrage when one brother suggested delivery in two weeks—"and polished too." Horrified, Charlie pointed out that polishing must be done with the fingers—"spit and circle method"—and that it takes at least two months. "We educated 'em," chuckles Charlie, "and they've been customers ever since."

The time-honored introduction hasn't

been waived often since Grandfather John Lobb started in business in London in the 1850s. Lobb did his first cobbling in Australia in the gold rush of the fifties making boots for miners and gaining local fame for his products by putting special receptacles in the heels so that gold could be carried safely in them. When he had saved enough money, he returned to London with his son and opened shop.

When Grandfather died, the business went to his son, referred to by Lobb's staff as Father Lobb. Father died in 1916. His widow Betsy carried on, because the two sons, William and Eric, were still at school.

"It's at such a time that the breed of a craftsman comes out," Eric recalls. "Lobb's would have gone under then, but the staff decided to run the business for my mother until we boys were old enough to take over."

Now mother Betsy, a nimble eighty-four, and the two sons are equal partners. William, fifty, runs the production end of the business. Eric, forty-five and married to an American girl, Helen Denby, of New York, runs the sales side and is responsible for U.S. sales.

Customers who are willing to leave their shoes for a year to be cleaned are apt to be somewhat eccentric in other ways too, and Lobb's has its share of sticklers for detail.

Three Varieties of Stickler

There is the East Indian customer who personally calls to collect his shoes, takes out a magnifying glass and counts the holes across the toe of the shoe to see if there are enough. Another client always counts the rivets on the heels. A third is a beefy guards officer who invariably tests his shoes by trying to tear them apart (and has so far not succeeded).

One of Lobb's best customers during World War II was a man who himself never owned more than two pairs of

their shoes—but ordered 78 pairs in two years. A rich old German refugee who had found sanctuary in England, he looked around for ways to express his thanks to his new country. He would prowling along Piccadilly looking at the shoes of young officers in the armed forces. The moment he saw a down-at-heel youngster in uniform, he pounced introduced himself, begged the officer not to be offended, and handed him a signed card, "This card is a voucher for a pair of handmade shoes at Lobb's."

I can personally vouch for the story. The German stopped me one night when I was an R.A.F. flier, and that's how I came to be a customer of Lobb's.

Author's Feet Are Measured

My first visit there was a grave occasion, as befitted the turning point in the life of one's feet. William Moore, in his tattered gray alpaca coat with the frayed edges, greeted me. He and Frank Lovesey, then the last-maker, took my measure.

First my foot was drawn in the last-maker's pattern book. There are 84 pattern books at Lobb's, in which are included such outlines as the small, delicate foot of American dancer Vernon Castle, dated 1916; the strong, forceful foot (plus a bunion) of the singer, Fedor Chaliapin, and the medium-sized foot of the inventor, Guglielmo Marconi. Kings and maharajas, as well as the less mighty, have all had at one time to stand on the pattern book and let William Moore or his Uncle Charlie outline their feet, then measure the depth of each foot by means of a paper tape nicked for every measurement. Moore's trained fingers can sense all the foot's distinctive features, about which he describes in notes on the sketch.

The last-maker is one of the few skilled craftsmen who work right on Lobb's premises; that's because he has to be near his lasts, for when a customer's feet change he must alter the last.



"All I know is, it has an Oklahoma license plate!"

COLLIER'S

FRITZ WILKINSON

shoes and said: "That's Mr. Carmichael. I'd know him anywhere"

le makes the necessary change by sticking on pieces of leather, then whittling and beveling them where indicated to make the last conform to the new outline.

The last is made from hornbeam, beech or maple—all good hardwoods. First it is roughed out with a special knife, then rasped and filed to more accurate measurement and finally sanded to the desired shape—including the underside of the foot. A Lobb's last is considered a pretty poor effort if it doesn't show all the skin wrinkles of the sole of the foot.

The lasts are stored alphabetically in the cellars—15,000 of them in a maze of racks forming corridors as narrow and dusty as the wine cellars at Maxim's.

The last-maker is rapidly disappearing from the trade. When Lovesey retired seven years ago, it took Lobb's two years to find a suitable successor. Indeed, Lovesey's long-delayed retirement precipitated a crisis in the firm—or without a last-maker it would have been impossible to carry on. It was then that William Lobb's own early training as an apprentice proved invaluable.

"There was nothing else for it," William sighs. "Though I owned a third share of the business and my son was getting ready to go to a public school, or two years I had to put on my apron every morning and make lasts."

After a couple of years, Lobb's managed to locate a fine last-maker in Jack Fruer. Looking to Lobb's future, Fruer found a couple of youngsters who are now apprenticed to the last-maker's trade.

After the last is made, four jobs are required on a pair of Lobb's shoes. Thelicker must cut roughly the eight pieces of leather needed for a normal pair of uppers. The closer must make the pattern and the uppers. The maker must put the soles on. Finally, of course, here's polishing.

Meet Lobb's Best "Clicker"

The best clicker Lobb's ever had is a handy man Charlie Moore. Now seventy, Charlie has an instinct for his work, which is backed by years of experience. In choosing the best leather for the uppers, he must bear in mind the weight and character of the owner, which he can evaluate from the last. It is typical of all Lobb's craftsmen that Charlie, who could have retired years ago and is financially independent, still works two days a week.

"Can't stop," he grunts. "I don't have to earn any money. But you know how it is. Life smells wrong if there isn't leather in it."

With an incredibly sharp, worn knife, Charlie cuts the leather—and promptly at eleven each morning uses the same knife to cut up the sandwich he brings to eat with his tea at "elevenes," the time-honored British morning break from work. There's always tea going around somewhere at Lobb's.

Charlie—who has added an inch to the height of a vain Indian potentate and taken an inch off of a too-tall actor—works in the shop in full view of clients. When he has rough-cut the pieces of leather, the uppers are made by a closer, like John Willis.

Willis is sixty-five, has worked 40 years with Lobb's, always in his own home in the London suburb of Thorn-

ton Heath. His father worked for Lobb's for 40 years too, and lots of the tools and knives Willis uses were used by his father before him.

Willis first cuts a pattern for the uppers on thick paper. Like all good closers, he takes infinite care with the leather itself. The prospect of a slight stain or even a small scratch brings shudders to any Lobb's man. Though it takes John only two hours to close a pair of uppers, he usually protects the leather by putting on a clean white apron for every new pair.

Detail of the "Closer's" Job

John's job is to mold the eight pieces of roughly cut material to a last. He stamps in by hand the holes for the brogue and, using a sewing machine with an extra strong needle, sews the eight pieces together. He then tacks the uppers lightly to the last to make sure everything fits, puts the work in a canvas bag, and drives down to St. James's Street every Saturday morning.

Closing is a straightforward job until an eccentric customer gets busy with an idea. Willis' trickiest problem was to make a rich Britisher a pair of elastic-sided boots which the customer insisted had to look exactly like ordinary boots, with laces in front which were never to be undone and with proper eyelet holes which were never to be used.

There was a curious sequel to this pair of boots when its owner was killed in a London car crash. Being eccentric, he carried no wallet. Identifying him seemed hopeless until police noted the boots, and went right to Lobb's. John Willis was able to go straight to the morgue and say of a man he had never seen in his life: "Why, that's Mr. Carmichael—I'd know him anywhere."

After the closing job, Lobb's uppers go next to the maker, the man who puts the soles on them. Billy Bower, at seventy-nine, is one of Lobb's makers, and Eric Lobb considers him one of the finest in the world, an opinion Billy modestly endorses on every conceivable occasion. His father was with Lobb and so are his fifty-four-year-old son and twenty-four-year-old grandson.

It takes Billy—considered fast at his job—11 hours to "make" a pair of brogues, for which he gets approximately \$7.50, and seven hours for a pair of pumps, for which he gets \$6.

Billy leaves the leather for soles in water overnight to make it pliable, then molds it to the bottom of the last after drawing the uppers taut, so that there will be no give in the final shoe. He stitches on the sole by hand with a waxed thread consisting of strands of either hemp or flax. Finally he builds up the heel piece by piece with rivets. If Billy does a good job, his hardest task is getting the last out of the shoe when his work is done.

Bower is more cantankerous than the average Lobb's craftsman, but no more independent. Their lives aren't troubled by agitators urging them to strike. All the men who work for Lobb's are members of the West End Shoemaker's Association, but it isn't a very fiery institution. It has fewer than 200 members, who pay dues of approximately 15 cents a week.

Polishers are about the only people who don't have to serve a five-year apprenticeship, but even polishing is an art. Lobb's has five men working full

time, doing nothing but "bone" and polish. First they bone the shoe regularly with a deer bone, stroking it very gently in order to make the leather smooth and supple, then blacking, then boning again. Polishing they do with their fingers, rubbing the polish round and round, in and in, with a circular movement, then using a brush near the welt.

"I like to polish with my hands and a cloth," one told me, "but you've got to use a brush near the welt to get any grit out. Otherwise," a note of alarm crept into his voice, "a bit of grit might scratch the leather."

Thanks largely to Eric Lobb, Lobb's has in recent years enjoyed an upsurge in American business. Naturally, the firm does not expect to build a big business in America, where high-quality shoes sell at prices within the reach of the average purse. (Collier's Nov. 3, 1951.) But right after the war, Eric made a personal coast-to-coast tour, visiting old and wealthy clients. He found business good, so he engaged a full-time representative, A. W. Boreham, who might be mistaken on a dark night for John Bull himself.

Mr. Boreham recently visited New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit and—"Naturally," says Eric—Boston. Complete with umbrella, English clothes and Lobb's shoes, Mr. Boreham puts up at only the very best hotels. Clients and their friends are warned in advance of his arrival. Mr. Boreham carries a vast selection of boots and shoes, a choice of leathers, and can himself, of course, draw patterns for Fruer, the last-maker.

Business has zoomed lately, partly because of Mr. Boreham's activities, but also because of the devaluation of the British pound.

Giving an Idea of the Prices

Even so, the tariff is not one within the bounds of the average youngster struggling up the ladder.

The lowest-priced item on the Boreham list is a pair of velvet slippers at \$30 plus, if desired, a monogram on each toecap for \$6 extra and lamb's-wool lining for \$9.50. His most costly item (and one very popular with Americans) is crocodile shoes at exactly \$100 a pair. In between are such items as doeskin shoes at \$55 a pair—the price has shot up since the Reds took over Manchuria, where the best doeskin comes from; or a plain black or brown shoe at \$48, or brogues for \$3 a pair more. Shoes for evening wear are \$51 a pair, and riding boots around \$90. Lobb's has very few women customers, but occasionally supplies them with golf shoes or riding boots.

"Most Americans pay in three months," says Eric, "while some of our English clients consider two years' credit not unreasonable." One of Lobb's customers—and a good one at that—takes 12 years' credit.

Lobb's now exports roughly half of its output, most of it to the U.S., and expects to step up this figure considerably. But its major problem is not so much selling its wares as persuading Billy Bower, John Willis, Charlie Moore and the rest to make them and, more, persuading them to stay alive until the young apprentices—what few there are—can step into the shoes of the world's finest bootmakers. ▲▲▲



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HARRY DEVLIN

If This Be Liberty . . .

THE IMMIGRATION and Nationality Act of 1952, more familiarly known as the McCarran-Walter Act, is a complex and controversial piece of legislation. How much, if any, of it will be rewritten is a question that the new Congress will decide in its own good time. But there is one section of it which we believe demands immediate attention. As it stands now, it is one of the most inept, insulting, militantly chauvinistic and obviously ineffectual items in the whole category of federal legislation.

We refer, as you may have guessed, to that portion of the law which requires incoming visitors from foreign countries to submit to questions by an immigration officer concerning their political beliefs, personal behavior and other matters of intimate information. This is the section of the act which first gained public attention when its application resulted in the detention aboard ship of more than one quarter of the crew of the French liner *Liberte* during the vessel's Christmas visit to New York.

The purpose which prompted this legal regulation is fine. Every loyal American is in favor of keeping Communist agents, criminals and other undesirable characters out of the country.

But we can't possibly see how the McCarran-Walter quiz program, however noble its intent, can achieve that purpose.

In the first place, no Communist agent is going to give a truthful answer to a question about his political affiliation. At the same time, a good many non-Communists are going to clam up in resentment when they are asked to do a lot of soul-baring as the price of putting foot on American soil. Surely most of the American passengers and crew of an American ship would balk if a French or British official made the voyage with them and demanded to know their domestic politics, their views about the government in the country of their destination, and so on, before they would be permitted to land.

Furthermore, if we were a Communist big shot in Western Europe, we don't think that we would be too concerned about this particular provision of the McCarran-Walter Act. There are other ways of getting subversives into the United States than having them lie about their political leanings. The Soviet diplomatic mission is one obvious avenue of approach. Also, this country has almost 13,000 miles of thinly guarded coast line, as well as long land bounda-

ries on the Canadian and Mexican borders. Last year an estimated 1,500,000 aliens—the so-called “wetbacks”—entered illegally from Mexico. How many of them were Communists we don't know. But we do know that none paused to discuss the question with the border guards.

For that reason we are inclined to dismiss the Communist howls against the new immigration act as phony window dressing. But we do take seriously the complaints of non-Communists on both sides of the Atlantic, for they reflect a shame here and a resentment abroad which can only result in international disunity and, eventually, a serious damage to relations with our friends overseas.

This unfortunate provision of the law is bad enough. But its defense by one of its co-sponsors, Representative Walter of Pennsylvania, is even worse. He dismissed the complaints against the detention of the *Liberte's* men with the extravagant, unsupported and uncalled-for remark that “a finer crew of throat slitters couldn't be found anywhere.” And he defined the opponents of his bill as “professional Jews” who were “shedding crocodile tears for no reason whatsoever.” (We wonder what Mr. Walter might say if a French legislator were to defend a similar French law in the same words.)

If Mr. Walter and Senator McCarran read their newspapers and their mail, they know that their bill has been called unwise, unfair and discriminatory by Americans, both clergy and laity, of all faiths. And for Mr. Walter to inject religious bigotry into his defense is to compound deliberately what we trust was originally an inadvertent error of legislative judgment.

It would be a different matter if the questionnaire section of the 1952 immigration law gave promise of strengthening our defense against Communist aggression. In that case, we could run the risk of angering some of our non-Communist friends. But it doesn't. It simply creates a wholly righteous resentment in countries and governments which are members of the mutually reliant association of free nations. And it creates that resentment to no avail.

We can only hope that the Eighty-third Congress will reconsider the decision of its predecessor, clear away the litter of bias and prejudice, make some emergency repairs, and eventually enact a new immigration law which is as fair as it is necessary.

Seems Practical to Us

SOMEHOW WE can't share the apprehension with which a Washington clergyman viewed the opening of a new Republican club across the street from the Capitol. The club has dining rooms, conference rooms and—well, we might as well come right out and say it—a bar. The existence of the grogshop led the minister to christen the new drink-and-eatery “a sin, a shame and a blight on the country.”

We incline toward the less agitated notion that the Capitol Hill Club is merely an extravagant, though practical, gesture of celebration by the Ins, after 20 years of being the Outs. Maybe the Republican legislators will now duck across the street for a quick one, but we don't look for any really significant change on the Hill. We feel confident that numerous members of the now minority party will continue to maintain the old Congressional tradition of keeping a bottle of sour-mash bourbon in the lower right-hand drawer of the desk.

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